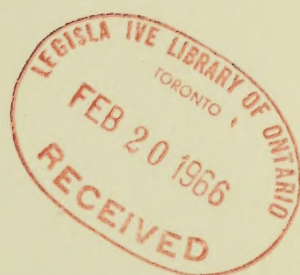





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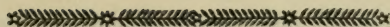


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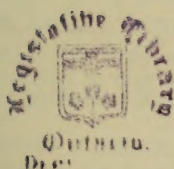


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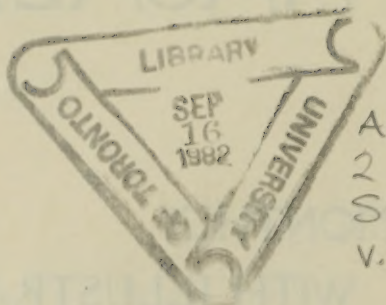
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VOLUME IX JANUARY - JUNE



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WENTWORTH VALLEY, BLUE MOUNTAINS, AUSTRALIA.

[Engraved by F. A. Pettit.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

JANUARY, 1891.

No. 1.

THE PIGMIES OF THE GREAT AFRICAN FOREST.

By Henry M. Stanley.

IN my book, "In Darkest Africa," I have slightly hinted at the complacent self-satisfaction that I derived from regarding anything ancient that belonged to man, or to the work of his hands, and of the reverence I felt on first seeing the Pigmy Adam and his female consort in the wild Eden of Avatiko, near the banks of the Ituri River. I feel strongly on this subject, and have done so for many years. It was apparent to me for the first time, when I was in Washington, in 1872, while conversing with a South Carolina senator, who thought fit to go to an opposite extreme on discovering my favorable inclinations to the Dark Man of Inner Africa. The senator's rather warm allusions to abolitionist principles immediately provoked a silent indignation against his narrowness of mind, and I mentally condemned him as a man whose ignorance prevented him from regarding man philosophically. I find it is a common failing with the man of civilized lands, of America or elsewhere. One of the most frequent questions put to me since my return from Africa is: "Is the pigmy a real human being?" Another is: "Is the pigmy capable of reasoning?" And another is: "Do you think he can argue rationally about what he sees; or, in other words, has he any mind at all?" And whenever I hear such questions I mentally say: "Truly, I see no difference between the civilized man and the pigmy! For if the latter could but speak his thoughts in a dialect familiar to me, there is not the slightest



A Pigmy Warrior on the Alert.

doubt that he would have asked me, 'Can the civilized man reason like us men of the forest?'"

For the benefit of such of your readers as take an interest in pigmy humanity, I have taken the trouble to write this article, that they may have a little more considerateness for the undersized creatures inhabiting the Great Forest of Equatorial Africa. They must relieve their minds of the Darwinian theory,

avoid coupling man with the ape, and banish all thoughts of the fictitious small-brained progenitor supposed to be existing somewhere on land unsubmerged since the eocene period. For there is no positive evidence as yet that man was otherwise than he is to-day, viz., a biped endowed with mind. Think of troglodytes, pile-villagers, bog-men, river-drift-men, cave-men, men of the stone, bronze, iron, or steel ages, down to the highly cultured Bostonian men and women of the period, and we can produce evidences to prove that man, throughout all periods since he came on the earth, has been a creature separate and distinct from all others, from the fact that he possessed a mind. Intellectually, the pigmies of the African forest are the equals of about fifty per cent. of the modern inhabitants of any great American city of to-day. And yet there has been no change, or progress of any kind, among the pigmies of the forest since the time of Herodotus. As the bird has builded its nest, the bee its cell, and the ant its new colony, the pigmies have survived the lapse of twenty-three centuries, and have continued to build their beehive huts after the same skillless fashion as they built them in the days when Herodotus recited the story of his travels before the Council of Athens, 445 years before the birth of Christ. The reason of this is obvious from my point of view, which is, that the same causes which operated before the time of Herodotus to drive them out of their original lands continue to operate to-day to keep them in the low, degraded state they are now in. Africa, more than any other continent, has been subject to waves of migrating peoples, who have been continually dispossessing their predecessors. Many centuries before the Asiatics came to lower Egypt, the ancestors of the pigmies must have occupied the Delta of the Nile, possibly while the cave-men inhabited Britain and western Europe. In the time when the Nassamonian explorers were captured by the pigmies, the little people were established in large communities on the banks of the Niger, somewhere in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo. Within the memory of the oldest herdsman living in Unyoro,

they were located on Lake Albert, near the equator. It will be inferred, then, that though it is stated above that there has been no progress or change during twenty-nine centuries among the pigmies, that in prehistoric times, much anterior to the building of the pyramids—probably twenty or thirty centuries—the ancestors of the pigmies were in much more comfortable circumstances than their wild progeny are to-day, within the recesses of the sappy woods of the rainy zone of Africa; that there has been a degradation, in fact, though not to any great extent, from a former happier state. Like all other nations, tribes, or communities unhappily located in the way of advancing nations and tribes of superior numbers, strength, arts, or qualities, the pigmies have been obliged to retreat, with lessening numbers and in shattered fragments, to take refuge in swamps or woods, to wander and seek a precarious subsistence in regions least likely to invite pursuers.

Interesting as the subject is, however, we may not dwell long on it, as it more particularly belongs to prehistoric anthropology, and, therefore, I will pass on to the description of the pigmies and their homes, as we discovered them in the Great Forest.

We are first indebted to Herodotus for the discovery of the pigmies, and, secondly, to Andrew Battel, of Leigh. Then Moffat and Livingstone introduced us to the Bushmen of South Africa. But the earliest knowledge of the pigmies of central Equatorial Africa was given us by Schweinfurth and Piaggia, who had travelled to Niam-Niam and Monbutta Land, which countries are situated on the northern edge of the Great Forest. In my journey down the Congo in 1876 and 1877, we heard of the Watwa or Batwa Dwarfs on the southern edge of the forest region, and we captured one specimen; but as he might have been a mere isolated instance of human monstrosity, we laid no great stress on the capture. Later, in 1881 and 1882, I heard of the Batwa again, from natives who were evidently very familiar with them; but in our journey for the relief and rescue of Emin Pasha we travelled through the centre of the region inhabited by the Wambutti

dwarfs, during which we captured about fifty of them, of various ages and of both sexes. On meeting with Emin Pasha and Captain Casati, we found that the former had a woman in his employ,

took some half a dozen photographs of them.

As we travelled nearly 1,700 miles through the forest in our marches to and fro, we came across a particular



A Zanzibari Boy and Pigmy.

about twenty-five years old, and that the latter had secured for his service a yellow-bodied boy of about thirteen, both being undoubted specimens of the pigmy race. Our own dwarf captives at that period were six, so that we possessed eight specimens of different ages in our camp at Kavalli at one time. Emin carefully measured the little people, and I

section of the forest region situated between the Ihuru and Ituri Rivers—about 30,000 square miles in extent—which simply swarms with the pigmies. We passed, some days, by dozens of their forest encampments, and we discovered, by timing our distances, that a pigmy village was from an hour to an hour and a half from an agricultural settlement of

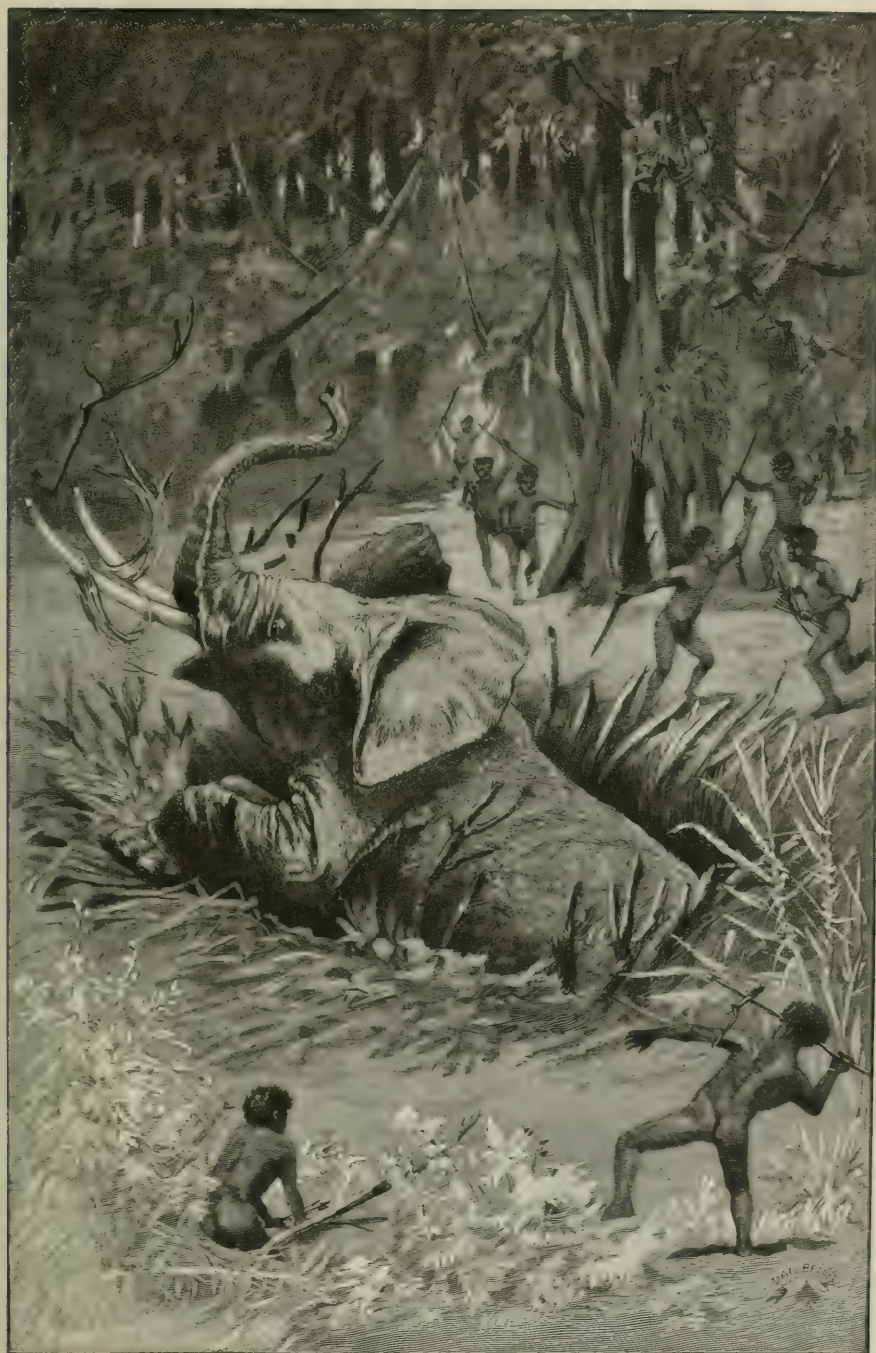
the larger aborigines, and that the settlements were invariably surrounded by the villages or hutted camps of the undersized forest nomads. At every settlement, if we found it well furnished with plantain plantations, we invariably dispatched squads of scouts in every direction to obtain knowledge of the intricate paths, to discover food-supplies, and capture any stray natives from whom we could elicit information of our whereabouts. By the means of these, scores of curious representatives of the *homines sylvestres* of Africa were brought to me for examination, and it would be difficult to say whether the wild people of the woods or we expressed the greatest surprise at meeting. When a squad of natives entered camp, it was the signal for a rush of everybody with us toward headquarters to obtain a view of the aborigines, for as there were three distinct races in the forest, the sizes, height, and color of the captives differed greatly.

The aborigines who fell the woods, make clearings, and plant bananas, plantains, corn, beans, and tobacco, are finely formed men and women of the ordinary standard, of a light bronze or coppery color, and though they have strange ideas of personal decoration, such as piercing the upper lip, and placing wooden pegs, iron rings, shell or wooden disks of the size of ulster buttons in the holes, and wearing necklaces of chimpanzee, monkey, crocodile, and human teeth, they are not more than usually remarkable in anyway; but they are head and shoulders above the tallest pigmies in height. As a rough mode of estimating the height of the latter, any person five feet six inches high could use a crutch which would be within an inch of the exact standard of an adult male or female of the pigmies. But the dwarfs—like ordinary humanity—vary considerably in height. We have measured a few who were only thirty-three inches high, and the tallest of the unadulterated specimens that we met would not exceed four feet four inches. As they advanced toward us through the camp, we often thought that the scouts had only captured a lot of children; but a nearer view would show full-grown women with well-developed breasts, who had clearly experienced the troubles of

maternity, or adult males well advanced beyond the twenties. The Zanzibari boys of fourteen and fifteen years would often range themselves alongside of the men to measure themselves, and would manifest with loud laughter their pleasure at the discovery that there were fathers of families in existence not so tall as they.

We had heard reports that the pigmy warriors were distinguished for the length of their beards, but I only saw one who could be said to have a beard. Their bodies, however, were covered with a brown fell long enough to be easily seized with the fingers.

Their arms and ornaments were similar to those of the agricultural aborigines, and were evidently obtained from them in exchange for the produce of the forest, such as honey, furs of monkey and baboons, antelope and leopard skins, and feathers, especially the red tail feathers of the gray parrot, and for the dried meat of such animals as they trapped or speared. As it is not an easy matter to obtain meat in the forest in any regular quantity, an elephant imprisoned in one of those deep wedge-shaped pits, or speared from above by one of those ponderous spears weighted with a heavy piece of timber, and descending from a height of perhaps twenty feet with fatal force, would be a treasure. Such a store of meat and hide and ivory would purchase iron ornaments for the necks of the females, iron bracelets and leglets, and girdles of shells or iron balls; and a decent piece of bark cloth to cover nudity or as a protection from cold; assegais for the warriors, cruelly barbed arrows, tough little bows ornamented with monkey, wild-cat, civet, genet, or leopard tails; a leather quiver, a broad waist or shoulder belt, with hunting-knife and elaborately worked sheath, besides a vast store of plantains, ripe and green, and probably a capacious pot of plantain wine to boot, to cheer their hearts in the sad and damp gloom of the wilds, besides enabling the entire pigmy community to hold high revel on the intestines and stomach, which are regarded as delicacies. Or perhaps a buffalo or a big antelope has trodden on the frail covering of the treacherous pit, and been



DRAWN BY DAN BEARD.

An Elephant Pit of the Dwarfs.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

precipitated to the bottom to be impaled.

With their little bow-traps set thickly wherever the wood is haunted with monkeys and smaller game; these deep pits—excavated wherever the bigger animals might be supposed to seek for a place of cooler gloom, or darker recess, or a feast on bark or branch—covered over with sticks, a layer of leaves, and afterward a thin covering of earth; and the trap-sheds which are very cleverly constructed, one whole side of which is suspended like a trap-door, and which, weighted with rock or heavy timber, falls tight and fast over the unhappy victim of the woods that has happened to be tempted within the shed and unloosed the catch, the pigmy hunters manage to secure a fair amount of meat and means to live. The woods also furnish a vast variety of wild fruit, roots, plants, and fungi. A region that was called a wilderness by the members of the expedition, supplied its clever nomadic inhabitants with a variety of edibles which habit had accustomed them to. For several days in Novem-

phrynum berries, nuts like those of a Spanish chestnut, and the brown, leathery, external skins of the *entada scandens* beans.

Nomad tribes of this kind are often, by pinching necessity, compelled to feed on a diet which would be poisonous, or would be utterly nauseous, to men bred up on grain and vegetables. The snails, tortoises, squirrels, mice, civets, ichneumons, snakes—large and small—caterpillars, white ants, crickets, grasshoppers, monkeys, chimpanzees, leopards, wild-cats, wart hogs, crocodiles, iguanas, lizards, antelopes, buffaloes, and elephants form a considerable variety for communities that are not too fastidious as to what they eat; and our experience of the pygmies leads me to believe that they relish each and all equally. We have seen the female captives, to whom the entrails of such animals as we killed were thrown, give us grateful glances, seize upon them, turn them for a few seconds over the fire, and eat filth and all with unmistakable enjoyment. They had been supplied with pots, and water was abundant; but they were either too

ravenously hungry to wait for the cooking, or too indolent to exert themselves in the preparation of the food.

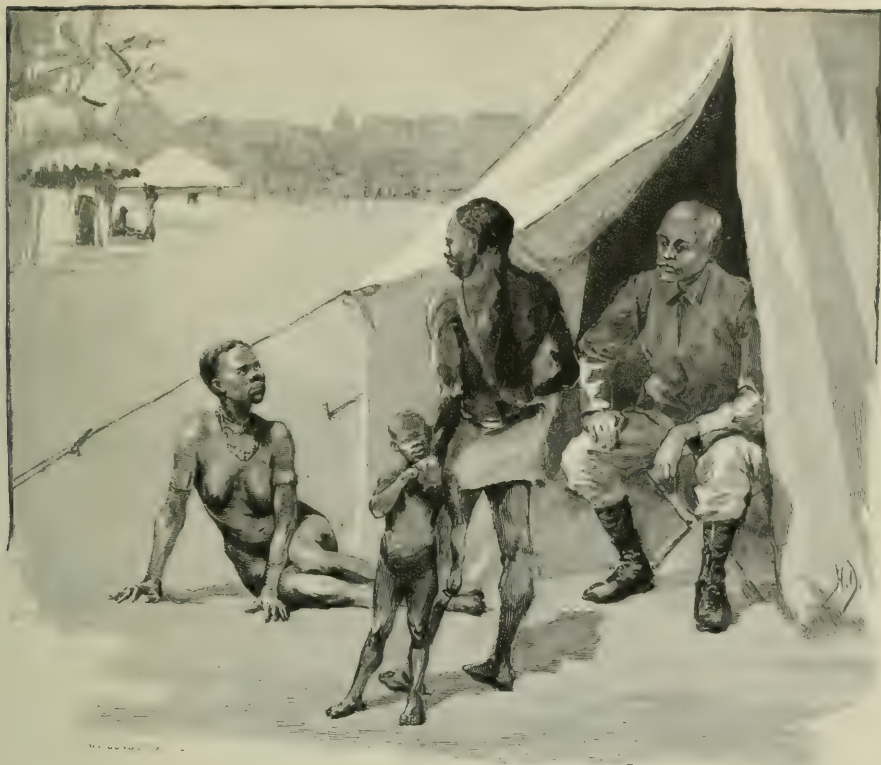
Such people as these, then, would have no hesitation to add human meat to their fare. It is a current fact everywhere through the forest region, and I am forced to believe it, though I have never seen the cannibals indulging in their repasts. The graves of our dead have been opened, and the bodies have been exhumed. Members of our expedition have been slain, and their bod-



Trap-shed for Catching Wild Animals.

ber, 1888, we followed the trail of a pigmy band, which was well marked by the skins of the amoma, the rinds of

ies have been carved and carried away by the slayers; and one day we scattered a banqueting party who had just bled



A Pigmie Family before Stanley's Tent.

a woman in the neck, laid her out, and washed her. There were pots close by; there were also bunches of bananas, and the woman belonged to a hostile band. The inference is obvious; and anyone of our band of whites could furnish much circumstantial evidence of this kind. As the pigmies appear to have no earthly duties beyond providing for the necessities of the day, there is not the slightest doubt that a slain foe would be eaten. When we asked our captives whether they had ever indulged their depraved appetites by eating human meat, they always stoutly denied it, but accused their neighbors of doing so.

Such articles of use or ornament as the pigmies possess they have purchased or stolen from the agricultural aborigines. They themselves neither hoe, plant, nor manufacture. Their head-dresses belong to the fashion of the neighborhood they are in; their bark-cloth clout

has been beaten into consistency by the planters and bartered to them for a scoopful of honey or a fur; their arms of defence, their utensils, their woodman's knife or axe—in fact, everything has been obtained by purchase or theft.

Their weapons consist of a small barbed spear, a short bow with a quiver full of wooden- or iron-pointed arrows, a dagger, and a small, handy, double-edged knife attached by a string above the elbow of the left arm. The bow is of very tough red-wood, generally of iron-wood, and the string is a broad and polished strip of rattan—calamus—fibre. The bow is frequently decorated with tassels at the ends, and strengthened at the back by being run into a raw monkey-tail, which, on drying, gives it greater strength and preserves it. The arrows are short—not more than from eighteen to twenty-two inches long; if of wood, each is of the thick-

ness of a lead-pencil, fined to a long, fine point, which is ringed with small cuts for three inches from the end. These cuts serve to retain the poison with which the arrows are smeared. If the arrows are pointed with iron, the blades are of exquisite fineness, as of a razor-blade, with two or several prongs extending outward, and attached to deli-

dark or reddish-brown, causes such awful agony that any other kind of death would be preferable.

When we first encountered the tribes who fought with poisoned arrows, we were not prepared to be greatly impressed with the danger, but we received a severe lesson in August, 1887, during a fight with the Avisibba sav-



A Dwarf Prisoner.

cate little barrels of polished iron, into which the heads of the arrow-shafts are run. The arrow-blades have also grooves made in them which serve to secure the poison as they are put into or drawn out of the quiver. The quiver is a long, narrow bag made of antelope-goat hide, and can contain quite a hundred of these deadly weapons. When we have made a prisoner of a pigmy warrior, we have had to be careful in handling his stock of arrows, for even the dry poison is dangerous, though not necessarily deadly; but the fresh poison, whether

ages. Young fellows, inspired by the example of Lieutenant Stairs, R. E., rushed with brave homicidal intentions to the front, and the tiny arrows sailed in showers past them; but some of them found their intended billets and were arrested quivering in arms and shoulders. With contemptuous smiles the young men drew them out and flung them away, and some continued answering the savages with rifle-shots, while others sought the surgeon, bearing with them the arrows with which they had been wounded. When the day's fight

was over, of course we had more leisure to examine the missiles, and our anxiety was great when we observed that they had been freshly smeared with a brown, gummy-like substance which emitted a subtle, acrid odor, with a suspicion of assafoetida in it. The arrows seemed to have been plunged into a pot containing a goodly quantity of a resinous substance, and twirled around in it and well soaked, and then lifted up in a bunch and covered over with a banana or a piece of phrynium leaf. Quivers full of the arrows showed us that the weapons were considered by their owners to be dangerous, for those so smeared were tied together, head downward, and apart from the others.

Yet the wounds made by these slender arrows were mere punctures, such as might have been made by finely pointed butchers' skewers, and being exceedingly ignorant of the effect, we contented ourselves with syringing them with warm water and dressing them with bandages. In some instances affectionate men sucked their comrades' wounds, to make sure that nothing of the substance should be left to irritate them. In no instance was this method of any avail. All who were wounded either died after terrible sufferings from tetanus, or developed such dreadful gangrenous tumors as to incapacitate them from duty for long periods, or wreck their constitutions so completely by blood-poisoning that their lives became a burden to them.

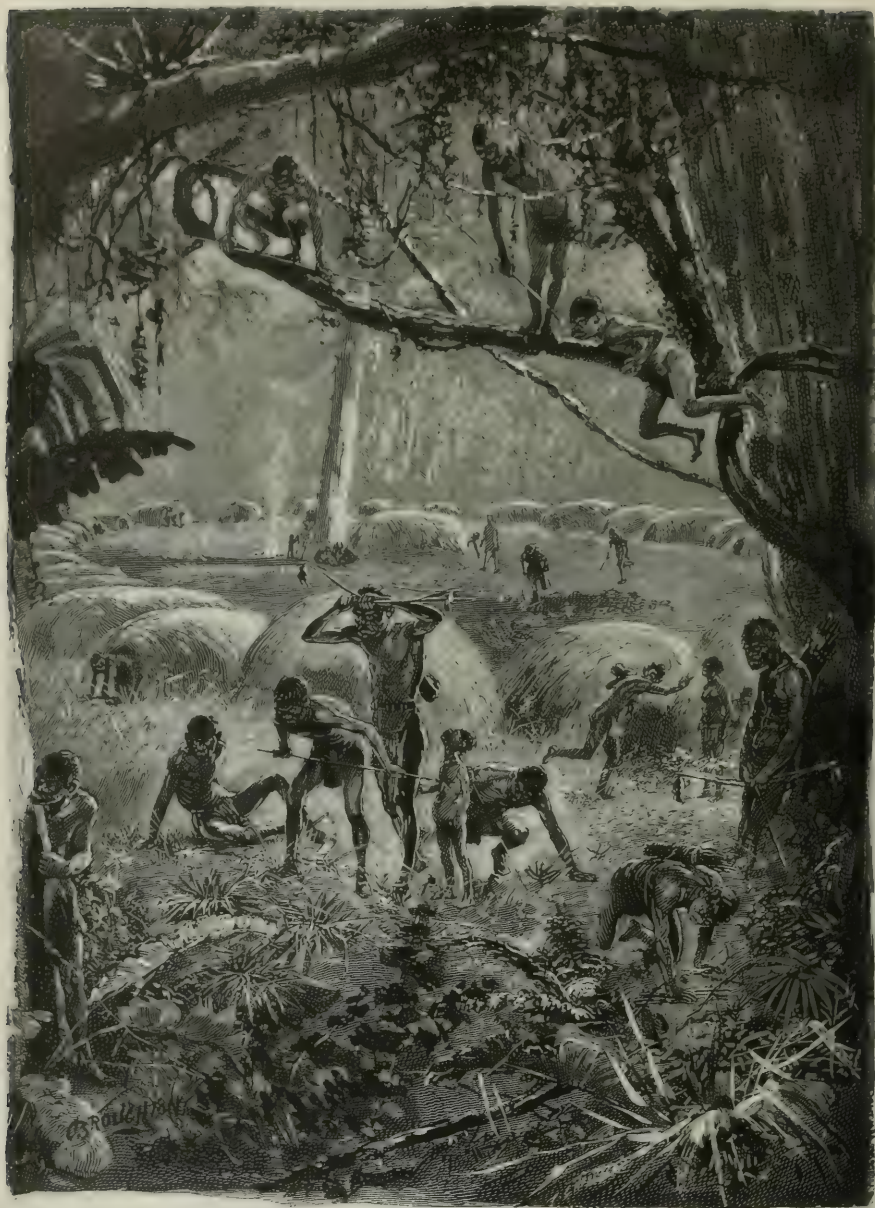
It was a long time before we could find any antidote for this poison; such captives as we possessed professed not to understand any dialect we knew; but at a venture we tried, after a year's experience of forest fighting, the effect of hypodermic injections of carbonate of ammonium in the neighborhood of the wounds, and our losses were much less in consequence.

A pigmy queen, or rather a pigmy chief's wife, who had become attached to a member of our expedition, pointed out an arum as the source whence the forest natives extracted their poison. She also professed to be acquainted with an herb which could be used as an antidote, but circumstances prevented her gratifying us with a sight of it.

Various conjectures were made by the older "journey-makers," as the veteran black travellers call themselves, as to the plants which furnished the black poison. Some asserted that it was made out of the juice of the india-rubber vine. Personally, I concluded that the red resinous substance must have been made out of the dried bodies of the red ants, packets of which we found in almost every hut of the Avisibba village. It is possible we were all wrong, and that the latter, especially, was made out of the *strophanthus hispidus*, a plant peculiar to Africa, which is best described by Sir John Kirk as being a woody climber with a stem several inches in diameter, which has a very rough bark, and hangs from tree to tree like a bush-vine. Chemists, according to Dr. Fraser, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh, have experimented upon the plant, and have extracted a drug called strophanthin from the seeds; and it is said that one-tenth of a grain of it is rapidly fatal to a frog.

Among the pigmies there are two distinct types, differing widely from one another. One is a clear light-bronze in color, the other is much darker, almost black. The former is distinguished by an open look—the eyes are far apart, large, protuberant, and of a brilliant, flashing, limpid black, reminding one of the eyes of gazelles; the skin on the face of youth has the sheen of old yellow ivory, that on the body is of a sober light brown. The darker race are distinguished for great prognathy of jaw, tapering at the chin almost to a point; the eyes are deeply set, and close together; the nasal bridge greatly sunk. They have narrow, retreating foreheads, projecting lips, the skin of the body is rough, and the fell is very marked. But both are specially distinguished for their small, delicate hands, taper fingers, and narrow, highly arched feet.

We have seen some—a few—who might be said to be well formed. The little plump beauty we saw with Ugarrowwa—an ivory raider—was a bewitching little creature thirty-three inches high. It is possible that this beauty was due to perfect health and the good food with which she was fed by the Arab. She was certainly a gem worth



A Village of the Pigmies in the Great Forest.

seeing, and as calm and self-possessed as a well-bred lady. Artists would have doated on her, and sculptors would have paid goodly sums for such a miniature model. She was young, just at the dawn of womanhood, and her youth

and girlish innocence made her simply charming.

The chief's wife, captured by Uledi, the hero of the "Dark Continent," already mentioned, was also an exceedingly interesting young woman. She

was brought to camp—yellow and shining as the moon—wearing no garment on her body, but heavily decorated with leglets of shining iron, armlets and bracelets and collars of the same polished metal. Her hair was short, and her face was round, and glistened with oil of the castor-plant. She was very quiet, and gracefully complied with her new duties, and in a short time she became a general favorite. She was assigned to a kind and generous master, to whom she became deeply attached, and watched his house with the fidelity of a spaniel.

We had sufficient experience of the pigmies to justify us in the assertion that the very lowest of African humanity is as capable of improvement as the children of Europeans. This chief's wife, just mentioned, was the most devoted of servants, and in a few months was as well able to perform the duties of a domestic as the most industrious, willing, and cheerful English charwoman or maid. An old pigmy woman, forty-five or fifty years old, was several months with us before she impressed us as being amenable to the discipline, or rather routine, of an orderly household; but finally she proved herself also a tractable creature, without anyone having recourse to violence. Her duties were simple but heavy. She carried her master's pots and kettles on the march, and, after a little rest, collected fuel, made the fire, procured water, and cooked the evening meal. She was long learning to be cleanly and to wash her hands before handling the food, but in time she satisfied all reasonable expectations. Except on one point she became perfect in her limited sphere, and that was, she never could learn to control her tongue. That member was utterly ungovernable; but on the principle of give and take, her liberty in this respect was conceded to her by her master, and she made free use of it. What it was all about, or whether she indulged in coarse invectives and wicked language, we never could learn. There was humor in her, however, as I found in the following manner:

She was captured, with five others of her tribe, in November, 1888. When asked where the plantain plantations

might be found, she pointed east-northeast. We followed her a short day's march, but found nothing. We sent her then ahead with the foragers, and the results were poor; but she still insisted that Indepeesu, a large settlement, was still east-northeast. According to my chart it lay southeast; we therefore declined to employ her as guide, and sent her to the rear. But every day, for quite a period, she pointed east-northeast with her hand, and with graphic pantomime tried to tempt us in the direction where she described the plantains to be as thick as her thighs. However, we still persisted in our own notions of our proper course, to her unutterable disgust and scorn of our pig-headedness. Each day she saw me she made gestures to indicate her belief that I was leading everybody to destruction. However, continuing southeast, we found our old road, and every day's march improved our prospects, until, at last, we came to a land of such astonishing plenty that her wrinkled face finally relaxed, and a settled content was visible. It was then my turn to ask her where Indepeesu was. The manner of the reply she gave me proved to me that we understood one another, and ever after I had but to utter the word "Indepeesu" to cause her to cease scolding and giggle roguishly.

A pigmy lad, of eighteen years or so, was another character. He had been caught while his tribe were striving to convey away a case of Remington ammunition, which the little people had found in the woods, where it had been deposited out of sight of the rear-guard by a lazy Soudanese corporal who was on the punishment list. The boy was described by an Irish officer as being as "fat as butter." He was, in reality, a pudding-faced, plump, little creature. Though he had no infirmity, he was singularly silent. If spoken to, he affected such shyness that a question would have to be repeated half a dozen times before he yielded to speech, while the fingers of both hands traced strange figures on his thighs, and his head was bent down sideways. He was selected by a master who treated him most tenderly. He never attempted to desert, but followed the caravan in perfect freedom. Though observed while on the march and in

camp, during work and at ease before the fire, not once did I see him engage in talk with his compatriots. He jogged on cheerfully, even zealously, with the caravan, bearing his heavy load with an affecting solicitude to keep pace with the foremost files. On arriving in camp he would cast quick glances around to discover the *locale* of his master's quarters, then trot to the place, drop his load near the household stuff, and rush away to collect fuel, with a mind only on the duty to be done. Once on the plains, where fuel was scarce, a tall Soudanese snatched his pile of firewood from him. The pigmy lad cast one earnest, reproachful look on him, abandoned the contest, and began to seek for more. Had the second load of wood been taken from him, the little fellow would have shed a few tears silently, but he would have uttered no word.

These few experiences with the pygmies will serve to show that we think well of them, and that we had cause to become attached to them, and to marvel somewhat that these creatures of the uncleared forest, who are ever at war with the settlers, and live the life of beasts of prey, could adapt themselves so easily to the requirements of a strictly disciplined camp. They are many degrees below the larger aborigines in the knowledge of how to make themselves comfortable, and raise food for their families. They do not manufacture cloth out of tree-bark, nor do they know what trees will furnish dyes, or how to make pots and water-vessels out of earth, or how to make needles out of iron and bone, or how to smelt the hematite to reduce it to iron, or how to forge the iron into weapons of defence, or how to make nets of plant-fibre. They make no clearings, neither do they plant or sow, and their dwellings, though neat enough, are not to be compared to the laboriously constructed villages of the big agricultural tribes.

But these nomads have demonstrated that they have quick human sympathies, are affectionate, tractable, and teachable. They are courageous, and prompt to defend their families; they know how to select beautiful sylvan camps; they can find their way to any quarter of the compass through the primeval forest;

the untenanted woods have no terror for them; they are powerful against the elephant and the leopard, more cunning than the chimpanzee; their craft enables them to trap the shy lemur or the knowing parrot. Neither bird nor beast can escape them. With the virtues of many plants they are familiar, and they know what wild edibles or esculents may be eaten with impunity. They make the larger tribes pay tribute to them, and the most powerful communities of settlers are glad of their forbearance.

Every now and then we hear of Europeans falling victims to the fury of elephants, or the ferocity of buffaloes. Gamble Keys was gored to pieces by a buffalo at Lukolela, Captain Deane was battered to death by an elephant, and the Hon. Guy Dawnay fell a victim to a buffalo bull. In almost every expedition I have lost one or two valuable Zanzibaris; yet they were all armed with perfect breech-loaders. The comparatively defenceless manikins, with equal courage but far greater craft, would destroy these animals without danger to themselves, and proceed about the operation with less tremor and concern. It is by their arts as hunters and trappers that they are able to defy starvation in the hungry shades of the eternal forest, and to possess all the utensils needed for the domestic life of the uncivilized man.

Their villages, situated under the impervious foliage of the largest clump of trees to be found near the locality where they propose camping, struck us as being comfortable, snug, and neat. I have seen ninety-two huts in one of these villages, arranged in a circle of about fifty yards in diameter. The pigmy camps are generally found at the cross-ways, where two or more paths intersect, and are from two to three miles distant from agricultural settlements. Our anxieties always lessened on meeting them, for the more paths we found, the more we were assured of food, and the roads improved.

Sometimes these forest-villages were planted midway between parallel lines of settlements. A short walk from our camp through the woods, north or south, would take us to plantations large

enough to supply a regiment with food. One time we came to a group of dwarf villages whence a broad path six feet wide communicated with another group three miles distant. This road was a revelation. It informed us that the tribe was more than usually powerful; that it was well established; that the chief possessed power, and was permitted to exercise it. Outside of the great kingdom of Uganda we had not seen in Africa a cut road longer than half a mile.

The huts in every pigmy camp were of a tortoise-back figure. The doorways were not more than three feet high, and were placed at the ends, one being for daily use, and the other, which fronted the bush, for escape. Those for constant convenience looked out on the circular common and pointed to the centre, where stood the tribal chief's hut, as though the duty of every household was to watch over the safety of him who ruled the community. We rarely found a hut higher than four feet six inches. In length they varied from seven to ten feet, while the width would be from four and a half feet to seven. In what appeared to be old-established camps we found rough cots constructed, which were raised a few inches above the ground, after the style of our own forest couches. Several layers of phrynium leaves make a luxurious bed.

Though it is a necessity that every family is under of providing daily food, our scouts always found a pigmy camp well guarded; warriors and women and nearly all, except very young children, set out with the dawn to look after their bow-traps, pits, nets, and trap-sheds to secure the victims, and to collect berries, fruit, fungi, snails, or to make a raid upon a banana plantation. The few who remain maintain a sharp lookout over the camp and its belongings in the absence of the tribe. Though the raiding, or hunting, party take little with them save their weapons and empty baskets, habit and experience render them above such luxuries of equipment as are necessary to other than these hardy nomads. If a warrior requires a smoke, a little satchel contains his fire-sticks and tobacco; any ordinary leaf of the forest rolled up by supple, well-practised fingers, will furnish a pipe.

If a woman needs to cook a mess of mushrooms, or a few green bananas, any banana frond or phrynium leaf will serve for an utensil, and good water is always abundant in the forest, and the hot embers will roast the banana. If a young antelope, any reptile or bird is secured during the tramp across country, it may be roasted whole, or kabobed, in the woods as well as in camp or in village. If any member through accident loses a fork-clout, a bunch of leaves depending from the girdle before and behind serves the purpose just as well, besides being cool and clean.

Meantime, during the absence of the tribe, the elderly warriors at home are not idle. The tracks to the camp are being skewered freely for a long distance, and a leaf lightly dropped over the deadly points covers each from view; parallel ways, fifty yards or so from the main road are prepared for private convenience and observation, and in the little huts placed a couple of rods or so in advance of the camp, along each way leading out of it, there is always one with sharp eyes and quick ears to sound the peculiar alarm cry. And anything so weird, or so startling, or so unlike the ordinary human note, I have not heard. One would think that a pigmy camp was, from its very poverty, safe from attack, but the little people, so mischievous, restless, and tricky, contrive to provoke hostility and revenge, and the agriculturists would be glad often of an opportunity to retaliate injuries and avenge the depredations they have suffered.

I have heard several captives of the larger humanity express their detestation of their small tormentors in much the same terms that Boer frontiersmen use in regard to the little Bushmen of South Africa, or the Western pioneers are recorded to have employed about the wild Indians of North America. By those who clear the forest, and plant vast plantations of bananas, and plots of cereals and tobacco, the pigmies are regarded as vermin who deserve extermination. Very provoking must they of necessity be. Bound by their nomadic existence to range through the woods, to prey upon the animal life, however successful they may be in the chase, the bananas, plantains, corn, beans, melons,

tobacco, the goats and fowls, tempt their appetites to better their diet, and as they are crafty and cunning as foxes, they contrive to relieve their bigger neighbors of much store of food; and as they are strangers to moral principles, nothing but superior force can restrain them, and even then not without loss to be periodically repeated. The result is that they are endured as parasites of whom it is not easy to be relieved. Nature is so very bountiful, that when the plantations suffice to satisfy their wants, the neighborhood of the pigmies is no very great calamity; when they encroach upon other property not so easily replaced, a conflict is inevitable; but the pigmies are not despicable antagonists by any means. Without weapons a pigmy would have no chance against the strong-limbed, broad, full-chested planter; but with his little sheaf

Soudanese or well-built and sturdy Zanzibari; but in the evergreen glades, when met armed with his native courage, expertness, and weapons, many a rifleman has had to regret the encounter. How often have not my followers incurred my jeers for their stupidity in falling such easy victims to the pigmies' well-aimed and straight shots. We were many months in the woods before the wooden-headed big fellows realized that they must use their eyes and ears and intelligence to protect themselves; that though they might be armed with the Maxim, they were as defenceless as children without wit!

I remember a scout, who was brave enough, plunging into the woods with a perfect breech-loader and well-filled cartridge-pouch to avenge an attack, returning within five minutes afterward with an arrow quivering between the fifth and sixth rib; another going to the brook to get water, powerfully armed, returning minus his rifle and pail, with a barbed arrow in his entrails; a woman going out to a plot at the extremity of a village to collect herbs for soup, rushing back with seven arrows standing out from her body; a Soudanese soldier, well-disciplined and with a good record, breaking fuel within sound of a camp containing four hundred rifles, returning to us with six arrows deeply fixed in his body. I could give fifty instances of such casualties, resulting from sheer blindness and folly. The pigmy never travels with his senses all asleep, as our men did. With his bow in one hand, a dozen deadly arrows in another, eyes open, ears on the alert,



Arrows of the African Pigmies.

of poisoned arrows he is more than a match for a giant from the plantations equally armed. When the pigmy unhappily becomes a prisoner, he appears to be a puny being enough with his thin baby arms, narrow chest, pendulous abdomen, and short, withered legs, and excites nothing but ridicule from a tall

cautious step and bending body, wit guiding every movement, intelligence judging the result, he was a perfect contrast to the majority of our men, who strode through the wilds unconcerned, with consciousness steeped in lethal dullness, clogged ears, and unseeing eyes. If nothing crossed the view, our men

were as unconscious as somnambulists. I have stalked them myself in the neighborhood of the camp, and twice became possessed of their arms, and covered them with their own rifles before they knew any person was near them. In sight of a village, or a hostile camp, or a surprised bivouac, they were well enough, but it was long before we could teach them to think, or experience could awake them to the realities of savage warfare.

Exaggerated as it may appear at first, I believe that the presence of a body of pigmies might, with a few months' more practice, be detected by the olfactory nerves alone, as easily as the pungent track of a wart-hog might be traced by the nose. They effuse a particularly sharp, acrid odor, as different from that peculiar to the ordinary negro as the smell of the latter is from that of a white man.

How many ages have elapsed since these dwarfed human beings made their homes in this vast forest of Equatorial Africa, no one can say with any approach to certainty. We know that they were there before Herodotus visited Egypt, even before Homer recited his marvel-

lous poems. We may venture to assert that they were not far off when Rameses, 1500 B.C., conquered upper Nubia—that is, thirty-five centuries ago. They might have remained buried in this gloomy region as many centuries yet, had not the railway and the press been invented. Without the former their fastnesses are unassailable, without the latter to inspire and arouse those who can construct the railway, it would be too costly and impracticable. The railway which is being laid to unite the lower with the upper Congo—and the growing flotilla of the Congo State—will enable the enterprising whites, with their following of armed men, rubber collectors, timber contractors and gum traders, agents of police and missionaries, to let light upon the trackless region. Though the pigmies are averse to light and sunshine, some will survive the great change, and in many a story of pioneering which will be written in the future, I have not the least doubt they will prove themselves to be very much like the rest of humanity, and quite as susceptible to the sentiments of love, affection, and gratitude as any of us.

JAPONICA.

SECOND PAPER.—JAPANESE PEOPLE.

By Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT BLUM.

"*Sukoshi O aruki irrashai!*" "Condescend to take a little honorable walk" in Tokio. We will pass together—unknown but respected reader—from the house at Azabu, down its avenue of cherry-trees, leading to the Shinto temple opposite our gate. The sliding glass-doors of the porch are swiftly thrust back by Mano, the "boy," and O Tori San, plumpest and best-tempered of waiting-maids, both prostrating themselves on hands and knees to utter the *Sayonara* as we depart. The temple at the gate has pretty timbered grounds filled with children at play and women gossiping in the sun, their babies tied on their backs in a fold of the *Haori*.



"Where saké is sold."

That is where all babies live in Japan. If the mothers are busy in-doors, the

infant is strapped on the back of an older sister or brother ; sometimes, indeed, very slightly older. We shall see hundreds of children not more than five or six years of age carrying, fast asleep,

preternaturally good and contented. The doctrine of original sin really seems absolutely confuted by the admirable behavior of Japanese children ; they never seem to do any mischief ; possibly

because there is not much mischief to do. In the houses nothing of any value exists for them to break, there is nothing they will perpetually be told "not to touch."

The streets, almost entirely, belong to them ; and yet, although they may do almost anything there, they never seem to do anything wrong. Observe upon how little a thing the whole character of the life of a city may depend. There is practically no horse traffic in Tokio ; a very few pony drags are to be seen, and tram-cars run in such main thoroughfares as the Ginza and the Nihom bashi, while now and then you will meet a Japanese officer riding on horseback, with a betto running at his saddle-flap, to or from the barracks. But these are exceptions ; and, consequently, the *Kuruma-men* can trot in safety round every corner, and the children disport themselves in the middle of every street without causing the slightest maternal anxiety. They are as charming to see,



"Its tiny head swinging hither and thither."

on their small shoulders the baby of the household ; its tiny, smooth, brown head swinging hither and thither with every movement of its small nurse ; who walks, runs, sits, and jumps ; flies kites, plays hop-scotch, and fishes for frogs in the gutter, totally oblivious of that infantile charge, whether sleeping or waking. If no young brother or sister be available, the husband, the uncle, the father, or grandfather hitch on their backs the baby, who is, happily, from his birth,

these small Japanese, in their dignified wide sleeves and flowing *Kimono*, as they are gentle and demure in manners ; with beautiful feet and hands, and bead-like black eyes, which stare at you without fear or shyness. Everybody is friendly to them ; every fifth shop is full of toys and dolls, and sweet-stuff of strange device, ingredients, and color, for their delectation. Their innocent ways and merry chatter render every quarter pleasant. It must be confessed, with regard



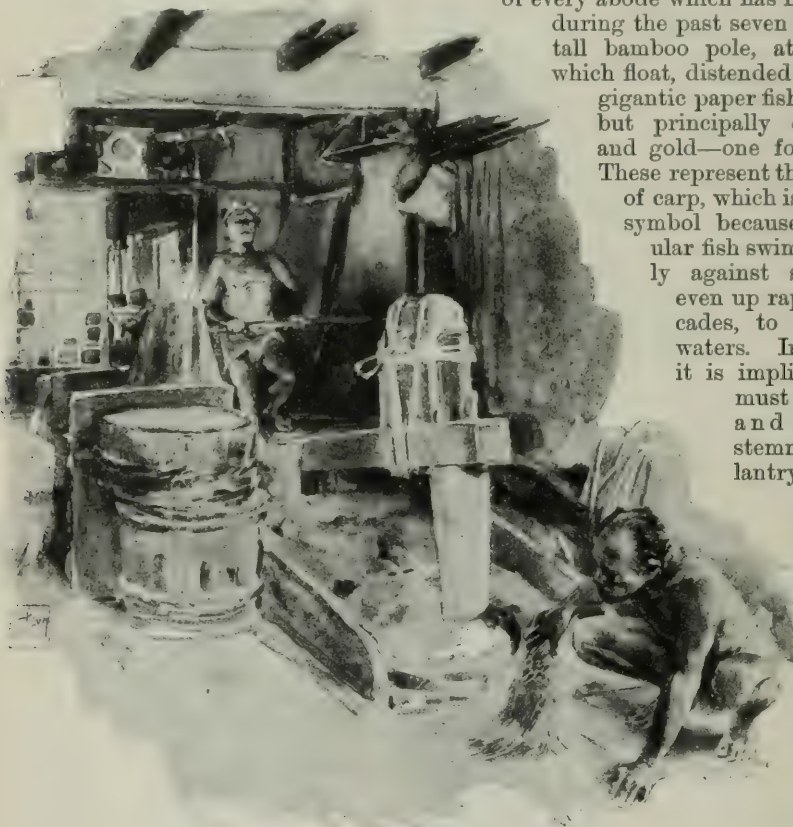
"That is where all babies live in Japan."

to their flat little noses, that a want of pocket-handkerchiefs is distinctly observable, and that too many suffer from eczema and other of the simple skin diseases. But the fact is, Japanese mothers look upon this cutaneous eruption as rather a healthy sign for the future, and never attempt to cure it. It stops when shaving ceases, for children are shaved on the seventh day after birth, only a tuft being left on the nape of the neck. When the child goes to school they suffer its hair to grow. The infants are not weaned till they are two or three

and the swift ageing of the mother. The children have their special festivals. The third of March is the yearly holiday for all the little girls, when everybody buys for them *O hina Sama*, miniature models of everything domestic, including the entire furniture of the Japanese court; and the little maidens are dressed in the best that the household can afford, fluttering proudly about the town like butterflies or humming-birds. But, as compared with boys, girls are here at a sad discount. The great day of the boys, which falls on the fifth of May, is far more important. Then, from the door of every abode which has had boys born

during the past seven years, rises a tall bamboo pole, at the top of which float, distended by the wind, gigantic paper fish of all colors, but principally dark purple and gold—one for every son.

These represent the *Koō*, a kind of carp, which is chosen for a symbol because that particular fish swims very stoutly against streams, and even up rapids and cascades, to the higher waters. In like manner it is implied the boys must be diligent and indomitable, stemming with gallantry the stream of life. A less pleasant explanation was given me by a Japanese father. He said it was the custom formerly, at certain feasts, to crimp the live *Koō*, and to place it, to be eaten raw, be-



"Where the proprietor, stark naked, pestles the paddy."

years old; and you will often see the small Japanese citizens leave their kites or jack-stones and run across the road to the maternal bosom. The consequences are—few children in the family;

fore the guests, the fish never moving under this cruel treatment, and only giving one last jump when the hot *wasabi* was squeezed upon his eyes. In like manner, the Japanese boy, my informant

said, was expected to endure all things patiently, and to prefer the most bitter death to loss of self-respect.

We turn the corner and traverse a bye-street full of humble shops, the

are made so cunningly and so cheaply; also the shop for wooden clogs and rope-sandals; another for lamps; another for teapots and crockery; another for rice and meal, where the proprietor, stark naked, behind a decorous screen of string, pestles the paddy with a prodigious hammer, himself bathed in sweat.

Flower-shops, tin-shops, bean-cake, and Buddha-shrine shops succeed, with, near at hand, the fish store of the neighborhood—not too sweetly savored in the hot weather—where you see gigantic cockles and enormous blue and yellow shrimps, with octopuses fresh and

dried, slabs of tunny, looking like dried wood; split and smoked salmon, sea-slugs (*iriko*) calamaries, and seaweed, along with all sorts of fresh live fish, from the ever-spread nets in the Japanese gulfs and rivers. With these are to be noticed little fish, like sardines, threaded on bamboo splinters, enormous *awabi*, and prodigious whelks, as well as tubs full of oysters taken from the shell. Fish, next to rice, is the staple article of Japanese diet; and, there is here indeed, an effect of Buddhism, which was always more indulgent to the fish-eater than to the



"Teapots and Crockery."

principal one being undoubtedly that where *saké* is sold. Good *saké* is excellent to drink, and imbibed hot, in the delicate, pretty porcelain cup that belongs to it, goes admirably well with Japanese cookery. This establishment is marked by the usual sign, a branch of cryptomeria fir, but may be instantly known by the wooden tubs of the liquor, painted gorgeously with characters and pictures, the superior qualities bearing the *hanazakari*, or "flower in full bloom." Then there is the "red carp"—the Chinese character *dai*, or the *Muso-ichi*, which means "second to none," and a great peony, which brand marks the *San tokushu*, or *Saké* of the three virtues. Next we see the joiners' shop, where they sell those boxes and bureaus, and *hibachi*, which



A Shop for Lamps.

flesh-eater. Very little meat at all is eaten by the Japanese, and there is

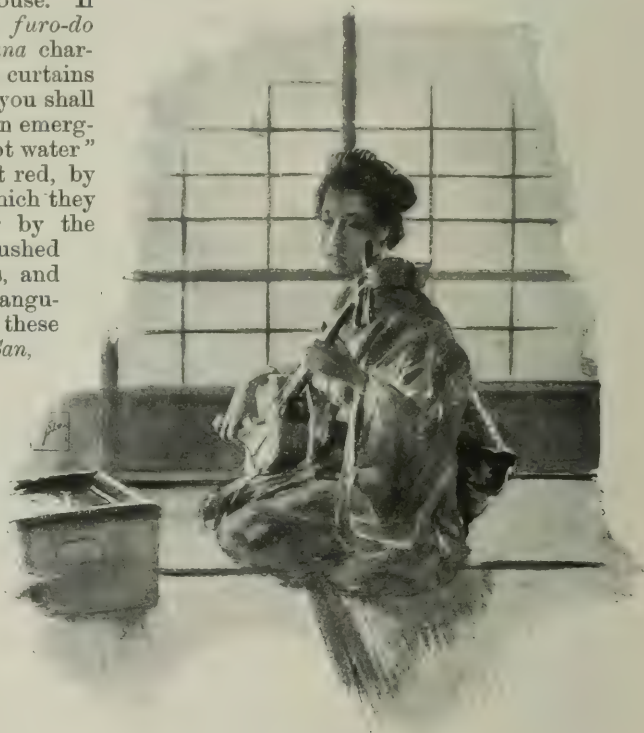


"Every good house possesses its own furo-do."

a silent, but strong public prejudice against it. You may see over an eating-house the announcement of venison for sale under the name of "Mountain Whale" (*Yama Kujira*). It is felt to be more respectable to eat it under that appellation.

Next comes the bath-house. If you do not recognize the *furo-do* by the Chinese or *hira-gana* characters stamped on the blue curtains fluttering outside its door, you shall know it by the boys and men emerging from the "honorable hot water" with hands and feet bright red, by reason of the parboiling which they have just undergone; or by the women with wet hair brushed back from their foreheads, and tied up at the end in a triangular piece of paper. When these latter get home *O Kami San*, the *coiffeuse*, will come and dress their moist, black tresses for the next two or three days, in one of the many modes prescribed by fashion. There is the *mage* for married women, where the hair is drawn over a pad, in a solid shining, single boss; and there are other elaborate styles for unmarried damsels, *mu-sumës*, girls, and *geishas*, not to be achieved without much appliance of camellia-oil, gold and sil-

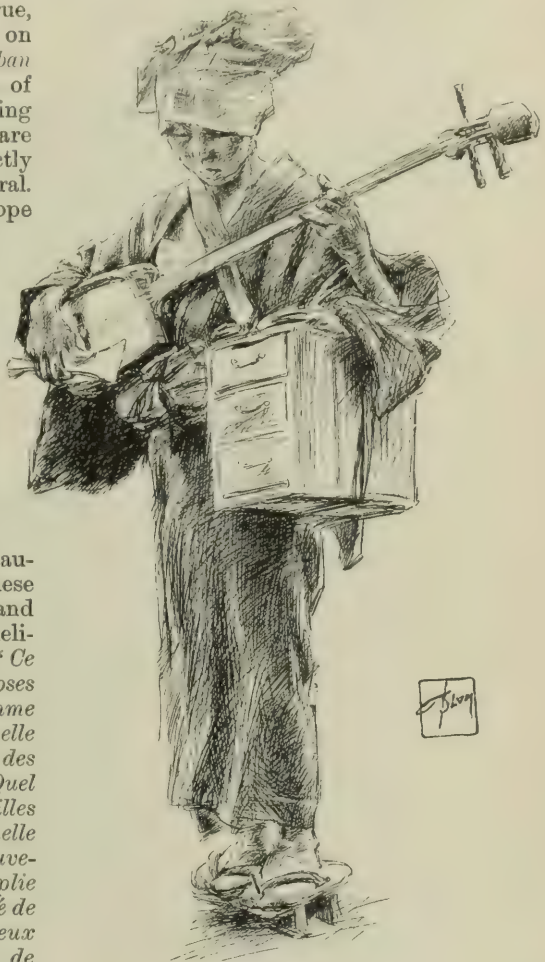
ver strings, and *Kanzashi*—the carved and tinselled hair-pins. Inside the bath-house are to be seen tubs, tanks, and a sloping wooden floor, the spaces for males and females being divided, if at all, by a mere lattice as often as by any solid partition. The Japanese are not in the least ashamed of the body, the "city of nine gates," which the soul temporarily inhabits. In summer-time there is not much of anybody concealed, especially in the country villages, where the police are not particular, as sometimes they show themselves in the towns. This frank exposure goes with the most perfect modesty, and indeed leads to it. He would be considered a very ill-bred person who gazed with eyes of too much curiosity at what the bath-house, or the toilet in the shop-front, or the maternal duties attended to upon the pavement should casually reveal. Morality rather gains, and sentiment decidedly loses by this candor of



"O Tatsu San."

Japanese manners as regards nudity; for no one looks at what all the world may see, and it is the veil which makes the sanctum. Meanwhile, mark well how the people frequent the *furo-do*; they are the greatest lovers of "the tub" in the world, and indubitably the cleanliest of all known people. A Japanese crowd has no odor whatever, and your *jirikisha*-man perspires profusely without the smallest offence to the nicest sense of his fare close behind. True, they wear no underlinen, and put on the same *kimono*, *fundoshi* and *juban* after the bath; but these articles of clothing are also constantly being washed. Note, too, how well-kept are all their hands and feet; how perfectly well formed they are, and how natural. The wooden *geta* and *waraji* of rope make, indeed, the sides and palms of their feet callous, and the string of velvet or grass which holds those on forces the great toe to grow apart from the others. But almost every foot, male and female, is comely to see; not like the sadly distorted extremities so often witnessed in Western men and women, the result of tight and pointed boots and shoes. Especially are the hands of Japanese women almost always good, and sometimes, absolutely charming. Theophile Gautier would have rejoiced to study these soft, symmetrical, brown little palms, and neat, close, roseate finger-tips, and delicate, supple wrists; he who wrote: "*Ce que j'adore le plus, entre toutes les choses du monde, c'est une belle main! Comme elle est d'une blancheur vivace! Quelle mollesse de peau! Comme le bout des doigts est admirablement effilé! Quel poli, et quel éclat! On dirait des feuilles intérieures d'une rose! Et puis, quelle grâce, quel art dans les moindres mouvements! Comme le petit doigt se replie gracieusement, et se tient un peu écarté de ses grandes sœurs! Je ferme mes yeux pour ne plus la voir, mais du bout de ses doigts délicats, elle me prend les cils, et m'ouvre les paupières, et fait passer devant moi mille visions d'ivoire et de neige.*"* You would not understand one word of this exquisite French, O *Tatsu San!* or O *Hana San!* and your

small hands are certainly not "vividly white," nor could they exactly recall "snow and ivory;" but fair and shapely, and full of tender lines and loveliness they are, for all that; and the artist is yet to come who shall do full justice to the flat and archless, but delightful little foot, and the brown and gloveless, but exquisite little hand, of the average Japanese woman of the middle



"Wandering Etas."

class as she emerges, dewy and blooming, from the bath-house.

There are eight or nine hundred public baths in the city of Tokio, where three hundred thousand persons bathe

* From Mlle. de Maupin.

daily at a charge of one *sen* three *rin* (about a cent) per head, and three *rin* (less than a farthing) for children. The poorest may therefore bathe, and always do; so that, lately, in the time of dear rice, when money was given to our poor, a tenth part was allotted to bathing-tickets. Besides the public bathing establishments every good house also possesses its own *furo-do*; and the first question of your servant on awakening you is, "*O yu ni irrashaimas ka?*" "Do you condescend into the honorable hot water?" Truly Japan does take her daily bath very hot! The people think nothing of 110° Fahr., though, it must be understood, they do not stay very long in this heated water. Most of all, they enjoy and largely patronize the innumerable hot springs welling up all over this volcanic land. Everywhere these are caught with pipes and pressed into service for pleasure or hygienic use; and as, for instance, those at *Kosatsu*, are so highly esteemed for all fleshly ills that the proverb runs: "Here everything can be cured except love!" Walking from *Hakone* to *Miyanoshita* on the mountains surrounding *Fuji San*, it was amusing to observe, at the place called *Ashi-no-yu*, where sulphur springs are caught and let into many bath-houses, how all of us together—coolies, pedestrians, chair-car-

riers, etc.—hastened to jump into the strong-smelling, but soft and refreshing, waters, and emerged with the look and feeling of men who had feasted satisfactorily, albeit with the odor of a box of bad lucifer matches.

Nearly opposite the bath-house, behind the flower-shop full of lotuses and lilies, and between a tea-garden and a bamboo grove, you see the graveyard of our quarter. It is crowded with four-sided, upright headstones, some bearing the figure of *Jizo Sama*, with a glory round his head and a bell in his left

hand. He is the genius of travelers, including those who make the great journey. The graves are near together, because, for the most part, only the ashes of deceased persons have been here interred, and these naturally pack close. The inscriptions on the stones will not give the dead man's or woman's name, but only the *Kaimiō*, or posthumous title conferred by the priests after demise. These are very often highly fanciful and poetical. But it would be strange to Western ideas to come to look on the tomb of one beloved, and to find engraved, instead of the old, familiar appellation, that of "here lies," "the purple-cloud-and-heavenly-music-believing woman." A little cup is hollowed at the foot of the stone to hold water, if the spirit should wish to

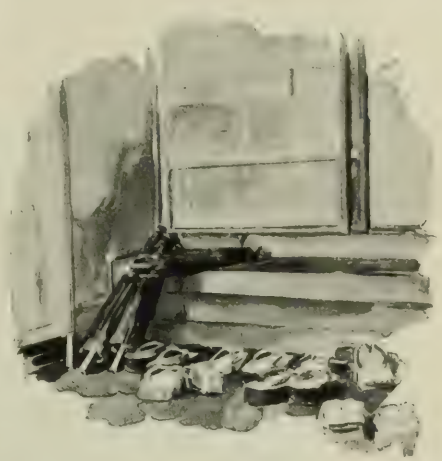


"A Begging Priest."

drink, and on each side stands a bamboo-joint with sprigs of the *Shikimi*, the ever-green anise (*illicium religiosum*). Round a new grave thin laths of wood, called *Lotoba*, are placed, bearing Chinese and Sanskrit legends; one being planted every seventh day, until there are eight standing round. The sacred verses on them, coupled with the name of the dead, are thought to help him into heaven. Those who can afford it put also a memorial tablet in their temple, and another on the *Butsu-dan*, the family altar-shelf at home. When buried, and not burnt, the body is placed cross-legged in a coffin, with sandals on its feet, and a stick in the right hand, while in the left are laid six *rin*, wherewith to pay toll at the six cross-roads which you reach before coming to the other world. The distance thither is 3,600,000,000 *ri*; nevertheless, the spirit comes back every year on the night of July 15th, which is the Japanese *jour des morts*. On that night fires are lighted before the doors of those who have lost their friends, and lanterns are suspended in the *shoji* to guide them home at this date. It is a pretty fancy that a butterfly entering the house is a soul come back upon a brief visit.

Sometimes, but most generally in the rural districts, you will see the *Nagare Kanjo* in or near a graveyard—the “Debt of the Running Water.” An oblong cloth is attached by its four corners to four rods stuck in the ground, so as to hold it near a little rivulet that runs from a bubbling spring on the hill-side. By the spring there will lie

jo marks a gentle Japanese mother’s soul in purgatory. Behind it rises a lath, notched several times near the top, and inscribed with a brief legend. Upon the four corners in the upright bamboo may be set bouquets of flowers. The



“Casting off your shoes.”

tall lath tablet is the same as that placed behind graves. On the cloth is written a name and a prayer. Waiting long enough, perchance but a few minutes, there will be seen a passer-by, who pauses, and offering a prayer with the aid of his rosary, reverently dips a ladleful of water, pours it upon the cloth, and waits patiently until it has strained through, before moving on. He has read the story of sorrow at the brink of joy, of the mother dying that her babe may live. He is touched, as you must be, by the appeal of the *Nagare Kanjo*, made in the name of mother-love and mother-woe; for the inscription implores every passer-by, for the love of Heaven, to shorten the penalties of a soul in pain. “The Japanese” (Buddhists) says the author of “The Mikado’s Empire,” “believe that all calamity is the result of sin, either in this or a previous state of existence. The mother who dies in childbed suffers, by such a death, for some awful transgression, it may be, in a cycle of existence long since passed, for she must leave her new-born infant and sink into the darkness of Hades. There must she suffer and groan until the flowing invocation



“The great and dreadful radish.”

a small dipper. Stay a little, however hurried, and pour one or two ladlefuls full of water into that suspended cloth “of your charity;” for the *Nagare Kan-*

ceases, by the wearing out of the symbolic cloth. When this is so utterly worn that the water no longer drains, but falls through at once, the freed spirit of the mother rises to a higher cycle of existence. Devout men as they pass by reverently pour a ladleful of water. Women, especially those who

middle. But the poor mother secures a richer tribute of sympathy from humble people.

From many a house as we pass, especially at evening, is heard the tinkling *samisen*, or the thrum of the stronger-voiced *koto*. Every house seems to contain a *samisen*, the three-stringed guitar



"The Ameya." *

have felt mother-pains, repeat the expiatory act with deeper feeling.

The cotton cloth, inscribed with the prayer and the name of the deceased, to be efficacious, can be purchased only at temples. I have been told that rich people are able to secure one that, when stretched but a few days, will rupture. The poor man can only get the stoutest and most closely woven fabric. The limit of purgatorial penance is thus fixed by warp and woof, and warp and woof are gauged by money. The rich man's napkin is scraped thin in the

of Japan, having a long, black neck, unprovided with frets, and a square sounding body covered by stretched cat-skin. Every Japanese woman appears to know how to play it, with more or less skill, and, indeed, to do this is part of every girl's education; and the most important part, indeed, of those who are to be *geishas* and such like. It must be a difficult instrument to learn, as there is no printed notation for the music, but all is taught by tradition and constant practice, until extraordinary skill is arrived at; but there is no harmony in this sort of Japanese music, and to the unaccustomed ear not much melody. Certain little chansonettes upon the *samisen*, with their light-wandering accompaniments, live a little in the mem-

* "Very interesting things they do certainly perform, and in a most simple manner, using the candy like a glass-blower his lump of molten glass, and producing results, if hardly as beautiful or durable, certainly as artistic and finished as regards workmanship."—ARTIST'S NOTE.

ory; such an old-fashioned verse as this, for instance, sung by a glossy-haired musumë on a winter day over the fire-box:

“*Haori Kikashite
Sotô hikê-tomê!
Dô demo Kyo wa
Ii toutsu tattê
Renji mado
Shoji ico haso-mê ni hikê-akete
Are miya san se
Kono yuki ni!*”

Which may be lightly interpreted:

“She hid his coat,
She plucked his sleeve,
To-day you cannot go!
To-day, at least, you will not leave,
The heart that loves you so!”
The *mado* she undid
And back the *shoji* slid:
And, clinging, cried, “Dear Lord, perceive
The whole white world is snow!”

Nor is it otherwise than very gentle and pleasant, particularly cold nights,



“For it is Matsuri.”

to sit round the *hibachi* in a Japanese household, with the little brass or silver pipes all alight, and the cups of tea or *saké* kept filled; listen to song after song in the strange, dreamy, suggestive

intermixture of the *samisen's* sharp string, with the voices of the women, sometimes high-pitched, sometimes sinking to a musical sigh divided into endless notes. Casting off your shoes at the spotless threshold of the little house, you enter, to sit on the soft, white *tatami*, amid a gentle shower of musical salutations, “*Ohayo*” and “*Yô o ide nasaimashta*,” and drinking the fragrant tea, and lighting the tiny *kiseru*, listen to the songs of the “Dragon King’s Daughter,” and dream you are Uroshima, who discovered the Fortunate Islands, and stayed there happily for a thousand years. On the wall will hang some picture of the life or teachings of the Buddha, whose compassionate peace has passed into the spirit of the land. The clean and shapely brown feet of laughing musumës patter on the floor in willing service, like the coming and going of birds. We fry *mochi* upon the brazier, and sip, in bright sobriety, the pale yellow tea. A spray of scarlet winter-berries, and the last of the yellow chrysanthemums, suspended in a bamboo joint, give points of lively color to the apartment, which is so commodious because it has no doors, and so neat and spotless because we do not make streets of our houses. When the *samisen* is not tinkling, the sound of light laughter makes sufficient music, for we are *Kokoro yasui*, “heart easy,” and life is never very serious in Japan. Listen a little to the gay, fragmentary love song *O Tatsu San* is murmuring to the strings, which she strikes with the ivory *bachi*:

“*Shote wa jôdan
Nakagora giri de
Ima ja tagai no
Jitsu to jitsu.*”

Doubtless something real in her own little existence renders her brown eyes so soft and expressive as she thus sings:

“First 'twas all a jest,
Then 'twas daily duty;
Now 'tis at its best
True faith, tender beauty—
Both quite love possessed.”

“*Matta utatte kudasai!*” “One more little song, *O Tatsu San*, and replenish the honorable tea!” We could not



"The Amma."

"The blind shampooer, feels his way slowly through the crowd, piping three lugubrious notes on his reed flute."

imagine Japan without the *samisen*; yet, personally, I like better the lively little *gekkin* from China, with three pairs of sister-wires, something like the mandolin of southern Italy. The *koto* is a horizontal harp with thirteen strings, and capable of very powerful and beautiful effects. The *biwa* is a lute with four chords.

At the *kuruma*-stand, where eight or ten of the little vehicles stand in a row, and the brown-legged, blue-clad human steeds are smoking tiny brass *kiseru* and chatting like jackdaws, a clamorous

chorus of invitation arises: "*Danna! rikisha? Danna! irashaimas no des'ka? O ide nasai?*" "Will you ride, Master? Will you make the honorable entrance, Master?" One cannot now so much conceive Japan existing without her *jinrikisha*; and yet the invention now to be seen on every road and in every village of the country is not quite a quarter of a century old. No one positively knows who introduced it; but it struck such root that, in Tokio alone, there are at present between thirty and forty thousand of these two-wheeled

chairs; and they have spread to China and Malay, employing numbers of the working population, and adding an immense convenience to public life. *Jin-riki-sha* signifies "man-power vehicle," and if you have two men to pull you the phrase for that is *ni-nim-biki*, the letters being a little altered by what Japanese grammar calls "*Nigori*." The Tokio citizens call their little cab *kuruma*, which means "a wheel," and the coolie who pulls it is termed *kurumaya*. To fit him out with dark blue cotton coat and drawers, vest of cotton, reed hat, covered with white calico, and painted paper lantern, as well as blue cloven socks for fine weather and string sandals for the mud, costs about three American dollars. But he must, moreover, bring to the business lungs of leather and sinews of steel; nor does one ever cease to wonder at the daily endurance of these men. In hot and cold weather alike, streaming with perspiration or pelted with snow and sleet, they trundle you along apparently incapable of fatigue; always cheerful, always, in my experience, honest, and easily satisfied; sufficiently rewarded for running a league with a sum equivalent to three of your dimes. The natives, who make bargains with them before starting, go immense distances for incredibly small fares, and constantly ride two together in the same conveyance. I have seen a *kurumaya* cheerfully wheeling along a father and mother, with three children, to say nothing of the flower-pots, bird-cages, and bunches of *daikon*—the great and dreadful radish of the country—carried in the family laps. When not engaged in running, they wrap round their shoulders the scarlet, blue, green, or striped blanket—*ketto*—destined for the knees of a customer, and look then rather like Red Indians. They are said to be a prodigal tribe, quickly spending in *saké* and small pleasures the money which they earn; but they need some solace for the prodigiously exhaustive work they perform, and, so far as I have seen, no more temperate class can exist. At the end of a long run, a cup of pale tea, a whiff at the little brass pipe, and, perhaps, a slice of bread dipped in treacle, start them off again, fresh and lively, for another stiff stretch. The men who

took us to Nikko from Utsunomiya ran the entire twenty-five miles in four hours with ease, though much of it was up-hill, and would have returned, had we desired it, on the same day. A *jin-rikisha* - man in good case and fairly paid is not at all afraid of forty or fifty miles day after day; nor is it true that their work makes them specially short-lived, so far as my inquiries have gone. I am persuaded that very advantageous use could be made of this kind of transport in a campaign. A *kuruma* can go wherever there is a path, and to draw munitions, provisions, stores, or to convey the sick and wounded, a corps of jinrickisha men would be invaluable to an army. I noticed at the Nagoya manoeuvres that such employment was actually made of them, and very profitably.

We will not take *kuruma* to-day, but will walk, instead, down the *Kuboi-chô* to Shimbashi, where the rice-boats and manure flats lie at the bridge, and to the long and fashionable Ginza. "*Sore Kara O mi ashi de ikimas!*" "You proceed, then, by the honorable legs!" says the *kurumaya*, smiling, and bows as courteously as if you had engaged him. How picturesque and special to Japan is the vista of this Tokio street, with the low, open houses on each side, all of the same sober, weather-tanned hue, of the same build, the same materials, the same frankly opened interior, the same little front shop, except where a fire-proof "go-down," more solidly constructed, breaks the uniformity with its heavy, ugly walls and windows of black lacquer. In a great conflagration these will be the only buildings left standing; and after any extensive *Kwaji* you see them surviving, isolated and scorched, like rocks upon a burnt moorland. The sombre color of the houses, and their black and white heavy roofs and ridges, would give a too subdued and almost sombre look to a Japanese street, if it were not for the gay contents of the shops, and the bright, good-tempered busy throngs in the roadway. The fruit stores, the doll-shops, the fan-shops, the flower-shops, the cake-shops, the small emporiums where they sell bed-quilts, and *Kimono*, and hanging pictures (*Kaki-mono*), and shrines for Buddha, and tinselled hairpins, and gold and

silver twist for the hair, and umbrellas, amply fill the scene with color. Then the people are so perpetually interesting! Stand by the apothecary's establishment, which has for its sign a pair of large gilded eyes and a catalogue of charms against all devils, while this funeral procession passes; a square, white box, borne shoulder high, by four bearers, within which, with head resting upon his knees, and the gold ball above him to denote "space"—whither he has gone—the dead takes his last ride in Tokio. You need not be too melancholy about it; nobody greatly dreads or dislikes dying in Japan, where religion has been defined as "a little fear and a great deal of fun." The clog-maker, the girl grinding ice in the *Kori-mizu* shop, the hawker with fried eels, the little naked boys and girls at play; the priest, the policemen in white, and the pretty, tripping *musumē*, look at the cortège a little, but with their laughter and chat only half suspended, as their fellow-citizen wends to take his turn at gazing into the *Johari-no-Kagami*—that mirror in the other world where, at a glance, you see all the good things and all the bad things which you ever did in this. The street, which had stood aside a little for the procession, fills anew with *miso-ku*, i.e., "coolies" or "leg-men," toiling at wheeling timber, assisted heartily by old ladies in light blue trousers; students in flat caps and scarlet socks; wandering *etas*, the Japanese pariahs; perambulating shopkeepers, such as the *moji-yaki*, or "letter-burner," who bakes sweet paste into characters, animals, or baskets; his fellow, the *ame-ya*, or jelly-man, who, from barley-gluten will blow you, by a reed, rats, rabbits, or monkeys; and the two priests, with long, embroidered lapels, one telling such a good story that the other, exploding with laughter, is heard to say, *Domo! Kimo tsubushita*. "Really! you have burst my liver!" If it be the season of kites, everybody will be flying them, in mid traffic, even the shopkeeper has despatched one aloft, worked by a string fastened to his *hibachi*, and

the barber's family launches one from the upper window of the house, marked by the conventional pole of red, blue, and white. The chiffonier of Japan—the *Kami-Kudsuhiroi*—is picking up rags and paper scraps with a forked bamboo; the sparrow-catcher goes stealthily along carrying a tall bamboo rod armed with bird-lime fatal to many a chirping bird; the gravely dressed doctor passes with a boy to carry his pestle-and-mortar box, and "the thousand-year life-pills;" the fortune-teller spreads on a cloth his fifty little sticks and six black and red blocks of wood, which can tell you more than man should know; the bean-cake-seller tinkles his bells and beats his gong to announce his sticky wares; the *amma*, the blind shampooer, feels his way slowly through the crowd, piping three lugubrious notes on his reed-flute, and ready to pound and knead anybody's muscles into vigor for three-pence; while in a quiet corner, under the temple-wall, the street-artist, surrounded by admirers, constructs pictures and writes Chinese mottoes on the earth with handfuls of tinted sand. Into the temple-court—for it is *Matsuri*, and a great day—are pouring lines of people to say a brisk prayer at the shrine, and to buy some toys for the children at the innumerable stalls round the court. Religion and pleasure go hand in hand in Japan. Observe the old lady, with shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth, belonging to by-gone Japan; her two daughters, who are of the newer style, and proudly carry European umbrellas, and even black silk gloves. They wash their hands from the temple well by means of a small wooden ladle; approach the altar, pull the thick cord which makes the gong sound, and, the attention of heaven having been engaged, they pray their silent prayers with bowed heads and clasped palms; throw a sen into the offering-box, and clapping their hands to let Divinity know their affair is finished, they turn aside, merrily chatting, to sip tea at the "Snow-white Stork" and purchase hairpins and playthings for the *Kodomo*.

A TRUCE.

By Mary Tappan Wright.

*If Life had made a truce with Love,
And hand in hand together
Made earth as fair as heaven above,
That day, my own, were mine alone,
Of all Time's stormy weather.*

*If Life and Love fall out again,
And frown at one another,
Then Love shall laugh, for all his pain,
Who stole a day from Life away
That Life may ne'er recover.*

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

I.



BROAD beach extending far into the distance; miles of sand-hills on the left, and on the right a sullen sea, from which one slow-rolling wave after another washed up moaning on the shore. Tall gray columns of rain were sweeping across the green turbid water in stately procession, smooth and undeviating until they reached the land, when the wind drove them aslant in long, searching streaks across the country, and sea, shore, and hills became blurred and indistinguishable. A discouraged horse ploughed laboriously through the heavy sand on the beach, dragging a low, old-fashioned chaise, in which two persons, wrapped to the eyes in water-proofs, sat far back in the shadow. A large, fair-haired man was driving with surly ill-will, as if he and the horse were sworn foes, the lines about his mouth hardening as the road grew heavier and the rain beat more persistently in his face. His companion glanced at him from time to time, smiling provokingly, but turned her eyes away again without speaking. At last, with a final struggle against the wind that took the top of the chaise as if it had been a sail, the horse backed and then came to a standstill. After an unsuccessful attempt to get at the whip, the driver frowned and set his jaw unpleasantly, waiting in grim rage for the gust to pass.

"This horse knew that it was going

to rain," said the girl, her eyes shining in the corner where she had drawn back as far as she could; "he knew it all the time, and yet he insisted upon coming this way. I wonder at your angelic patience, Ned; of course the rain is doing it intentionally, and the wind ——"

"I don't know what you mean," he answered, jerking the reins savagely, while the poor horse, gathering himself together, dragged slowly ahead.

"The wind is insolent. Its attitude is personal. It amazes me to see how you keep your temper."

"You are entirely mistaken. I have not lost my temper in the least!"

"Have I not but just congratulated you upon your self-control?" she said, and leaning forward pulled the apron down to the level of her eyes. The gray hills on her left showed mistily through the rain, their tops delicately green with the early growth of grass, and all their slopes bare from the perpetual sliding of the light sand.

"What dreariness!" she murmured.

"Dreariness!" echoed he. "If you mean those hills, they are intolerable! I told Cornwall the last time we were down that I never meant to set my foot on them again. And mind, you keep out of them. They are the wildest, loneliest, eeriest things in the whole created universe!"

"You are making them attractive, you and Mr. Cornwall; he told me last winter that if they once took hold of the imagination they would never let go. I had meant to take Ann and spend my days in them."

"You will do no such thing. It is

just like Cornwall to put you up to something he knew I should disapprove. Still, I needn't trouble myself; between Ann's cowardice and your own laziness you will never go. The walking in there is atrocious; it is next door to a quicksand, pulling your feet down at every step—drag, drag, drag. I had to go ploughing through it until I was completely worn out, and ready to swear.”

“The novelty of the latter sensation should have redeemed it,” she said, shrugging her shoulders.

“I tell you,” he exclaimed, with a strong sense of personal irritation, “there is something about it that brings out all the brute in one. You grow mad in it; you are willing to burst your heart to overcome it, and it hinders and hampers and weighs on you as if every grain of it had a thousand wills against you.”

“Do stop, Ned,” she said, laughing. “You are making it impossible for me to keep away from them. The thought of little things like that having a thousand wills of their own is more than I can be expected to withstand; it creates a bond of sympathy, you know, a——”

“It is just like you!” he broke out, angrily. “No wonder you feel in sympathy with it. It slips through the fingers shining and glittering all the while, just as you have laughed yourself out of every obligation ever laid upon you, and if you try to make your way against it, drag, drag—it pushes in your pathway in myriads of fine opposing particles until their weight becomes intolerable, —intolerable!”

“You are talking nonsense,” she said, coldly. “What have I ever done but follow meekly the course marked out for me before I was born? I am doing it now; I shall continue it all summer, and complete the great work in the autumn. Where have you, or the rest of the family, ever had from me any opposition, any opinion even, not in accordance with your wishes?”

“Still you oppose! You have never”—he turned and addressed her emphatically—“you have never done anything but oppose.”

“You mistake the word; it is conform you mean. I have never done anything but conform.”

“Conform! Yes, and you can con-

form to the day of your death, but this does not alter the fact that essentially you slip through our fingers. We have moulded you into the shape we wished. I hold you in my hand, but let me once loosen my clasp, and you glide softly back to your own ways and think your own thoughts.”

“And whose thoughts should I think?” she asked, defiantly.

“The old men saw it; but they cared only for the letter. If you followed the path they marked out, with your feet, you were as free as air, in spirit, to rove where you pleased. But I care. I care, I tell you! It maddens me. It is as if in this slow dragging through the shifting sand-hills I saw my future; and——”

“Good heavens!” she said, with amused consternation. “How long have you been getting this up? And what is it for? Are you going on the stage, or is it private theatricals?”

“It is none of them. It is that you are going to be my wife in three months, and you could see me marry any other woman under the sun with perfect composure.”

“I could,” she said, “with something more than perfect composure. But as I can also be married to you myself with perfect composure, I do not see what you have to cavil at.”

“You do not see—” he began.

“I do not! It indicates a great deal of affection that I am willing to marry you at all.”

“I suppose it does; and your eagerness to break off the whole thing—what does that indicate?”

“That also indicates affection of the same kind. To break off is as much for your happiness as for mine. I acknowledge that it is a snarl, and Uncle Edward and papa took care that it should be hard to untangle. Still, if it were not for your sheer obstinacy we could do it. Your feelings are no more engaged in it than mine. Look at last winter!”

“Well, look at it! What difference did it make to you?”

“Of course, it made no difference to me. But you need not go off into tragic tirades about caring for what I do—or, rather, do not do; for the matter is mainly negative—when you yourself so

openly and publicly show how impossible it is that there should be any truth in such caring. No—no! Listen to me”—she raised her voice to silence his protest—“I am not criticising. You may go on flirting with Mrs. Sturgis every winter of our lives. I only wish it were Nellie Graham, and then you could marry her, and put an end to the whole difficulty. Still, no matter who it is, I have no intention of interfering. I shall not even see you! And, while we are on the subject, I should like to say that it is not quite fair for the liberty to be all on one side. If I did the things that you do, it might be different; but you must leave me my friends, Ned. In some cases they are your friends, and in some they are not. But however that may be, this is the last time that I shall submit to your interference.”

“And in what possible manner have I interfered?” he broke in impatiently. She looked at him a moment, and smiled with charming impertinence.

“In what possible manner *haven't* you?” she asked.

Ned turned the horse from the sea, and drove over a sandy slope in the shore, along the road, which now led inland through a dip in the low hills, and for a time they remained in silence.

“There is the house,” he said, pointing across a small fresh-water pond, on the further side of which a red farmhouse, with the usual trail of New England barns, might be seen through the rain. A tall, bony woman stood in the door-way waiting for them, and as they approached she waved her hand.

“Well, of all things!” she shouted. “Whatever possessed you to come around by the beach? Your trunks came up an hour ago, Mr. Forman.”

“Is Long ready to drive back with me?” he asked, as he lifted the young girl to the steps. The woman made no reply.

“Look here,” she said, roughly, fixing her eyes on the little figure before her, “I didn’t contract to take care of no children.”

Forman laughed.

“Don’t be frightened,” he said; “her nurse will be down by the next train. We must have another horse to drive

back with. I suppose your husband is in the barn.” He jumped into the chaise again and drove off, while Mrs. Long followed her guest into the narrow entry, and stood gazing at her with open curiosity.

“I declare,” she said, as the girl dropped her wraps on the floor, “you ain’t much bigger than a well-grown child of twelve. How you ever came to be a Forman I don’t see! Why, your cousin Ned’d make ten of you. They always were a big lot, men and women, too. It beats me how you ever—”

“Will you take these wet shawls to the kitchen?” said the girl, quietly. “My maid does not come until evening.”

Mrs. Long drew in her breath.

“Look here,” she said again—her invariable preliminary to a protest—“he didn’t say nothing about a maid. I can’t have a lazy city huzzy bothering round here; and what’s more, I won’t! You just tell him he’s got to send her back, or else you can go over to the Point. There’s plenty of boardin’-houses there as can put up with any amount of nonsense.”

The girl seemed not to hear. She walked slowly into the little, tightly closed sitting-room on the right of the narrow hall, and sat down in the dark. Mrs. Long waited a moment and then retired, presumably to deliver her own message, for Forman soon entered, looking angry and annoyed.

“Nina, can’t you do without Ann?” he said, going to the window and throwing open the shutters. “Mrs. Long says she has no room for her.”

“I could do without Ann, if there were any necessity for it. But as there are pleasanter and more obliging land-ladies to be found elsewhere, why remain here?”

“She doesn’t mean to be disagreeable,” said Ned; “and besides, from an old family servant like that you might stand a few peculiarities, especially when they go hand in hand with such honesty and strength of character.”

“She was with you for just four years at Steadham, when mamma and I were in France,” said Nina.

“Oh, well, Cornwall and I have been down here for the shooting and fishing every summer since she married Long.”

“Still, I can’t see why I should stay.

In my case her 'strength of character' is not compensated for either by shooting, fishing, or family ties."

"If you go over to the Point it will be all in the papers."

"I have been in the papers for a year now, and I cannot make myself uncomfortable for a thing that I am powerless to prevent. It will possibly be in the papers that I am down here."

"No, it won't. I have taken special precautions. They think you have gone to Canada."

"Ah!" There was something in her intonation that put him on the defensive.

"Even here you know how all our acquaintances would flock around you. You would have no rest, no quiet."

"Oh, I forgot; it is quiet I need?"

He rose angrily and began to pace the floor. "I am sure I should never have brought you here if I had known it to be against your will. I thought you were delighted with the project. But if you must have distraction and dissipation, why not go to Newport at once?"

The girl smiled.

"Yes," she said; "why not?"

"How like a woman! We have settled that question at least a dozen times."

"There are people at Newport that interest me," she continued, calmly.

Forman came and sat down in front of her.

"You know that Newport is not the place for you—your health, your mourning, our approaching marriage—"

She leaned back in her chair and shut her eyes. "My dear Ned," she said, wearily, "do not go over it; I know it all by heart, and there is not a word of sense in it. But I am convinced, convinced"—she repeated more hastily, as he made an effort to interrupt—"quite as convinced as I should be by a statement of facts."

"What do you mean by a statement of facts?"

"Oh, something clear and to the point, something, perhaps, a little truthful. Still, they have their drawbacks—statements of facts have. They can be answered; these nice roundabout political reasons never can."

"Will you be kind enough to make me a statement of the facts in question?"

"You might put it several ways," she answered, deliberately. "'My friend, the architect,' you might say, 'whom you occasionally find interesting, being detained in Newport this summer, I naturally prefer that you should stay here;,' or, 'Although you have a comfortable cottage at this same Newport, I should like it better if you would consent to remain in a musty little red farm-house, because it is the last spot in which one would expect to find you, especially as I have taken pains to inform people that you are elsewhere.'"

"And what is to prevent your informing Cornwall of your whereabouts at any time you choose?" he asked, coldly.

"Nothing is to prevent," she said, with indifference; "nothing at all, except—everything! You have interfered, as usual; but in doing so you have underscored a passage that hitherto had but trifling significance. There, I will lend you that little aphorism for your summer meditation. You can think of it when the fish refuse to bite. Now, then, you may go, my dear. Tell Ann I do not want her; and do not miss your train."

She offered him her cheek; he bent forward and kissed it.

"Good-by," he said, rising. "Hereafter I shall always be with you. It is our last parting!" He stooped to kiss her again; but she drew back, frowning.

"Once is enough," she said. "Please summon your 'family' dragon, as you go out."

Ned gave her a look in which affection and antagonism struggled curiously for the mastery, and without another word left the room, shutting the door behind him with a bang; then he opened it again, and muttering something about the "wind" and "an accident," closed it more softly.

Nina smiled, but not pleasantly. She was standing at the window, watching the rain that drifted in sheets across the square of tiny panes. The roll of departing wheels came to her ears along with the musical tattoo of drops on the glass as the gale changed its course. "Thank heaven!" she breathed, with a sigh of relief, and then, with quick repentance, added, "Poor Ned!"

"If you want to see your room," said Mrs. Long, bustling in, "I'll show it to

you now ; an' my niece, Ducie, can help you unpack your trunks. You're small of your age," she concluded, eying her critically ; " but it strikes me you're a kind o' helpless even for your size ! "

She led the way to a large room in the gable end of the house, throwing open the door at the head of the stairs with manifest pride.

" How pretty ! " exclaimed Nina, looking about her approvingly. " And does all this handsome old furniture come from your people ? "

" No ; I wish it did ; but it's been scared up from all over the country by Mr. Cornwall. A pretty row he'd make if he knew I was lettin' anybody use it."

" He ought to be grateful to you for your care of it," said Nina, carelessly. " What a lovely old fireplace ! "

" He had that picked out himself ; it hadn't been open for twenty years, an', Miss Forman"—Mrs. Long moved about uneasily—" if you'll please not meddle with any of his pipes and things over the mantel I'll be thankful, for he's that fussy about havin' them touched."

Nina looked up at a rack of pipes and old guns, unlikely objects of curiosity, and laughed. " Do you expect him down this summer ? " she asked.

" No. He's got to stay in Newport. He's buildin' some houses down there, they tell me, that 'll bring him in a heap of money ; but it'd take more 'n that to seem anything to you Formans. And the papers say the old gentleman left you the whole pile ? " She waited a decent interval for an answer, but none being forthcoming, gave a resentful sniff and departed.

Nina was warming her hands at the fire. She was a little creature, almost swallowed up in the great white easy-chair, with its high back and its sides curving like the lobes of two gigantic ears ; there was a grandfatherly air about it that made her look very young and very small ; it seemed even precocious of her to be twenty years old. For a while she sat watching the blue blaze of burning drift-wood in frowning revery ; then, the ornamental arrangement over the mantel catching her eye again, she smiled and looked about her.

" Cornwall's ! " she murmured. " I thought I was to have Ned's. The dra-

gon's conscience is uneasy about it ; I know they both pay her to keep their rooms vacant. What natural instinct makes me detest that woman ? "

She rose and walked slowly about, looking at the various pieces of quaint furniture, and as she moved from spot to spot her face fell ; she was going through that mixed process of mental pictures and silent verbal explanation that we call thinking.

" I remember it was down here that he planned our Newport house," she said to herself as she passed her hand almost caressingly over the great drawing-table near the window. " This is where he sat. No ; I shouldn't call him handsome, but—yes, distinguished certainly ; he looks like some kings. What a horrible sign ! " She laughed outright. " I suppose poor Nellie Graham thinks Ned looks like a king, too—Henry the Eighth, very likely ! He wrote his letters at this." She went up and seated herself in front of an old secretary in the corner, and leaning her elbows upon the open flap rested her chin in her hands and gazed into the empty pigeon-holes. " I wonder if he means to go there ? I should miss him ; he knew so well where to stop ; it never gave me any anxiety. It was because he did not care, of course ; a man of that age wouldn't ; fortunately we neither of us care." A big tear dropped down on the polished red wood and lay staring up at her, as if inquiring into the causes of its existence. " And why not ? " she said to it. " I should cry if Ned were going away, and certainly nobody can accuse me of being in love with Ned. At any rate, as a tribute to friendship, one tear is not very much."

She took out a little, black-bordered handkerchief and was about carefully to wipe it away, when she caught sight of something at the back of one of the pigeon-holes ; she thrust her hand in and drew forth a soft gray felt hat, old and faded nearly white by sun and wet. " It matches my gown," she said, looking at it doubtfully ; " I will leave him the tribute instead." She put the handkerchief back into her pocket and left the tear shining there on the open desk ; going to the mirror she placed the hat on her head, scanned herself critically, frowned, laughed, and turned to the

window without removing it. Nothing was visible but a row of blowing poplars, quivering in a green haze behind the gray-white drifts of rain. She stood for a long time looking at them, smiling, preoccupied, busy with many thoughts.

The next morning the wind blew strongly from the northeast under a clear sky. Early in the day Mrs. Long rushed up the stairs and stood with scandalized eyes at the upper window.

"Ducie, come here," she commanded sternly, pointing in wordless indignation at a little figure that was rapidly walking up the road toward the beach.

"If she hasn't gone and dressed herself in light gray!" gasped Ducie; "and as sure as I'm alive that's Mr. Cornwall's hat."

"It is," exclaimed Mrs. Long, tragically; "and if she calls that mourning, she's mistaken. Well, I wash *my* hands. You could have knocked me down with a feather when she came out on the porch with that old thing cocked on the back of her head, and all those little love-locks blowing about her face."

"She's more than pretty," remarked Ducie, in a tone of assent.

"Well! and who wouldn't be?" snarled Mrs. Long. "Hasn't she just had the biggest fortune in the State left her, and isn't she goin' to marry that splendid-lookin' cousin of hers? Who wouldn't be pretty? I'd be pretty myself!"

Ducie looked doubtful, but with unusual wisdom refrained from fully expressing her views. "I don't think her cousin good-lookin'," she said.

"Well, he *is*!" said Mrs. Long, with decision. "Mighty different from Cornwall."

"Why, Aunt Ellen, I thought you liked Mr. Cornwall?"

"Well, I don't," responded her aunt, who could not forgive Cornwall her qualms of conscience on account of his room; and, in answer to Ducie's questioning look, added, "You needn't ask me why, for I don't give no reasons."

Reasons had become a matter of indifference to Ducie; she was watching with breathless interest the young lady who wore Mr. Cornwall's hat and defied her Aunt Ellen!

"Come away," said Mrs. Long. "You'll get no good starin' at folks

high enough above you to do as they please."

"She's sitting on the wreck," said Ducie.

"Well, she won't sit there long," snapped her aunt; "the tide turned an hour ago."

"She's more than pretty," sighed Ducie again, and returned to her household duties.

And Ducie was right: she was more than pretty. Hers was a charm, with all deference to Mrs. Long, in no way due to good fortune nor to happy love—a charm that owed nothing to the tendrils of soft, brown hair that curled wilfully on her neck and forehead as if defying the wind to untwist them, and that lurked somewhere else than in the pathetic, dark-lashed, blue-gray eyes, and sweet, mocking mouth. It was a charm transcending beauty, which caught the eye of every fisherman that strolled the beach, as invariably as it turned every head that passed her on the crowded city pavement—a charm perverse, rare, disturbing, even to such as hard-headed old Long, who remarked, "'Twan't nateral to be as good-lookin' as that an' no bigger'n a fairy. It gave him the shivers."

The wind was blowing full in her face, fresh, buoyant, jubilant; she drew it in in great breaths, and pushed back the little gray hat that she might feel its coolness on her forehead. On a distant point the white light-house stood out in clear relief against the deep satisfying blue of the sea, and not far from the shore the little breakers rolled in, one upon another, like a tumbling flock of snowy sheep. The rising water soon drove her from the wreck, and she crossed the beach toward the steep and glittering hills that had been dimly seen through the rain on the previous day. For nearly a mile stretched a wide and almost level reach of sand, beaten to a hard floor by the recent heavy rains, and hollowed into thousands of wave-like depressions by the retreating tides; this she followed until she found herself confronted by a ledge of granite stretched like a barrier across the beach and extending quite out into the sea. A narrow cattle-path wound beside it up among the leafless bay-bushes and sparse grasses,

the roots of which were still blackened by recent burning, while the tops, green and shining, sharp as tiny swords, lashing about their flexible stalks, cut clearly defined circles on the light, gritty surface of the sand. It was the mystery of these circles that led her upward, until, finding herself very near the top, she clambered upon the nearest boulder in order to gain a wider outlook toward the sea. The beach that she had just left shone wet far up the coast; at the foot of the elevation that she had been climbing, between herself and the sand-hills of Long Beach, in a wide basin, stretched a dreary waste of bushes and rank grass growing on little hillocks that rose in darker spots above the vivid green of the marsh around them, and all about her, heaped and gleaming, were the shifting dunes of the Eastern Shore. The bay-bushes were not in leaf, but, as she trod through them, they sent up everywhere an aromatic fragrance, and just at her feet, blue and thick, lay a patch of innocents, like a fallen fragment of the sky itself. "Ah! darlings," she murmured, and knelt to kiss them, and then threw back her head, startled, motionless. From somewhere near, yet faint and hushed, came a sound as of men's voices, deep, low, foreboding. The wind died away; she rose to her feet and listened again, but it was gone.

She recalled Ned's warning, but the strange solitude about her drew her onward with an attraction that overpowered fear. Further she went until a sudden dip in the path arrested her course. She stood upon the edge of a desert gully; bedded deep in the pale sandy incline lay a river of tawny bowlders that broadened like a great road leading upward to nothing but a wide tract of sky between two dazzling hills; the light sand, blown by the wind from their bare clear edges streamed straight into the blue, as thin as vapor, or driven by some vagrant gust curled in silent whirls along the even surfaces at their feet; nothing visible anywhere but sandy desolation! Gathering her gray wrap more closely about her, she descended the bank and sat down to rest in the blue shadow it cast before her. The breeze came in cool and strong, and, from above, the deep hollow murmur

sounded again, rising, falling, warning, threatening, dying wholly away. She listened fearfully, and as she found it and lost it, and found it again, she shuddered with the apprehension born of solitude and of loneliness, shuddered even while she fully knew that it was only the wind sighing in the grasses and moaning through the bare, brown thickets of the bay.

Reluctantly she bent her steps homeward; she had heard the song of the sand-hills whose sorcery is irresistible. Day after day she returned to them, and the old fishermen wandering down the beach, or perhaps taking a short cut through the hills, would come across her, lying back against some bank or bowlder, her gray dress so blending with the colors about her that she seemed almost buried in the sand itself. "She looks like an apple-blossom, layin' back there with nothin' showin' but her pretty face an' her good-for-nothin' little hand," said one of them; but his companion shook his head: "She's bewitched!" he growled.

She thought of many things on these idle days; of the two old men—her uncle and her father—who had so long planned to unite their wealth in her marriage with her cousin; of Ned's quarrel with his father, and the old man's hasty will, which intended at first solely as a rhetorical flourish had become such ugly earnest when death intervened to make it final; of her own father's illness and death, and of her dismay on finding that, frightened at his nephew's reckless dissipation and passion for speculation, he had so skilfully tied up the whole enormous estate that Ned was powerless to touch it. Not that this annoyed Ned—Ned who was overburdened with debts that he had no wish to pay.

"If I had any illusions as to Ned," she thought, "it would really be more supportable."

But, alas! she had no illusions about any of them; they were all alike, and the younger man was no worse than the other two. Her uncle—she smiled when she thought of him, with a mingling of disgust and ridicule. Her father—ah! that hurt. It was small wonder that she had no illusions; for of this, with

a certain bitter youthful vanity, she was fully convinced.

But all through June, as she watched the hills, and read and thought; all through the hot July, lying in the dry sand, doing nothing; all through August, as the sun journeyed south, and the blue of the sea turned pale in the heat, while the wild flowers died and the grasses grew brown, the girl dreamed and dreamed and dreamed fantasies that only twenty years can weave, figments that rule, myths that master; air-built castles crowned the rocks, knowledge was conquered, experience blind, and the shallow footprints of youthful disappointment wholly obliterated in the thronging crowd of youthful hopes—and all the sand-hills were peopled with illusions!

But a day came when she sat by the wreck, reading a letter from Forman; he was coming for her in the evening, she was to marry him in a week. No other course had suggested itself; but in spite of that she knew that she had hoped. Hoped for what? She would not answer, but as she looked about her on the heights and saw how fair had been her building, she was loath to leave. "If I could have one more day," she murmured, "one cloudless day! But——" she looked at the misty horizon and shook her head.

It was warm; the sea rolled in, gray and spiritless. Down by the water a man was waiting for a boat that Long was bringing on rollers across the wet beach; she had been watching him idly for some time. "He must be going to the Point," she thought, listlessly. "He looks a little like——!" She stopped and sat upright; he had taken off his hat and had turned from the water.

Her day had come! The day that she had dreamed of, longed for, waited for, the one day she asked of life! And when she saw it at hand she was not ready for it. Could she take it? Back and forth the struggle swayed in her heart. "Shall I stop him? No; let him go. Why should I let him go? I am nothing to him, nor he to me. Let him go. It is my last day, my only day; I may never see him again. Let him go."

For an answer she rose and called clearly: "Mr. Cornwall!" and the voice was silenced—the prudent voice, that can never reason in emergency nor counsel in struggle; the voice that only cries, *Cling, cling, cling, to what in quiet and peace I taught you*; the weaker voice, for self is single in its strong desires, while sacrifice is doubtful and full of regrets; the timid voice, made cowardly through knowledge, and puzzled because the struggle between denial and indulgence is not always a struggle between right and wrong. How bitterly it fails us!

The man upon the shore turned as if doubting his hearing, and came toward her with a cold formality that almost seemed reluctance. Did he know that she was there? Had he intended to depart without seeing her? Resentful and defiant she looked up at him, offering her hand; he reached out his own to take it; she saw that it trembled and—forgave him.

"How did you happen to be here?" he asked. "Ned told me the other day that you were in Canada. When did you come down?"

"I have been at John Long's all summer," she answered. "Have you seen Ned lately?"

Cornwall's face flushed a dark, angry crimson; Forman had deceived him. It was not well to cross Cornwall.

"I met him in Newport last week. Now that I think of it, I see that I misunderstood him; he said that he had not seen you since he left Canada two weeks ago."

"How unfortunately misleading Ned's statements sometimes are. From this letter, written yesterday, I fancied he had but just come down from Canada himself, only a few hours before."

They looked at each other and smiled. It would have been more crafty of Ned to have told the truth.

The old fisherman put his hands to his mouth and gave a long halloo. Nina rose to her feet.

"My boat is ready," said Cornwall. "I must go." He took her hand and stood looking down at her face. "It is really good-by."

The wash of the sullen sea came to their ears; one or two gulls swept over

them, and a long feeler of mist stole toward them from the sand-hills. Their world was in a swaying balance; unconsciously they were silent, waiting. What should decide? Cornwall's eyes passed from her face to her hair, curling in soft rings against the light, upturned brim of her hat. What charming, appropriate head-gear she always contrived to——! His eyes widened with a shock of recognition. Nina put up her hand vaguely, and then with confused recollection looked at him deprecatingly, deserted by all her worldly self-possession. But a change had come over Cornwall; the last shred of his reluctance and formality disappeared; his eyes were brilliant with something more than laughter.

"Must I go?" he asked, softly.

"Ned will be down this evening," she answered. "It is my last day. We leave to-morrow."

"And the first of September?"

"Yes; we sail the first of September."

"May I stay?"

For an answer she gave him her hand. "It is my last day," she repeated, and all Ned's manoeuvres and her own doubts kicked the balance, outweighed by one old hat!

He turned away to make some arrangements with Long, and as Nina waited, the voice of denial, with the persistence that is its only strength, began again within her.

"Renounce! Turn back before it is too late! Too late for what? It is only a passing fancy. And as for him, he does not care! But he does care! Bah, it is only a game; we have played it for months and what harm has come of it? Quick, before he returns! Ah! too late! too late!"

Cornwall was returning; in every line of the figure on the beach he recognized a struggle, that sharpened the contest within his own heart. Had she but known it! And yet the insight might have been of little avail; still, still how often the knowledge of another's thought would save us!

"I must give you a walk to the rocks," he called. "Long says there is no good landing for you here."

She turned and went slowly down

the sand. "How did he know that I would go," she said to herself, but Cornwall had won.

"She shall have time to recall her decision," was his thought as he rowed across the little bay. "But if she consents, I stay. She does not know what it means to me." "*It will cost you dear,*" said the inner voice. He stopped and frowned, and then giving his head an impatient shake, fell to his oars and the boat shot forward. "Cost, of course it will cost! But I mean to have it. There have not been many days given me in my life; this one I shall take."

He knew the shore well and rowed out at some distance to avoid the shallow water. Nina was standing on the rocks as he came in. She never could explain why the sight of Cornwall doing anything gave her such pleasure. When Ned rowed—and he rowed far better than Cornwall—he did it with a thorough recollection of what he called "form;" there was a certain athletic pedantry in Ned's performances that made them always unpleasing. Cornwall rowed with entire self-forgetfulness, to attain his object; he was direct. Something in his presence gave her courage.

"Where are we going?" she said, as she stepped down into the stern of the boat.

"We are going to row a while," he answered fluently, with no sign that he was inventing his programme on the spur of the moment; "then we shall go to the village on the Point yonder and buy our luncheon; after we have come back, cooked it, eaten it, and thrown away the dishes we shall spend the remainder of the afternoon inspecting one of my most successful creations."

"What is it?" she asked, puzzled, and yet not wholly credulous.

"It is Moorish—the architecture is—in fact a little like the Alhambra."

She laughed.

"And it is builded on the sands!" he went on, gravely. "What is wrong?" She had stretched out her hand, palm upward, and was looking at the sky.

"It is raining."

Cornwall, who had laid aside his coat to row, reached behind him and handed it to her. Without a word she put it

on, buttoned it, wrinkling the sleeves to her shoulders. What a remarkable coat it was! It only showed—Cornwall reflected—that a well-made garment would look well on any body. But then he remembered that he had lent it to other girls—it was astonishing how much he wished he hadn't, and yet Cornwall was not young—other girls had put it on, and they all had looked as if they could not rid themselves of a sense of impropriety, vague and not wholly displeasing, while Nina, except for an occasional gentle smoothing of the sleeve, seemed to have forgotten that she was wearing it. In his heart Cornwall believed that all girls were alike. "The difference is subjective," he finally assured himself, and felt in so doing that matters had been improved.

"So Ned has been back for over two weeks? I wondered at not hearing."

"I thought you knew, or I should not have told you."

"It makes no difference. The amusing thing is his desire to conceal it. Who is she? Mrs. Sturgis again?"

"Did you know that the old gentleman died the last of June?"

"Is he really dead?" she cried. "Oh, Mr. Cornwall, do you think that Ned—" Her eyes were bright with thoughts of unexpected possibilities, but Cornwall shook his head.

"She will have oceans of money," said the girl, wistfully, a little ashamed of her remark as she made it.

"You know that it is not the money. Ned is bound up in you."

She was sitting very straight, and a bright patch of color was burning on either cheek. "We shall see," she said waywardly, every nerve alert at the prospect of freedom, and again Cornwall shook his head.

"The old man founded a university."

"Oh!" cried Nina, passionately. "Why will they do that? It would have done so much good, if only——"

"Ned had it to spend?"

"Let us not talk of Ned any more, nor of anything else inevitable. I know all you have to say about Ned. What a pity it is that you can't marry him yourself, you are so impressed with his good qualities."

"And so are you," said Cornwall, firmly.

"Yes, when I find any, I will admit, they make a great impression."

"You are fond of him; you know it."

"Of course I am fond of Ned. I have lived for Ned all my life, for, and by, and on account of Ned; but—there are possibilities in Ned."

"There are," said Cornwall. "I do not ignore them, but to any one that loved him they are possibilities for good."

She looked at him mutinously, but Cornwall had said his say and was rowing directly out to sea.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Anywhere," said Cornwall; "nowhere. Shall I turn back?"

"No."

"The sea is like a new affection," he said; "you always want to try it as far as it will go."

"Fortunately new affections have more clearly defined limits, or some of us would never come back."

"Have they?"

"We come back, at any rate," she said, a little pettishly.

"I am not so sure."

"In that case it were perhaps wiser not to set out."

Cornwall put up his oars for a moment, and then, with a despairing shrug of his shoulder, turned the boat's head toward the Point.

"What you say is undeniably true," he answered. "Let us go and put in our stores." Nina had not meant to be taken so seriously. She removed his coat with great gravity, folded it, and carefully placed it on the thwart between them. It was a protest, but Cornwall kept resolutely headed in his own direction.

The rain had ceased when they reached the float, and after making the boat fast they went up the hilly village street together.

"They have very good candy," said she, as Cornwall, after making miscellaneous purchases, was glancing inquiringly at the further contents of the village store; he shook his head positively.

"Candy is too personal. It would be distinctly out of keeping. But I am

willing to compromise with my conscience to the extent of having some clams, and I think I'll buy two umbrellas."

"It is a pleasure to have matters on so practical a footing."

"The umbrellas are not practical. They are the essence of romance. I am violating my soberest convictions in getting them."

"Then why do you have two?" she asked, innocently, and leaving the shop sauntered down the road. Cornwall looked after her with something like amazement.

"I will take one of these," he said to the shopkeeper, and muttered to himself, as he followed her, "I am a fool!"

They entered the boat and after rowing down a neighboring cove to buy their clams—Cornwall protesting all the while that no man was entitled to eat clams that he had not himself digged—they crossed back to where he had first taken her into the boat. Near this spot was a shallow bay, on the inner curve of which, high up among the rocks, was a small spring of fresh water. Here they swung their kettle of clams on an improvised crane, and piled it high with sea-weed, and setting their packages in dry places went in search of driftwood.

They talked idly as they went, Cornwall collecting great heaps of rubbish which he meant to unite on his return. Sometimes they were together, sometimes apart, and the impersonal practical footing that they had established quieted every doubt. It was the sea, the rocks, the mist, and the gray plashing water, not one another that they cared for! And Cornwall was happy; his scruples were forgotten; he was so happy that he went far away and putting down his great fagot looked out to where the sky met the water and nothing intervened. There are times when even the cause of our joy is itself an intrusion upon our joy. For one moment of time he wanted to be alone. And the girl, far back on the beach, seeing his figure motionless, absorbed, not knowing what were his thoughts, leaned against the bank behind her and looked at him without fear of observation or consciousness of observing, and the

sight of him gave her infinite content. Two people in the world were happy, absolutely happy, with no touch of alloy, a happiness without reflection, immaterial, undemanding. "She is not for me," said Cornwall, as he stooped again for his burden. "I give him up," she murmured, as she saw him descend the rocks. And in Cornwall's eyes as he drew near shone the steady friendly light of renunciation which beautifies—nay, deifies—every human countenance touched by it. Dangerous moment! If we could but renounce and run!

Laden with the drift they walked back to the cove, and in the damp breeze that had sprung up after the rain the great fire was not unwelcome. The uncertainty of the weather insured seclusion, and they ate their luncheon with the high spirits that always follow a recent clearing of the conscience.

"How did you learn to make coffee?" asked Nina, finishing hers from a tumbler; but Cornwall only smiled—he would not waste time in explaining. The moments were flying.

"Give me your glass," and rising to his feet he ran down the beach and flung the heavy thing far out into the sea. "It is their last day!" he cried, coming back breathless. "Bring them all." One by one the dishes, forks, spoons, spun out over the water and sank beneath its surface. Then, taking up the coarse umbrella, Cornwall offered his hand to help Nina in climbing the rocks; she gave him hers with childlike trustfulness, and as they crossed the crest of the hill, breaking through the dark green bushes with their hoary bunches of purple berries, he thought that she had forgotten he held it, and did not loosen his clasp.

"Where are we going?" she again asked.

"To a land that is east of the sun and west of the moon," said Cornwall. "My greatest architectural success is built there."

"An impossible land?"

"An improbable one, I should have said."

"Is the castle improbable too?"

"It is not wholly a castle," said Cornwall. "In fact, it partakes slightly of the nature of a mausoleum—a combination

of cathedral and tomb. It is intended for burial services—I mean to have mine there."

"Not this afternoon, I hope."

The words were light, but her eyes met his reproachfully. Cornwall grew grave.

"That depends on you," he said, abruptly.

"Don't!" And then, as if to disguise the pain underlying the sharpness of her word, "I am disappointed," she added. "I was looking for a castle."

"It is a castle," he quickly answered. "I was a brute to call it anything else. It is the only castle that I ever dared to build— There!"

They were descending a sudden dip in the hills, leading to a basin shut in on all sides by great drifts of sand. Nina seated herself, and, leaning back against the bank, looked upward. The deep song of the hills moaned overhead in the tall grasses that fringed the turfy edge curving above them; the sound of the sea came in faintly from the shore, and the leaden surface of the sky was beginning to break, rolling in soft masses with an occasional streamer of a paler hue, combed out by some lower current of air.

"It will clear," she said; but even as she spoke, the rain drifted toward them in a light, misty drizzle, and Cornwall, smiling, raised the umbrella.

"My palace is complete," he said; "it only needed a roof." He placed the umbrella over her head and stretched himself in the sand at her feet.

"You can't stay there and be wet."

Cornwall hesitated.

"Do you mean it?"

"I did mean it a moment ago," she answered, impatiently; "but if it means anything, I don't mean it."

"Very well," said Cornwall, "I shall take it as it comes, divested of every trace of intelligence." He rose, and readjusting the umbrella, seated himself at her side.

For a while nothing was said. With her left hand she was gathering the sand, and letting it run through her fingers. She had gained her day, a cloudless day in spite of wind and weather, and as she turned her face to his in the smiling defiance of her thought,

she met his eyes, mournful, hopeless, grieving, with the look of a man who does what he would not. Turning away again she toyed with the sand; then, impelled by the perverse tact that women have for saying the thing which at a given crisis will cause the most pain:

"We shall be back in December," she announced, as much hurt in the saying as was he in the hearing of it. Cornwall started.

"I shall be in California then," he answered, with a masculine instinct of retaliation.

She put the palm of her hand down on the sand, and throwing her weight on her arm, leaned away from him, the better to look into his face.

"You have not accepted!"

"I intend to."

"You are going there to live?"

"Yes."

"But—Ned? What is he going to do without you?"

"He will have you?"

"But I don't want him to have me," she continued in the same tone. "Ned without you would be a serious responsibility. You are not going to leave him entirely on my hands?"

She was cruel, he thought, and yet he laughed. "Seeing that Ned is nearly twice your own age, I think you may be absolved from a portion of your serious responsibility, and, in spite of my peculiar usefulness, I must go."

"There is no 'must.' You are throwing away a brilliant career here; every one says so."

"Still, I must."

She continued to lean backward upon her arm, but her face took on a gentler expression.

"Is that the burial?" she asked.

"No," said Cornwall. "I told you that that depended on you; this does not depend on you."

"I shall make it depend on me!"

"Nothing would be easier," murmured Cornwall, looking at her with the rueful indulgence we accord a naughty child. "And yet, even then, I should go!"

She gazed intently over his head at the grasses waving against a rack of slowly breaking clouds.

"I cannot see why you go," she said, at last.

Cornwall lifted his eyebrows.

"You don't believe me?" she continued.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I think you know," he said.

"I do not know."

"You do not know what?"

"Why you go to San Francisco."

"But you know something else."

Her eyes did not waver from the summit of the hill; the long, green grass was tossing against a blue background; but her eyelids quivered.

"May I say it?"

"How can I know unless you tell me what it is," she said, perversely.

"May I say it?" He leaned toward her. The red color poured into her cheeks and crimsoned her forehead. Cornwall reached behind her, took the umbrella, closed it, and threw it to one side.

"I am going to say it," he went on, "whether you let me or not. I am going to make things clear between me and you once for all. Why do I go? Why do I leave you to battle alone with Ned's good qualities against his bad? Why?" He took her hands in both of his. "Why?" he repeated; and then, flinging them from him, rose and stood before her.

"God!" he cried, "it is cruel that so sweet a thing as love should be an ignominy in the telling."

She hid her face in her hands. He was on his knees at her side in an instant.

"Dear, dear, dearest," he said, bending over her; "forgive me. I have hurt you. I have shocked you."

She shook her head, but did not look up. "It was my own fault," she murmured.

"It was all your fault—all your fault! How could I see you and not love you? How could I be near you and not want you for my own? If being alive is your fault, then this is also."

She lifted her head from her hands and tried to smile, but then drew back frightened at herself. Her face was ashen, and, as with compressed lips she leaned against the bank, the agony of that moment tore from her love all the disguises in which for months she had concealed it. "I must not speak,"

she thought. "I must not tell! Love, Love, Love, have I not struggled, too? Ah, do not let me see your eyes! They hurt. Why should you be giving and I sit dumb?"

"I would not kiss you; no, not even the hem of your gown," said Cornwall, in the same soft tones. "I would not touch you, dear, if my touch in the days that are to come should be a memory or a reproach; but I love you, love you, love you!"

And the girl before him, with closed eyes and whirling brain, listened: "I shall hear him say it even when I am dead," she thought.

"I am going away. You know why now. This is my last day—one little day. I am going, dear. See, I ask for nothing, when I would lay down my life just to kiss you once. I am going now." He bent toward her, and looked long at the closed eyelids, behind which her soul sat still, holding fierce contention. He was going! going, broken, discouraged, heartsick, weary, and ill-content with himself; he was going, defeated after all these weeks and months of struggle; he was going, carrying away no comfort, asking no recognition, humiliated at his treachery to his friend, and that friend was Ned! Ned, who suspected him, tricked him, and did him harm at every turn!

"Good-by," he said. Still she did not move. "Will you not once look at me?"

She opened her eyes; he was kneeling at her side; the sun was shining in a glare of light on the sand at his back, and against its intense brilliancy Cornwall's face stood out in strong contrast; his eyes were full of suffering—they hurt. She had broken his heart!

"I am going," he repeated. "Forget me."

Without a word or sound she threw her arms about his neck, and, drawing his head down to hers, she kissed him, and pushed him from her. Cornwall tottered as if the light touch had been a heavy blow. "Forget you!" she cried, with a little laugh. "Forget you!" She was sobbing on his shoulder.

He hardly understood; indeed he tried not to understand. She was there; she had appealed to him; it was

enough. Interpretations meant scruples, and scruples meant misgivings; to be perfectly happy was exculpation and vindication in itself, and, as with delicate touch and tender word, he soothed and quieted her, Cornwall was perfectly happy.

She was a child, he thought—impulsive, warm-hearted. She did not know what she had given, nor did she count the meaning of her gift. Gently he tried to comfort her, afraid to startle or arouse her to the consciousness that he could comfort. The sobs died away; the girl rested motionless in his arms. Cornwall loosed his hold; she neither drew from him nor stirred, tasting the sweet poison that lurks in things that are the last. But he out of experience and years knew that borrowed joy bears a heavy interest. Slowly he drew away his arm and raised her head from his shoulder. He was a prig, he assured himself—but she was young and sweet, and dearer to him than love itself.

"Do you know," he said, "what you have done for me? I do not ask why; I do not even understand; but out of one divine impulse you have glorified my life. And if ever, in future days, you remember this, remember, too, that I shall never misunderstand nor put a value into it that you have not meant."

The tears still hung on her lashes, but at his last words her whole face flushed.

"You, at least, have no divine impulses for which you may store up future repentance," she said, audaciously, stung by something of admonition in his words.

Cornwall's eyes darkened and widened; his mouth took a suddenly grim expression.

"No," he said, "I have not; my future repentance will be that I have not given way to any divine impulses; but the greater mine, the less yours. I shall not take advantage of what you did not mean."

She rose to her feet, and stood looking down into his eyes.

"Not mean it! And what excuse should I have for myself if I did that without cause? You know me better than that; you know that——" She hesitated.

"That what?" said Cornwall, rising to

his knees, and taking her slender waist in his hands. "That what?" he whispered, looking up into her eyes. "What? my darling! my sweet!"

For an answer she bent her head and touched his hair with her lips.

All life, all love, eternity itself, were compassed in that one little kiss, and for a moment Ned and duty, fidelity and the future, past friendship and present blame—the whole world was blotted out. Love ruled supreme, and perfect as it came so they received it, nor marred its perfection by taking thought; with an impulse that of itself is the inspiration of genius, looking neither before nor behind, they lived for each other that little space—a minute in life's sad journey without a flaw.

Throughout the few remaining hours of the afternoon Cornwall lay in the sand at her feet and looked in her eyes. Every question of the future disappeared: with her, because she had no question—this day was her last; with him, because to-day was to-day—leave it without blemish—contentions for the morrow. And she laughed to him, and cried to him, and told him all the things she had longed to tell him so many, many times—for trust is sweet and confidence is union. She quarrelled with him, and mocked him, making him alternately a jest and a hero, while she covered him with adoring ridicule and ridiculed her adoration by turns. And Cornwall, smiling, indulgent, happy, lived for to-day; light-hearted, perfect to-day—leave it untroubled. To-morrow her release should come, and she should not sue for it.

"It is out of your hands now, sweet," he thought, and bid her good-by.

She stood on the rocks and watched his boat steadily turned toward the further shore; life by love alone was made glorious to her, and the receding vision of perfect happiness held her eyes sealed from tears. He was gone, but he loved her; he was gone forever; but in her heart she held a memory and a promise; nay, more, a certainty that however far the way, however long the time, he loved her, he loved her!

At the hill-top she paused, and as she turned her face homeward two little drifting clouds of burning rose told

where the sun had set. All the heavens were tinged with pink; the long, wet beach below her glowed with it, and the shining sand-hills blushed a faint reflection of the sky. Out into the pale, green waters of the gently heaving sea long ridges of rock stretched one beyond the other in deep masses of warm, purplish red, darkening into velvety shadows at their bases, and down on the curving beaches between, the smooth waves pulsed in slowly, unbroken, while each undulation reflected tender, indefinable changes from green to blue in soft veiled colors hiding a core of fire. Over all hung a thin red mist—the whole world was steeped in rose-color!

Silently she kept on her way, nor once looked back. Slowly and with something of weariness she descended the tumbling bed of rocks where the cattle had made a path to the shore. She was thinking, as she picked her way through the tide-pools, thinking hard; yet the thoughts were so unformed, so far below the surface, that it seemed as if in the depths of her soul another were thinking for her, while she listened, every faculty suspended, awaiting a decision. At last she reached the flight of broken steps that led to the roadway, and as she put her foot upon the lowest she looked back. The glory had gone from sea and shore; the gray waves lapped sadly on the forsaken sands; the hills and rocks were hard and forbidding; the sky was mottled with thin clouds, and upon all the broad expanse of waters behind her there was no token of any living thing. "He is gone, gone, gone!" cried the inner voice, wailing, despairing, and with one hand clenched on her knee, she stood and listened to it. Her day was over, her one last day!

II.

NINA mounted the steps and walked along the sandy road toward the farmhouse, dragging one foot after the other, heavy with fatigue. In an hour, in less than an hour, the old life of silent warfare with Ned would begin again. She would not—she could not! The little house that all summer had been so cool in the heat and sunshine, so cosy and

friendly in the cold and wet, now with its glassy pool and dark background of pines suggested an infinity of forbidding possibilities. And Ned was coming! He was coming to turn it all into bitterness; her breath came with a sudden sob—"My day! my day!"

Silent and absorbed in her own thoughts she entered the house and sat down to the supper served with open disapproval by Mrs. Long. The woman's impertinence, curbed for months, seemed to-night beyond control, and the prospects of future gain were as nothing compared with the satisfying joy of a present spite.

"I suppose you'll be goin' out to spend the evenin'," she remarked as Nina rose from the table and went toward the front door; but the girl did not hear her.

Just above the hill that, on the eastern side of the little lake, faced the house, a line of pale gold stole from the dark tops of the stunted trees, arching above them dome-like, and as it grew and spread some strange witchery wrought a change in the dreary landscape. There was a moon, already high in the sky, and she had forgotten it! The impulse to escape her cousin's coming became a resolve, and taking her small gray wrap from a nail in the hall she left the house.

"You don't seem to remember that Mr. Forman will be here in half an hour," Mrs. Long called from the doorway, but Nina pursued her course.

"And you sit there and tell me that Cornwall went off on the coach. I know better!" said the woman, going back to the kitchen where her husband sat reading the paper. "Just wait till her cousin comes!"

"Hey!" said Long, who was a little deaf. "Yes; he's gone on the coach. He'll make her a sight better husband than Forman ever would! And you'd better mind your own business." And he returned to his *Evening Breeze*, unconscious of having given her the only advice she could not follow.

Not wishing to wander too far from the house, Nina crossed the sand and climbed out upon the wreck; it had "gone ashore stern on," as Long said, and the water plashed softly against the

broken timbers at the bow, for the tide had turned. Silent and deserted the long beach stretched away to its rocky boundary, and a bright wake of moonlight fell across the wet sand, turning all the footmarks and depressions in its shining course into quaking pools of liquid gold. One beyond another the white sand-hills leaned backward from the shore, gleaming mysteriously, like snow mountains in a dream. The voice of the troubled ocean came in to her, laden with doubts.

"Why?" it moaned.

Where was the justice of this sacrifice? Had she asked for the wealth that chained her so heavily? Was not its restoration to Ned the boon of all boons that she ardently craved? What right had he to stipulate the manner of its restitution? Gladly would she fling it all into the sea before her!

"Why? Why?"

Because he was relentlessly set on one plan, selfishly and blindly indifferent to what the cost might be. Argument enraged him, and opposition drove him wild. "If only he would be reasonable," she murmured, knowing that to be reasonable, as she would define it, was the last thing to be expected of him.

A light mist was drawing in from the horizon, and a faint rattle of rowlocks came from over the water. Someone out beyond the dim line of sight spoke a word or two, there was a quiet answer, and all was still. The sounds died away, and again Nina was alone with the doubting, perturbing sea.

"Why? Ah, why?"

To sacrifice the man that she loved—to throw away her own life? Why, indeed, should this be asked of her? What did he care—Ned, who pursued his object from sheer momentum, the sullen force of whose obstinacy made her shudder with repulsion? "There are possibilities in Ned," she had said in the morning, and here, in the changing, fleeting light, those possibilities were far from attractive. As she sat and thought the water drew away, leaving the wreck high on the sands, and the clear light of the moon was dimmed by changing clouds. What other end than this had she ever looked forward to? Every tie of association, all the teaching

of her childhood, every aim in her life had been bound up in Ned. What right had she to sever those ties, so long as he deemed her bound? She was fond of Ned, and he of her. Who knew but that in this matter she did him injustice, if he loved her? She dared not end it; in honor she could not end it. And Cornwall was bound to Ned, as was she. He would feel that in robbing his friend of the one he loved he was doing a cowardly thing. "And he shall not sully his conscience for me! There is but one course," she thought.

"Where is Cornwall?"

She started violently and turned. Forman himself was standing at the other end of the wreck.

"Oh, Ned! how tiresome and melodramatic!" Her voice shook a little as she spoke, and in his breast the unaccustomed tremor roused a strange pulsation, faint and tense, like that from the first clangor of a far-away tocsin, inciting to confusion and riot.

"Where is Cornwall?" he repeated, slowly.

"He went this afternoon."

"I knew he went this afternoon. He is a scoundrel. When did he come back?"

"Ned!"

"Where is he?"

Angry and hurt, and yet too conscience-smitten to protest, she jumped down on the sand, and turned to cross the beach.

"I am going back to the Longs," she said, as she passed him.

Forman stood still and watched her, half inclined not to follow. The moon was a little past the full, and seemed to float in an even background of pale gray clouds so thin that they scarcely dimmed its shining; but between it and him, blown by a contrary wind, long streamers of mist, black and delicate, floated capriciously like torn veils of lace. He glanced down at the beach again. Nina was gone.

"Nina!" he called. "Nina! Where are you?"

His voice was not far behind her, and she recognized, with a faint sense of amusement, that her gray wrap and gown made her indistinguishable from her surroundings.

"I am here," she called, and with that she turned and ran toward the hills.

"Confound that dress!" cried Ned, from further down the beach, to which he had turned in the wrong direction. "Call again!" But Nina was silent.

The lingering cloud passed slowly, and suddenly the whole landscape was flooded with clear, white light. Ned stopped to look about him; far beyond, a tiny black patch, sharp-edged, as if cut from silk, fled noiselessly and fitfully. For a moment he took it for the moving shadow of a little cloud. Then, with a loud halloo, he sprang ahead in long leaps, and the dark silhouette flew more swiftly as the girl's light weight skimmed the yielding surface of the hillside. Heavily Ned ploughed behind, while faint, thread-like, he felt again the earthquake of cruelty that ushers in the chase.

She had almost reached the crest of the hill when he caught her by the arm, and as she turned back to him, smiling half-defiantly, he cursed her softly under his breath.

"Where is Cornwall?" he whispered.

"You are going to meet him."

"I am not. He has gone."

"Gone! gone! He has left you here to face it out with me. Great God, what a hero!" He threw back his head and laughed aloud.

Nina winced at this. "Let my arm go, Ned," she said, her voice quivering; "you hurt me."

"I am glad I do," he answered, with dry brutality. "And now tell me what this means?"

For the first time within Ned's memory Nina temporized. "What what means?" she asked. He stared at her incredulously.

"So the lying hound has brought you down to his own level! But it is of no use. Mrs. Long has been acting the part of chaperone this afternoon, and I have had the benefit of all her observations—I could wring her neck for her impertinence."

"And what has she observed? Nothing that would hurt either me or him. Still, I did not mean that you should know it, Ned; I had a right to one day of my life for myself, and it would only have vexed you."

"Thank you! You are remarkably considerate. May I ask what your final intentions in the matter happen to be? Was this delicate care for my feelings intended to extend indefinitely?"

"If I marry you, Ned, I shall do what I can to make you happy."

"Ah! me too," he answered. "You are more than kind."

She looked at him with innocent eyes. "I could have made you happy, but since you know this, perhaps——"

Forman dropped her arm and straightened himself. "Since I know this?" he repeated.

Nina turned to him with outstretched hands. "Ned, Ned," she cried, imploringly, "give me up! There is plenty of money for both of us. Papa couldn't tie up all the income, and if you will marry some one else I will settle all upon her. I have been thinking—Why should we be unhappy when there are other people for whom you care more than for me?"

"What has Cornwall been telling you?" he interrupted, fiercely.

"He has told me nothing. He has never breathed a disloyal word of you in my presence, and you, you know, you have never spared him."

"Never spared him!" Forman sneered. "It seems I have rated him far beyond his worth! And yet you would jilt me to marry him! A coward who leaves you to bear the brunt of this rupture alone——"

"It is false, Ned! There was to be no rupture. I meant to carry it all out. He would have stayed, if I had wished. It was honor that forced him away."

"*And he knew that you loved him!* Do you think that if I had been he and had known *that*, that anything in heaven or hell would have forced me away? I should have torn you from any man, let his rights be what they might! I should have stayed and faced it out with him, and claimed you, and won you! Do you think that your petty scruples would have been final with me?"

"They were not petty scruples. I was bound to you, Ned, and he is your friend. There seemed no other way—I thought. But now, since you know—it is not too late. Let me go, Ned. He is to see

you to-morrow, he said ; he had business in the city ; he said so."

"To-morrow ! Business ! and this fellow you love ? He shall not have you."

She was shaken to the heart's core. Had Cornwall deserted her ? Was her one perfect love thus to be desecrated ?

"You do not understand. You are ungenerous," she said. "You speak as if what had cost both him and me more than life had been a dastardly thing."

"How could he let the day go, and not make sure ?"

"Because he loved you, Ned ; you, who do not love either him or me. But never mind whether he should have stayed or gone. It is not this that we have to settle, but the other. Give me up, Ned. You do not love me."

"I——do not love you !"

"Marry some one else—Mrs. Sturgis. You know that she is more to you than I am ; you would leave me any time for her."

"Marry Fanny Sturgis ! Did you mind that I left you for her ?"

She shrank back from the face that he had bent down to her with a gesture of repulsion.

"No ; you did not mind, and I knew it. You would not have minded if you had been my wife. Fanny Sturgis ! She is not the kind of woman that one marries ! I want you—you ! And you think I do not love you ? I have loved you since the day you were born, and I a great awkward school-boy took you from the fat nurse to show you to my father ; I wasn't afraid. I held you as if I had been created for it, and I loved you because you were mine—because you were meant for me. And I have loved you ever since."

"But, Ned, you have loved other women."

He glanced at her and smiled. "So I have," he said deliberately, "and so I probably shall. Do you think that has anything to do with this ? I may love a dozen, but I am going to marry you !"

She started as if stung by a blow. "Marry me ! You never shall," she cried, and sped away down the slope of the hill.

Forman followed ; the sand dragged, dragged, dragged at his feet, and a

sullen obstinacy took hold of him. He ran in silence, guided now by a fitting shadow, now by the mere rustle of garments and the faint rush of foot-falls in the sand. For the moon played a ghastly hide-and-seek in the clouds as the girl glided from rock to rock through the tufts of grass and crackling bushes of pungent bay—now an invisible presence that baffled him and threw him far off the track, now a gray scud of mist among the dark greens of the low growths about her. And ever the thin, black, crape-like wreaths floated between the earth and sky where the clouds were massing in torn and threatening racks by the rising wind.

Nina sped onward, all her forces concentrated in her desire to reach the house before Ned. Her heart was as lead in her bosom. "It makes it hard to run," she panted, "hard to run ; so heavy a heart !" and yet she scarcely knew why she ran. She only felt that behind her some ruthless force was driving her onward, and that she must not stop. "If Cornwall had only stayed !" she sobbed in short-drawn breaths. "Cornwall, Cornwall ! how he will grieve that he did not stay. Do not be sorry, Cornwall—I understand—I believe. It was a mistake—we all make mistakes at the turning-points in our lives. Cornwall, Cornwall, do not be sorry."

Her sharp breaths began to sound like a faint cry, coming back to Forman's ears as the painful breathing of the hunted hare comes back to the hounds that have almost run it down. The spirit of the hunt was upon him, and the cruel throb within him, once as faint as the weak pulse of a dying child, had strengthened into a resistless power. She had led him this chase for a lifetime. The weight of the heavy sand goaded him to fury. Let him but once reach her ! The cutting, knife-like crying was close before him. They were running deep within the hills, and the sand was everywhere about them. She turned and faced him. With a last leap he caught her by the shoulders.

"You shall marry me," he whispered, bending his head to a level with hers. She made no answer, and the painful heaving of her chest testified to the

frightful exertion of the last few minutes. "My heart!" she said, at last, in a stifled voice, "my heart! Go away, Ned, let me loosen my dress. Go, I will not run; my heart, oh! my heart, it will burst!"

But Forman never stirred; tightening his grasp he waited, ready to tear an answer from the agonized heart whose beatings made a surging in his ears. She was caught.

"You are mine. You are bound in honor to marry me."

"I will marry you if you exact it," said the girl, in broken gasps; "but I shall never be yours. Force me to marry you and you shall see. Every kind word I speak to you shall be meant for another; every thought, every touch. You shall not even exist for me. Why do you not marry some woman that loves you?"

"You shall love me. You are the woman I shall marry—the only woman I want for the mother of my children."

She looked at him a moment with angry incomprehension, all the innocent simplicity of her girlish thoughts in outraged opposition.

"And if I have children, I shall teach them to be like him! All that they honor most will be found in him; they shall not even know you! Whenever I look at them I shall remember that if he hears of them he will think tenderly of them because of me, and I shall love them for that; and so even the love I give them will be for love of him; you will have nothing—nothing!"

"I shall have this," and Ned bent his face toward her.

"No," she cried, throwing herself back.

And as she leaned against the bank the moonbeams shone through the grasses that fringed the turfy edge curving above her, and fell on the smooth slopes of the deep basin shut in on all sides by great drifts of sand. She smiled with a sudden light in her eyes. "Cornwall," she murmured, as if she saw him. Ned turned fiercely; there was no one there. "You defy me?" he cried; something in his brain gave way with a great snap as he shook her with sudden rage by the shoulders. Her head fell back and for an instant a look of terror dawned

in her eyes; with a light wrench she freed herself and looked about her. It was the place; she knew it! Again she smiled, and stretching her hands as if in greeting,

"I love him!" she cried. "I love him!"

Forman waited one incredulous, infuriated moment, and then dragging her toward him he kissed her on the lips. "This is for me," he said, savagely, and stooping forward looked into her face; but she, smiling still, gazed at the sky beyond him.

"I love him! love him!" she answered, and the moonlight shone down into her eyes.

And of a sudden a great confusion fell upon Forman, as of bells clanging, voices crying, strange hands pushing, and all for one thing—to destroy, to obliterate, to kill forever that smile meant for another. It was his prey; it defied him even when captured; but the girl on seeing his face closed her eyes to shut out the terror of it.

"For God's sake stop smiling, Nina," he said, hoarsely.

She opened her eyes. "You have had nothing," she said; "nothing. He told me he loved me—here—this afternoon."

"Be silent," said Forman, and his hands crept along her shoulders, upward. "Women have been killed for less."

"Kill me then! Death would be a grace compared with the life you would force upon me. Oh! Cornwall!" Was it a cry for help?

What had he done?

She was lying back against the sand-bank, the smile still on her face.

"Stop smiling."

She tried to speak. He loosened his grasp and bent to hear.

"We—all—make—mistakes—at—the—turning-points—love," she gasped, faintly. "Cornwall—Cornwall—do not be sorry—Cornwall!"

Ned's hands tightened without mercy; a thousand screaming demons screwed his tense nerves and steadied them for action; then, with a sudden, awful relaxation they gave way. The man shrank and fell together like a lifeless thing, and with a suffocated cry, holding out his hands in abhorrence far from him,

he fled. He knew not how far he ran, nor where were the dark masses of rock between which he crept to hide from the moonlight that shone up to his horror-stretched eyes in a thousand laughing reflections. He knew only that it smiled on the waves and danced on the beach, and that the sky was clear and broad in the west, a terrible thing. But in the dark, between the setting of the moon and dawn, he stole forth, trying to seek out the spot that in his blind horror he had fled from. With despair he found that amid the confusing sameness it was lost to him. Carefully at first, and then with growing recklessness, as the time grew short, he searched in and out among the misty dunes, until the light began to steal into the sky, and all at once he stumbled, recovered himself, and looked downward.

She was there at his feet in the sand. Her eyes looked up softly, blue, deep, without the glaze or fixity of death, her lips were red, and the faint color of her cheek almost seemed to flow under the transparent skin. The soft, curling hair made a little brown shadow about her ears and temples, and yet she was dead, smiling upward in the spot where Cornwall had told her of his love! Remembering this, Ned stooped, and gathering her to him, with a sob, lifted the light burden and stole away. She should not lie there.

Later in the morning Forman came to the Longs and ordered Nina's trunks to be sent to a neighboring town on the coast, whither he had taken her, he said, on the evening before, because of Mrs. Long's impertinence. Except for a lively curiosity as to what had occurred when "he had it out with her," the woman gave the matter no further thought. The summer had been profitable; she washed her hands of her boarders, and her mind, at ease with the world, was pleasantly full of projects for laying out her gains.

And Ned—fresh, pink, complete—appeared that afternoon at one of the gay resorts near at hand, which the people he knew best were wont to frequent in the summer weather; he was to be married, he said, in a few days, privately, very privately; he would not even tell where, nor exactly when, but he was

bidding everyone good-by. They were astonished at his gracious amiability; they had never dreamed that he cared so much for them—all that trouble just to see them once before he sailed! Surely he could not be compelled to leave before night. But Ned hurried away; he must "get back," he insisted.

But as the crowded cars gradually emptied, the Ned of an hour before fell away like an outer shell—he was getting back! Wherefore, he knew not. Weary, haggard, almost stumbling, he clambered down from the train at the end of the line, and unthinking, drawn by a fearful attraction, against which his every instinct rebelled, he started across the country; through the woods, over the bogs, up among the frightful desolate boulder-strewn hills, and down again to the water's edge he walked, as if every foot of the unwonted way were oft-trodden ground. Silently he loosed a little boat from the float and pushed into the stream, threading in and out among the marshes with absolute certainty, never taking a needless turn nor mistaking an inlet for the main current. The smooth, black water hardly seemed to splash under the oars; the tall grass drew behind him whispering, while the long water-weeds hissed softly against the bow. He pulled the boat far up on the narrow, pebbly beach, and crossed the fields behind the hills.

"I am not going there," he muttered, and then with a gesture of despair turned, climbed the rocks, and felt beneath his tired feet the yielding, soundless, obstructive sand. The night was obscure, and he plodded onward, dull, heavy, feverish, yet occasionally shivering; he looked up, stupidly wondering at the absence of the torturing moonlight, and for the first time realized that it was raining. To-night he had not lost his way; without searching or hesitation he found the spot that his unwilling feet were seeking. Surely there was something breaking the smooth surface that he had left in the morning! Without dread, with expectation even, he descended the slope of the hill and found what had not been hidden from his eyes during all the scenes of the livelong day. Slowly he sank at her side; carefully he avoided

the touch of the icy little hand that rested on her breast, and in the sand that covered all but her face, he laid his head and wept, and wept—not for repentance, nor for remorse, but because the rain was falling upon her upturned face and hung in drops from the long lashes of her sweet, sweet eyes ; he wept for the pity of it—and such weeping drives men mad. Then he rose, and gathering her again in his arms he sought securer burial.

A new dread had come to haunt him ; with shrinking nerves he watched the spot where he now laid her, through the long hours of the weeping night far into the morning, leaving it only when the bright noon-day shone down upon it, and the fresh rising wind blew the sand in little steam-like streamers from the top of the peak that formed his landmark. Fixing it clear in his mind—the white drift, the little clump of bay, and the blue sea beyond—he strode away.

“My God! my God!” he repeated, “what an awful errand! What an awful errand!”

By the back roads he made his way to a small town not very distant, and bought something, and as he looked at the bright steel surface of its broad, square blade, it filled him with an ungovernable repulsion and disgust.

“Wrap it up,” he said, shuddering ; but the independent shopkeeper refused.

“See here,” he declared, “if you are not too proud to use a spade, you needn’t be too modest to carry it bare!” And Ned dared not insist, but hiding it in the bushes he bought the paper and twine elsewhere and covered it away from his sight. Then he wandered into a pine wood, and deep in a thicket lay on the scented needles and waited. He slept by snatches, slept and dreamed, and groaned in his dreams. For a space he sat erect and talked, fast and long, with crimson face and vacant eyes. He was not sleeping, but he knew not that time was passing, and woke to consciousness only when the moon shone down upon him from directly overhead.

It was late when he returned to the sand-hills ; he walked in a daze and had missed his way ; the wind from the sea was bearing in a fog again, and the

silent scene was changing in a moving panorama of haze and clear moonlight. And nowhere could he find the spot where a tall peak of sand stood out against the sky, and the sea showed blue beyond a little clump of dark green bay. He had lost her again—but he had known that he should lose her. Wearily his search began ; the clouds closed silently in around him ; the moonlight filtered through them with a tint of green, and from time to time as he reached an open space a little gray scud flitted before him—and he remembered. Thicker and thicker grew the haze ; the moon was sinking toward the west ; with careful feet he crept along the bowlders, and once at the edge of a cliff he heard the sea booming on the beach, and saw in the parting of the mist the waves lashing below him ; he drew back unstartled, turning his face inland—that was not a thing to fear. But in among the sands he wandered with horror-strained nerves, and as he slid down the shifting hills his mouth was dry and his tongue lay shrivelled in his throat.

“If I should come upon her unawares,” he said, his voice hoarse and inarticulate, and he peered before him in the thickening chaos that he might not be taken by surprise. The moon went down and left him in blackness, utter blackness and fear. Like a groveling shadow in the midst of the dark he searched on his knees, searched with hovering hands recoiling in anguish, for that the eyes should see is far more tolerable than that the hands should touch. Creeping among the woody thickets of the bay, feeling every sharp-edged tuft of grass, passing smoothly over the level sand, shrinkingly raised whenever the surface rounded, they searched, while again and again he straightened himself to his feet to push more securely into place the long package under his arm which was growing heavy and slipped constantly. And as he crept, the sand gave way under him—forward, downward, he slid and fell—it seemed forever. The heavy iron escaping from his hold struck against a loosened stone, and stone and steel, clanging together, rolled down like a rude alarm ; on he slid, clutching for it, securing it, missing it, with hoarse

ejaculations of disappointment at each succeeding failure, until with his left hand he caught it, and with his right—in the dark, in the thick dark, there was heavy silence, even the sea was still, and then, from out of the gloom a man's voice resounded in one intolerable, frenzied cry. Up from the depths it echoed, through all the great serene spaces of clear deep blue, from whence the frightened stars looked downward at the one black spot in all the transparent purity of the night.

Rigid, motionless, with stony, averted eyes, Ned stood and frowned into the opaque darkness, until a gray shade began to suffuse it, and a light wind blew suddenly inland. The whirling vapor enveloped him like a shroud, writhing in spirals from the sparse grass about him, and before him was a stretch of sea, a patch of dark green bushes, and a softly outlined snow-white peak that melted into the awful pallor of morning. Long he stared at it and at the lashing water beyond, with level unwinking eyes, that never dropped nor wavered, and yet that saw all the while at his feet, smiling, innocent, with dewy hair and scarlet lips, a little dead face, and one delicate dimpled hand lying bedded in the dull gray of the wet shallow grave he had given her. Warned by the growing light he stooped, and sought to lift her, but this he could not do; the rain-washed sand had drifted upon her body and clung in masses to her garments. Then, with the slight laugh of a man who after long reflection casts aside some scruple as too dainty for worldly wear, he tore the wrappings from his spade and freed her from the heavy weight. Lifting his burden he strode down the hill through the stony channel to where a wind-swept tract of grass and bushes rose on little hillocks from the surrounding bog. Down here the mist still lingered, and as he approached began to roll and rise and drift and courtesy to the ground again, trailing like frayed garments across the rough bushes, and the man, springing from hillock to hillock with great leaps, laughed and laughed as it fled before him, until the hills echoed, and the fishermen, launching their boat far down upon the beach, looked up and wondered.

"What's that in the bog there?" said one.

"It's the mist, most like."

"I tell you the mist don't laugh. See now!" But Ned was gone.

He felt neither fatigue nor strain, but hunted every hollow and dip for a sheltered, hidden spot. "You shall rest securely this time," he whispered; but he searched in vain; here there was an opening to the sea, here to the beach, and in another place the narrow foot-path along the hill-top came close to the edge; there was but one spot where, shut in on every side, the sand opened only to the sky.

"This will do," he said, with cheerful alacrity, as if he were bent on some commonplace errand of daily need. Then looking about him he recognized the place.

"You shall not lie here," he whispered fiercely in her ear. "It is that you are planning for."

He retraced his steps and was crossing the bog again when he was startled by a loud halloo from the shore; turning quickly to the right he made for the hills. Up, up, he clambered, striding with the strength of a giant, and ran along the top. The men on the beach hallooed again, and one of them gave chase, running in a parallel line, intending to intercept him at the cattle-path.

"Come back," cried the other. "It is only some crazy painter with his kit." But Ned, without waiting to see him obey, ran back out of sight, and doubling turned toward the spot from which he had been flying. He was unconscious of fatigue, but his sight was blurred and uncertain. "We must hurry," he said, talking to himself continually. Again he plunged into the drifts, half-sliding, half-leaping, and the yielding powdery sand, started by his wild haste and borne along by the weight he carried, rose up about him in a thick cloud, and rolled down in masses behind him. Laying his burden gently on the ground he began to dig and dig and dig, stepping into the pit he had made and throwing the sand recklessly right and left, until the whole place was in a haze.

"It shall be deep, child. They shall not find you. It shall be deep enough—deep, deep, deep," he repeated, with a new-born fear of the men who had

chased him. "They shall not find you, dear!"

And, as fast as he dug, the soft sand slid downward, doubling his labor, until, with a curse, he reached forward and drew her toward him. Carefully he placed her on the bottom of the grave, and then standing at the edge looked down into it. The daylight was all about him; slowly, even with thoughtfulness, he threw shovelful after shovelful of sand upon the dress that he had carefully straightened about her little feet; he covered her gently, as a child is covered in bed by its mother, and then he stopped, stopped and waited.

"I cannot! Oh, my God!" he cried, "I cannot."

A long streak of sunshine fell in upon the upturned face, and she suddenly smiled in his eyes—the smile that was not meant for him! And Ned flung the spade far from him, and with hands and feet dashed the sand down upon her in showers; dashed it, pushed it, crowded it, in a frenzy of mad resentment, and stamped again and again

until the hollow throbbing resounded throughout all the sandy basin. He ceased, and when the mist had gone from his eyes he looked upward. The grasses fringed a turfy edge that circled above him, and in front rose the smooth bank against which she had leaned that night so long ago—years, ages ago—and he had buried her deep in the place that Cornwall had chosen!

Then Ned laughed again—she had outwitted him. Laughing, laughing, he ran out of the hills, down across the beach, to tell it, and when they turned to hear he fell on them furiously lest they should go also and find her, and they bound him and carried him away in the boat, raving.

For days and weeks they searched the hills and shore, unavailingly. But since that time, in the clear moonlight, in the shifting fog, sometimes in the rain, a man may see a little face lying flowerlike in the sand; flowerlike, with dewy eyes, and soft, curling hair; the delicate hand rests lightly on the breast, and he that sees forgets not.

THE TWO GATES.

By Margaret Vandegrift.

I WOULD recall, if I could recall,
 If it were not quite too late,
 The dream that came to me first of all;
 It came through the Ivory Gate.
 And I would forget, if I could forget—
 It is with me night and morn—
 A dream that my very soul doth fret;
 It came through the Gate of Horn.

We know full well that we may not choose
 What is, or is not to be;
 What we shall keep, or what we shall lose—
 That not one heart is free;
 But this is the thing that saddest of all
 Sad things to me doth seem,
 That we may not forget, we may not recall
 So slight a thing as a dream.



MODERN FIRE APPARATUS.

By John R. Spears.

IT was only a few years ago, so few as to be easily within the memory of middle-aged people, that when a fire was discovered destroying a house in the city of New York, the person who made the discovery ran into the street, shouting "fire" at the top of his voice. The cry was taken up in every direction by all who heard it, and a howling mob gathered at the nearest engine-house from which was dragged a great hand-pump mounted on wheels. With one accord the mob clapped hold of the rope and away they went whooping over the pavement to the scene of the conflagration. The pump was coupled to the hydrant, a line of hose was stretched to the burning building, the pump-brakes were shipped, the mob, now well-nigh breathless but still vociferous, took hold with a will, and straightway a half-inch stream began to squirt from the nozzle. To the credit of the good old days be it said that the half-inch stream commonly saved the adjoining property.

In these days we do such things somewhat differently. The business man, detained at his office down town until nightfall, comes, out upon the street at last and hurries away toward the station of the elevated road. A few steps from his door, perhaps a block away, he sees smoke coming up through a side-walk grating. He is not quite sure but what it is all right—that smoke may be made in the basement beneath that grating at that hour in the regular course of business; but the indications are that the building is on fire, and perhaps a million dollars' worth of goods in peril. He casually mentions the matter to the

policeman on the next corner. The policeman walks quickly to the building and then runs to the little red box set in a red lamp-post supporting a red lamp, which can be found in nearly every block. With a twist at a handle he opens a door in the box and gives a hook a pull, and then goes and stands by the nearest hydrant in order that the driver of the coming fire-engine may see the more easily where to rein in his team.

A minute, perhaps a trifle more than a minute passes, and then, away up street, drawn by a galloping team of noble horses, with a roll of smoke above and a trail of burning coals below, comes the first steamer. A tender with a reel of hose is close behind it. From another street swings in a truck piled high with ladders. From other streets come a second and a third, perhaps even a fourth engine, if it be an important district.

They reach the scene of the fire to find that although so short a time has passed since the alarm was sent, a tongue of flame has followed the smoke through the grating; the windows have become luminous and the sky overhead gorgeous; for the fire has gone roaring up stairway and elevator shaft and burst through the ventilator, to fill the air with flame and sparks. It has done more. It has crept across floors and spread over ceilings, and quick as the trained men are in coupling the engine to the hydrant and stretching the hose across the narrow street they are not so quick but the flames have had time to spread marvellously. As the front door is burst open to make way for the men carrying the first line of hose they are

met by a gush of fire and smoke that hides them from view, while not infrequently flames or smoke are seen creeping from every window on every floor. The whole building is one huge furnace.

But the end comes quickly. Line after line of hose is laid. Stream after stream is directed into basement and sub-basement. Ladders are reared and other streams are carried to the floors above. A truck with an iron pipe that towers fifty feet in air is placed before the burning building. At the top of the pipe water is hurled from a nozzle through the windows of the highest floor and sent splashing against walls and ceiling half-way to the rear of the loft. While yet the horses have scarce ceased to pant from their exertion in dragging the first engine to the scene of the fire, the roaring furnace becomes a steaming, soggy cave.

How long did it take to do this?

For instance, on the night of Saturday, March 8, 1890, fire was discovered on the second floor of a furniture factory at the corner of Third and Goerck Streets. The whole building was filled with well-dried lumber in small pieces, and furniture in various stages of completion. The floors were littered with shavings and wood-dust. Oil and varnish abounded. The second story, where the fire originated, could not have been better arranged to promote the spread of a conflagration had an expert in such matters piled the stuff there with that end in view. At 6.07 o'clock the first alarm was turned in. At 6.10 o'clock Engine 11 and Truck 11 arrived. The men found the whole second floor, one hundred feet long on the Third Street side, a mass of fire, while flames were leaping up a stairway at one end and spreading over the floors above with almost lightning rapidity. Without noise or excitement, but with marvellous celerity, ladders were reared and streams of water started, while two more alarms brought further help quickly. At 6.35, when the reporters of the morning papers arrived, not a spark of fire was left in that building.

From the old hand-pump, worked by a mob of panting men, to the steam fire-

engine of latest design; from the half-inch stream, that vainly splashed against the upper windows of a four-story dwelling, to the five-inch deluge that with irresistible power tears its way through the thickest walls of the loftiest buildings is a far cry. To tell how far a cry it is, to describe not only this five-inch water-spout, but all other modern apparatus for saving property and life from destruction by fire should be an interesting task.

The most important, though not the most powerful, apparatus used in fighting fire is the *steam fire-engine* that is familiar to the eyes of all who dwell in cities. The most important, because its power is almost everywhere available, it is, nevertheless, a simple machine. There is an upright boiler, with a fire-box or furnace at the bottom and short smoke-stack at the top, set between the rear wheels of the truck. There are two steam-engine cylinders bolted to the forward side of this boiler, and two pump-barrels are bolted above them, so that the piston-rod of the engine serves for the pump-rod of the pump. As the steam from the boiler drives the pistons to and fro in the engines, water is drawn from the hydrants through a short thick hose in one end of the pump-barrels and forced out through the other. From the pumps the water is forced into an air-chamber, where a cushion of air serves to equalize the varying pressure of the engines, and thence it is driven through the hose and out of the nozzle. The pump of the majority of the steamers in New York is very much like the pump of the old hand-machine in principle; but in effect it is tremendously more powerful.

To those interested in mechanics the boiler of the steamer is worth inspecting. The products of combustion pass up through tubes that are surrounded by water, as in all ordinary locomotive boilers, but in addition to this there are three sorts of devices for aiding the evaporation of the water in the boiler. In one type of boiler inch tubes depend from the roof of the boiler, like stalactites, down into the fire—thus the water in them gets the full benefit of the heat; in another type small groups of

tubes, something like tiny steam radiators, are hung to the roof of the fire-box and connected with the side of the box as well, so that the water readily circulates up through the nest of small tubes; while in a third type there is a coil of water-pipe running from the roof of the fire-box around through the fire and down into the side of the box; and all three types have their advocates among the engineers. To aid the draught the engines all exhaust into the smoke-stack.

A feature of the steam fire-engine not commonly recognized by the spectator is the water-tank for supplying the boiler. This is located under the driver's seat, and is used only when the engine is pumping salt or foul water. It is generally filled by hand with buckets when engines are taken to the water-front to pump from the rivers.

The most powerful land engines in the department have two steam cylinders, eight and one-eighth inches in diameter and with a stroke of seven inches. The pump-barrel is five inches in diameter. They will throw solid water through a two-inch nozzle to a distance of about two hundred feet over level ground on a calm day. So powerful is this stream that the men cannot control the nozzle without the aid of what they call a *nozzle-stick*, which is a simple iron rod that slips into cleats on the nozzle while the other end is jabbed into the ground.

The hose for the engines is commonly carried on a reel or spool supported on either two-wheeled or four-wheeled vehicles. A combination truck for hose and ladders is in use in some communities. The very latest thing in *hose-trucks*, however, is the simplest sort of a four-wheeled truck with a bed or box in which the hose is laid flat. The firemen find that they cannot only stretch a length of hose more quickly when it is carried in this way, but they can get it ready to carry back to the engine house more quickly when the fire has been extinguished.

In the pictures of fires of olden times the firemen were invariably represented as standing in the streets at a comfortable distance from the fire and directing the streams of water through the upper

story windows. They do not fight fire in that way nowadays. Ladders are reared to the upper windows, and the hose is carried right up to the floor that is on fire. But sometimes the fire gets going so fiercely before they arrive that even trained firemen cannot face it, and it is when the flames are blazing through the upper windows of a tall building that the value of what is called a *water-tower* is apparent. New York got its first water-tower about ten years ago. Its last was but recently purchased.

In principle these towers are very simple. There is an iron tube so pivoted over one end of a truck that its top may be raised to a height of sixty feet above the street pavement. The upper end terminates in a nozzle. Connected with the bottom of the pipe is a very large hose. From two to four engines may be coupled to this hose, and their united streams forced up through the pipe and out of the nozzle. The nozzle is controlled by a man on the truck, so that a solid two-and-one-quarter-inch stream may be directed through the top windows of a six-story building with ease and certainty. The newest tower in the department differs from the older ones in several important details. The old tower had to be raised by hand-power, and it was a slow and tiresome job. Moreover, the old tower was made in sections that had to be screwed together by the men. The new tower has a twenty-eight-foot pipe suspended inside of a slender steel derrick that is twenty-two feet high. The derrick is pivoted over the forward wheels of the truck, and, when not in use, it, with the pipe inside, lies prone upon the truck. At a fire the derrick is erected by means of what may be called engine-power—the piston-rods of two cylinders, which are very like steam-engine cylinders, connect with the bottom of the derrick. Instead of steam, however, carbonic acid gas, which is generated in a retort suspended near the rear axle of the truck, is used. This retort is partly filled with soda and water, and when the time comes for raising the tower a small quantity of vitriol is spilled into this mixture. The gas is generated in sufficient quantity to create a pressure in the cylinders of above one hundred pounds to the square

inch, and it is this power, exerted through the cylinders, that raises the derrick. The pipe is elevated above the derrick by means of a stout metal rope working over pulleys and a hand-winch. The stream from the tower can be swung around in any direction, and thrown up or down through a wide arc.

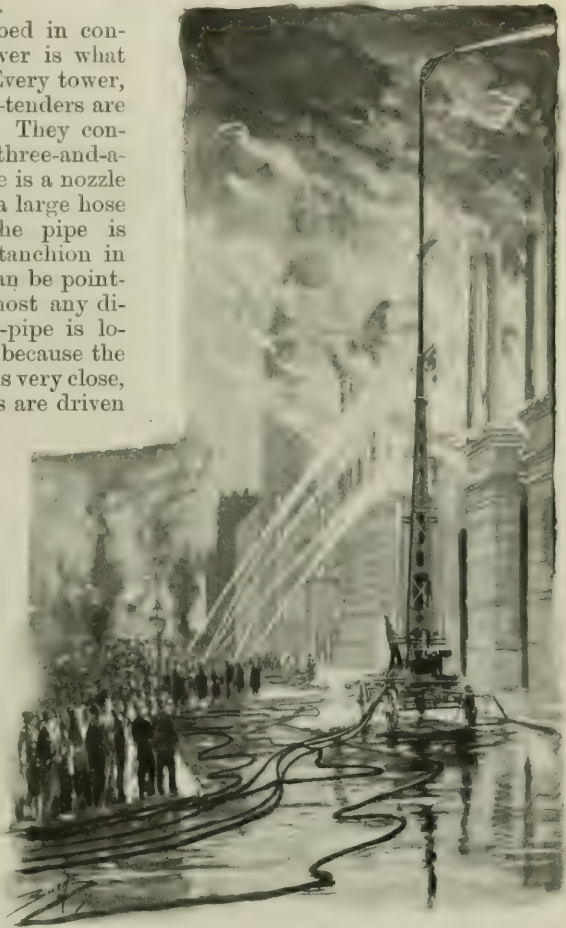
Very appropriately described in connection with the water-tower is what is called the *swivel-pipe*. Every tower, truck and most of the hose-tenders are provided with swivel-pipes. They consist of a five-foot piece of three-and-a-half-inch iron pipe, and there is a nozzle at one end of the pipe and a large hose coupled to the other. The pipe is mounted on a stout iron stanchion in such a way that the nozzle can be pointed and securely held in almost any direction. Because the swivel-pipe is located near the ground, and because the connection with the engines is very close, even more powerful streams are driven through the swivel-pipe than through the water-tower.

Wonderful as are the results obtained by the engines used exclusively on shore, their streams sink almost into insignificance when compared with the volume and power of those thrown from the greatest of all fire-extinguishers, the floating fire-engine, or, as it is commonly called, *the fire-boat*.

Like the water-tower and a majority of other kinds of apparatus used in extinguishing fires, the floating engine is a modern device. The first one ever built was the "Havemeyer," launched in 1875 for New York City. She is still doing good service. There were, however, a number of boats built for other purposes, which were in use as fire-boats before that date.

It seems a little singular to the ordinary observer, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the hardest fire to fight is one alongshore, where there is no end to the water to throw on it. But a moment's

consideration shows that while water may be abundant, the opportunity to throw it is scant. If a building be on the water's edge, or on a pier, there is at least one side on which it cannot be approached by the shore extinguishers.



The New Water-tower at Work.

While the firemen may deluge the shore portions of a building, or the shore end of a pier, the fire may eat away the water-side portion, and so destroy the whole. The greatest fire in New York during the year 1889 was a fire of this kind. It involved piers, elevators, and other buildings alongshore, in the yard of the Hudson River Railroad, for some blocks above the foot of West Fifty-ninth Street,

and the loss was a million and a half of dollars. This and other like fires have proved very destructive because the city lacked adequate apparatus for fighting a fire from the water. A description of the last floating engine built for the New York Fire Department will serve very well to show what the requirements of such a boat are.

She is called the *New Yorker*, and her owners think that, because she is great and powerful—well-nigh irresistible—she has been very well named. To an ordinary observer she looks very much like a handsome tug. She is 125 feet long, 27 wide, and 14 deep. She draws something over 9 feet of water, and her displacement is 351 tons. She is built of steel. There is the usual structure on deck, with the pilot-house on top, at the forward end; but here the resemblance to a tug practically ceases. She has two boilers, each powerful enough for a great cargo-ship, and triple expansion engines. Instead of one propeller-wheel, she has two, one of them being connected with the rudder and

The chief feature of the boat is, of course, her pumps. She has four sets (or eight in all) of vertical, double-acting steam-pumps. The steam-cylinders are sixteen inches in diameter and the pumps ten. The stroke is eleven inches. From the pumps the water is forced into an air-chamber, and thence it is driven through four standing pipes which rise through the deck-house—two forward by the pilot-house, and two well aft, as the picture very well shows. The ends of these pipes terminate in nozzles, which can be turned about and elevated and depressed through ample arcs for every need. For ordinary fires these nozzles have a diameter of from three and a half to four inches. But the power of all the pumps may be concentrated on one or two pipes, and when this is done, a nozzle five inches in diameter is called into use.

The *New Yorker* is berthed at Pier 1, North River. Here she lies with fires banked, but with ample steam in her boilers to set her propellers whirling efficiently. The instant an alarm that



The Fire-boat Fighting a Fire from the River.

the wheel-shaft in such a way that it swings with the rudder, and so aids in steering her—makes her handy as nothing else could do.

calls her is received, the lines that hold her to the pier are cast off by the men on deck, while the stokers rake open the fires in her furnaces. The steam begins



DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER

Saving Life by Means of Scaling Ladders

to rise. The engineer, at the signal from the pilot, throws open her throttle, and under the impulse of her wheels she heads away for the fire. The steam rises still faster then, for the engines exhaust into the smoke-stack and force

ings, through roofs, through brick walls, and thence, through every obstruction, into the heart of the fire. Where are the heat and flame that can stand before a deluge like that? There was never aught like it under the sun, save in the torrents of nature and the giant flumes built by the Rocky Mountain miners to tear down cliffs of solid rock.

Less picturesque but very useful are some of the minor features of this boat. There are the screens for shielding the men when the boat must run her bows into the flames. They are made of steel plates, and are of double thickness, having an inch air-space between the inner and the outer skin. Each screen is six feet long, and rises four and a half feet above the rail, where it arches in over the deck so far that a man may have ample room to work under it shielded from dropping cinders. Peep-holes to look through, and larger ones to direct small streams through are provided. There are six of them in all, and they may be used separately or grouped all together at any part of the rail.

Then, at four points of the deck-house, small pipes arise that are fitted with revolving curved arms like lawn-sprinklers. When the flames are so fierce as to scorch things, and the metal screens that protect the men begin to redden, the captain, instead of backing out, turns on the sprinklers and fights away under the cooling shower that then floods the deck.

If desired, as many as thirty-two two-inch streams can be thrown through ordinary hose, instead of one or two or four giants through the big nozzles; or long lines of heavy hose could be stretched from the pipes, and the power of the pumps used to feed water-towers, or swivel-pipes, or engines two thousand feet away on land. The belt that a boat like this covers is therefore a belt around the water-front very nearly half a mile wide.

The New Yorker was designed by a New Yorker, Mr. William Cowles, formerly of the United States Navy. The fire-screens and sprinklers were put on at the suggestion of Chief Hugh Bonner.

It is not uninteresting to note that there are floating fire-engines in London. They consist of little steam-pumps



A Rescue with the Life-line.

the draft. With a feather of spray from her cutwater and a lengthening wake astern, she ploughs along with increasing speed until, but a few minutes after the alarm came in, she is making from eighteen to nineteen sea-miles an hour. Dodging the river craft that would impede the progress of a less handy boat, she runs to the scene of the fire, and when there, because of the peculiarity of her construction, is able to approach it, if it be at the water's edge, until the flames are wrapped about her stem.

Then the whole power of her boilers is turned upon the pumps, and from a single nozzle a solid stream five inches in diameter is hurled at the fire—hurled through pier-shed sidings, through ceil-

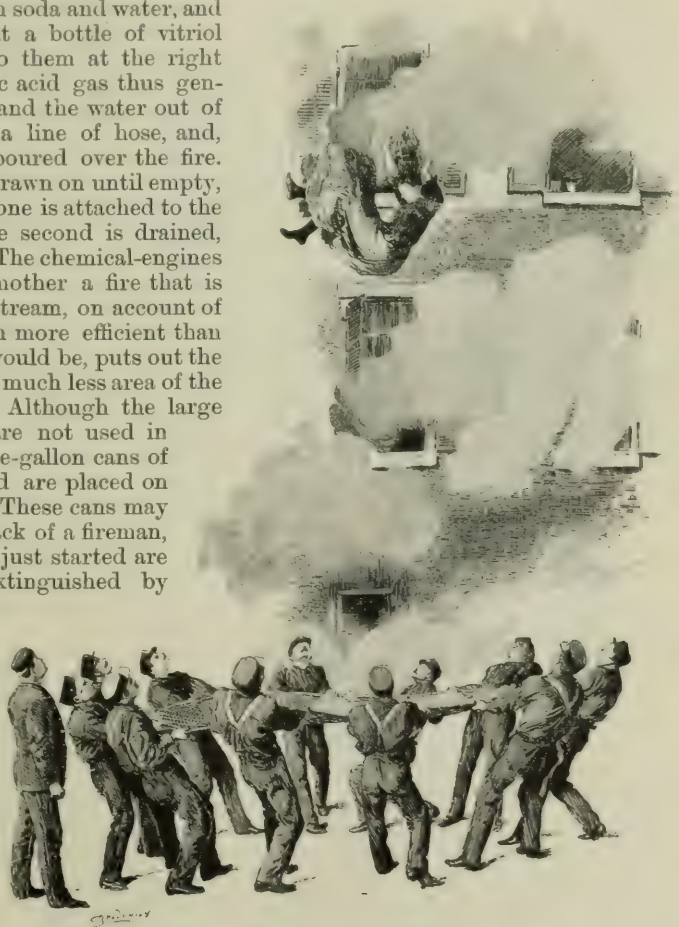
placed on scows which are moored at long intervals along the water-front. When an alarm of fire comes in the captain of the scow goes whooping up and down the water-front to get a tug to tow him to the place from which the alarm has come.

Although, curiously enough, not used in New York, a kind of fire-extinguisher known as a *chemical-engine* has been found of great service elsewhere. These chemical-engines depend for their success on the fact that no fire can live in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas. A substantial truck carries astride the rear axle two cylindrical tanks of a capacity of about one hundred gallons each. These are filled with soda and water, and are arranged so that a bottle of vitriol can be emptied into them at the right time. The carbonic acid gas thus generated forces itself and the water out of the tanks through a line of hose, and, with the water, is poured over the fire. In use, one tank is drawn on until empty, and then the other one is attached to the hose, and, while the second is drained, the first is refilled. The chemical-engines are intended to smother a fire that is yet small, and the stream, on account of the gas being much more efficient than a stream of water would be, puts out the fire while wetting a much less area of the house and goods. Although the large chemical-engines are not used in New York, little five-gallon cans of the same compound are placed on each ladder-truck. These cans may be carried on the back of a fireman, and fires that have just started are very frequently extinguished by them.

Little space need be devoted to the ordinary ladders. Every truck carries ten, varying in length from ten to seventy-five feet. There is one in use that towers ninety-two feet above the pavement. The long-

est ladders are permanently fixed to turn-tables on the trucks that carry them, and are raised and extended by cranks and screws and pulleys. The scene when men are taken from the roof of a burning building on the top one of these towering ladders and swung over until they land in safety on the roof of another building on the opposite side of the street is one not soon forgotten.

The *scaling-ladders*, because used only in saving life, are of peculiar interest. A look at the illustration [p. 59] will save all necessity for further description of the ladder itself. Standing in the street the fireman reaches up and hooks his ladder over the second-story window-



Jumping into the Life-net

sill. Then he climbs up and, throwing a leg over the window-sill, draws up the ladder and hooks it into the third story, and so up he climbs to the top floor, no matter how high the building may be. Here he sits in the window and lowers a cord to the ground by which a life-line an inch thick is drawn up for use in lowering people who may have no other means of escape. It may happen that as the fireman goes up the flames burst from a window directly over him. In that case he hooks his ladder on a window-sill to the right or left and swings over, pendulum fashion, out of the line of the fire, and there continues his way



The Life-line Gun.

till above the fire, when he swings back and is ready to care for the people whose escape has been cut off. It is an act that little account is made of by the fireman, but the unaccustomed man would need an iron nerve were he to swing

thus at the end of a pole hung sixty feet above the stone pavements.

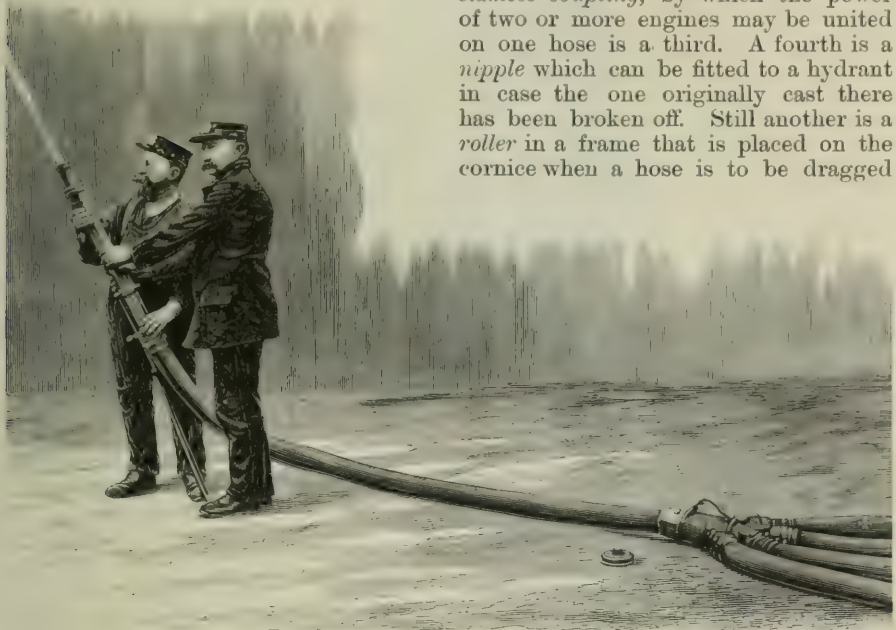
With escape to other buildings cut off, and with blazing stairways and windows below him, so that neither ladder nor life-line can be used, the last desperate resort of the life-savers is the *jumping-net*. It is a wheel-shaped net, ten feet in diameter, made of slender ropes. When stretched by the men who grasp its rim beneath the window where the victim of the fire is perched they call to him to jump. It is a thrilling moment as the men stand thus gazing through the flames and smoke, and the imprisoned one gathers himself for the leap. Not everyone is saved, but he who jumps as he is told to do seldom suffers any harm beyond the nervous shock. With trained men around it the net will safely land a man of two hundred pounds weight jumping from the top of a building one hundred feet high.

A novel device for quickly running a rope to the top of a tall building is the *line-throwing gun*. The peculiarity of this weapon is that the gun is placed inside of the projectile instead of the projectile being placed inside the gun. The gun is a smooth-bore Remington with a cast-iron butt and a ten-inch round barrel. The projectile is simply a long pear-shaped cap that fits over the muzzle, with the end of a light line made fast to a ring in its base, and the line is coiled in a round box. A blank cartridge is placed in the breech of the gun, and when exploded it throws the projectile two hundred feet in air. The men catch the line when it falls across the roof of the building they are on, and by it draw up the rope they want.

The hardest fire in the world to fight is one in a sub-basement. New York business houses commonly extend two stories below the street level. The lower basement is often stored full of very inflammable goods, and when a fire is kindled among them there is no draft to carry away the smoke. By the time the firemen arrive the two basements are full of smoke so thick that no man can live in them. But water must be thrown all over both floors, and that as quickly as possible, to prevent the fire spreading

up. For such emergencies what might be called *one- and two-story nozzles* are provided, besides another kind and an air-washer. One is an iron pipe long enough to reach from the street down into the sub-basement where a common nozzle bent at right angles to the pipe is fitted, to throw a stream parallel with the floor. Another is long enough to reach almost to the floor of the upper

The *hook*, by which the tin roof of a house may be cut away in a few minutes is one [p. 64]. The *ram*, by which a hole is bored through a brick wall, on occasion, is another. This ram is particularly useful. Going into the building adjoining the one that is on fire, the firemen drill a hole with it through the dividing wall opposite the hottest part of the fire, and are thus enabled to throw the water most effectively. The *siamese coupling*, by which the power of two or more engines may be united on one hose is a third. A fourth is a *nipple* which can be fitted to a hydrant in case the one originally cast there has been broken off. Still another is a *roller* in a frame that is placed on the cornice when a hose is to be dragged



Four Streams "Siamese" Together.

basement. The third kind is shaped something like the letter **S**. It is swung at the middle through a hole in the floor and can be turned in all directions. Last of all is the *air-washer*—a device for washing the smoke out of the air and purifying it so that men can enter the room. It consists of a two-foot section of pipe, with two short sprinklers on it that work after the manner of a lawn-sprinkler. It is lowered through a hole in the floor, the water is turned on, and the sprinklers throw showers in all directions.

There are a number of appliances, some of which are in daily use, that are sufficiently explained by the illustrations.

up to a roof from the street. Two men with a roller can hoist more hose than ten men can without it. They are all simple and all very useful, and nearly all of them have been invented within ten years.

That the growth of the work which New York firemen are called on to do demands the best apparatus which can be made, and that every valuable improvement must be adopted, will be apparent from even a casual inspection of the statistics of fires and consequent losses. In 1866, the year after the paid department took the places of the volunteers, there were 796 fires in the city.

In 1888 there were 3,217. In 1866 there was 1 fire to every 80 buildings in the city, and in 1888 1 to 35. In 1866 there was $1\frac{1}{2}$ fire to every man on the force, in 1888 $3\frac{1}{4}$ fires to each man. That the efficiency of the force has more than kept pace with the growth in fires, however, is plain from the fact that the average loss per fire in 1866 was \$8,075.38 and in 1888 but \$1,705.29.



Cutting Open a Tin Roof.

TO CARMINE.

By I. D.

WHEN 'gainst the hills that barrier the West
 There break at morn long, roseate waves of light,
 My heart leaps high; for one loved memory, bright
 With old-time smiles and kisses, on their crest,
 Is borne to me each morn; and always blest
 The hour when from the sun's most fervid height
 Thy South is shed around me; but the night
 And the herald stars of eve are loveliest.

For life seems fairer under kindling skies,
 And love still comes to man in tenderer guise
 Beneath the gracious influence of the stars;
 And in the dreamful night, I leap the bars
 Of sense and journey southward where thou art,
 Darling, the Mecca of my pilgrim heart.



JERRY.

PART THIRD (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER IV.

"When wealth shall rest no more in mounded
heaps,
But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker
man
Thro' all the seasons of the golden year."



AND this was the original bed of the stream?" Mr. Henshaw asked, standing in front of Jerry's unfinished shanty, and looking up the gorge that was untouched

by the sun as yet, "and formerly it flowed into this opening and disappeared?"

"Yes," Jerry answered. "And Mr. Durden, seeing indications of gold in these rocks, turned the stream aside by building a dam up yonder," pointing to where a dam, running up and down the ridge, turned the stream into a shallow ravine on the other side, "and worked in this cave opening. It is said," looking at the engineer keenly, "that the Eureka Mine, which has also a cave opening, was the outlet of the stream."

"Indeed?" seriously. "I doubt it; there is no sign of a cave opening there."

Jerry laughed.

"The only way to settle it," he said, "would be to turn the stream in again."

The engineer shook his head solemnly. He was too poor a man to joke about trying experiments on gold mines. "That would be ruination, you know," he said.

"Of course," and Jerry brought himself back to the strict business of the hour: this man was literal and earnest, the very man to have on an exciting search, as this might prove; and the traditions were nothing; indeed, it would be for the benefit of all if they could be forgotten. And the scrap of paper, that now he understood, had better be burned. For with the opening of the mine all the most far-fetched and most weird of the legends had come to the surface.

Mrs. Milton had poured into his ears all that 'Lije had revealed to her, of the sounds like women and children crying and calling for help—of a great red eye that glared at him—of twinkling lights that shone in impossible places; and Dan Burk had told him the old Indian's story of how the tribe had driven in all its women and children to death in a bottomless hole, rather than they should fall into the hands of the enemy. But the Indians had not gone in through the mine's mouth, of course, but through another opening into a cave that lay on the other side of this death-hole—a cave that was "lined and floored with pure gold!"

Before day that morning Dan had come to tell Jerry this story, and to warn him not to turn to the left. "Joe were the only feller as knew the way," he whispered, "and 'Lije Milton's death come from there, and Joe Gilliam's death come from there!"

So Jerry went to meet the engineer in the early morning with his nerves all strained and tense, and his mind all alive to every least sign or mark. He had not told Dan Burk that Joe already

had warned him about the turn to the left, nor had he mentioned to any one Burk's story of the abyss that Joe had crossed daily; but the whole thing was clear to his own mind now. He could understand now Joe's anxiety as to the mine being occupied—it was his only entrance to this cave beyond, where he had found his gold; and amid the chaos of new surmises that were coming to him, the dreadful suspicion that Joe had aided in terrifying 'Lige Milton away from his work of exploration grew stronger and stronger. He had given up the thought that 'Lige had been hurt in any way, for from Mrs. Milton he had heard that the illness had lasted for months, and had been what she called "a dwinin'."

"'Lige stayed in thar as long as he said he were agoin' to stay," she said, "'cause he never let go onest he tuck er grip, but what he sawn an' hearn in thar never leff him, an' he worn't never wuth nothin' no mo'."

"It promises well," and Mr. Henshaw's voice roused Jerry from his dreams; "the stream fell in here," he went on, "and the opening was enlarged from the top; see?"

"Yes," looking up where the marks made by the picks so many years ago were still visible; "but here come the men," and he leaned over the opening, that seemed to descend much more rapidly than he remembered.

The men came up; all of them were new men, anxious for the work, and anxious for the success of the mine in which they had shares: what were legends to them?

One after another they descended, Jerry leading the way. He was a man now, and educated sufficiently to be above all superstitious and ghostly fears, yet he looked back longingly to the light as they went down into the darkness, and for an instant held his breath to hear the water that dropped forever—and what would he see?

"This is still the bed of the stream," Mr. Henshaw said, as they paused for the men to light the lamps, "and it turns to the left."

Jerry looked; surely it did, and he looked about him carefully for some

mark or track—some little, beaten way that would tell that the place had been frequented—but there was not a sign; the worn bed of the stream held no marks.

"And they tunnelled here straight in front of them, and up," Mr. Henshaw went on solemnly, holding up his lantern to prove his words. "They should have followed the bed of the stream."

"Shall we?" Jerry asked, doubtfully.

"It will be best," was answered; "but follow very carefully, for being the natural opening they would have followed it as least expensive, unless stopped by something impassable."

Jerry listened quietly; he could never have reasoned in this way; surely this was the man for such an expedition.

"I will go first," Jerry said, and no one demurred. The bed of the stream tended steadily to the left, dipping slightly, but lay several feet above the floor of the tunnel where they stood, so that a little climbing was necessary to put them back on this level they had left.

"They did not tunnel here," and Jerry lifted his light to show the scarred roof when once more they were in the bed of the stream.

"Yes," Mr. Henshaw answered; "strange they should have left it."

On they scrambled, Jerry leading the way, and going most carefully; what might he not find?

Presently the light from his lantern struck against a wall—the next moment it travelled indefinitely into the gloom!

He paused, and the men behind him stopped as if moved by machinery—they were not timid men, and were seeking their fortunes, but they stopped as one man and listened.

Was it water or wind that they heard?—a sigh?—a cry?

"It is the echo of our own voices," Jerry said, sharply; "listen!" And he raised his voice in a high, long cry. The men started. Even Henshaw felt his nerves jerk a little as the cry went on, and on, and on—coming back again and again—fading and rising and dying like a sob! Then a dead silence fell, and Jerry leaned against the wall he had reached, unnerved and weak.

Was it a sob or a sigh that swept past

him, or the last wave of sound from his own cry? It came again, and he started, lifting up his lantern—higher—higher! and he stepped back slowly, carefully.

"Stand still!" he commanded quickly, for the men were moving forward; then picked up a stone and cast it down in front of him.

The men all saw the movement by the flickering lights, and waited in silence. Would it never reach the bottom? Then, far off, there came a sound, then another, and another, fading down in the depths.

"Great God! if we had gone on!" and the men moved back hastily; but Jerry did not move, and Mr. Henshaw came to his side.

"Drop another stone," he said; "we can time it and judge the depth."

Jerry picked up a stone, and the man of business took out his watch.

"Now—" and the stone flashed across the belt of light and disappeared: down—down—down. What would it fall on—bones? poor whitened bones that would be crushed and powdered by this touch from the upper world—by this stone their feet had trod on years ago. Ah! it struck them, then.

"Very deep," and Mr. Henshaw looked up in the darkness to make his calculations. "One hundred feet at least," he said; "a very good reason for not following the bed of the stream—it fell here;" then he went back to where the men were grouped. "That echo was a fortunate warning," he said, "and we must put a railing there; it is too dangerous."

But Jerry had not left his position. The corner where he leaned was polished as by constant rubbing—the spot where he stood had regular marks worn into it; he waved his lantern out into the darkness, and there, not four feet away, was the corner of a ledge. He paused. Was this Joe's path? Did he daily cross this awful gap, a hundred feet deep—jump across that space trusting to that ledge? He drew a sharp breath; he would not find anything of Joe's, they were in the cave at the end of the black tunnel down which he looked; and the ledge he had seen must run along the wall and be the path to the cave.

And this awful risk for gold!

Mr. Henshaw called him, and he went

back to where the men were turning over sand and rubbish that had been brought in by rain and wind, and Mr. Henshaw peering at everything closely.

"Very rich," he said at last, "but worked most carelessly—most carelessly."

In a moment Jerry was at his side.

"They made a great mistake," Mr. Henshaw went on, "they worked overhead and in front of them—a great mistake—all lies under foot—all of it; rich, most rich!"

"Good enough!" and the men went to work more busily than ever to clear the rubbish away.

"It will be well to work this tunnel that is cut already, until we get the proper materials to sink a shaft," Mr. Henshaw went on; "but we must go down; for this vein, the richest I have ever seen," his eyes gleaming as he spoke, "widens as it descends."

Eagerly the men listened, and Jerry, with shining eyes, seemed to drink in the words.

"There are millions in this mine—millions!"

Jerry stood quite still, and his old dreams, that only last night he had laughed at, seemed to sweep over him and fill his brain as a mist; all his visions of piles and piles of gold—piles that would satisfy the nations, and stop all greed and longing! Gold should be a drug in the market, and what would the world do for a medium of exchange? In the latter days there was to be "perplexity of nations"—nations that could not buy nor sell to each other—nations reduced to barter! All the great exchanges in ruins; grass growing in the streets of great cities, and the nations spreading out over plains and hills, seeking for places to plant and reap!

Back, farther still, they were searching into the tunnel, and Jerry followed mechanically, walking as one in a dream.

No wonder the devil had worked to drive men out from this great treasure-house; his power was to be taken away; his charm wherewith he charmed all men to sin and death—the root of all the evil and suffering under the sun—the gold for which men sold their souls—this thing was to be cast among them until it was like the dust in the road,

and the chips!—yes, as when one “breaketh and heweth wood”—then the devil’s power would be done!

And Mr. Henshaw, turning over a rock in his hands, muttered, “Millions—millions.” He must borrow money and invest in the venture; and he would write to Sue that soon he would be a rich man—a rich man! Then to Jerry:

“Your fortune is made, Mr. Wilkerson, already made,” he said, and Jerry started from his visions as if some hand had struck him. “You have made a most wonderful discovery,” Mr. Henshaw went on, “and your townspeople, and all who come here, should be most grateful to you, for I understand that you entered into this scheme with great odds against you.”

“I did,” Jerry answered, slowly; “but all is in my favor now;” then, looking up, “Have you shares in this venture?”

Mr. Henshaw shook his head.

“I had nothing to invest,” he said, sadly.

“Let me lend it to you?” Jerry rejoined, quickly, “and you can repay me at your leisure.”

“Sir!” stepping back in his astonishment, “sir, are you in earnest?” and the workmen looked from one to the other questioning, then into each other’s eyes longingly; they had shares, but if only they could double them!

“It is nothing,” and Jerry turned away. “I have money my adopted father left me, and I shall be glad to lend it to you,” and the men looked at him kindly; he was a “fair, square man,” they said afterward; he could have taken double shares himself, but instead lent the money to a poorer man; he was a fair-dealing man, a man they could depend on.

And Mr. Henshaw felt his proper, middle-aged heart beating hard and fast under the shining seams of his coat: he could build a little house, and Sue and the children could come out! His mild blue eyes were strangely dim behind his spectacles as he looked after Jerry, walking back and up to the black hole. A strange “mob-leader,” he thought, a strange disturber of the peace, and an honest Communist! Surely he was sharing his goods.

And in his report warmer words were said of the venture than ever he had said of anything in his whole visionless, unenthusiastic life; and the Board felt new confidence in Durden’s, for every man sent out, from the keenest to the dull—est—from the most enthusiastic to the most prosaic—all seemed to become imbued with perfect faith in the project, and in the young leader, Wilkerson.

And now the stock ran up higher, and Jerry’s man of business had orders to sell out all his other investments and to put all the proceeds in Durden’s; and Greg told his father that he could not invest too largely; and Mr. Henshaw bought and felt his life begin afresh; and Durden’s rose to such a pitch of enthusiasm and delight that people almost cheered Jerry as he passed.

Eureka came over in a body, settling themselves anywhere that a house could be built; selling all to buy shares in the mine, and privileges in the Commune; and the doctor rode about among the sick, lending money to those who did not have it to invest, and watching Jerry’s course with tired, kind eyes: and Paul, refusing to come back from Engineer Mills’s house in Eureka, worked and thought, and spent money and strength to build up Eureka—to outdo Jerry! Once more the “dirty little beggar” had the best of it, and had overcome him; but life was all before them yet, and where would death find them?

CHAPTER V.

“But oh! blithe breeze! and oh! great seas,
Though ne’er—that earliest parting past—
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

“One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where’er they fare—
Oh! bounding breeze, oh! rushing seas,
At last, at last unite them there.”

THE weather had held good, as Jerry had expected, until the work in the mine was well under way; the railway also was near, for building on the plain was easy work; the town of Durden’s was spreading up the mountain-side,

and down and out on the plain ; and Eureka seemed dead, save for one grog-shop. Mr. Henshaw was spending most of his time now working on the dam that kept the stream from the mine ; and was impressing on the Committee and the Company the grave importance of keeping the dam in perfect order. Once let that stream break through into its old channel, and the mine would be flooded to a ruinous extent ; for now all the work in the mine was on a level far below the old bed of the stream, and all the new shafts and tunnels would have to be filled before the stream could find its old outlet down the chasm. And Jerry had made a speech to the people on this subject that had caused their pockets to feel empty, and their hearts to ache. For himself he dreamed, night after night, of an awful battling with overwhelming floods of water ; waking with cries and struggles that made Mrs. Milton announce to her gossips that "Jerry Wilkerson air the mos' on-res'lessis creetur as ever wuz, an' if he eats nothin' or no, he's allers a-walkin' aroun' an' a-hollerin' in the night."

So things had gone until now the open weather seemed over ; all the new houses, clean and tight, and ready for occupation, were covered with a light fall of snow ; only a light fall, but to all weatherwise eyes the low clouds promised much more in a little while. The Committee added steadily to the stacks of wood gathered for the common good, and all the people did what they could in preparation, for it was prophesied on all hands that the winter, though late in coming, would be a hard winter—a very hard winter. A bright December made always a black January, the old people said.

It was Sunday, but Jerry had not gone to the church, as usually he made a point of doing, even if no better man than Dan Burk or Dave Morris was there to preach to him ; but, instead, he was going to ask the doctor to come to Mrs. Milton ; she was not well, and Jerry had volunteered to bring the doctor.

He had not been down that road for months, not since he had gone to offer his services, in case the doctor needed help. That had been in the spring ;

and since then a life seemed to have passed.

Now he walked slowly ; it was cold and still, and all the town seemed dead : everybody was in the church, or shut safe in their houses ; his own little house that he used as an office, but into which Mrs. Milton had begged him not to move until the spring, was shut tight, and looked desolate ; indeed lent desolation to the scene as he caught a far glimpse of it before descending the hill toward the doctor's. Down the long, ugly road he went, then turned sharply across the gullies and rents made by the snow and rains, up to the steps. Nothing had changed since his first visit there, as a child : all was the same—no fence had been built, no whitewash nor paint had been put on the house : as dark, as ugly now as then, only now seeming more still.

Slowly Jerry mounted the steps—slowly took his way across the piazza, and knocked at the door. A step came down the hall—a step that made the color mount to his face, and Paul opened the door. One moment they eyed each other, then Jerry asked,

"Is the doctor at home ?"

"No."

"When will he come ?"

"I do not know ;" then, more curtly, if that were possible, "I do not live here, perhaps the servants can tell you," and shutting the door he went back, and Jerry heard him call the doctor's man, then turn aside into the library. Presently the servant came, and Jerry saw on his face an anxious look.

"Doctor's been gone since yisterday—since yisterday evenin' late," he said.

"On horseback ?" Jerry asked.

"No, sir, he walked off," and Jim scratched his head anxiously ; "he hed his dinner, an' read a letter, an' walked off without sayin' a word—notter word ; an' Mr. Paul's been here since mornin', nigh crazy to see him."

Jerry's face was as anxious now as the servant's ; this was not like the doctor to go long distances on foot, and he asked slowly :

"Where did this letter come from ?"

"I don't know ; I couldn't read the mark of it, but it was black all roun' it ; I had it a-waitin' fur him a long time,

an' plum disremembered it tell he was done his dinner, then I give it to him, an' he took it like it were a snake, an' he went to the library, an' after that I heard him go out an' he ain't never come back."

Jerry leaned against the door-post.

"Have you told Mr. Henley this?" he asked.

"No, I ain't, because when he come he cussed me black an' blue; but he never axed me nothin', but he's been a-stomp-in' roun' in the library consid'abul."

Jerry stood still a moment, then drawing a long breath straightened himself up.

"Tell all this to Mr. Henley at once," he said, "and say that I have gone to hunt for the doctor—that I have gone to the rock over the mine—the doctor often went there."

The man looked aghast.

"But all night, Mr. Wilkerson, all night!" he said.

Jerry turned away quickly, a nameless terror coming over him.

"You tell Mr. Henley," he repeated, "and tell him to come to the mine;" then he went down the steps and turned toward the old trail that led past Joe's house. This was the easiest way to the shelf of rock he wished to find.

What news had come in that letter with the black edges? What news had come to make Paul stamp and curse? Only one person could touch them both. He paused a moment in his rapid walk; had anything come to that woman? Faster and faster he made his way up the slippery path, scarcely thinking what it was that made him come to this place. Higher and higher, while the low-drooping clouds seemed to touch him with their shadowy, cold hands, and in their folds he seemed to see that woman's patient eyes looking out on him—eyes that looked as if they had shed so many tears. So often had he gone over the few links of that story that at last it seemed as if it were his own romance: had the one in the convent died? and what was the mystery that lay behind?

Up, past the ruins of Joe's house, past the broken tree where the doctor always tied his horse during his few visits—then beyond, and down the narrow path that led to Jim Martin's house. He re-

membered so well the first time he had come here to get hogs, and they had stopped to look at the stream that fell so far, and on the shelf of rock they had seen the doctor. Often in the years that had passed since, Jerry had found him there, and many times since the opening of the mine; looking up from below he had seen the flutter as of a white handkerchief, and knew that the doctor was there. And now his instinct had brought him here first, sure that in any trouble it was to this quiet place the doctor would come. And the last time he saw him—the last time! He shook himself—what nonsense to think of a "last time!" he would see him many more times—could go to him in his success and say, "I love you, doctor, and have loved you always, and you misunderstood the stand I took!" Then the doctor would clasp his hand so kindly, and his voice would soften as sometimes in the old days it had done, and all would be well between them.

It was fortunate that he had put his hand on that bowlder, else he would have fallen down to the mine's mouth!

He stood pale and trembling. What was missing? Surely he had always stepped down just there—surely? Something was gone, and some low bushes and vines seemed to have been pulled up by the roots, and some of them were still hanging—still hanging!

He passed his hands over his eyes—his hands that trembled so and were so cold. But the weather was cold, very cold, and this freeze had caused the thin slab to fall; or perhaps the jarring of the work in the mine; something had caused this rock to fall—this rock that had been there yesterday; yes, up to the time when the workmen left the mine, for he remembered looking up and seeing it. It had fallen in the night, for the night had been such a cold one.

His thoughts stopped, his heart seemed to stop, and he leaned against the rock: something fluttered from one of the uprooted bushes—something that until this moment he had not seen against the whiteness of the snow. He pressed back against the rock—he looked up at the low gray clouds—looked all about him over the ghastly world—looked at everything save the white

token which the sudden flaw of wind had lifted, and he could not look at that! He knew what it was—he knew whose it was.

Then he straightened himself up and walked steadily toward the loosely hanging bush, and untangled the handkerchief from the briers that held it; it had been a perilous act, for the bush hung so far over, but he had the handkerchief safe, and put it in the breast of his shirt slowly. He sat down for a moment, for his head seemed going round and round, and he wondered if it would be safe for him to go on. The path by Jim Martin's house was very steep, and with snow on the ground would be dangerous. He staggered to his feet. Of course he would go on—how could he stop to question it—and he began carefully to find his way over the snow-covered rocks down the steep path. There was smoke coming from Jim Martin's house, and a face watched him from the window, but not for long, it was too cold to stay near an unglazed window. Down, still down; he had not travelled this path since he and Joe had come together, and had imagined the vision of 'Lije Milton. This day was just as that one had been, gray and cold, with the ghastly snow-clouds hanging low. But it was harder now than then to reach the mine's mouth, for now there were huge piles of *débris* all about, and huge timbers waiting to be put in place; and all was quiet with a death-like stillness, save for the wind that came in gusts up the gorge, and the stream that cried as it fell!

But the town, scattered up and down the sides of the gorge seemed supernaturally quiet. He stopped to rest for a moment, for he was very tired, and the dizziness was returning; it was hard work climbing up and down with that slippery snow under foot, and he had come a long way round, and had come rapidly.

The last hillock of rubbish was reached, and he stopped to look: the black entrance yawned before him; the timbers lay about just as he had seen them the night before, and the snow had blown a little way into the mine; that was all he saw.

Nearer he crept, with ever an unan-

swered wonder in his heart as to why he crept—why he was afraid—why did he tremble.

One second's pause—no cry—no exclamation, only a deadening of every faculty—a stiffening of every fibre!

So still he lay.

Slowly, as one walking in his sleep, Jerry climbed down the rocks that slipped from under his feet with a noise that struck sharply on the silence; bounding down and down, as if they were alive; and one—he held his breath—how far it was rolling, how far—on and on until, O God! it struck him, lying there so still, with a white face turned to the sky—struck him dully on the breast!

How Jerry crossed the intervening space he did not know—what need to know?—he was there kneeling, crouching, lifting the poor cold body, drawing it up into his arms, brushing the snow from out the silvered hair!

And the rock he took from off the pulseless breast—he would break it, he would grind it to dust, for it had struck his friend lying dead and helpless!

Dead? dead, and cold as the snow that lay in little lines in the creases of his coat, and in his hands some dry grasses, and a leafless twig—he had tried to save himself.

He drew the dead man closer with a passionate, remorseful strength; how had such an awful thought as suicide crept into his mind. The rock had fallen with him; he had been too strong for such a thought as self-destruction. It had been dark, and he could not see to save himself, and had caught only the little grasses and the tiny twig. Oh! the awful horror of that fall—falling in the black, lonely night! Had any cry gone up for help?—gone out on the wild winds, and none had heard it?

Jerry's face drooped until almost it touched the dead face resting on his shoulder; why had he not made his peace with this man?

"O God! O God!" he whispered, "have mercy!"

He did not remember then that this man had let him go; he remembered only his love, that had turned to bitterness in his heart, and now had become bitterness that would never die?

He started a little, for something dropped on his leg : he raised his friend and stretched out his arm, leaning over to see : a dark stain, almost black, was on the sleeve of his flannel shirt, and on his trousers a smaller spot that shone red on the gray of the rough jeans. Blood—he shivered a little ; then he saw the great gash on the back of the head and the neck. He laid the head again on his shoulder ; why should he shiver at blood that had pulsed with this good man's life ; the blood of the only creature that he loved on earth !

Again the blood dropped, and Jerry's weary, racked mind slipped away to the memory of the water that dropped in the mine—the water they never had found—that dropped with a catch in its fall like a sob.

Did nature weep far away under the rocks ; weep her tears in silence where no eye could discover them ? weep out all her sorrow for the beautiful dead years that could not crown her with their glory any more ?—the beautiful dead years that had spent all their life and strength for her. Did she weep for them in the darkness tears like the tears that kill humanity—tears that never leave the heart ?

He did not remember shedding many tears ; his mother had trained him not to cry for fear of his father, and he could not remember many tears. All his sorrows had seemed to lie still in his heart until they died.

He looked down on the dead face ; this sorrow would never die. His head seemed to swim a little ; the cold wind seemed to strike through him like a knife, and it was with an effort that he kept his mind from wandering. All sorts of vague dreams and half-memories seemed to float about him, and the visions he had lived among and loved through all the lonely years up on the trail.

Some one ought to come ; if the servant had given his message, Paul ought to come. Or would they leave him here to watch with the dead until his own blood was frozen ? Then his mind slipped off again to vague wonderings as to the news that had come in the letter with the black edges ; was it any trouble that had come to the woman

this man had loved so truly—any trouble for her that had hurt him, and made him come out to the darkness and stillness for comfort ?

His head drooped lower ; he was so cold and weary, and the women were all in the church, and the men in Eureka, and there were good fires in most of the houses, good fires.

What made him think of this ? He was losing his mind, and freezing to death—sitting still with the dead in his arms—freezing to death !

If only his tears could drop as the blood was dropping, maybe his head would not feel so heavy, nor his thoughts wander so wildly.

Ah ! there was a step. Surely no rock would roll else : certainly it was a step, and a hurried one : would the person come near enough to see him, or must he call. Call with the dead in his arms ? He could not do it.

He watched anxiously as a hat, and then a face, appeared above the nearest hillock, and Paul stood looking down on him.

For an instant that seemed hours they stared in each other's eyes—then Jerry's voice, all changed and hoarse, broke the stillness.

"I found him here," he said, "dead," and he pressed the white face against his breast as a mother might press her sleeping child ; saying the words made it seem so much more real—made his mind come back from its desolate wanderings.

Then Paul climbed down slowly, and stood beside him. "My father's sister, who was in a convent, died," he said, in a slow, dazed way, "and the shock killed my mother, and I came this morning to tell him."

The words crept slowly into Jerry's mind ; the one who bound them had died—and her death had killed the one who longed to be free.

"They say my mother had heart disease ; and I came to tell him," Paul went on, in a low, unnatural voice.

Jerry pushed the hair back from the dead man's forehead—of course, her heart was broken—broken long ago, her eyes told that.

"He got a letter with black edges," Jerry said, "your servant told me so."

A letter with black edges : the servant had told him also, but he had forgotten it ; a letter with black edges ; so his guardian had known the news first.

A strange change came over Paul's face, a strange change, that grew in his eyes as he faced Jerry.

Always there had been a mystery about Paul's life that he could not solve, that had kept him watchful and suspicious, and that now came up before him : why had he been given to this man ? why had he never been allowed to go back to his mother for one day even ? And now she was dead, and this man, hearing it, was dead also—a strange, unaccountable death—was there any connection ? What right had this man to die because his mother had died ?

Suddenly he became conscious that Jerry had laid his burden down, and stood before him with eyes that burned and glared on him, and Jerry's hands clutched his shoulders almost to pain !

"The rock fell with him, do you not see it ?" his voice rising to a sharp cry ; "look there in his hands where he tried to save himself—look !" and he pushed Paul back and stooped by the dead man—"look, here in his hands the grass, and the bush he caught hold of ; it was dark, and he could not see," a pleading, soothing tone coming into his voice as he looked down on the dead face, "he could not see to catch a rock—he could not see," laying the cold hand down softly.

But Paul did not answer ; he stood there where Jerry had pushed him, still and white, with a hard look settling on his face, a hard, evil look. This man he had looked on more as a jailer than a friend had no right to die now—no right !

"You seem to have had that same thought yourself," he said harshly, but stepped back as he spoke, for Jerry sprang up tall and straight before him, with that strange light in his eyes that had gained for him the reputation of a man who would kill without thinking !

He could have killed Paul with one blow—he could have shot him, for instinctively his hand clasped the butt of his pistol, and he longed to kill him—longed to give vent to the wild rage that

surged within him ; but the old loyalty to the doctor held him still.

The gathered jealousy and hatred of all his life seemed tearing at his heart—he could have struck and beaten Paul like a beast—he seemed to hear the blows falling dull and heavy on this enemy—he seemed to see the beauty bruised and driven from his face ! The love that he had so longed for all his life had been given to this false creature—this vile creature—who now cast it all back in the face of the dead ; who would now cast black suspicion upon a defenceless grave ! Death was too good for this creature, who trampled on a never-failing love—a love that protected him now, as it ever had done, from Jerry's anger.

Farther back still Paul retreated, never moving his eyes from Jerry's face ; his own face was white, and his heart beat tumultuously—had he roused a madman ?

But Jerry did not touch him ; not any more now than he would have done when the doctor was with them ; it would be treachery. But he could tell him all the scorn he felt for him ; he could accuse him of the lies he had loved and made to separate him from his only friend ; could curse him !

And the awful words fell deliberately from his dry lips—the awful words that seemed to throb through Paul's brain, and to ring and echo through the cold, dead silence—would he never stop ?

To Jerry his words seemed like blows he was hurling at this man—oh ! if only they would follow him forever. "And I shall listen," stepping close to Paul, who now was braced against the cliff, "I shall listen with every faculty I have, and if ever I hear a whisper that he died in any way save by an accident, I will kill you like a dog—I will beat and stamp the life out of you—now remember that."

And Paul answered slowly :

"There is Greg behind you, and he has heard you."

There was a sharp, short, gasping sigh, and Jerry turned on his heel to see Greg and the doctor's servant standing behind him. How the scene and his words might strike them never entered Jerry's mind ; his only thought was to

prevent any surmise on their part like that he had seen in Paul's eyes; and he approached them quickly.

"The rock fell with him," he said hastily, pointing up to where the fresh break showed clear on the cliff—"see all the pieces about him, and the grass and twigs in his hands."

Greg looked anxiously from one to the other as the eager explanation went on, then down at the dead man, and at the blood on Jerry's clothes.

"And he struck his head," Jerry went on, gently, raising the dead man in his arms. And Greg could see, as Jerry held the body, how the blood had gotten on him; and the snow had gathered in the dead man's clothes—yes, the rock must have fallen with him. And now he could remember that one day he had seen the doctor standing up there and looking out: and he drew a long breath of relief as a dreadful suspicion lifted from his mind; a dreadful suspicion that Paul had seen, but that Jerry had not dreamed of. No thought of suicide

had dawned on Greg's mind; what he had first seen, and the words he had heard from Jerry, had filled his thoughts with but one idea—murder.

And Paul had seen the thought; and Paul knew he was the only living creature who could refute it! But now Paul saw that Greg's mind was clear of the doubt, and on his face was only the deepest sorrow.

And Jerry, kneeling by the doctor's body, looked up into Greg's eyes questioningly. Then the servant told his story, making it still clearer to Greg that Jerry had nothing to do with the tragedy: and Paul found the black-edged letter in the doctor's pocket, a short note from Paul's sister telling the sad news, and asking that Paul and the doctor would come to her immediately.

"He and my father were friends," Paul said slowly, and Jerry stooped low over the mute, dead lips.

Then the servant was sent to bring help; and the three men sat watching with the dead.

(To be continued.)

BOTTICELLI'S MADONNA IN THE LOUVRE.

By Edith Wharton.

WHAT strange presentiment, O Mother, lies
On thy waste brow and sadly-folded lips,
Forefeeling the Light's terrible eclipse
On Calvary, as if love made thee wise,
And thou couldst read in those dear infant eyes
The sorrow that beneath their smiling sleeps,
And guess what bitter tears a mother weeps
When the cross darkens her unclouded skies?

Sad Lady, if some mother, passing thee,
Should feel a throb of thy foreboding pain,
And think—"My child at home clings so to me,
With the same smile . . . and yet in vain, in vain,
Since even this Jesus died on Calvary"—
Say to her then: "He also rose again."

IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA.

By Josiah Royce.



NE hears nowadays a great deal about a future Imperial Federation which is some day to bring into a closer political unity the English race. I confess to a strong dislike of the whole speculation upon which this romantic dream is founded. The English race is indeed not without ideals, and not incapable of vast organizing enterprises. But the thing whereof the English race is incapable is romanticism in politics. The Englishman's problem of life is the conflict between his love of home and his love of wandering. He tries to solve the problem by carrying his home with him wherever he wanders. His institutions of local government are plastic, and easily adapt themselves to new regions. His ideals grow readily in new climates; he can safely transplant all that is dearest to him. The "expansion of England" has therefore meant, and will always mean, the making of new Englands in remote regions of the world.

Great nations ought to be united on physical grounds first of all, as happy marriages ought to be sought on the basis of a mutual personal attractiveness in those who are to wed. No race knows this better than the English, whose very unity and history as a people, in their own island, depended upon a minor accident of the physical geography of the French coast in the present geological period. And therefore the existence of a great English nation like our own is rather an argument against the possibility of an all-embracing English Federation in the future. We owe our own national unity to God and the Mississippi Valley. The English race will owe its future political divisions to the oceans, which the sentiments of human brotherhood can indeed easily cross with the winds, but which a sober domestic policy will in

the long run respect as regards all matters relating to national unity. Human brotherhood is a noble thing; but political unity is a matter of stern justice as well as of home-seeking devotion. You best honor both the justice and the devotion when you confine their work within easily intelligible boundaries.

For this reason the interest which I take in Australia and New Zealand is an interest for which they appear not as parts of the future Federated Empire of Great Britain, but as young nations for themselves. It is doubtful whether New Zealand will ever be very intimately united to Australia. It is certain, as certainties go in politics, that all of Australia will be ere long united into one comparatively close federation. It is almost certain that a period not far distant will see both Australia and New Zealand separated from the mother-country, and engaging in an eventful life as the principal powers of the southern hemisphere. And it is with this impression of the meaning of their existence that I desire to remember them, whenever I recall a journey that has first taught me something of their charm and significance.

II.

FIRST, then, for a few general impressions of the region where the coming Australian nation is to grow. Australia is as certainly destined by its physical conditions to be one great nation, with strong internal contrasts, as we ourselves have been destined to be one people, with sharply distinguished sectional feelings and interests. Australia is a vast, irregular plateau, with a few mountain-ranges. So far, all makes for unity. The continent has indeed but one great river-system, and that in the southeast portion. So much the more, however, must the fragmentary basins

of the interior depend for their future commercial existence upon long lines of railway that will connect the various parts of the land. But meanwhile, with all that makes for unity, there is the other equally obvious fact which secures strong contrasts of life; and that is the diversity of climate. Subtropical and temperate Australia will be related as regions of widely different latitudes have always been related elsewhere. The new continent will have its great problem of the relations of North and South. The interests of the subtropical North may easily tend to attract to the northern colonies Asiatic labor. The interests of the Southern civilization will always oppose the coming of alien races. Out of this opposition important complications are almost certain to grow. There is little doubt, then, that Australia will not lack the serious issues which are necessary to the development of a great people.

But we must turn to the Australia of the present. What attracts the stranger most in the physical aspect of the continent is the weird novelty of the mountain regions. Yet to these regions the stranger gives, doubtless, too much importance. Outside of the mountains, the well-settled portions of Australia are simple, charming, and comparatively unimpressive. There is, indeed, the vast interior desert region, whose desolation is said to be impressive enough. But the traveller of ordinary inclinations sees little of that. What he sees near the coast, in the cultivated parts of Victoria and New South Wales, is a fair and generally fruitful land, sleeping under kindly skies, amid conditions of climate which remind him of California. Far-off blue hills, seen against the horizon, remind him that there are wilder regions not far away. But all about him vineyards and pastures indicate prosperity; and the optimistic settlers, men plainly not as reckless nor as restless as our Californian population, but active and hopeful, assure him, with all the well-known loyalty and vehemence of English colonists, that this remote region is the best on earth for comfortable homes.

Perhaps it is well to let such loyal lovers of the new land tell the story of

their love themselves, and I have taken great pleasure in looking through a collection of papers by an Australian newspaper man, Mr. Donald Macdonald, who, under the title "Gum Boughs and Wattle Bloom, Gathered on Australian Hills and Plains," has sketched country scenes in southeastern Australia in a most charming way. His sketches form a sort of guide-book to the Victorian forests and farm-lands; only this guide devotes himself chiefly to studying every form of natural life, not, of course, for the purposes of science, but with the fascination of the loving observer. In a sketch called "Village and Farm," nature and man are studied together; and the mingling of old and new, of native and imported plants and people, of ancient and novel ideas, of conservatism and restlessness, is depicted with an art which one who has lived for a long time in our own West can well appreciate.

Mr. Macdonald's chosen village lies in a "hollow of the plain," beneath gray basalt cliffs. From the table-land above, the far-off smoke of the city is visible; but the village beneath is isolated and self-contented. If we expect to find it described as a raw and crude place, showing everywhere signs of its recent origin, we are quickly disappointed, as is proper. Whoever is familiar with new towns in fruitful regions, knows how quickly the wounds of nature heal, and how readily the old vegetation finds room for its new rivals beside it. In Australia, however, where the natural products of the soil are so unlike what the settlers have planted, the gentler contrasts of the scene are still attractive to the describing artist. Our author tells us first of the pond in the centre of the valley, not far from the village. Once this pond was a lake where the water-birds came. Stately gum-trees guarded it. "Sedate emus trooped in stately columns over the hilltops," above the lake; "kangaroo came out into the moonlight from the hollows." But "now the white tails of many rabbits twinkle in the dusk. Chrysanthemums of all shades spread their glory over the flower-beds in the autumn." The lake is half-filled with washings from farm-lands. Not only is there thus a contrast

in the surroundings of the village between the present and the half-remembered past; but even now the black Australian pine grows side by side with the English oak or the cedar of Lebanon. On the slopes above the village the gum-trees, "thinned in numbers, have broadened in shape, each throwing its arms outward, as though seeking always for that touch of companionship lost nearly fifty years ago." The author observes, too, the stubbornness of life in the old woods. "Wherever an Australian forest has been cut away, it will renew itself in time," if conditions permit. "All about the bases of the dead stumps the crust of earth is forced upward, as though mushrooms were breaking through." In the farms near the village we learn of the beautiful and "cosmopolitan" mingling of the flowers. At the margins of the fields, between fence and furrow, flourish in profusion "self-established communities" of blooming plants. "The marigold, the sunflower, and white clover are mixed up with such native flowers as the wild violet, the shepherd's purse, or the blue-flowered 'digger's delight.'" The latter flower, it seems, had formerly the reputation of growing only in gold regions, and near the gold. It has been doubtless transplanted to this region. The field-birds are as cosmopolitan as the flowers. Everywhere nature delights in the wealth of contrasts.

All this prepares us for an impression of the village itself. The inhabitants, to be sure, are not likely to include any aborigines. But the associations of the old home in Europe appear, in our author's description, to thrive as lavishly, side by side with the novel ideas of the young land, as the sunflowers flourish side by side with the "digger's delight." The most interesting of the older inhabitants are the survivors of the gold period, rugged men, as attractive as the California pioneers, although possibly more conservative. Our author finds the older men, in fact, generally loyal to tradition; lovers often of the Church of their fathers, and anxious still to see it an institution of power in the land; faithful to the mother-country, proud of the British connection, and all the while a healthy and steadfast folk. The young

Australians he describes in somewhat different fashion, and one may be sure, from very brief observation on the spot, that he must be right. Healthy and promising this young race indeed is, but "they are deeply imbued with the spirit of a new democracy." If they are still loyal to the Empire and the Church, "self-interest is the secret of their concern for one, and they are loyal to the other from mere force of habit." For the rest, the population is as manifold in origin as in our own West—English, Scotch, and Irish elements predominating, but the composite being "leavened by units of other lands who have almost forgotten their nationality."

Noteworthy in this account is the political activity of the villagers. "The political centre of the village is the blacksmith's bench." Here gather idlers and farm-hands busy with their errands. "Broad questions, such as protection, free trade, or secular education, are the subject-matter for argument. The subtleties of lobby politics rarely penetrate to Arcadia." In Australia, as the reader must always remember, the subject is always nearer to the State than he is with us, and that not merely because his State is a small province. Responsible ministerial government makes it always "presidential year" with him, to use our own phrase. And the political eagerness of the people is not yet blunted, as with us, by the habitual cheapening of the issues of politics.

Farming life is comparatively easy and prosperous. "There is little variation in the method of farming. When the fields are weary with the giving of their strength to so many harvests, they can rest for a season. There is no mortgage on the farm, no lien on next year's crop to draw every possible corn-blade from the soil, and exhaust both home and husbandman. There may be little wealth, but there is no poverty. No home-sick Ruth has to glean in the corn-fields. Indeed, the Australian Ruth either drives a pony phaeton, or is at least the charming autocrat alike of parlor or dairy." One sees that Mr. Macdonald is decidedly an optimist as to the health and comfort of the Victorian farmer. His description of the scenery of the farms near the village is through-

out one of cheerfulness and beauty. The fine-blooded dairy cattle appear to him "as ornamental as the deer in an English park." Gardens, with towering poplars, with wall-flowers, black-berries, currant-bushes, adorn the hillslopes near the river. Nature is not torn to pieces, as so often is the case in the neighborhood of our Western villages, but is rather overgrown with a wealth of old and new vegetation. The farmer himself has in his past much hardship to remember, as other pioneers have, but he has not been soured by it. The great incident of his early history, in days since the gold period, was his long conflict with the stock-raisers. This whole country near the village was at first a "vast common, or grazing ground." Then came the "selectors," and the new land was seized by stock-dealers who owned vast herds, and shut out the village farmers, until it came to a formal declaration of war between villagers and stock-dealers. In those days land-acts were the principal topic of political discussion. The public peace was broken by hand to hand fights, with stones, or even with guns, between the invading stock-owners and their retinue of hired servants on the one side, and the defending farmers on the other. Now all this is far in the past. Such political and social issues have been put to rest, at least in this district, and if the struggle of those early days left some traces on the farmer's temper, "it only ripened his philosophy."

Perhaps Mr. Macdonald is a trifle too optimistic in his sketches, but the rural conditions of southern Australia are certainly very promising, in view of this kindly climate and this vigorous population. And if great nations are created by their farmers, the future looks bright for the Australian.

III.

BUT we must not forget the other Australia, the region of the mountains, where the tourist seeks for fine effects, and where the inhabitant goes for recreation—or for coal. The mountains of a country often predetermine its poetry,

and even its thinking. A land where nature is original has more chance of developing original men. And surely Australia is not without ample opportunities of this sort. I, for my part, shall always associate the Blue Mountains of New South Wales with what I may hear of the intellectual life of Australia, for it was my fortune to visit these mountains in company with a friend whose ability and good fortune have already made him a power in the political life of the new country, and who seemed to me to represent some of the best tendencies of the young civilization. Shall I violate the obligations of hospitality if I sketch a scene or two of our life together as we wandered? At all events, I shall try the sketch, and shall seek, meanwhile, to say nothing of my friend that I should hesitate to say in his presence.

He was himself a young man, nervously active in temperament, cheerful, inquiring, speculative, unprejudiced—unless it were in favor of the political tendencies of the country where he is a Cabinet Minister—an admirer of America and of good scenery, a lover of life, of metaphysics, and of power. Our brief acquaintance was full of surprises and debates, of fanciful conversations, and of mutual good-will. All questions were open to my friend. If at one moment he wandered off into vaguer speculations on the future of Australia, at the next moment he would condemn almost cynically the preaching and the scheming of those over-hopeful colonial idealists who are already talking of immediate separation from England, or of other airy dreams of social reform. His reading was large and varied; he had visited America and made a pilgrimage to Emerson's tomb; he had even occasionally written, and either printed or burned, a good deal of verse and of literary prose; but what his countrymen best know him for is great practical activity in connection with public enterprises of a very material sort. His enemies, as I had occasion to discover, have often called him an Opportunist in politics, so ready are his resources as a party leader, so facile is his persuasive talent, so sensitive and plastic is his mind. But the accusation of such enemies would never

deceive a fair observer of character. The leader of the people has, in such countries, to be precisely that—plastic and sensitive. The popular minister in Australia is in momentary and constant danger of losing his very existence as a politician. The people are always awake to public matters. The rivalry of politicians is keen, their weapons are sharp, and the good fencer has to be a graceful and pleasing artist in the use of his sword rather than merely a sturdy fighter. Prophets do not succeed in such places. Yet happy is the people whose political life is not merely a contest among managers, but a warfare of skilful, but earnest, ministerial leaders. In our country, as I felt, my friend would have been anywhere but near the head of the State. These Australians must know how to find their public servants. We relegate such minds as my friend's is to the study or the lecture-platform. We call such intelligence a purely "theoretical" quality, and so indeed we do our best to make it what we call it, namely, theoretical in the bad sense. In consequence, our clever young men of literary and speculative tastes never learn what practical political activity means, and become abstract, vainly idealistic, and sometimes, if they engage in social speculation, even a mildly dangerous class. I can conceive that if my friend had grown up in California, he might have written something as shadowy as "Progress and Poverty;" or that if he had been educated in the Eastern States, he would at best have been known as a "Nationalist." As it is, he has a leading part in determining the councils of a strong young province. And such men as he will some day make Australia an empire. They will be speculative, and somewhat socialistic, men, confident of the safety of popular government, and perhaps too much devoted to bold social enterprises; but they will be men well trained in public affairs, accustomed to feel the popular pulse, conscious of the limitations of their practical life. In short, they will be not only men of large ideas but men of business. Would that our public life were as certain to combine these important qualities in its ministers!

The country where we wandered to-

gether, and where our talk found all questions open and attractive—from the Moral Order to the conduct of Melbourne newspapers, and from Telepathy to the Chinese problem—was as full of mystery and wonder as the destiny of Australia and the future civilization of the Pacific itself. To be sure, as I must admit, the Blue Mountains are not precisely the region for tourists of a too conventional sort. Such people never desire to see the same thing twice, and the repetitions of nature weary them. But the Blue Mountains are magnificently tautologous in their scenery. This scenery, in fact, reminded me at times of the English Church service, as it is repeated weekly, with the eternal confession of error and straying, and with the eternal prayer to be delivered from lightning and tempest, from battle and murder and sudden death. For just so here, in these mountains, the effects vary little, and are always solemn and melancholy. On the summit you seem, as you leave your hotel, to be wandering in a fairly level and well-wooded region, with pleasant streams visible here and there (in the winter season), and with signs of human life not infrequent. Suddenly your path becomes steep, rocky, lonesome. You seem to have left all signs of life far behind. The slopes, as you glance downward, look treacherous; and you wonder if they do not lead to the edge of some near abyss. And then, at a turn in the way, you come indeed to the abyss itself. The ground flies away from under your feet. A valley stretches out for many miles, and far beneath you. A sheer precipice of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet is directly below where you stand. Beyond the huge valley stand the farther walls; and there dark red and dull gray rocks are piled in vast, roughly sculptured masses. The eucalyptus-forests, looking in the depths like thickets of chapparral in the California Coast Range, climb the precipices as if their trees formed an attacking army, assailing an enormous castle. The gum-tree, when old, is always irregular and twisted in shape. The curving white limbs, seen amid the dark foliage of the woods, look much as if the crowded trees, in scaling the

castle walls, had been wounded in the endless battle with the rocks, and were writhing in pain. In the whole scene, especially as viewed in winter, every color is sombre. Cloud-shadows wander swiftly from the far-off plains up the long valleys, and cover gorge and cliff in the rugged foreground. In the valleys, there is little or no sign of the presence of man. As you listen amid the solitude, you hear now only the strange notes of the native birds, notes such as you never heard before, unless in a troubled dream. In fact, the desolation of this wilderness is distinctly dream-like. For some reason or other, our own Western solitudes, even in the wildest regions of the Sierra Nevada or of the Selkirk Range, yes, even in the deserts of Nevada, or of the Sierra la Sal, never appear so unearthly and inhuman in their lonesomeness as do these singular Australian gorges, with their strange bird-voices, and their tangled thickets of writhing eucalyptus-branches. Our Western scenes may be forbidding, and are often sublime; but they seem, more or less, to belong on the same planet with ourselves, and to our own geological period. In Australia, as has been said more than once before this, you feel that you are in the midst of the relics of a past time, as if in a sort of fragment of the primeval world.

One morning stands out with especial clearness in my mind among the experiences of my journey with my friend. It is useless to try to describe completely either what we saw or what we said on just that occasion. What we saw was too Australian to be fully understood by one who has not seen it; and what we said is of course mingled in my mind with the contents of numerous other conversations. Perhaps, however, I do my friend no wrong if I put into his mouth, in my sketch of this day, the substance of what I heard from him on various occasions. At all events, let me try to give the spirit both of the day and our speech. The morning in question was the one when we visited what is, after all, a very familiar place to Australian tourists, namely, the cliffs above the "Wentworth Valley." For my part, I found the Wentworth Valley the finest

of the more familiar sights in these Blue Mountains. There is a still more celebrated valley, the one called "Govett's Leap," where the dark cliffs are some two thousand feet in sheer height, and where all the weird effects of the mountains are exemplified in one vast landscape. But to my mind the scene at Govett's Leap undertakes, as it were, too much at a time. The valley is long and wide, the cliffs in sight are endlessly numerous, the whole outlook lacks unity. The Wentworth Valley, on the contrary, at the point where the tourist looks down into it, is a narrow gorge, into whose secret and gloomy depths a beautiful stream vanishes in a series of magnificently graceful cataracts. A glance gives you the whole effect in its first fascination and terror, while hours will not exhaust the individual features of the landscape. The ferns that gather at the feet of the cataracts, about the pools where the water rests a moment before taking its next plunge over the still deeper precipices—the cliff-climbing armies of eucalyptus trees, the dark rocks, the cloudy sky above, the distant bird-notes—all these blend at one moment into a single impression of the majesty of the place, and, at the next moment, invite afresh your closer scrutiny, to see if haply you may not catch and hold henceforth every feature of the landscape.

As you look from the cliffs toward the cataracts at the head of the valley, you face a rocky amphitheatre whose walls have a nearly sheer height of possibly a thousand feet, while from the base of these perpendicular rocks the lower cliffs fall away in terraces, until at last the sides of the gorge seem so nearly to meet in the depths that the eye wearies of searching in the forest below for any sign of the lost stream-bed. At the summit of this amphitheatre a fringe of dark eucalyptus-forest bounds the scene, standing out in rough outline against the sky. From the midst of the opaque mass of the forest-fringe springs the shining stream, eager, rejoicing before its fearful plunge, tumbling over rocky rapids to the edge of the sheer precipice. Then comes its first great leap. The waters part into thread-like streamlets, cling, as it were,



Govett's Leap.



The Woods Point Road Australia.

in terror to the cliffs, grow dead-white, and then fly out in sprays into the mid-air. There, in a twinkling, their volume is lost, they have become a veil of mist, that sways and comes and goes in long cloudy streamers, until it descends to where the first terrace begins. And now, as if by magic, the water has become once more a boiling, angry mountain torrent. It buffets the rocks, whirls and dashes, and then plunges afresh—this time but a little way. Hereupon, lo! it has suddenly changed into a dark pool, lying deep between the rocks, a fairy lakelet. All about it the ferns are massed. Their deep green covers the high banks that bound the pool. Here is a spot apparently inaccessible from above and from below, except for the birds—a peaceful home for the water in the midst of all this changing and falling. But the water may not stay here. Another and another plunge—and then at last the stream is indeed lost beneath the forest, and one's glance turns to follow the gorge farther downward, between its gloomy walls, toward the blue and hazy lowlands that appear in a faint glimpse many miles away. All this one sees standing himself at the edge of the abyss, the thrill of the scene quivering all through his nerves, the fascinating depths begging him to step from the rocks and try to imitate the water flight himself. And so here is the place for a true lover of mountains to spend a long time.

Such scenery, I have observed, usually first acts to make one very gentle and submissive in mood. One feels like a child watching a great multitude of busy folk. It is delightful, but it is also physically overwhelming. What is going on here is too large to be made out. It tames you. A truly great scene does not affect you because you have first reverently chosen to hunt up whatever is sublime. On the contrary, what you notice in yourself is a simple, brute sort of panting, a leaping of heart, or some other visceral sensation; and after you have reflected on the elemental freshness of the experience for a while, it occurs to you, perchance, that this childish fright and joy of yours is what more pious and reflective persons would call a sense of the sublime.

After we had enjoyed the landscape long enough, my friend and I rambled yet farther about among the rocks, and then lunched, whereupon the talk may be supposed to have run on much in this wise:

"And so," said I, "I find you also lamenting what you call the evils of your parliamentary system, as we in America lament our own political apathy. Why is this? Apathy, at all events, is surely not what your colonial political life suffers from."

"No, indeed," he answered. "The colonist passes but a very short time without hearing many political speeches. Agitation is always in the air. Political life moves fast with us."

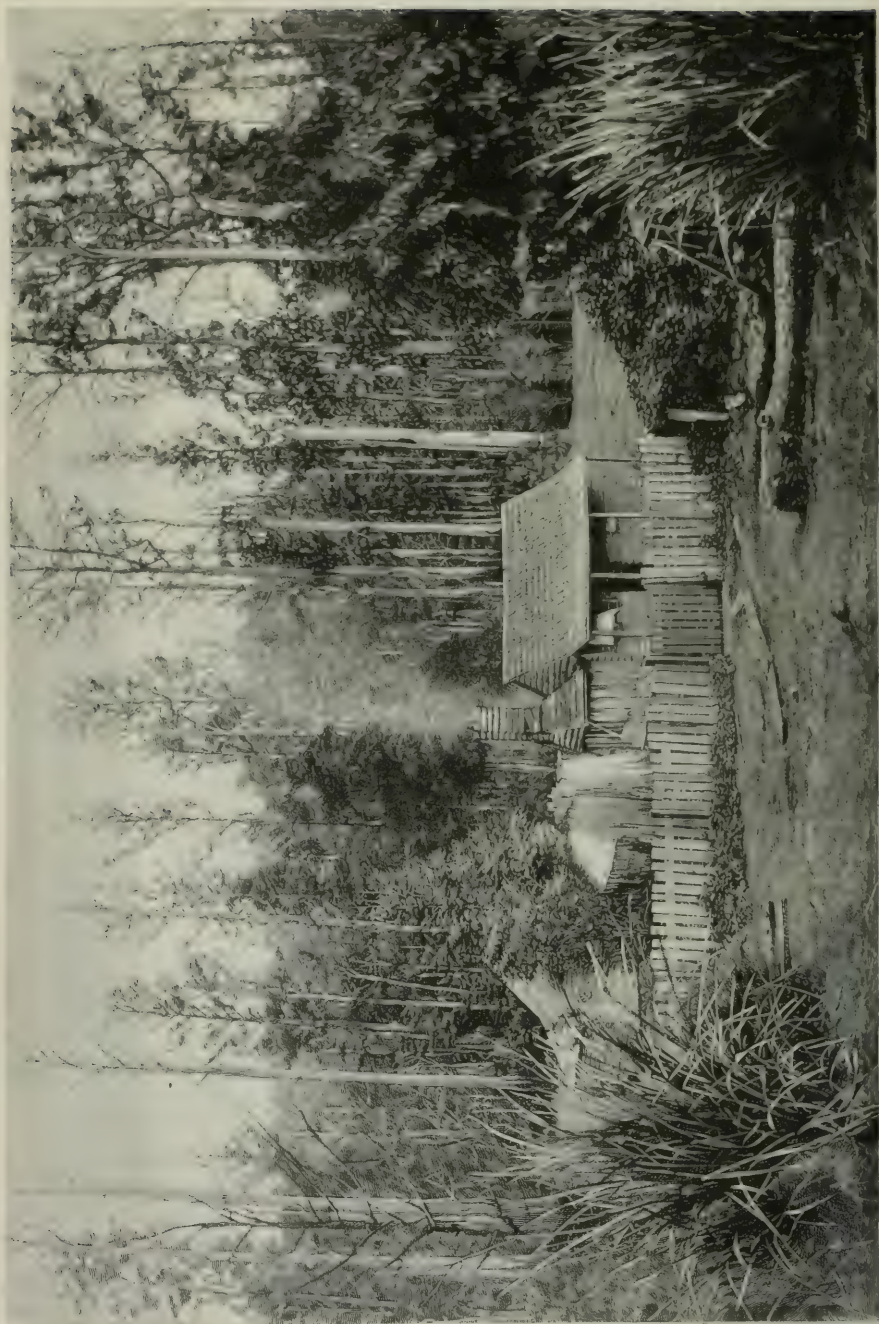
"And with us," I replied, "life also moves fast enough, but it is seldom that the larger political problems trouble our public very seriously. Politics, to the cultivated American, and in great measure to the general public also, may be said to offer rather amusement or vexation than thrilling hopes or great anxieties. Even in our Presidential year, there is more show of enthusiasm than depth of patriotic feeling."

"Well, with us the colonist is rather narrowly, but still very intensely, patriotic. The affairs of his local government are of the strongest daily concern to him."

"Do you lament your condition, then, because the popular will, with all this intensity of feeling, does not find adequate expression? With us, you know, great public needs often exist for a long time before we can find expression for them in new laws. Is your legislative machinery slow to act?"

"Usually not. It is a popular government that we want, and we get it. We believe in agitation, and in strong legislation, and we find means of making the popular wants known and met."

"So much, then, for responsible ministerial government," I said. "You know that with us there is a small, but very intelligent and persistent, company of theorists who are always assuring us in their writings that the one thing lacking in our form of government is just the ministerial responsibility that you possess. If they are right, you ought to have reached the millennium—the pop-



A Splitter's Hut in the Australian Bush.

ular will always ready to express itself, and a responsible ministry always ready to express that will, or to retire. And yet you aren't content."

"I am not content, because what I miss in our system," responded my friend, very frankly, "is stability in the ministerial tenure of office."

"Stability and responsibility joined! How can that be? But what more could a ministry accomplish if it were more permanent?"

"It could give more time to administration of the laws, and to deliberate legislation. What is the result now? A minister has no time for his department. His clerks manage that. He can't reform it. He can't invent new plans for making its work effective, and carry them out. Day after day, on session days, he must sit in the House, gibing at the Opposition. A colleague makes some parliamentary blunder. Well, then, the minister is bound to support this colleague through thick and thin, and to repair the blunder in debate. He must be always by to see that things go well. The whole ministry must give up time to tactical moves in the House, and so, although great measures of policy do indeed take care of themselves, many minor matters of popular concern have to pass by without proper treatment. More strength is needed. Not less responsibility, as with you, but a stronger hand, and more time for administration."

"More government, then, not less, is your ideal," I said. "What socialists you all are! Would you have the State do everything for the people? As for us, we are too apathetic, by far; but I fear this strong-handedness of your colonial governments. This quick, drastic legislation of your colonies fills me with fear for your future. What if the labor agitators become more and more a power in your councils? To what excess of socialistic legislation will they not some day lead you? With us there is a safeguard in the fact that it is a long way from agitation to legislation, from projects to hasty, so-called 'reforms.' You would make of your ministerial governments not merely the vigorous legislative powers which they already are, but yet more merciless ad-

ministrative machines, yet more skilful inventors of minute enactments for the benefit of the people. Are you not afraid of popular government, if you make its power too easily expressed? May it not commit great mistakes?"

"I fear, indeed," my friend replied, "the baser sort of men, whenever they are in politics. What I do not fear is the people itself, whenever it is well organized. You talk of the labor agitators, as if they were a danger. I tell you, our labor organizations are already, as I hope, far on the way toward a fair settlement of many of the most serious modern labor questions. For instance, our laborers have learned that their own trades' unions must exist, not merely for the sake of meeting force with force, but for the sake of establishing fair dealing on a fair basis. Our trades' unions have in more than one notable case disciplined their own members for unfair dealing toward employers—have, in fact, begun to establish the principle that laborers organize to protect the social welfare rather than to gain merely selfish ends. The aim with us is everywhere popular sovereignty under a strict organization."

"And in consequence you have an early closing law in a certain city, whereby, for the benefit of their clerks, vast numbers of shopkeepers are prevented by force from doing the most ordinary business after certain hours in the early evening."

"Yes, we have such a law, and we think well of it. We except from its operation certain classes of business. The booksellers, for instance, may keep open to a late hour, because that is for the benefit of the popular intelligence. Why should not the people organize for their own good, and make laws to that effect?"

"Well," I said, "we, too, have our agitators for State interference. But are you not going too far and too fast?"

"See the results. A people in each colony already provided, at the cheapest rate, with the public works they most need, public libraries even in remote country-districts, an advanced state of popular intelligence, strong interest in public affairs, sturdy patriotism—are these not things to be proud of? Not

that I overlook the many evils of our public life. Our parliamentary system, I admit, does not exclude the baser demagogues of whom I spoke before. Our irresponsible legislators talk too much and work too little. Our ministries are overworked in the House, and are distracted from their administrative duties. Our legislation is too round-about and often too sordid. But at heart we are sound. I often regret the weary and petty vexations of our provincial public life. Your own great nation must offer so much more that is ideal and inspiring. But I believe in our people, and in the great strength of popular organization among us."

It was hard to argue against a confidence like this. Perhaps my friend was only insisting upon that side of the duty of the State which he found me most disposed for the moment to ignore; but throughout his discourse I was always struck with his frank and intelligent confidence in the power of the State to do a great deal for its subject. And the important thing was that all this confidence seemed to be founded on practical experience. It was not a mere semi-socialistic theory, such as doctrinaires in this country may often enough express in an airy way. It was the view of a busy politician, who seemed to be voicing the spirit of his people. If, by way of criticism, I ever called him a State Socialist he made light of the accusation, or vindicated his good judgment as a practical man by disclaiming any sympathy with this or that socialistic absurdity then under discussion among irresponsible schemers. For my friend was, after all, a responsible and not incautious official in his own work. His general theories have never turned his head. As a politician in daily life, he knows very well what it is safe to do, and does it at a fitting time. But it was this undercurrent of idealistic socialism that attracted most my attention. Our early statesmen in this country used to fear nothing so much as the European tyrants who, no doubt, were longing to get at our liberties; hence our early tendency was mainly toward whatever secured popular freedom, and checked the powers above. The Australian leader is nowadays think-

ing, it would seem, of nothing so much as of some new social tie by which he may persuade the popular will to bind itself. After all, are not social ties the glory of rational human life? The result is already strange—this vast, weird continent, where nature is the most primitive and unexpected in her desolation and barbarism, fast filling with men whose thoughts are daily fuller of elaborate political schemes and social theories. At this rate, before another century Australia will show us some of the most remarkable experiments in State Socialism that have ever yet been seen.

IV.

YET a hasty sketch like the foregoing is sure to give one-sided impressions. Australian politicians are not all young, nor all idealists, nor all so progressive on the lines of social organization as my friend. One of the best and most widely known of the Melbourne newspapers, the very one on whose staff the author of the rural sketches above cited was a worker, is a journal of a generally conservative English tone, whose ideals represent those of a large class, and whose purposes amount to nothing as novel as those I have just been describing. Just so, not all Australian scenery is so novel as that of the Blue Mountains. But I confess that when I consider this charming young nation, with its romantic past and its most attractive future prospects, I feel a little thrill comparable to that with which I watched the fortunes of the water in the Wentworth Valley: so full of surprises must its life be—so splendid in its ventures, in its fearlessness, in its joyous seeking of dangers, in its bold plunges into mid-air, in its enjoyment of the calm prosperity of peaceful moments, and in its ceaseless progress to new adventures and conflicts. Its future is hidden, like the stream in the forests at the bottom of the gorge, but the sea is far away still for the young mountain-torrent; and the long course is full of fair scenes and great experiences. Australia will not be one of the happy countries without a history, but will surely know, in Carlyle's sense of the word, the "blessed-

ness" of having a history. Its varied and progressive population, its contrasts of climate, its relations to Asia, its important position in the Pacific, its vast resources, and its social progressiveness, all unite to assure it of a very significant

place in the future tale of civilization. I fancy that I may have done a very slight service to some curious reader if I have thus given him any new interest in these our southern fellow-countrymen and in their land.



THE ROTHENBURG FESTIVAL-PLAY.

By E. H. Lockwood.



PLAY which has a whole town for its theatre, and half the population for its actors, and whose chief incidents take place on the spot where they actually occurred

more than two hundred years ago, is certainly not common anywhere, least of all "at home," as we wanderers always say when we refer to the land across the ocean; and among the crowds who flock here at Whitsuntide to the "Festival" every year, none get more enjoyment out of it than the Americans; not to speak of instruction, for the whole affair is an object lesson in history.

Until within the last ten years Rothenburg an der Tauber was almost unknown outside of its own walls, excepting to a few antiquarians and half a dozen artists. The antiquarians dived down into the damp vaults under the "old Rath-haus," as the oldest part of the Town-hall is called, and revelled there among chronicles which told about the tower that Pharamond, the Frankish king, built on a spur of the same hill which afterward bore the fort-

ress of the Counts of Rothenburg, and, later, the town much as it stands to-day, only then, instead of being an obscure Bavarian dependency, it was a free city of the Empire, and governed itself. And they settled their spectacles still closer to their near-sighted eyes, and peered through the delightful half-darkness, sneezing at the dust, into more chronicles that related how one Pluvinmond, another Frankish king, built another tower farther down toward the valley, and called it the "Vinegar-jug," because it was raised with the benevolent intention of "spoiling the teeth" of his Swabian neighbors, in case they ever tried to crunch it; about the tournament that was held here by Conrad the First, and the invasion of the Huns; about Salians, and Hohenstaufens, the Italian wars of Frederic Barbarossa, and how a Count of Rothenburg was the first to plant his victorious banner on the high altar of St. Peter's. But when they got down to Frederic Barbarossa, the antiquarians felt as if their researches were growing too modern to be interesting. As for the artists, they settled their camp-stools in mouldy corners and drew. There was no lack of what they called "motives." Rothen-

burg-on-the-Tauber is nothing but "motives" for picturesque representation. The little town stands on a hill, one of many that hem in the narrow Tauber valley. It is surrounded by a wall, with towers and gates in perfect preservation. Inside the walls cluster the high red roofs and steep gables, the crumbling portals, old fountains, rickety wooden galleries, carved stone "Erkers," or bow-windows. The enclosed courts containing prim gardens, with walks and terraces, ending in stone benches, before which stand stone tables, supported by heraldic quadrupeds on their hind legs, lifting mutilated forepaws and lolling broken tongues; the Gothic arches and mullioned windows, the dislocated saints and twisted apostles, and lock-jawed patriarchs, the grinning masks and grotesque waterspouts, the long stretches of ivy-covered wall, the heavy bastions and narrow loop-hole towers of a German mediæval town in almost perfect preservation.

About nine years ago the Rothenburgers grew tired of the oblivion which had been their portion since the end of the Thirty Years' War, in dismal contrast to the busy and important part they had played among warring emperors, bishops, and margraves, from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the seventeenth centuries, and they determined to assert themselves a little. The result was a popular festival, held for the first time in 1882, and since then yearly at Whitsuntide, or, as the Rothenburgers say, "at Pfingsten!" It commemorates an incident of the Thirty Years' War, and the principal feature is a play acted by citizens of Rothenburg, and composed by a Rothenburg citizen also, the "Herr Glasermeister" Hörber. To those who, having neglected their German lessons in school, do not know what a Glasermeister is, I will say that they would know if they should see the "Old German" lanterns, with curious metal settings, and the windows with small leaded panes, which Herr Hörber makes for the artists in Munich. In the intervals of his trade he finds time to write very good poetry. The play is mounted, and the whole festival arranged by a native Rothenburger, the Munich artist, Birkmaier.

"Now, to-morrow," said the author of the play, "you must begin the day by visiting the church at sunrise to see the east window lighted up." So we did. At five o'clock, as we crossed the Herrngasse, where the old patrician families used to live, the street was silent and, but for us, deserted. From the gray Gothic tower of the "old Rath-haus" at one end, to the low, dark archway of the Burg-gate at the other, not a soul was stirring. The high houses with their steep red roofs, sharp gables, and huge doorways, were asleep. Over the doors were carved the arms of families long extinct—romping griffins and prancing lions, shields, helmets, pennons, all the mysteries of heraldry in gray stone, sometimes richly colored. On the house where Kaiser Maximilian once lodged, under a fine Erker, stood a stone carving of the Madonna, to testify that Rothenburg was not always Lutheran. She had the street to herself. At least she divided the survey of it with a severe-looking gentleman in a crown and sceptre, sitting on the top of a pillar that stood in the middle of a brimming fountain. A flat-featured, indignant gentleman, with an expression like that of Mr. F.'s aunt when she hated a fool. And with reason; for every one who sees him for the first time is startled to find so much dignity combined with two fish tails instead of the usual number of legs. And he thinks that's so silly! "What are you staring at, any way?" he mutters, and curls a fish tail all the tighter round each arm. He adds that sometimes he's a mermaid, and sometimes he's a Neptune. "Is that quite reasonable?" we timidly inquire. "Never mind," he answers, and that ends it. Well, as I was saying, the Madonna on the Erker and this gentleman on the pillar had the street all to themselves, for I suppose you would not count half a hundred pigeons that were strutting and dipping on the fountain's edge. The beautiful chimes of Rothenburg began on one of the distant gates, taken up by another, and another, in a harmony I have never heard equalled by bells, until they reached the marketplace and the high tower of the Town Hall, and finally the soft rich tones of St. Jacob's joined in and ended the long



DRAWN BY CHESTER LOOMIS.

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

The Burgomaster's Niece of Rothenburg.



Guarding the Gates.

chorus. With the last sound there mingled the clatter of hoofs, and into the silent, empty street came riding a group of soldiers in steel caps and leather jerkins, carrying lances. They were going to guard the gates.

The sun was shining through the rich east window of St. Jacob's, and presently the bells began to ring again for early service. The organ and the wind instruments and the voices joined in a choral. We did not need the clergyman's gown and bands to tell us the service was Lutheran. The bare white walls of the church said that, reminding of the time when Rothenburg was the headquarters of the Iconoclast, Dr. Carlstadt, who sent her treasures of early German art floating mutilated down the Tauber.

We went out from the severely plain service, with its cold, sad chorals, into the streets once more, and found ourselves in the midst of those stern times which followed the Reformation.

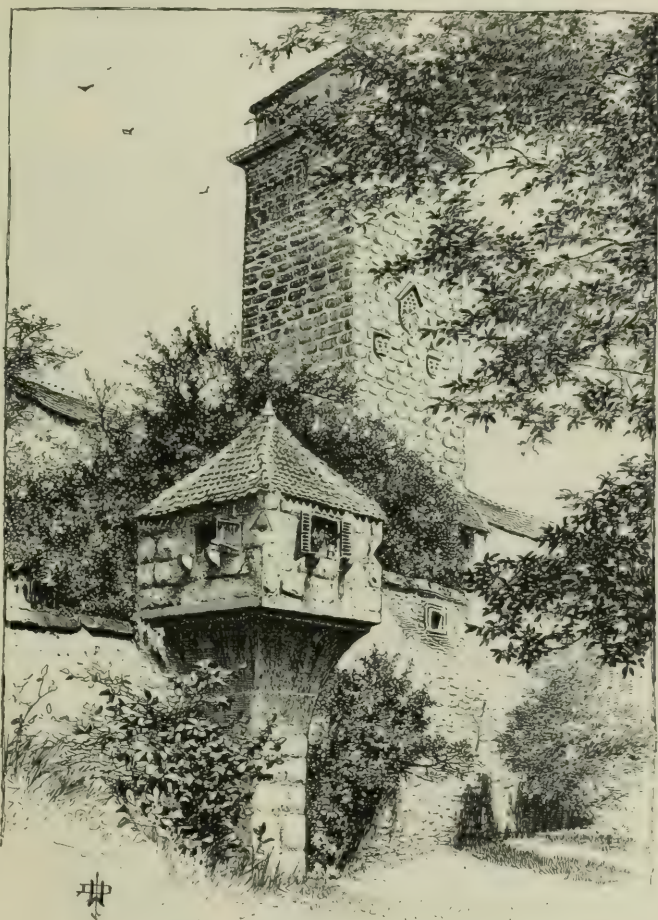
Tilly and Pappenheim were storming the town, Gustavus Adolphus was coming to the rescue, so people said. The streets swarmed with soldiers in the steel caps and leather jerkins of the Rothenburgers, mingling with the blue and white of the Swiss garrison. As we passed the Town-hall the huge doors under the tower stood open, and, within the archway, a company of soldiers were feeding their horses. Under the Renaissance Colonnade of the "New" Court House (built in 1578 into the "old" Court House, so that the two make one building) sentinels were pacing. The guard-room was full of helmets and lances, and groups of ugly-looking men-at-arms loitered in the doorway. Bands crossed the market-place in every direction, and a cluster of Burgomasters, in peaked hats and long black gowns, with heavy gold chains, descended the steps and walked away in earnest conversation. It was

no joke to defend a town against Gscherklas Tilly!

A visit to the gates showed them all closely guarded, and an anxious look from the walls revealed the Imperialist forces camped much too near for our comfort. A party of wild-looking Croats on horseback occupied a rise of ground; the sun shone brilliantly on their scarlet and gold, their barbaric weapons, and short cloaks of strange furs. Bivouacks and camp fires showed our enemies drinking, singing, dancing, playing cards. Some queer little seventeenth century cannon were making ready to begin the assault. The Emperor's captains spurred hither and thither, their long plumes floating behind their broad hats. It was only following the natural course of the day's events when we found ourselves, later, sitting in the Council Hall of the old Court House. An immense room, two stories high, with a row of tall gothic windows on one side, and the double-headed eagle of the Empire at the upper end, above the long table of the Burgomasters. The head Burgomaster Bezold, was saying that he had slept badly, and felt overwhelmed by the weight of anxious foreboding which had oppressed him more than ever during the past night. He must call his colleagues together and learn from them their views about the wisdom of holding out longer against the

Catholic emperor. He rings, and a pretty girl in an "old German" bodice, cap, and short skirt answers him. It is the Castellan's daughter. The Castellan is up in the tower keeping lookout. Bezold gives the daughter the order to call the Burgomasters together. She goes out, and in a moment, over our heads, we hear the same bell sound which was always used to summon the Council to a special sitting in times of emergency.

The Burgomasters come soberly in, excited but decorous. The question is, shall we continue the defence at the risk of enraging Tilly by our obstinacy? Remember how he served Magdeburg for holding out against him.



Stone "Erker" or Bow Window in the City Wall.

Bang! went the guns outside the walls, and, for my part, I was for surrender. But the worshipful Council thought otherwise. A new company of Rothenburgers marched in, drumming bravely. The commander of the Swedish garrison appeared, and promised the speedy arrival of Gustavus Adolphus to raise the siege. The young recruits marched down the hall, and went drumming and singing out the door to defend the walls. Some of the Burgomasters accompanied the Chaplain of the Council to St. Jacob's Church, close at hand, to pray for divine aid. When the organ and the choral sounded through the open windows of the hall all the Council joined in the prayer.

But the cannonading continued.

Messengers began to arrive from the walls. How was it going? Bravely! The Imperialists were beaten back; the walls unbroken; and on the Wurzburg

Bang! from the walls. A furious cannonading, and finally a loud explosion. In rushes another. It is getting hot. We are hard pressed. A third staggers in with his head bound up. The Tauber-tower is blown into the air. The troops on the Wurzburg road are Imperialists!

In comes Burgomaster Nusch. How goes it? He tells how it has gone, but we hardly hear him for the cannonading, and then he hangs his head and says the white flag is out. We are not surprised, but a thrill runs down every one's back when at last a messenger hurries in and says that Tilly is at that moment making his entrance.

The Burgomasters pluck up spirit, get out their keys on an embroidered velvet cushion, and the city's charter in its casket, and wait for their grim visitor with dignity. In he comes. We can hear the heavy tread on the stairs

and through the ante-room and the seventeenth century war song—"Heil! Tilly!" which his guard are singing. Preceded by lanzknechts, and surrounded by his generals, he comes in through the arched doorway and makes straight for the rebellious Burgomasters. His staff officers stand behind him. The Duke of Lorraine, gorgeous in green velvet, Count Papenheim, in full armor, exactly like his portrait, Pfalz-burg, and Aldringer Ossa, and the cruel-hearted Dominican, always at Tilly's elbow.



An Imperialist.

road a large body of troops were marching hitherward. By their white uniforms they could be no other than Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes. Hurrah! Hold out! Of course we will!

Tilly is in an awful temper. How he stares at the sober black-gowned Burgomasters, as he tramps in among them, and slams his plumed hat and leather gauntlets down on the Council table.

The people, hunted by the cruel soldiery, rush shrieking up to the door by which he entered. "Drive them back!" he shouts. "If need be, at the lance's head. If they won't go, scourge them!"

number for immediate execution, then perhaps he will pardon the remainder. The Burgomasters refuse to choose, of course. They quietly say, "Mercy for all, or destruction for all!" "Very



A Party of Croats.

By this time we are in a pretty fright, and wonder how Burgomaster Bezold, for all his furred gown and gold chain, dare speak up so resolutely. What's the use of getting out the city's charter when an old war dog looks like that? All the good it does is to make him say that the city may pay him a heavy tribute as indemnity for the trouble it has cost him to take it. And as for the Council, they are to select four of their

well, then, destruction it is," says the hard old villain. The executioner lives outside the walls. Tilly sends Bezold under a guard to fetch him, for the cheerful purpose of having his own and his comrades' heads cut off. Bezold's niece, Magdalena, and her children kneel and pray in vain for mercy. They are driven away. Tilly dislikes women, and the cruel monk calls her a snake; a compliment which she returns with

spirit, but that only makes matters worse.

Then the pretty girl in the Alt-Deutsch cap and bodice has an inspiration. Her father is not only castellan but cellarer. She whispers to him to bring the Welcome Cup for their formidable guest, and to fill it with the best wine in the Rath-haus vaults. The "Cup of the Council" is a glass flagon, holding thirteen schoppen—about thirteen pints.

Tilly doesn't approve of wine either, but to-day he makes an exception, and when he tastes the noble vintage of the Burgomasters, grown in their own vine-

own such a flagon, will empty it at a single draught, he shall purchase his own life and that of his comrades by the feat. Every one breaks out into cries of derision and of indignation at that monstrous taunt. Even Pappenheim and Lorraine protest that that is asking an impossibility. "Very well, then," says Tilly, "the first judgment must stand, and let no one beg for their lives."

Burgomaster Nusch steps forward. He says he's an old man, and it's only dying anyway if he fails. He will try it if it kills him. So they fill the great beaker again to the brim, and stand



A Field-piece of the Seventeenth Century.

yards, it warms his cold blood. He passes it to his generals; they all drink, but when it comes back to Tilly it seems nearly as full as ever. He grimly declares it to be a very respectable drinking-cup, and, as the wine works on his humor, he has a bright idea. If any one among those Burgomasters, he says, who must be good drinkers, since they

around in breathless suspense as the huge flagon slowly, slowly, tilts higher and higher; at last bottom upward, not a drop left, it is set down, and Father Nusch, half dead, demands from Tilly the fulfilment of his promise.

So the headsman is sent away, and the Burgomasters shake hands with Father Nusch, and everybody else, and the pop-

ulace streams in, and the chorus sings. And we all go out through the same arched door where Tilly and the soldiers have been going and coming, and find the ante-room, with its heavy round ceiling, its carved wood screen, and its frieze of Rothenburger coats-of-arms, crowded with ladies in puffed sleeves and trains, maidens in white caps and aprons, pages in tights and slashed doublets, Imperialists in velvet and plumes, all flocking up to the banqueting room on the floor above:—whither the Nineteenth Century is not invited. But the Nineteenth Century has its revenge. For the rest of the day it makes itself so evident in its character of spectator, that the illusion of the morning can no longer be preserved. It swarms in the streets and crowds all the windows, at

ly captured spy fighting with his captors, heralds, Lutheran ministers, Dame Be-

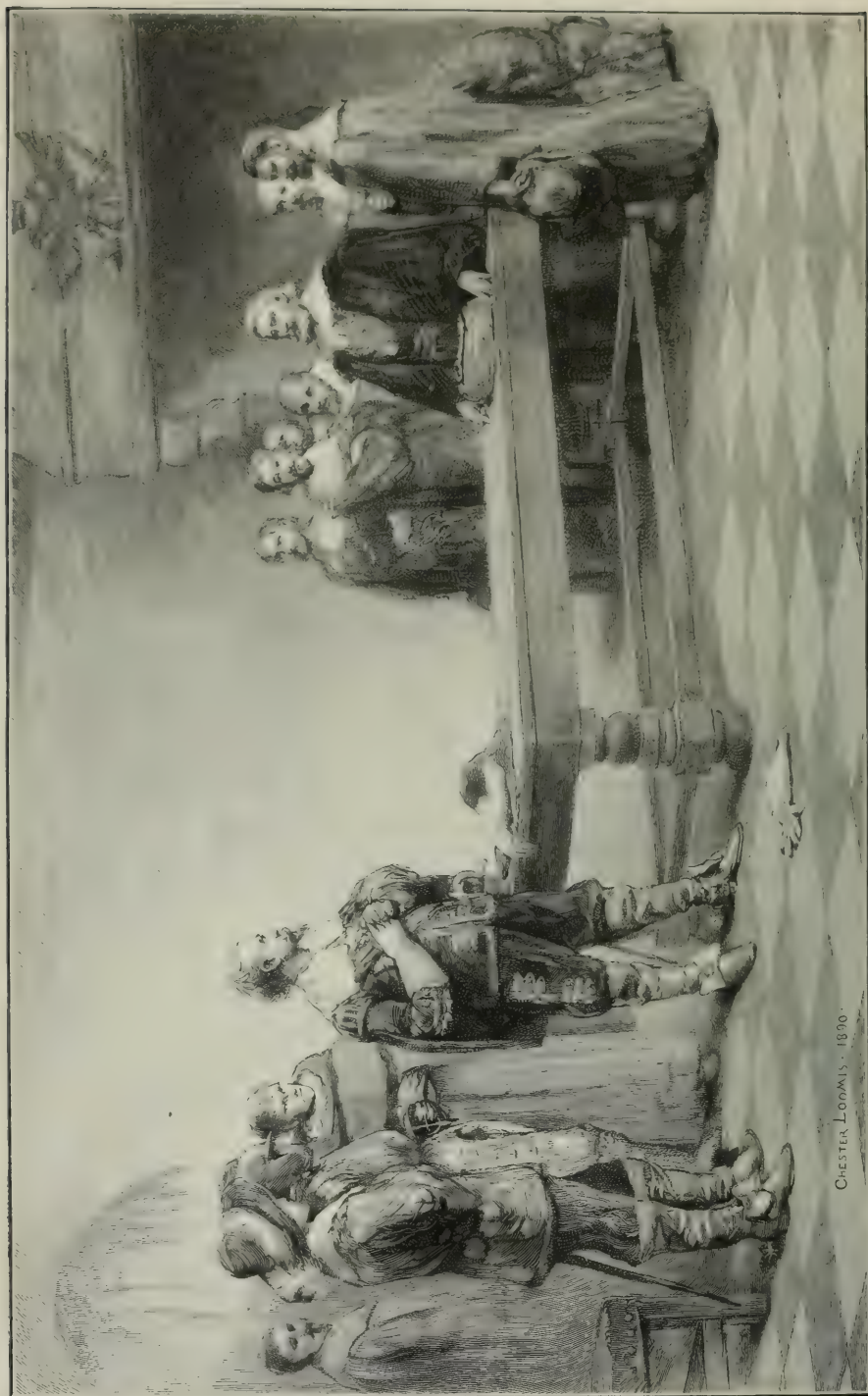


DAY -

A Spy and his Captor.

half-past two o'clock, to watch for the procession. Only the peasant women, in head-dresses of broad black watered ribbon, reaching in loops to the bottom of their full round skirts, and the old men in short-waisted jackets and knickerbockers, blue tasselled caps, like night-caps, on their heads, their spindle shanks encased in white worsted stockings to the knees, afford a quaint relief to the prevailing commonplace. But the commonplace is easily forgotten again when one swings back the narrow latticed casement, and leaning out looks down upon five trumpeters on horseback blowing a fanfare, followed by groups of pages, of iron-clad troopers, black-gowned Burgomasters, Prince Louis of Pfalzburg, Count Heinrich of Pappenheim, a jolly cellarer bearing aloft a huge flagon and wearing his leathern apron jauntily, a public executioner clad from head to foot in blood red, his hood drawn over his face, his axe in his hand; grim Gscherklas Tilly, and his Dominican, brown robed, sinister, and sly; Croats, Swedes, cannon, baggage wagons, sutlers, and camp-followers, a new-

zold and her niece Magdalena, riding in state, as great ladies should, with the puffiest of velvet sleeves, and the widest of rich point-lace collars and cuffs; "Rothenburga" herself, as becomes a mediæval pageant, sitting high up on a shaky gold car, with several yards of blonde hair flowing over her velvet gown, and all the towers and turrets of the city crowning her head; and every remaining space in the procession filled by the pale blue short skirts, white aprons and sleeves, black bodices, and caps of the Burger-maidens. They pass between the rows of high gray houses, under windows from which King Christian of Denmark, Kaiser Maximilian of Austria, and Charles V. have doubtless often witnessed similar processions, and finally disappear through the dark arch of the Wurzburg gate. The Nineteenth Century, rousing up, as from a spell, rushes after. It overtakes its picturesque ancestors once more, in what was formerly the moat—now dry—and partly filled in. On the west and south, Rothenburg was difficult of access because of the steep, though not high hill



CHESTER LOOMIS. 1870.

DRAWN BY CHESTER LOOMIS.

Tilly Sentencing the Burgomasters.

ENGRAVED BY N. G. FETZEL.

which rises abruptly from the Tauber valley, and the solid walls, with their towers, then considered defence enough. But on the north and east there is a plateau through which the Würzburg road runs between cultivated fields, and which ends at the foot of another line of low hills, like the one on which the city is built. There the walls were further protected by a moat. It was from this side that Tilly's attack was made. The "Tauber-thurm" which was blown up on that day, stands there, ruined and ivy grown; the only tower that is not in good preservation. The moat is dry and partly filled up, but in parts it is as deep as ever. It is all gardens, and orchards, and lawns, grassy slopes, and shady dells, and breezy knolls which command views of the Würzburg road, and the pleasant fields. On one of the shadiest of these grassy levels, a tent was pitched and around it sat the Emperor's generals, drinking, in high good-humor. No wonder, they were going to levy 20,000 florins tribute on the conquered city. Outside this tent, under the trees, the common soldiers were bivouacked, fires were burning, kettles boiling, fowls being plucked for the pot. The way they clutched a helpless pigeon and wrung its neck, suggested how they could serve a conquered enemy.

The villainous-looking little spy with a bloody bandage on his head, and a dirty smock frock on his lean shoulders, squatted apart, and when bits of bread were thrown to him, caught them with a defiant grin.

Lazy Croats lay at length beside the fire, smoking sleepily, their wild eyes closed to narrow slits above their high cheek-bones. Camp-followers chafed and begged and stole, picketed horses neighed. Musicians played a quaint air of five notes on long wooden pipes, and the smoke curled up among the branches, while Tilly's men took their ease.

High up on the knoll, under a long pavilion, the prim Burgomasters with their wives and daughters, well content at feeling their heads still on their shoulders, feasted decorously, served by the jolly cellarer, who poured from a huge pewter tankard, with a know-

ing wink at their solemn faces. Girls whisked their short blue skirts up and down the path that led to the pavilion, casting coquettish glances down into the open tent that held the terrible fascinating Imperialist General and his staff.

Apart, against a projecting bit of the wall, avoided, motionless, his scarlet hood drawn over his face, stood the executioner; leaning on his axe—held ready, I suppose, in case Tilly should change his mind about those four Burgomasters!

The afternoon wears away, in feast-



A Dominican.

ing, dancing, and singing, during which modern and mediæval costumes get very thoroughly mixed. The sun sets, and the moon rises. Leaving the festival place still full of revellers, we return to the silent, empty town. As we pass into the shadow of an inner gate, a lantern just lighted is slowly raised by a

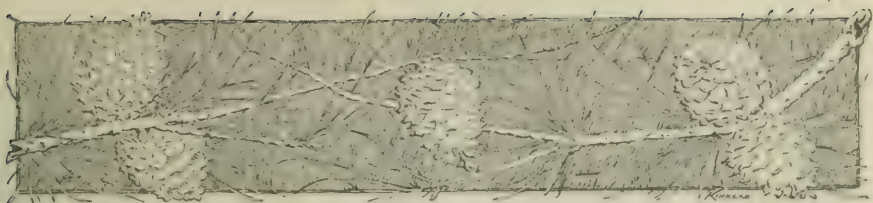


Father Nusch and the "Cup of the Council."

rope and a pulley into its place just before the arch, and hangs there swinging. The chimes begin at the Burg-gate and, taken up by the others, one by one, reach the market-place, sound from the

clock there, and the watchman on the high old Rath-haus tower strikes his bell nine times. Then, after a pause, the mellow tones of St. Jacob's fill all the air and the festival is over.





COURT TENNIS.

By James Dwight.



COURT Tennis is the oldest game of ball that we have—that is to say, it goes back farther in its present form than any other.

Games of ball of some kind go back so far that there is no trace of their beginning. In their simplest form the ball was thrown from one man to another. If we carry the process one step farther and imagine the ball, or whatever stood in its place,

to be hit back with the hand instead of being caught and thrown, we have at once hand-ball, the original of all games like tennis, rackets, etc. Indeed the French name for tennis remains *paume* to this day, because the ball was struck with the palm of the hand.

Leaving early times, of which we have little or no record, we find that in the middle ages hand-ball was played in France and Italy in the open air. How early the game became generally popular it is hard to say, but in 1316 Louis X. died of a chill caught after playing it.

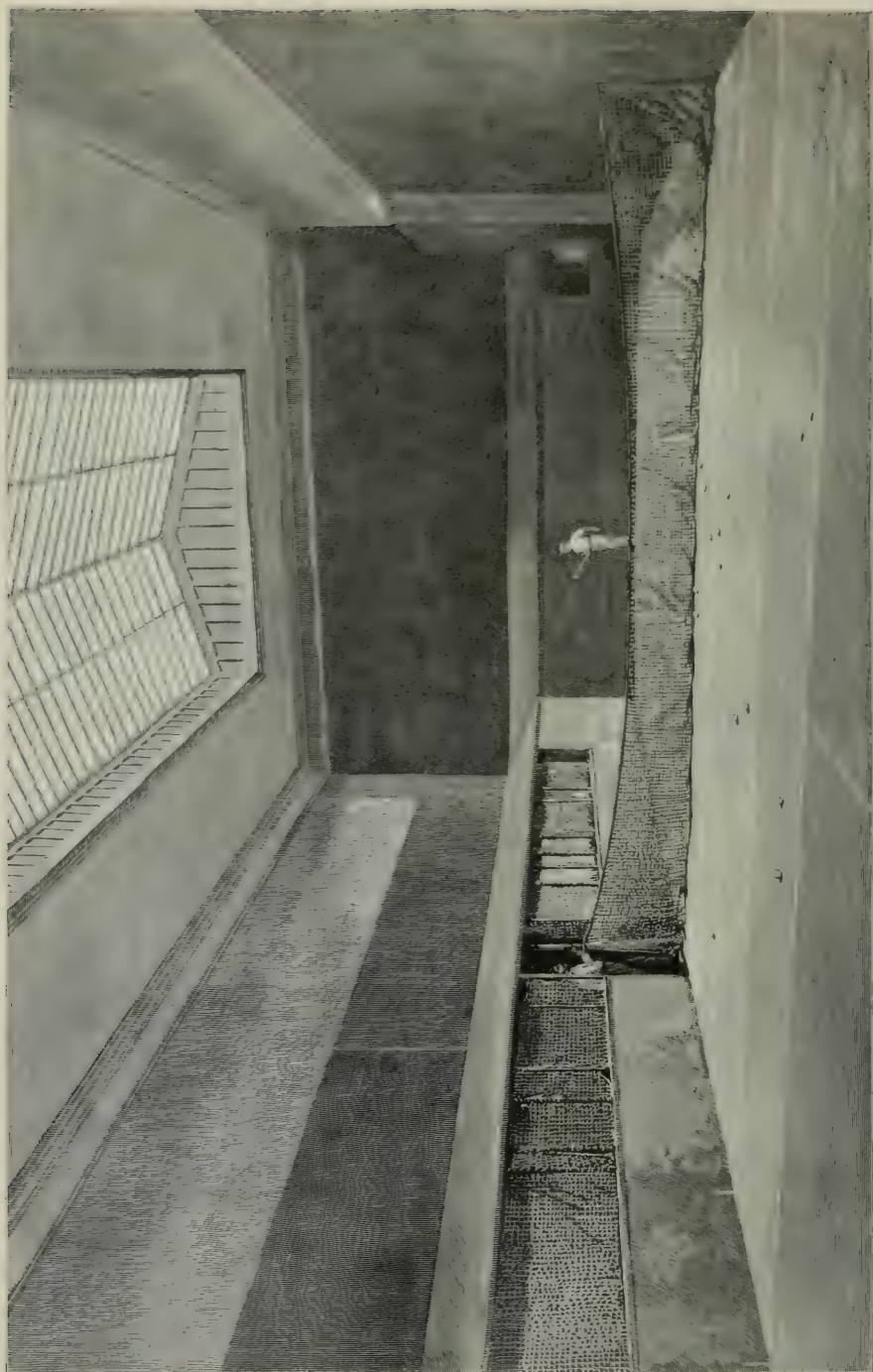
As has just been said, hand-ball was at this period played out of doors, but as its popularity increased it began to be played in buildings, where the space was naturally confined. The out-door

game received the name of *La Longue Paume*, and the in-door of *La Courte Paume*, from which comes the word court as applied to the game and to the place where it was played.

It would seem probable that the walls had at first nothing to do with court tennis, and it was simply the older game played in-doors. One reason for thinking so is that all the courts were different; some being “*carré*,” others oblong, etc., besides other differences in the construction, as if the most convenient place that was at hand had been made into a court without much regard to its size or shape. However this may be, the lack of space in-doors must very soon have made it necessary to use the walls in the game, and then, of course, courts were built more carefully and more in accordance with certain rules. There seem, however, to have been two chief varieties of court—the long court of the present day, with a *tambour* and a *dedans*, and the square court, without a *tambour* and with two small windows or *hazards* instead of a *dedans*.

It should be said that the roof was “in play” at this time, and one French marker, in writing of the game, says that the ceiling should always be flat and not arched, so as to give the ball off at a correct angle.

But if several different kinds of court existed, some at least were almost the same as ours to-day. Marshall, in his excellent “*Annals of Tennis*,” gives a plate drawn by an Italian named Scaino, showing a court which was then (1555) in use in Paris. It was larger than any court now existing, but in other respects was almost exactly the same.



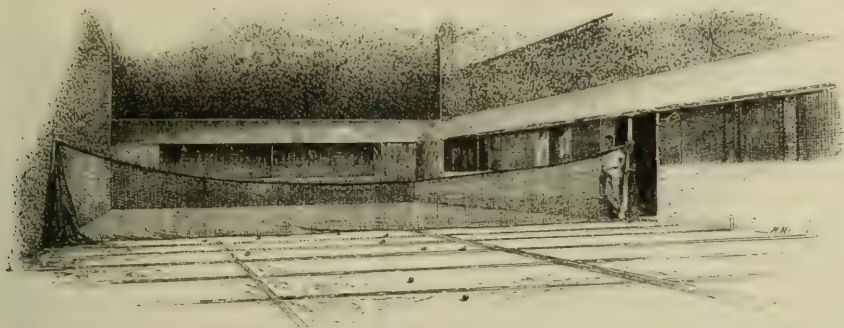
DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

The Court from the Service Side

ENGRAVED BY W. H. BELL, CUMT.

In early times the game was played with the bare hand, then a simple glove came into use; again, the glove came to

ly attained— $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches in diameter—and it is then covered with broadcloth.



The Court, from the Hazard Side.

be made stiff and unyielding, and some clever person wove strings of gut across the palm so as to give more spring to the glove. Finally, a very short handle was attached to the stiff glove.

Here we have the gradual development of the racket. It was at first apparently a very feeble implement, as many players continued to use a glove even against an opponent with a racket.

The old prints show the racket very slightly made, with no centre-piece. It seems to have been strung diagonally.

With the racket arose another instrument called the *battoir*, used especially in *la longue paume*. It seems at first to have been a thin, flat piece of wood, of almost any shape. Later, all the middle was cut away, leaving only the rim, which was covered with parchment, just like a *battledore*. It must have been a pretty feeble tool, according to modern ideas.

Gradually the racket came to be the only instrument used in tennis, and it was made heavier and stronger, and became, naturally, more and more effective.

Such rackets as these old ones would have been too weak to be of use with the balls we play with to-day. In old times the balls were stuffed with hair, and must, therefore, have been comparatively soft and light. The present ball has a small core, or centre, made of a strip of cloth rolled in a little hard ball; on this is wound yarn until the size is near-

The American ball is practically a small baseball, covered with cloth instead of pigskin. The English and French balls are somewhat different from the American and from each other. The weight should be from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ ounces.

Let us now plunge boldly into the description of the court as it is to-day, for in no other way can we understand the game. I can give no exact measurements, because there are hardly two courts alike in the whole world. The court is a rectangle enclosed in four walls. It is a little more than one hundred feet long by about forty broad. Inside these walls are built three inner and lower walls, one at each end, and the third along one side, connecting the other two. These inner walls stand seven feet from the outer, and the space between is covered by a slanting roof. This is called the *penthouse*. The remaining side of the court has no *penthouse*, and is a plain, solid wall, called the *main wall*. If one stands at the net, facing the main wall, the half of the court on his right is the *service side*, that on his left the *hazard side*. The main wall on the service side is without openings, as has been said; but about half-way along the hazard side there is a jog, or projection, into the court at an angle of forty-five degrees, and then the wall continues parallel with its former course. This projection is called the

tambour. Formerly it was made of wood, and naturally made a great noise when struck by the ball, and it is supposed that the name came in this way. The back half of the hazard side is narrowed about eighteen inches by the tambour.

The walls above the penthouses are all plain, solid walls, but such is not the case with the lower walls.

The end wall on the hazard side has one small window in the corner by the tambour, called the "grille."

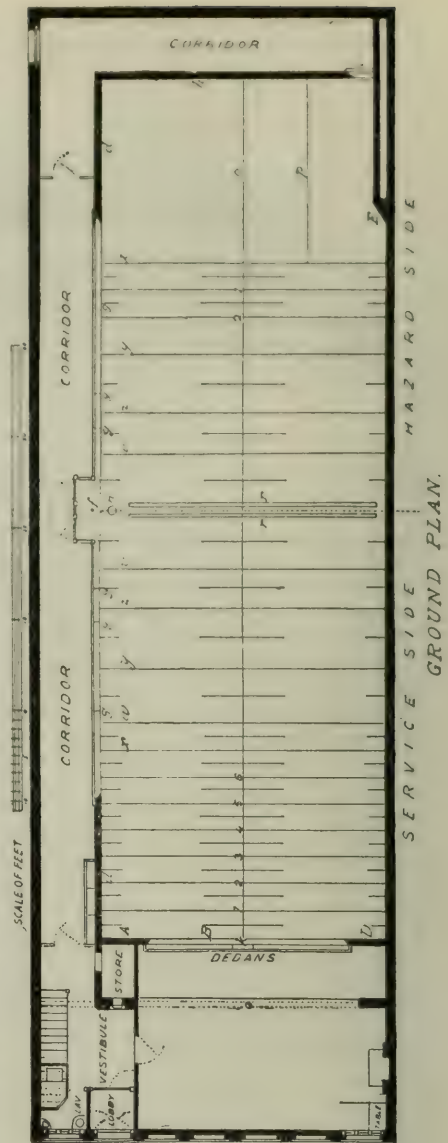
The end wall on the service side has one long opening, starting some four feet from the main wall and ending six feet from the other wall. It begins about three feet from the floor, and reaches to the roof of the penthouse. It is called the *dedans*, and is one of the so-called winning openings.

The upper half of the side wall under the penthouse is open, except for ten or fifteen feet at each end. This opening is divided into sections by posts, and each section has its particular name.

It now remains to describe the floor. It is made of smooth flags, or, in this country, of cement or asphalt. The floor in English and American courts is level, but in French courts it slopes slightly down toward the net, probably to diminish any tendency of the ball to "shoot."

We now come to the only complicated part of the game, the "chases." Marshall quotes Scaino, an Italian author who wrote in the middle of the sixteenth century, as defining the word to mean the point at which the ball ends its flight. In other words, it is simply a line on the floor parallel with the net, and numbered or named. On the service side, at one yard from the *dedans* wall, is chase 1, at two yards chase 2, and so on up to 6. From that point out to the net the distances between the chases vary, corresponding more or less to the side galleries whose names they bear. On the hazard side the gallery chases are the same, excepting that there are only two yard chases, 1 and 2. The point of all this is that the whole floor on the service side is covered with chases, while on the hazard side the back third of the court has no chases.

Such are the chases; their use is as



follows. Imagine the ball started in play. How can a stroke be won?

If a player touches a ball and fails to return it across the net, he loses a stroke. If the ball is played into the *dedans*, the grille, or the hazard side last gallery, it counts a stroke. The above-named openings are called the winning openings.

Should the ball "fall," i.e., strike the

ground a second time untouched, in any part of the court where chases exist, no stroke is scored by either player; it is simply left in doubt till it can be decided. Suppose that the ball falls on the chase line numbered 3, the marker calls "chase 3." The players then change sides, the one who was on the service side when the chase was made crossing to the hazard side, and his opponent becoming the server. The service is given and the striker-out must return the ball into the dedans or onto the floor in such a manner that at the second bound the ball will touch a point nearer the end wall than chase 3, that is, on a lower-numbered line. Should he succeed the marker calls "won it," and adds one point to his score. Should the server judge that the stroke will win the chase, he returns the ball, and the striker-out must try again for chase 3, and so on, until one or the other fails to return it, or until the ball falls untouched, and the stroke is then scored according to the place where the ball fell.

Should the chase made be close to the dedans wall—as a yard or half a yard—the only way to win the chase is to play into the dedans. It should be said that the value of a chase increases with every yard.

It must be remembered that in all chases on the service side the striker-out has to try to return the service so as to win the chase. In chases on the hazard side, however, it is the server who must try for the chase. This he cannot well do on the service, and therefore all that the striker-out has to do is to put the ball in some place where the server cannot get at it, as the side galleries, which are an easy mark. It will be seen by this that a hazard-side chase is easy to defend, while a chase on the service side is only good if near to the end wall.

The player's aim, therefore, must be to make the ball travel very fast, so that it shall be difficult to return, but at the same time to play it in such a way that the second bound shall be as close as possible to the end wall. This end is attained by the "cut." Cut is the real court-tennis stroke, and it should be used in any stroke played on the floor. In making it the racket does not meet the ball fairly, but at an angle, so that, as the

racket is carried forward with a steady stroke it shall pass out under the ball. The effect is to drive the ball forward fast, and at the same time to impart to it a heavy back twist. When the ball strikes the floor the cut prevents it from rising much, and then on hitting the end wall the back twist brings the ball directly down to the floor. In this way little or no time is given to play the ball after it has hit the end wall, and if it is allowed to make a chase it will make a good one. When no cut is put on, the ball, after striking the floor and the end wall, rises high in the air and comes far out toward the middle of the court, giving the player a chance to make a severe stroke or to let the ball make a bad chase, as he may prefer. A cut ball rises in its flight, and is for that reason a little easier to get over the net. It is, in fact, the exact opposite of the lawn tennis "drop."

It may perhaps be as well to say a word about the theory of the cut and drop strokes. Everyone believes that balls curve in the air, but very few seem to know the reason. Take the cut as an example. The ball is travelling fast through the air, and at the same time revolving rapidly backward. The ball is rough and carries a certain amount of air round with it. As this air comes under the ball, it meets the stream flowing the other way, and the result is that the air below the ball is slightly denser than above, where exactly the reverse has taken place. There is, therefore, a little more pressure below than above, and the ball rises. This explanation is given by Marshall in his "Annals of Tennis," and is, I fancy, generally accepted. It is certain that a rough ball will take more cut than a smooth one, and the more cut put on, the greater the curve.

Strokes are won in two ways. First, by playing with heavy cut, so as to make better chases than one's opponent, and, second, by putting the ball out of reach at the back of the hazard side, where there are no chases, or by putting it into one of the three winning openings, the dedans on the service side, or the grille and last gallery on the hazard side.

The service consists in hitting the

ball on to the side penthouse, so that it shall strike the floor in the back part of the hazard side. The ball must hit the penthouse roof on the hazard side of the net. It may hit the side wall or not, or it may roll round on to the end penthouse. Should it go all the way round the end penthouse, and fall in front of the grille, it is a "pass." A pass is simply a "let," except that it annuls a previous fault.

Let us suppose that the service is all right. The striker-out has got to get the ball back over the net, or he loses the stroke. He can cut it down for either corner, or he can force for the dedans. If the server sees that the ball is going into the dedans, he, of course, returns it if he can; if it does not go in, it must make a chase, and he must judge whether it is wise to let it do so or not. If he can only reach the ball with difficulty, and the chase is not likely to be a very close one, he will probably allow it to score, and trust to his ability to make a better chase when the players change sides. Should the stroke on the other hand, be an easy one, the server can play it for the grille, or hazard side last gallery, or for the foot of the tambour. The foot of the tambour is a great point of attack from the service side, because, if the ball hits the tambour it will go directly across the court; while, if it misses, it will go directly under the grille, and it is often almost impossible to foresee which course it will take. There is the whole game. The scoring is the same as in lawn tennis. The players change sides whenever there are two chases, or when there is one chase, and only one stroke is needed for game.

This is a very rude sketch of the game, but this is not a treatise on Tennis, but only an attempt to show what the game is like, and what changes have been made in it in the last three hundred years.

Let us now go back to the fifteenth century. The balls were stuffed with hair, and the rackets were scarcely more powerful than the gloved hand. Of course, with such implements the game must have been a very gentle one. No doubt there was plenty of exercise in it, because with slow hitting there was

nearly always time to get in front of the ball, just as there was at lawn tennis a dozen years ago. The rackets could have been of no use for forcing, and probably of but little for cutting. They were, in fact, simply an improvement on the gloved hand, and not a very great one. The balls stuffed with hair could not have been hard enough to travel very fast. The game consisted in placing and in certainty of return.

Let us now pick up the game again farther on, say, one hundred years ago. We find a fairly good racket, light and weak, to be sure, but still serviceable, and a heavier ball made of strips of cloth rolled together, tied with string, and covered with a firm cloth. The pace was still slow according to our ideas, but the ball could be heavily cut. In fact, the game was a game of cut. There was time enough to defend the openings, and therefore it paid better to play on the floor with heavy cut, in order to make close chases. The result was that a player would not attempt to return the ball if it was going to make a poor chase, but would rather change sides in the hope of making a better one.

The game was very scientific, requiring great judgment in deciding which balls to play, and which to leave, but I repeat, it was a slow game.

From that time to this, the game has grown faster and faster, and with the increase of speed there has been a change in the style of play. It is no longer possible to defend the openings as it used to be, and therefore a player will force for the dedans now, when in old times he would have played on the floor. The process has gone so far that tennis is almost a different game from what it was a century ago. Then any ball that was difficult to return was allowed to make a chase, unless, of course, the chase was a very close one; now almost every ball is returned if possible. Then the proper stroke was on the floor, in one corner or the other; now the ball is put into one of the winning openings, if there is the least opportunity. I think that the old style was prettier, and one might almost say more scientific, but it would have stood no chance of success against the modern game.

The French used to say that a player

improved up to the age of fifty. He may have done so once, but certainly, at the present time, no gain in judgment can make up for loss of activity and endurance.

The game now played between two good markers is fast in the extreme. The service is usually the "railroad service," *i.e.*, an underhand twist service which just touches the penthouse roof and then strikes the grille wall a little above the floor. If given exactly right it has no bound, but rolls along the floor. Even if it does bound, the twist carries it back against the side wall, so that it is very difficult to get a fair stroke at it. The *dedans* is the constant place of attack, and when defended in front the ball is driven on to the side wall so as to bound into the end of the opening without coming within the player's reach. Very few chases are made, because the server is anxious to retain his advantage, and will therefore return the ball even if it is going to make a very poor chase. I suppose that this change in the game has been going on for a great many years, but it has been most marked in the last ten or fifteen. We read of the terrible speed for which some of the older players were famed; but it is apparent from their rackets that the terrible speed must have been slow compared to the strokes of to-day. It must have been much like the lightning mail-coaches before the time of railways.

It is the increase of speed that has changed the game more than anything else, and how much farther the process will go, no one can foresee. Of one thing I feel sure, namely, that the *dedans* is too long to defend properly, and if the speed is going to increase any more, the game will consist simply of a service and then a shy at the opening. Were the *dedans* made smaller, the play on the floor would be greatly increased, and the game would be more what it was intended to be.

To me the prettiest part of the game is the play of the chases. One must make up his mind in less than a second of time whether a ball will cross a certain line or not. In one case he must return it, and in the other he must not, and his play is good or bad as he judges rightly or not.

Before concluding, let us say a word about the great players of the game. The greatest tennis player is said to have been a Frenchman, Édmond Barre, born early in this century. He visited England frequently, and was always an easy winner. In 1862 a match was made between him and Edmund Tompkins, the best English player of the time. It was to have been the best of fifteen sets, but was drawn on the fifth day, the score standing six sets for Tompkins, and four for Barre. Four other sets were drawn because, being advantage sets, it was too hard work to finish them. A curious notion, one would think!

Barre was sixty years old at the time, and was completely exhausted. In fact, the match was drawn on his account. He was, probably, the better player even then, but he would certainly have lost had the match been finished. This was practically Barre's last important match, and it left Edmund Tompkins virtually champion.

Next George Lambert appeared, and took the championship, so to speak, without playing for it. He was so much better than anyone else that no match was needed.

Then came Pettitt, too well known here to need much description. He began as a boy, in the old court in Boston, to help Hunt, the marker. Hunt was by no means anxious that he should learn the game, lest it should make his own place less secure; but in spite of that Pettitt beat him easily at half fifteen before the end of the first year, and was put in charge of the court.

I shall speak of only two matches: the one against George Lambert, by which he won the championship, and that against Saunders by which he retains it. The former took place at Hampton Court, in May, 1885. It consisted of the best of thirteen sets; four sets being played on Monday, on Wednesday, and on Friday. A final eight-game set was to have been played on the following Monday, had the score required it.

Lambert won the first set, Pettitt the second, and then Lambert took the third and fourth, thus leaving the score, at the end of the first day, three sets to one in his favor.

On Wednesday Lambert won the first two sets, making his score five to one. It certainly seemed as if the whole thing was over, but Pettitt won the next two sets, and the day's play closed with five sets for Lambert and three for Pettitt. On Friday Pettitt won all four sets and the match, seven sets to five.

Lambert was forty-two at the time, and Pettitt about twenty-five, and the difference of age may have had an effect on the result. I can only say that I doubt if Lambert ever played better than he did in the last set, and I looked in vain for any signs of the weakening on which I had counted.

I have dwelt so much on the increase of the speed, that I cannot close better than by quoting a remark that Lambert made to me after the match. He said that "old Barre was the greatest player that ever lived. Then Edmund Tompkins came along, and he played a faster game than Barre and beat him. I was faster than Tompkins, and now here is Pettitt, who is a bit faster still."

The match between Pettitt and Saunders took place on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, May 26, 28, and 30, 1890, in Sir Edward Guinness's court in Dublin. The court is new and built with black marble floor and walls. It was chosen as

an absolutely neutral court, and for the same reason French balls were used. The conditions were the same as in the match with Lambert.

On the first day Pettitt won the first set easily and lost the next three sets; a very unexpected result, as it was thought that Pettitt would learn the peculiarities of the court more quickly than Saunders. The second day brought the score to four sets all, and on the third Pettitt again won three sets to one, and the match by seven sets to five. It is curious to note that Saunders was at one time four sets to one, and, also, that of the last seven sets he got but one.

The question is, why did Pettitt win? No doubt because he was the better player. Where, then, was that shown? I think that the answer is, first, in greater speed, next, in his ability to return anything. Pettitt's game now is to drive everything for the winning openings, but the score shows that he got no advantage of Saunders in this respect. Nor does he seem to have made as good chases; but he got everything over the net, and hit the ball so hard that Saunders could not return it. It is a last example of the change in the game; it may not be a pretty style, but it wins.

THREE CHARADES.*

By L. B. R. Briggs.

I.

MY FIRST.

HAIL, foster-mother of our human race,
With ample brow and solemn, melting eye!
Thy graciousness is lovelier than grace;
Pure is the cup of thy benignity.

MY SECOND.

And when thy feeble offspring trembling stands,
Thy care and love my second part supply—
Caressing softer far than human hands,
To soothe, to freshen, and to beautify.

* The answers will be found on page 132.

MY WHOLE.

Let him who can, explore my hidden cause ;
 Let him my devious courses turn who can :
 Art is but weak to grapple Nature's laws—
 I wave rebellious on the brow of man !

II.

“My first! My first!” Lord Marmion cried,
 And then forever slept.
 My second, when a lovely boy,
 A lovely temple kept.
 I looked upon my whole—I looked,
 And turned away, and wept.

III.

MY FIRST.

Bound on a voyage perilous and dark,
 I fleck the waters with my tiny bark.
 To famine, pestilence, and storm a prey,
 Imperious fool, I strut my little day.

MY SECOND.

“Darkness that might be felt”—’twas Egypt’s doom
 Thus to be shrouded in a tactile gloom.
 Even so the winter months with me have dealt—
 Mine is the darkness then that may be felt.

MY THIRD.

Mine is the task the tawny skin to keep ;
 My bark is swallowed by the waters deep ;
 On the stout farmer’s face my sign is found ;
 My bark is scattered on the ruddy ground.

MY WHOLE.

A little island, what have I to boast
 But scanty acres and secluded coast,
 Provincial speech, and basely gotten wealth,
 And showy fashions, and precarious health?
 Yet over continents my fame is whirled,
 The pride, the glory of the freeborn world !



THE WATER-DEVIL.

A MARINE TALE.

By Frank R. Stockton.

IN the village of Riprock there was neither tavern nor inn, for it was but a small place through which few travellers passed ; but it could not be said to be without a place of entertainment, for if by chance a stranger—or two or three of them, for that matter—wished to stop at Riprock for a meal, or to pass the night, there was the house of blacksmith Fryker, which was understood to be always open to decent travellers.

The blacksmith was a prominent man in the village, and his house was a large one, with several spare bedrooms, and it was said by those who had had an opportunity of judging, that nobody in the village lived better than blacksmith Fryker and his family.

Into the village there came, late one autumn afternoon, a tall man, who was travelling on foot, with a small valise hanging from his shoulder. He had inquired for lodging for the night, had been directed to the blacksmith's house, had arranged to stop there, had had his supper, which greatly satisfied him, and was now sitting before the fire in the large living-room, smoking blacksmith Fryker's biggest pipe. This stranger was a red-haired man, with a cheery expression, and a pair of quick, bright eyes. He was slenderly but strongly built, and was a good fellow who would stand by, with his hands in the pockets of his short pea-jacket, and right willingly tell one who was doing something how the thing ought to be done.

But the traveller did not sit alone before the crackling fire of logs, for the night being cool, a table was drawn near to one side of the fireplace, and by this sat Mistress Fryker and her daughter Joanna, both engaged in some sort of needle-work. The blacksmith sat between the corner of the fireplace and this table, so that when he had finished smoking his after-supper pipe, he might put on his spectacles and read the weekly paper by the light of the big lamp. On the other side of the stranger, whose chair was in front of the middle of the fireplace, sat the school-master, Andrew Cardly by name ; a middle-aged man of sober and attentive aspect, and very glad when chance threw in his way a book he had not read, or a stranger who could reinforce his stock of information. At the other corner of the fireplace, in a cushioned chair, which was always given to him when he dropped in to spend an evening with the blacksmith, sat Mr. Harberry, an elderly man, a man of substance, and a man in whom all Riprock, not excluding himself, placed unqualified confidence as to his veracity, his financial soundness, and his deep insight into the causes, the influences, and the final issue of events and conditions.

"On a night like this," said the stranger, stretching his long legs toward the blaze, "there is nothing I like better than a fire of wood, except indeed it be the society of ladies who do not

object to a little tobacco smoke," and he glanced with a smile toward the table with a lamp upon it.

Now blacksmith Fryker was a prudent man, and he did not consider that the privileges of his hearthstone—always freely granted to a decent stranger—included an acquaintance with his pretty daughter; and so, without allowing his women-folk a chance to enter into the conversation, he offered the stranger a different subject to hammer upon.

"In the lower country," said he, "they don't need fires as early in the season as we do. What calling do you follow, sir? Some kind of trade, perhaps?"

"No," said the traveller, "I follow no trade; I follow the sea."

At this the three men looked at him, as also the two women. His appearance no more suggested that he was a seaman than the appearance of Mr. Harberry suggested that he was what the village of Riprock believed him to be.

"I should not have taken you for a sailor," said the blacksmith.

"I am not a sailor," said the other, "I am a soldier; a sea-soldier—in fact, a marine."

"I should say, sir," remarked the school-master, in a manner intended rather to draw out information than to give it, "that the position of a soldier on a ship possessed advantages over that of a soldier on land. The former is not required to make long marches nor to carry heavy baggage. He remains at rest, in fact, while traversing great distances. Nor is he called on to resist the charges of cavalry, nor to form hollow squares on the deadly battlefield."

The stranger smiled. "We often find it hard enough," said he, "to resist the charges made against us by our officers; the hollow squares form themselves in our stomachs when we are on short rations; and I have known many a man who would rather walk twenty miles than sail one, especially when the sea chops."

"I am very sure, sir," said school-master Cardly, "that there is nothing to be said against the endurance and the courage of marines. We all remember how they presented arms, and went down with the Royal George."

The marine smiled.

"I suppose," said the blacksmith, "that you never had to do anything of that sort?"

The stranger did not immediately answer, but sat looking into the fire. Presently he said: "I have done things of nearly every sort, although not exactly that; but I have thought my ship was going down with all on board, and that's the next worst thing to going down, you know."

"And how was that?" inquired Fryker.

"Well," said the other, "it happened more times than I can tell you of, or even remember. Yes," said he, meditatively, "more times than I can remember."

"I am sure," said the school-master, "that we should all like to hear some of your experiences."

The marine shrugged his shoulders. "These things," said he, "come to a man, and then if he lives through them, they pass on, and he is ready for the next streak of luck, good or bad. That's the way with us followers of the sea, especially if we happen to be marines, and have to bear, so to speak, the responsibilities of two professions. But sometimes a mischance or a disaster does fix itself upon a man's mind so that he can tell about it if he is called upon; and just now there comes to my mind a very odd thing which once happened to me, and I can give you the points of that, if you like."

The three men assured him that they would very much like it, and the two women looked as if they were of the same opinion.

Before he began the marine glanced about him, with a certain good-natured wistfulness which might have indicated, to those who understood the countenances of the sea-going classes, a desire to wet his whistle; but if this expression were so intended it was thrown away, for blacksmith Fryker took no spirits himself, nor furnished them to anybody else. Giving up all hope in this direction, the marine took a long pull at his pipe and began.

"It was in the winter of 1878, that I was on the Bay of Bengal, on my way to Calcutta, and about five hundred miles distant from that city. I was not on

my own ship, but was returning from a leave of absence on an American steamer from San Francisco to Calcutta, where my vessel, the United States frigate Apache, was then lying. My leave of absence would expire in three days, but although the General Brooks, the vessel I was aboard of, was more of a freight than a passenger vessel, and was heavily laden, we would have been in port in good time if, two days before, something had not happened to the machinery. I am not a machinist myself, and don't know exactly what it was that was out of order, but the engine stopped, and we had to proceed under sail. That sounds like a slow business; but the Brooks was a clipper-built vessel with three masts and a lot of sails—square sails, fore-and-aft sails, jib sails, and all that sort of thing. I am not a regular sailor myself, and don't know the names of all the sails; but whatever sails she could have she did have, and although she was an iron vessel, and heavily freighted, she was a good sailer. We had a strong, steady wind from the south, and the captain told me that at the rate we were going he didn't doubt that he would get me aboard my vessel before my leave ran out, or at least so soon afterward that it wouldn't make any difference.

"Well, as I said, the wind blew strong and steady behind us, the sails were full, and the spray dashed up at our bow in a way calculated to tickle the soul of anyone anxious to get to the end of his voyage; and I was one of that sort, I can tell you.

"In the afternoon of the second day after our engine stopped, I was standing at the bow, and looking over, when suddenly I noticed that there wasn't any spray dashing up in front of the vessel. I thought we must have struck a sudden calm, but, glancing up, I saw the sails were full, and the wind blew fair in my face as I turned toward the stern. I walked aft to the skipper, and touching my cap, I said, 'Captain, how is it that when a ship is dashing along at this rate she doesn't throw up any spray with her cut-water?' He grinned a little, and said, 'But she does, you know.' 'If you will come forward,' said I, 'I'll show you that she doesn't,' and then

we walked forward, and I showed him that she didn't. I never saw a man so surprised. At first he thought that somebody had been squirting oil in front, but even if that had been the case there would have been some sort of a ripple on each side of the bow, and there wasn't anything of the kind. The skipper took off his cap and scratched his head. Then he turned and sang out, 'Mr. Rogers, throw the log.'

"Now the log," said the marine, turning to Mrs. Fryker and her daughter, "is a little piece of wood with a long line to it, that they throw out behind a vessel to see how fast she is going. I am not a regular Jack Tar myself, and don't understand the principle of the thing, but it tells you exactly how many miles an hour the ship is going.

"In about two minutes Mr. Rogers stepped up, with his eyes like two auger-holes, and, said he, 'Captain, we're makin' no knots an hour. We're not sailing at all.'

"'Get out,' roared the captain, 'don't you see the sails? Don't you feel the wind? Throw that log again, sir.'

"Well, they threw the log again, the captain saw it done, and sure enough Mr. Rogers was right. The vessel wasn't moving. With a wind that ought to have carried her spinning along, miles and miles in an hour, she was standing stock-still. The skipper here let out one of the strongest imprecations used in navigation, and said he, 'Mr. Rogers, is it possible that there is a sand-bar in the middle of the Bay of Bengal, and that we've stuck on it? Cast the lead.'

"I will just state to the ladies," said the marine, turning toward the table, "that the lead is a heavy weight that is lowered to the bottom of a body of water to see how deep it is, and this operation is called sounding. Well, they sounded and they sounded, but everywhere—fore, aft, and midship—they found plenty of water; in fact, not having a line for deep-sea sounding they couldn't touch bottom at all.

"I can tell you, ladies and gentlemen," said the marine, looking from one to the other of the party, "that things now began to feel creepy. I am not afraid of storms, nor fires at sea, nor any of the common accidents of the ocean;

but for a ship to stand still with plenty of water under her, and a strong wind filling her sails, has more of the uncanny about it than I fancy. Pretty near the whole of the crew was on deck by this time, and I could see that they felt very much as I did, but nobody seemed to know what to say about it.

"Suddenly the captain thought that some unknown current was setting against us, and forcing the vessel back with the same power that the wind was forcing her forward, and he tried to put the ship about so as to have the wind on her starboard quarter; but as she hadn't any headway, or for some other reason, this didn't work. Then it struck him that perhaps one of the anchors had been accidentally dropped, but they were all in their places, and if one of them had dropped, its cable would not have been long enough to touch bottom.

"Now I could see that he began to look scared. 'Mr. Browser,' said he to the chief engineer, 'for some reason or other this ship does not make headway under sail. You must go to work and get the engine running.' And for the rest of that day everybody on board who understood that sort of thing was down below, hard at work at the machinery, hammering and banging like good fellows.

"The chief officer ordered a good many of the sails to be taken in, for they were only uselessly straining the masts, but there were enough left to move her in case the power of the current, or whatever it was that stopped her, had slackened, and she steadily kept her position with the breeze abaft.

"All the crew who were not working below were crowded together on deck, talking about this strange thing. I joined them, and soon found that they thought it was useless to waste time and labor on the machinery. They didn't believe it could be mended, and if it should be, how could an engine move a vessel that the wind couldn't stir?

"These men were of many nationalities—Dutch, Scandinavian, Spanish, Italian, South American, and a lot more. Like many other American vessels that sail from our ports, nearly all the officers and crew were foreigners. The captain

was a Finlander who spoke very good English. And the only man who called himself an American was the chief officer; and he was only half a one, for he was born in Germany, came to the United States when he was twenty years old, stayed there five years, which didn't count either way, and had now been naturalized for twenty years.

"The consequence of this variety in nationality was that the men had all sorts of ideas and notions regarding the thing that was happening. They had thrown over chips and bits of paper to see if the vessel had begun to move, and had found that she didn't budge an inch, and now they seemed afraid to look over the sides.

"They were a superstitious lot, as might be expected, and they all believed that, in some way or other, the ship was bewitched; and in fact I felt like agreeing with them, although I did not say so.

"There was an old Portuguese sailor on board, an ugly-looking, weather-beaten little fellow, and when he had listened to everything the others had to say, he shuffled himself into the middle of the group. 'Look here, mates,' said he, in good enough English, 'it's no use talkin' no more about this. I know what's the matter, I've sailed these seas afore, and I've been along the coast of this bay all the way from Negapatam to Jellasure on the west coast, and from Chittagong to Kraw on the other; and I have heard stories of the strange things that are in this Bay of Bengal, and what they do, and the worst of them all is the Water-devil—and he's got us!'

"When the old rascal said this, there wasn't a man on deck who didn't look pale, in spite of his dirt and his sunburn. The chief officer tried to keep his knees stiff, but I could see him shaking. 'What's a Water-devil?' said he, trying to make believe he thought it all stuff and nonsense. The Portuguese touched his forelock. 'Do you remember, sir,' said he, 'what was the latitude and longitude when you took your observation to-day?' 'Yes,' said the other, 'it was 15° north and 90° east.' The Portuguese nodded his head, 'That's just about the spot, sir,

just about. I can't say exactly where the spot is, but it's just about here, and we've struck it. There isn't a native seaman on any of these coasts that would sail over that point if he knewed it and could help it, for that's the spot where the Water-devil lives.'

"It made me jump to hear the grunt that went through that crowd when he said this, but nobody asked any questions, and he went on. 'This here Water-devil,' said he, 'is about as big as six whales, and in shape very like an oyster without its shell, and he fastens himself to the rocks at the bottom with a million claws. Right out of the middle of him, there grows up a long arm that reaches to the top of the water, and at the end of this arm is a fist about the size of a yawl-boat, with fifty-two fingers to it, with each one of them covered with little suckers that will stick fast to anything—iron, wood, stone, or flesh. All that this Water-devil gets to eat is what happens to come swimmin' or sailin' along where he can reach it, and it doesn't matter to him whether it's a shark, or a porpoise, or a shipful of people, and when he takes a grab of anything, that thing never gets away.'

"About this time there were five or six men on their knees saying their prayers, such as they were, and a good many others looked as if they were just about to drop.

"'Now, when this Water-devil gets hold of a ship,' the old fellow went on, 'he don't generally pull her straight down to the bottom, but holds on to it till he counts his claws, and sees that they are all fastened to the rocks; for if a good many of them wasn't fastened he might pull himself loose, instead of pulling the ship down, and then he'd be a goner, for he'd be towed away, and like as not put in a museum. But when he is satisfied that he is moored fast and strong, then he hauls on his arm, and down comes the ship, no matter how big she is. As the ship is sinkin' he turns her over, every now and then, keel uppermost, and gives her a shake, and when the people drop out, he sucks them into a sort of funnel, which is his mouth.

"'Does he count fast?' asked one of the men, this being the first question that had been asked.

"'I've heard,' said the Portuguese, 'that he's a rapid calculator, and the minute he's got to his millionth claw, and finds it's hooked tight and fast, he begins to haul down the ship.'

At this point the marine stopped and glanced around at the little group. The blacksmith's wife and daughter had put down their work, and were gazing at him with an air of horrified curiosity. The blacksmith held his pipe in his hand, and regarded the narrator with the steadiness and impassiveness of an anvil. The school-master was listening with the greatest eagerness. He was an enthusiast on Natural History and Mythology, and had written an article for a weekly paper on the reconciliation of the beasts of tradition with the fauna of to-day. Mr. Harberry was not looking at the marine. His eyes were fixed upon the school-master.

"Mr. Cardly," said he, "did you ever read of an animal like that?"

"I cannot say that I have," was his reply; "but it is certain that there are many strange creatures, especially in the sea, of which scientists are comparatively ignorant."

"Such as the sea-serpent," added the marine, quickly, "and a great many other monsters who are not in the books, but who have a good time at the bottom of the sea, all the same. Well, to go on with my story, you must understand that, though this Portuguese spoke broken English, which I haven't tried to give you, he made himself perfectly plain to all of us, and I can assure you that when he got through talking there was a shaky lot of men on that deck.

"The chief officer said he would go below and see how the captain was getting on, and the crew huddled together in the bow, and began whispering among themselves, as if they were afraid the Water-devil would hear them. I turned to walk aft, feeling pretty queer, I can tell you, when I saw Miss Minturn just coming up from the cabin below.

"I haven't said anything about Miss Minturn, but she and her father, who was an elderly English gentleman and an invalid, who had never left his berth since we took him up at Singapore, were our only passengers, except, of

course, myself. She was a beautiful girl, with soft blue eyes and golden hair, and a little pale from constantly staying below to nurse her father.

"Of course I had had little or nothing to say to her, for her father was a good deal of a swell and I was only a marine; but now she saw me standing there by myself, and she came right up to me. 'Can you tell me, sir,' she said, 'if anything else has happened? They are making a great din in the engine-room. I have been looking out of our port, and the vessel seems to me to be stationary.' She stopped at that, and waited to hear what I had to say, but I assure you I would have liked to have had her go on talking for half an hour. Her voice was rich and sweet, like that of so many Englishwomen, although, I am happy to say, a great many of my countrywomen have just as good voices; and when I meet any of them for the first time, I generally give them the credit of talking in soft and musical notes, even though I have not had the pleasure of hearing them speak."

"Look here," said the blacksmith, "can't you skip the girl and get back to the Devil?"

"No," said the marine, "I couldn't do that. The two are mixed together, so to speak, so that I have to tell you of both of them."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Mrs. Fryker, speaking for the first time, and by no means in soft and musical tones, "that he swallowed her?"

"I'll go on with the story," said the marine, "that's the best way, and everything will come up in its place. Now, of course, I wasn't going to tell this charming young woman, with a sick father, anything about the Water-devil, though what reason to give her for our standing still here I couldn't imagine; but of course I had to speak, and I said, 'Don't be alarmed, miss, we have met with an unavoidable detention; that sort of thing often happens in navigation. I can't explain it to you, but you see the ship is perfectly safe and sound, and she is merely under sail instead of having her engines going.'"

"I understood about that," said she, "and father and I were both perfectly satisfied; for he said that if we had

a good breeze we would not be long in reaching Calcutta; but we seem to have a breeze, and yet we don't go.' 'You'll notice,' said I, 'that the sails are not all set, and for some reason the wind does not serve. When the engines are mended we shall probably go spinning along.' She looked as if she was trying to appear satisfied. 'Thank you, sir,' she said. 'I hope we may shortly proceed on our way but in the meantime I shall not say anything to my father about this detention. I think he has not noticed it.' 'That would be very wise,' I replied, and as she turned toward the companion-way I was wild to say to her that it would be a lot better for her to stay on deck, and get some good fresh air, instead of cooping herself up in that close cabin; but I didn't know her well enough for that."

"Now that you are through with the girl," said the blacksmith, "what did the Devil do?"

"I haven't got to him yet," said the marine, "but after Miss Minturn went below I began to think of him, and the more I thought of him the less I liked him. I think the chief officer must have told the men below about the Water-devil, for pretty soon the whole kit and boodle of them left their work and came on deck, skipper and all. They told me they had given up the engine as a bad job, and I thought to myself that most likely they were all too nervous to rightly know what they were about. The captain threw out the log again, but it floated alongside like a cork on a fishing-line, and at this he turned pale and walked away from the ship's side, forgetting to pull it in again."

"It was now beginning to grow dark, and as nobody seemed to think about supper, I went below to look into that matter. It wouldn't do for Miss Minturn and her father to go without their regular meal, for that would be sure to scare them to death; and if I'm to have a big scare I like to take it on a good square meal, so I went below to see about it. But I wasn't needed, for Miss Minturn's maid, who was an elderly woman, and pretty sharp set in her temper, was in the cook's galley superintending supper for her people, and after she

got through I superintended some for myself.

"After that I felt a good deal bolder, and I lighted a pipe and went on deck. There I found the whole ship's company, officers and crew, none of them doing anything, and most of them clustered together in little groups, whispering or grunting.

"I went up to the captain and asked him what he was going to do next. 'Do,' said he, 'there is nothing to do; I've done everything that I can do. I'm all upset, I don't know whether I am myself or some other man; and then he walked away.

"I sat there and smoked and looked at them, and I can tell you the sight wasn't cheerful. There was the ship, just as good and sound, as far as anybody could see, as anything that floated on the ocean, and here were all her people, shivering and shaking and not speaking above their breath, looking for all the world, under the light of the stars and the ship's lamps, which some of them had had sense enough to light, as if they expected, in the course of the next half-hour, to be made to walk the plank; and, to tell the truth, what they were afraid of would come to pretty much the same thing."

"Mr. Cardly," here interrupted Mr. Harberry, "how long does it take to count a million?"

"That depends," said the school-master, "on the rapidity of the calculator, some calculators count faster than others. An ordinary boy, counting two hundred a minute, would require nearly three days and a half to count a million."

"Very good," said Mr. Harberry; "please go on with your story, sir."

"Of course," said the marine, "there is a great difference between a boy and a Water-devil, and it is impossible for anybody to know how fast the latter can count, especially as he may be supposed to be used to it. Well, I couldn't stand it any longer on deck, and having nothing else to do, I turned in and went to sleep."

"To sleep! Went to sleep!" exclaimed Mrs. Fryker. "I don't see how you could have done that."

"Ah, madam," said the marine, "we

soldiers of the sea are exposed to all sorts of dangers—combination dangers, you might call them—and in the course of time we get used to it; if we didn't we couldn't do our duty.

"As the ship had been in its present predicament for six or seven hours, and nothing had happened, there was no reason to suppose that things would not remain as they were for six or seven hours more, in which time I might get a good sleep, and be better prepared for what might come. There's nothing like a good meal and a good sleep as a preparation for danger.

"It was daylight when I awakened, and rapidly glancing about me, I saw that everything appeared to be all right. Looking out of the porthole, I could see that the vessel was still motionless. I hurried on deck, and was greatly surprised to find nobody there—no one on watch, no one at the wheel, no one anywhere. I ran down into the fo'castle, which is the sailors' quarters, but not a soul could I see. I called, I whistled, I searched everywhere, but no one answered; I could find no one. Then I dashed up on deck, and glared around me. Every boat was gone.

"Now I knew what had happened: the cowardly rascals, from captain to cook, had deserted the ship in the night, and I had been left behind!

"For some minutes I stood motionless, wondering how men could be so unfeeling as to do such a thing. I soon became convinced, from what I had seen of the crew, that they had not all gone off together, that there had been no concerted action. A number of them had probably quietly lowered a boat and sneaked away; then another lot had gone off, hoping their mates would not hear them and therefore crowd into their boat. And so they had all departed, not one boat load thinking of anybody but themselves; or if they thought at all about others, quieting their consciences by supposing that there were enough boats on the vessel, and that the other people were as likely to get off as they were.

"Suddenly I thought of the other passengers. Had they been left behind? I ran down below, and I had scarcely reached the bottom of the

steps when I met Miss Minturn's maid. 'It seems to me,' she said, sharply, 'that the people on this ship are neglecting their duty. There's nobody in the kitchen, and I want some gruel.' 'My good woman,' said I, 'who do you want it for?' 'Who!' she replied, 'why, for Mr. Minturn, of course, and Miss Minturn may like some too.'

"Then I knew that all the passengers had been left behind!

"If you want any gruel,' said I, 'you will have to go into the galley and make it yourself;' and then in a low tone I told her what had happened, for I knew that it would be much better for me to do this than for her to find it out for herself. Without a word she sat right down on the floor, and covered her head with her apron. 'Now don't make a row,' said I, 'and frighten your master and mistress to death; we're all right so far, and all you've got to do is to take care of Mr. and Miss Minturn, and cook their meals. The steamer is tight and sound, and it can't be long before some sort of a craft will come by and take us off.' I left her sniffing with her apron over her head, but when I came back, ten minutes afterward, she was in the galley making gruel.

"I don't think you will be surprised, my friends," continued the marine, "when I tell you that I now found myself in a terrible state of mind. Of course I hadn't felt very jovial since the steamer had been so wonderfully stopped; but when the captain and all the crew were aboard I had that sort of confidence which comes from believing that when there are people about whose duty it is to do things, when the time comes to do the things, they will do them; but now, practically speaking, there was nobody but me. The others on board were not to be counted, except as incumbrances. In truth I was alone—alone with the Water-devil!

"The moment I found no one to depend upon but myself, and that I was deserted in the midst of this lonely mass of water, in that moment did my belief in the Water-devil begin to grow. When I first heard of the creature I didn't consider that it was my business either to believe in it, or not to believe

in it, and I could let the whole thing drop out of my mind, if I chose; but now it was a different matter. I was bound to think for myself, and the more I thought the more I believed in the Water-devil.

"The fact was, there wasn't anything else to believe in. I had gone over the whole question, and the skipper had gone all over it, and everybody else had gone all over it, and no one could think of anything but a Water-devil that could stop a steamer in this way in the middle of the Bay of Bengal, and hold her there hour after hour, in spite of wind and wave and tide. It could not be anything but the monster the Portuguese had told us of, and all I now could do was to wonder whether, when he was done counting his million claws, he would be able to pull down a vessel of a thousand tons, for that was about the size of the General Brooks.

"I think I should now have begun to lose my wits if it had not been for one thing, and that was the coming of Miss Minturn on deck. The moment I saw her lovely face I stiffened up wonderfully. 'Sir,' said she, 'I would like to see the captain.' 'I am representing the captain, miss,' I said, with a bow; 'what is it that I can do for you?' 'I want to speak to him about the steward,' she said; 'I think he is neglecting his duty.' 'I also represent the steward,' I replied; 'tell me what you wish of him.' She made no answer to this, but looked about her in a startled way. 'Where are all the men?' she said. 'Miss Minturn,' said I, 'I represent the crew—in fact I represent the whole ship's company except the cook, and his place must be taken by your maid.' 'What do you mean?' she asked, looking at me with her wide-opened, beautiful eyes.

"Then, as there was no help for it, I told her everything, except that I did not mention the Water-devil in connection with our marvellous stoppage. I only said that that was caused by something which nobody understood.

"She did not sit down and cover her head, nor did she scream or faint. She turned pale, but looked steadily at me, and her voice did not shake as she asked me what was to be done. 'There

is nothing to be done,' I answered, 'but to keep up good hearts, eat three meals a day, and wait until a ship comes along and takes us off.'

"She stood silent for about three minutes. 'I think,' she then said, 'that I will not yet tell my father what has happened;' and she went below.

"Now, strange to say, I walked up and down the deck with my hat cocked on one side and my hands in my pockets, feeling a great deal better. I did not like Water-devils any more than I did before, and I did not believe in this one any less than I did before, but, after all, there was some good about him. It seems odd, but the arm of this submarine monster, over a mile long for all that I knew, was a bond of union between the lovely Miss Minturn and me. She was a lady, I was a marine. So far as I knew anything about bonds of union, there wasn't one that could have tackled itself to us two, except this long, slippery arm of the Water-devil, with one end in the monstrous flob at the bottom, and the other fast to our ship.

"There was no doubt about it, if it hadn't been for that Water-devil she would have been no more to me than the Queen of Madagascar was; but under the circumstances, if I wasn't everything to her, who could be anything—that is, if one looked at the matter from a practical point of view?"

The blacksmith made a little movement of impatience. "Suppose you cut all that," said he. "I don't care about the bond of union; I want to know what happened to the ship."

"It is likely," said the marine, "if I could have cut the bond of union that I spoke of, that is to say, the Water-devil's arm, that I would have done it, hoping that I might safely float off somewhere with Miss Minturn; but I couldn't cut it then, and I can't cut it now. That bond is part of my story, and it must all go on together.

"I now set myself to work to do what I thought ought to be done under the circumstances, but, of course, that wasn't very much. I hoisted a flag upside down, and after considering the matter I concluded to take in all the sails that had been set. I thought that a steam-

er without smoke coming from her funnel, and no sails set, would be more likely to attract attention from distant vessels than if she appeared to be under sail.

"I am not a regular sailor, as I said before, but I got out on the yard and cut the square sail loose and let it drop on the deck, and I let the jib come down on a run and managed to bundle it up some way on the bowsprit. This sort of thing took all the nautical gymnastics that I was master of, and entirely occupied my mind, so that I found myself whistling while I worked. I hoped Miss Minturn heard me whistle, because it would not only give her courage, but would let her see that I was not a man who couldn't keep up his spirits in a case like this.

"When that work was over I began to wonder what I should do next, and then an idea struck me. 'Suppose,' thought I, 'that we are not stationary, but that we are in some queer kind of a current, and that the water, ship, and all are steadily moving on together, so that after a while we shall come in sight of land, or into the track of vessels!'

"I instantly set about to find out if this was the case. It was about noon, and it so happened that on the day before, when the chief officer took his observation, I was seized with a desire to watch him and see how he did it. I don't see why I should have had this notion, but I had it, and I paid the strictest attention to the whole business, calculation part and all, and I found out exactly how it was done.

"Well, then, I went and got the quadrant—that's the thing they do it with—and I took an observation, and I found that we were in latitude 15° north, 90° east, exactly where we had been twenty-four hours before!

"When I found out this I turned so faint that I wanted to sit down and cover up my head. The Water-devil had us, there was no mistake about it, and no use trying to think of anything else. I staggered along the deck, went below, and cooked myself a meal. In a case like this there's nothing like a square meal to keep a man up.

"I know you don't like to hear her

mentioned," said the marine, turning to the blacksmith, "but I am bound to say that in course of the afternoon Miss Minturn came on deck several times, to ask if anything new had happened, and if I had seen a vessel. I showed her all that I had done, and told her I was going to hang out lights at night, and did everything I could to keep her on deck as long as possible; for it was easy to see that she needed fresh air, and I needed company. As long as I was talking to her I didn't care a snap of my finger for the Water-devil. It is queer what an influence a beautiful woman has on a man, but it's so, and there's no use arguing about it. She said she had been puzzling her brains to find out what had stopped us, and she supposed it must be that we had run onto a shallow place and stuck fast in the mud, but thought it wonderful that there should be such a place so far from land. I agreed with her that it was wonderful, and added that that was probably the reason the captain and the crew had been seized with a panic. But sensible people like herself and her father, I said, ought not to be troubled by such an occurrence, especially as the vessel remained in a perfectly sound condition.

"She said that her father was busily engaged in writing his memoirs, and that his mind was so occupied, he had not concerned himself at all about our situation, that is, if he had noticed that we were not moving. 'If he wants to see the steward, or anybody else,' I said, 'please call upon me. You know I represent the whole ship's company, and I shall be delighted to do anything for him or for you.' She thanked me very much and went below.

"She came up again, after this, but her maid came with her, and the two walked on deck for a while. I didn't have much to say to them that time; but just before dark Miss Minturn came on deck alone, and walked forward, where I happened to be. 'Sir,' said she, and her voice trembled a little as she spoke, 'if anything should happen, will you promise me that you will try to save my father?' You can't imagine how these touching words from this beautiful woman affected me. 'My dear lady,' said I, and I hope she did not take of-

fence at the warmth of my expression, 'I don't see how anything can happen; but I promise you, on the word of a sea-soldier, that if danger should come upon us, I will save not only your father but yourself and your maid. Trust me for that.'

"The look she gave me when I said these words, and especially the flash of her eye when I spoke of my being a sea-soldier, made me feel strong enough to tear that sea-monster's arm in twain, and to sail away with the lovely creature for whom my heart was beginning to throb."

"It's a pity," said the blacksmith, "that you hadn't jumped into the water while the fit was on you, and done the tearing."

"A man often feels strong enough to do a thing," said the marine, "and yet doesn't care to try to do it, and that was my case at that time; but I vowed to myself that if the time came when there was any saving to be done, I'd attend to Miss Minturn, even if I had to neglect the rest of the family.

"She didn't make any answer, but she gave me her hand; and she couldn't have done anything I liked better than that. I held it as long as I could, which wasn't very long, and then she went down to her father."

"Glad of it," said the blacksmith.

"When I had had my supper and had smoked my pipe, and everything was still, and I knew I shouldn't see anybody any more that night, I began to have the quakes and the shakes. If even I had had the maid to talk to, it would have been a comfort; but in the way of faithfully attending to her employers that woman was a trump. She cooked for them, and did for them, and stuck by them straight along, so she hadn't any time for chats with me.

"Being alone, I couldn't help all the time thinking about the Water-devil, and although it seems a foolish thing now that I look back on it, I set to work to calculate how long it would take him to count his feet. I made it about the same time as you did, sir," nodding to the school-master, "only I considered that if he counted twelve hours, and slept and rested twelve hours, that would make it seven days, which would give

me a good long time with Miss Minturn, and that would be the greatest of joys to me, no matter what happened afterward.

"But then nobody could be certain that the monster at the bottom of the bay needed rest or sleep. He might be able to count without stopping, and how did I know that he couldn't check off four hundred claws a minute? If that happened to be the case, our time must be nearly up.

"When that idea came into my head, I jumped up and began to walk about. What could I do? I certainly ought to be ready to do something when the time came. I thought of getting life-preservers, and strapping one on each of us, so that if the Water-devil turned over the vessel and shook us out, we shouldn't sink down to him, but would float on the surface.

"But then the thought struck me that if he should find the vessel empty of live creatures, and should see us floating around on the top, all he had to do was to let go of the ship and grab us, one at a time. When I thought of a fist as big as a yawl-boat, clapping its fifty-two fingers on me, it sent a shiver through my bones. The fact was there wasn't anything to do, and so after a while I managed to get asleep, which was a great comfort."

"Mr. Cardly," said Mr. Harberry to the school-master, "what reason can you

assign why a sea-monster, such as has been described to us, should neglect to seize upon several small boats filled with men who were escaping from a vessel which it held in custody?"

"I do not precisely see," answered Mr. Cardly, "why these men should have been allowed this immunity, but I——"

"Oh, that is easily explained," interrupted the marine, "for of course the Water-devil could not know that a lot more people were not left in the ship, and if he let go his hold on her, to try and grab a boat that was moving as fast as men could row it, the steamer might get out of his reach, and he mightn't have another chance for a hundred years to make fast to a vessel. No, sir, a creature like that isn't apt to take any wild chances, when he's got hold of a really good thing. Anyway we were held tight and fast, for at twelve o'clock the next day I took another observation, and there we were, in the same latitude and longitude that we had been in for two days. I took the captain's glass, and I looked all over the water of that bay, which, as I think I have said before, was all the same as the ocean, being somewhere about a thousand miles wide. Not a sail, not a puff of smoke could I see. It must have been a slack season for navigation, or else we were out of the common track of vessels; I had never known that the Bay of Bengal was so desperately lonely.

(To be concluded in the February number.)





THE ARCHITECT'S POINT OF VIEW.

By William P. P. Longfellow.



IT is easy to conclude, when one looks at the amount of building that Americans do nowadays, that there is here a great and general interest in architecture. Yet

it is also easy to suppose such an interest when the real spring of activity is somewhere else. Interest in architecture there is among architects; in building among the public. But architecture is more than building; and I am led to suspect that a real architectural interest is almost as esoteric and professional as an interest in abstract law or medicine. A certain cultivated class takes pride, and doubtless pleasure, in the architecture of its houses; the clergy and the faithful in their churches. When a striking public building is put up it attracts admiration. But I do not notice that after its first nine-days' wonderment many non-professional eyes linger on the buildings as eyes linger on what delights them. You may see a crowd gather about a shop-window to admire the merchandise, or the seamstress, or pastry-cook that is displayed in it; but you do not often see a man pausing on the other side of the street to study the building. The architect may have written it over with his best thought and feeling; its business occupants will make haste to cover it up with signs, sparing nothing but the light; and this is not done carefully or regretfully, as if it were an unwelcome necessity of business, but as a matter of course, and as if it involved no sacrifice. Or no sooner does the average owner have his house fairly in his hands than he is ready to turn it over

to the first carpenter to make any conspicuous alteration in it that convenience calls for—not, we will say, in contempt for its architectural harmony, but with a thoughtlessness for it which is almost as contumelious. If there is a part on which he dwells with abiding admiration, ten to one it is some matter of furnishing or decoration, of paint or upholstery, a thing which adds its charm to architecture but is unessential to it. Our people like magnificence, they like size, they like decoration. But with the realization of bigness and an impression of sumptuousness they are satisfied, and they do not stop to look beyond.

I am not deprecating lack of professional understanding of architecture, or of historical discrimination of styles; but want of care for those qualities of design that belong to all good architecture. This kind of interest we believe to be essential to general appreciation of any art. It is not enough to say, as a purist may, that in a country where architecture had a higher development, and the average work was more excellent, the lack would not exist. It is uphill work to develop a fine art in a people that is indifferent to it and uncritical of it; fine architecture has grown up in the past only where the people, or at least large communities of them, put heart into it. This was the case, I suppose, among the Greeks of the pre-Alexandrine period, among the faithful followers of the Church in the twelfth century, among the free citizens of the thirteenth and fourteenth. Where it is not so we may doubt the reality of general concern for the art in the face of more evidence than we see here and now.

How is this doubt consistent, one may

ask, with the undeniable advance in all the arts which we see about us ; with the great attention given them in print and in speech ; the abundance of pictures, decoration, and statues ; the lavish expenditure in architecture beyond the necessities of building ? The attention, the abundance, the expenditure are beyond question—perhaps as great as we can look for except among a people which has also abundant leisure, or with whom art is directly in the service of their chief concern, as it was in the mediæval Church. But our phase of activity is peculiar. The things which attract our people to art are the ornamental element and the realistic. The realistic element attracts in all stages of artistic development, at least in all but the most technically cultivated ; the ornamental, sufficiently pervasive in all, is especially characteristic of the inchoate, the barbaric ; and a critic who had no dread of hot water might say that, as far as concerns the public, our appreciation of art is akin to the barbaric. Everything that makes for splendor—color, ornamental effect, decorative material—commands attention. The popular art is decorative ; the favorite decorator is he who has most contrivances of new materials, mechanical novelties, and the most opulent color ; the favorite source of inspiration is the art of the East, which lives by color and not by design. In painting the attraction is not figure-painting, which works by form—unless it be in pronounced realism, or in *genre*, which combines realism and decoration—but landscape, which gives the greatest range of color and picturesque effect with the minimum of drawing. To this obliquity of taste—I do not use the word contemptuously, but to imply a one-sided vision—to this obliquity of taste the arts of form and design are under eclipse. Sculpture, the art of form pure and simple, in spite of the efforts of a few able artists, does not live among us, and is, I think, decadent abroad. Portraiture apart, the average American at home has eyes only for the graveyard angel or for Rogers's statuettes ; the travelling American is called upon to admire the salacious or tortured realism of Falguière or Rodin, or the inanities of Italian lace-carvers. If there is sculpt-

ure that attracts him, it is the animal sculpture of Barye or Cain. Architecture, the art of form applied to design, or of design applied to form if you will, made indispensable by its ministry to practical wants, calls out a passing admiration by its bulk or its ornament, when there is enough of either, but its essential qualities are under eclipse.

Its essential qualities, I say. We need not spend much time discussing these qualities, but it is worth while to recall them briefly. Its chief distinction is that it is purely creative. The world was full of pictures before there were eyes to see them ; animal forms, which are the sculptor's material, came when eyes came : but until man developed it there was nothing like a cathedral or a palace on the earth. Architecture is more absolutely creative than any other human art except music, and so is sharply distinguished from its sister arts of painting and sculpture, which are primarily arts of observation. In an age which is pre-eminently an age of observation and of science, it is natural that the arts of observation should be dominant, and that realism in art should be stimulated by the habit of observation. In an age that is devoted to mechanical achievement, it is natural that the creative faculties should have their chief activity in mechanical and scientific contrivance. So we find that in architecture the side that is stimulated and appreciated by the public is naturally the mechanical side, the provision for material wants, and that the other side is eclipsed ; while in the arts of observation—in sculpture, in painting, and in literature as it is represented by poetry, the drama, and the novel—realism dominates. There is no realism in the art of architecture ; the creative element occupies the whole field. There is no art therefore—again excepting music—in which the human influence, the personal element, is so absolutely incarnated. In painting and in sculpture there is room enough for the personal expression of the artist ; it marks the difference between his work and another's, and gives to his productions their value, though it is overlaid by nature's forms, and only indirectly revealed through them. But in the architect's

work the personal element is unobscured save by the color of his material, and the modifications which mechanical laws induce in his design. The design is the expression of the human creative power in his work, and this creative power is not simply that of the individual architect who planned the building, but of the myriad forerunners whose slow evolution furnished the artistic forms in which his design is expressed. It is a truism to say that the architecture is the design, and it might seem superfluous to urge these considerations; yet it is exactly the design that is most ignored in the common estimate of architecture. For the architect, the proportions of his doors and windows, let us say, are commanded, to an inch perhaps, by the mass of his façade; his shaft and capital are nicely gauged by the proportions of the arch they carry or the tower they decorate; his cornices and string-courses are graduated to the height of his façade; their smallest mouldings feel the same influence in their subdivisions; but how many observers see this?

I think there is a common impression that the architect's detail is, after all, rather unimportant. Yet no good artist, I believe, makes his details unimportant in the part of his work which he most values. The landscape painter may slight the details of form, if form is not what he is after; but he takes endless pains that the reflection of a cloud in his river shall have the right relation of value and color to the cloud above. I heard an architect object one day to a sculptor's pedestal that, though the outline was good, the mouldings and ornaments were ill-adjusted. "Oh, well!" answered another critic, a musician, "if only the outline is good the detail does not matter much." The natural rejoinder was, "How would you like that doctrine applied to your own art?" Is a musician content with a performance of Beethoven's or Chopin's music in which the main lines of the composition are followed, but the details are ill-rendered and slipshod? In architecture, where, as in music, design is everything, detail, out of which the whole is composed, however simple it may be, is never unimportant. The skilful architect is not he who merely

gives his masses a good outline—this is not very difficult if one cares to do nothing else—but he who, having done this, fills his outlines with parts agreeable in themselves and in harmonious adjustment, down to the smallest, with the whole and with each other. The eye that observes a work of architecture and does not take account of its detail, is an eye which does not appreciate its design, that is, its essence. In truth, through all the arts of to-day, at least among us Americans, in spite of unmistakable progress in other directions, design is the quality that is in eclipse. The prevailing craze for what we like to call decorative design depends on color, material, magnificence; while for the design decorative material is chucked together—I can use no more complimentary word—with a disregard of form and adaptation which we may call helpless or arrogant, as we prefer. Skilful design is no passport to favor; ugliness or clumsiness no bar, if only color is effective and material attracts.

We might wonder that this condition should follow all the instruction and monition that have been lately poured upon the public in books and magazines. Let us see if these have not had something to do in provoking it. The literary awakening in art came a generation ago, in a season of depression and formalism, like the stimulus of a cold plunge to a languid man. It brought the gospel of sincerity in art, of devotion to nature, of common-sense; in the arts of architecture and decoration, the gospel of use and of construction. The trouble was that being esoteric, and aiming especially to instruct amateurs, its teaching soon hardened into a decalogue as formal as the old tradition it attacked, but less artistically operative. Its precepts, in the main wholesome, were of great convenience to many people, for in art, as in algebra, it is easier to remember rules than to understand processes or to judge of results. The popular fallacy was that they were productive of art, whereas, useful as many of them were for restraint, they did not produce or teach art any more than penal statutes produce or teach the active virtues. No high-mindedness or sincerity ever gave a painter power to

lay a beautiful color or bring two lines into harmony ; no constructive fitness ever enabled an architect to proportion an arch or a column ; nor did use and common-sense ever teach a decorator to give beautiful shape to a bracket. In fact, the discussions and teachings were of a nature to divert attention from the essentials of design and to fix it on external precautions, and those who put their trust in them were like a man who should go about dressed in a hat-box instead of a hat. Things were done every day, in dutiful obedience to Mr. Ruskin's precepts, that would draw from him innumerable instances of pungent denunciation if he could see them ; and Mr. Eastlake had his name associated with more ugly furniture, I suppose, than was ever seen in equal time.

The awakening was short. The teachers who thought to establish a new gospel produced only a new fashion, as fleeting as other fashions. The criticism that was based on their teachings broke down ; their precepts, thrown into discredit, were brought to naught by the exaggeration of their devotees. It was natural that the older canons of design, which had their value, being once flouted and displaced should be forgotten ; that design itself, being so cheapened, should be first misprised and then neglected. It will be long, perhaps, before the public will give it again the place that belongs to it.

That artists of all kinds should have resisted the *doctrinaire* teaching and criticism, which, ignoring artistic effect as they conceived it, dealt only with ethical maxims and rules of propriety, was natural ; for, while such criticism insists magisterially upon things which to them are secondary, it is apt to overlook the objects for which they chiefly work. If a critic sees that his painter's sheep are as big as his hay-stacks, he is right to remind him of the blemish. But if the painter has put his whole heart into getting the right scale of color and values in his distance, he marks for incompetent the critic who does not see this greater thing, and is likely to sniff at all he says. So the architect, when he has worked his hardest to refine the proportions of his façade and of his detail, loses patience

at the critic who can only scold him for an unnecessary pilaster, and is not much better satisfied with the painter who looks at nothing but the color-stains on his wall. So much have artists, like writers, suffered at the hands of unsympathetic critics, that it has become common to insist that criticism of any work of art should be merely exegetical ; that its only fit office is to set forth the purpose of the artist and to explain his work ; that praise or blame is impertinence in any critic. This again is *ex cathedra* doctrine, applied at the other end. It stretches the theory of plenary inspiration much too far. Its legitimate conclusion is that the artist himself is his own best critic, for he best knows what he undertakes to do, and can most completely explain it.

Without going the length of this extreme doctrine, we may say that the artist's point of view cannot safely be neglected ; that criticism which neglects it cannot help being one-sided—that is, distorted—and therefore is likely to be false. That architecture, like other arts, has suffered from this kind of criticism, needs no telling ; probably it has suffered more than the others, for its critics' point of view has, since the literary awakening I have been speaking of, been persistently eccentric. There is one way of presenting architecture of which we have seen a good deal lately, that might be instructive to the architect in showing him how other men and other artists look at his work. I mean the illustration of architecture, and especially the drawing of architecture, by artists who are not architects. The drawing of any object, we may say, is a kind of analytical criticism. The more intelligently skilful it is, the more analytical it is. The painter or draughtsman knows that he cannot record all he sees ; he would not if he could. His first preoccupation is to analyze his subject ; to see what is most important and characteristic in it ; to set this forth convincingly ; to subordinate, and even to suppress, the unimportant or the insignificant. The way in which this is done, the differing quality of the analysis gives, even more than differences of *technique*, the distinctive character to the painter's work. Now Nature can

bear a good deal of analyzing, of partial representation. She is inexhaustible and perennial, and if a painter, from his extreme point of view, does her injustice in a one-sided representation, she outlives him, and another painter, with a different point of view, comes to counter-act him. If a concert-player misrepresents the work of a composer, the next who follows may set the public right. But it is not so when an artist in a picture makes permanent record of the work of another. It is easy in this case for the illustrator—just as easy as for the literary critic—from the mere habit of fixing his attention on other things than those which preoccupy his victim, to misrepresent his work, and so in perfect innocence to do him injustice. There is less danger of this where the illustrated artist is a sculptor; for the painter, accustomed like the sculptor to working from the human figure, knows that its forms are not to be trifled with, while the forms which the architect uses have no such acknowledged sanctity.

Some architectural exhibitions—that is, exhibitions of architectural drawings—have, in the last two or three years, attracted a good deal of attention from artists and the public. It has been curious to note how spectators have concerned themselves with the drawings as drawings, and not with the architecture; how notices of the press have taken account of them as pictures, not as portraits; how, if any have been specially admired, it has been for qualities that go to make a picture—for color, freshness, clever handling of brush or pen. Scarcely a critic in the press, even in the leading architectural papers, so far as I have seen, has troubled himself about what was the first test of merit in the drawings, their excellence as representations of architecture, or, what was still more important, the design of the architecture itself. This brings us back to the proposition with which I set out, that the public, to which I am afraid we must add even the painters, cares little for architecture for its own sake.

Some years ago, when *The Century Magazine* undertook to illustrate some of the buildings of the late H. H. Rich-

ardson, its editors found that it was impossible to get from its corps of illustrators drawings that were satisfactory to the architect himself. The artists were the best of their kind in the country; but the subjects were new to them, the architect's intention was not evident to them, the qualities on which he relied for his effects were out of their ken, their way of handling their drawings did not suit the subjects. Their habit was the habit of all painters—and for this discussion I class all illustrators with painters—to work from nature, and to look first for the characteristics of nature in whatever invites representation. The painter of to-day, chiefly a painter of landscape, is trained as a devotee of nature. The old traditions of composition, *chiaro-oscuro* and effect, under which the older painters relentlessly tinkered whatever nature set before them, are rubbish and impediments to our painters, whose glory it is to paint just what they see. What they see is what they have learned to see, and their learning has been done only at the feet of Nature. Therefore it requires from them, I think, a distinct and steady effort, if they paint a building, to remember that it is first a work of art, and that the designer's intention—his point of view, his design—is, on the right theory of criticism, to be kept all the time in mind. There is a stumbling-block in the fact that the material with which the architect works, his brick or stone, is itself a work of nature, or soon becomes so, and challenges the painter's attention as such. No sooner has a building left the architect's hand than Nature begins to efface his touch and to substitute her own. To the painter her finger-marks are very tempting. To him the building is first of all a pile of stones; its mass, its color, its light and shade, its value in the picture, are his chief concern. So far as a building is only a part of a picture, an adjunct or secondary constituent, this is right, and the architect may not complain, for it is not a picture of architecture. But when the architecture is the picture, the conscientious painter will remember that he is not drawing—expounding, we may say—a work of nature, but a work of art, and

must, if he will expound it fairly, search out his fellow-artist's point of view.

I give prominence to the painter in this discussion because painting is now the dominant art; so much so that painters give the law to the public taste in matters of art, and even the name of artists is often applied to them with exclusive meaning, as if there were no others. All through the earlier history of civilization it was otherwise—architecture dominated. The great masters of the Renaissance first raised the other arts to equal importance; after them painting gradually eclipsed her sisters; architecture and sculpture are still under eclipse. Not only does painting absorb the public interest and appreciation of art, but it influences, and in many respects controls, the practice of the other arts. The American school of wood-engraving, which accomplishes things which were never before dreamed of, owes its inspiration to painting, and largely even to the technics of painting. An artist like Jungling, whom we have just lost, was impossible under the old order of things. So the painter-etchers, as they are called, have carried the day over the old-fashioned etchers, and following the path pointed out by Rembrandt, have diverted their art from the study of line to the study of tints and values. Taking it into the service of modern landscape, they have done many things that were not done before, but they have left undone many good things that were done. I do not argue as some critics have argued, Mr. Ruskin, for instance, that the attempt to give light and shade with the needle is itself improper—that the modern devices of *retoussage* and artistic printing are the tricks of a charlatan. The richness of tint that modern etching gives has great beauty, and has not been got in any other way. But architects may well unite with those who insist that to neglect the free use of the open line is to throw away the most characteristic and spirited means of expression which the needle puts into the etcher's hand. It would be a distinct loss to art if the works of such an etcher as Brunet-Desbaines were lost; but it will be a distinct crippling of the etcher's power if the expressiveness, the play, and the asso-

ciation of lines which gave vivacity to the works of the older masters are neglected and forgotten in the pursuit of qualities of light and shade and texture. However great the compensations of this exchange in landscape or *genre*, in architectural etching the loss is very serious. A great deal of such etching has been published lately, and the predominance in it of the picturesque over the architectural element increases. Méryon made architectural etchings which were admirable as far as they went, and Rochebrune's more ambitious work, lacking the fascinating freedom of Méryon's and forced in tone, still gave the real qualities of architecture in a way that is a model for a draughtsman; but his successors have fallen away from it. Ernest George, whose pen and brush drawings are admirable, seems to me in his etchings to stagger between the picturesque and the architectural; while even Haig, whose earlier etchings are superb in vigor and truthfulness of drawing, now absorbed in tones and picturesque accessories, though too thorough a draughtsman not to draw well what he draws at all, is becoming a painter-etcher, and his later works are losing their architectural value.

Our architects and students show the prevailing influence conspicuously; they are not much given to the study of tones and values—they might do more of it to advantage—but they are severely bitten by the picturesque. They sketch profusely and do as little drawing as they can. Freedom and vivacity of touch, broken line, lightness of handling, a painter-like quality of effect—these are the characteristics they aim at, and they are too apt to allow only so much architectural character as will not withdraw attention from them. Modern reproductive methods, giving the artist's handling with fascinating clearness, are a demoralizing temptation. We see published reams of clever sketches of buildings picturesquely handled, but with the finest architectural beauty evaporated out of them. I have seen one or two accomplished draughtsmen perverted by Herbert Railton's brilliant sketches till they cannot or will not draw a building as it looks to an architect.

We see buildings which have centuries of firm endurance in them, and show it, drawn as if the first frost would crumble them to pieces; buildings that are to be built to-morrow are presented as if age and decrepitude were already upon them; walls are battered and worn, and roofs that should be covered with solid slate or tiling are drawn as if they were built of pie-crust and flaking into decay. This is not architectural drawing, it is scene-painting. I will not scold about the fashion. The world is wide and art is long; there is room for many phases of art. The phase I speak of is an attractive one, but it is not architectural. If works of architecture are to be depicted at all, then it is just as indispensable that the architectural aim, the architect's point of view, shall be made clear in them, as it is, when a painter's works are engraved, that his intention and point of view be made clear.

Not only the drawing of architecture is influenced by the painter's habit, the actual conception, the design, feels it also. And here let us acknowledge the great debt which architecture owes to painting in this generation for the revival of its color. The development of landscape painting found us building, here and in England, in blank colorlessness—indeed, all over Christendom it was much the same. The romantic movement of the last generation, with its mediæval revival, is greatly responsible for the flush of color which has spread over this generation, but the impetus and guidance have come from the painters. They have even taken the matter freely into their hands, and have decorated our buildings for us with a novel splendor. If in so doing they have played havoc with architectural forms, we can, for the sake of the long benefit, forgive the brief offence, which seems now in a way to avenge itself by a reaction to greater formalism and a milder use of color than we have seen of late. Let us only hope that the irresponsibility of their patronage will not lead to the discrediting of their gift of color.

But it is in more than the after-decoration of his work that the architect feels the painter's influence, or at least the influence of the force which moves

the painter. The spirit of the picturesque has prevailed in English and American architecture for two generations, and to such an extent that not only our country-houses, where this quality is germane, but our civil and church buildings, have been wild with irregularity, and pied with all the variety of turrets, gables, chimneys, dormers, and bay-windows that an overstocked repertory could furnish. Not only this, the eagerness for the qualities which painters love has spent itself in fulness of color, variety of texture, coarseness of materials, even a studious carelessness of workmanship, and a thousand little affectations of roughness and negligence. The French criticism, "*C'est joli, mais ce n'est pas l'architecture*," is the rough-and-ready verdict of the most architectural of peoples on modern English and American work. That this picturesque work is not architecture is hardly true, but it is true that it is only a small phase of it. It is the side-show of architecture, that part of it which can be practised, not with full success but with a certain effect, by persons who are not architects at all. Unfortunately the attention which is concentrated on it is withdrawn from the more masculine and more characteristic phases of the art. I remember hearing a critic abuse the modern architecture of Paris as worthless, because there was no picturesqueness in it. Picturesqueness! If he had said that it lacked dignity and seriousness and purity, that when it was vivacious it was apt to be meretricious, and when it was quiet it was too often *banale*, he might have had standing-room for an argument. But picturesque! Was picturesqueness the glory of the Parthenon? Is it to picturesqueness that the façade of Notre Dame of Paris owes its splendid beauty, or the dome of St. Peter's, or the front of the Farnese Palace? Note again that I am not decrying the picturesque. It is against absorption in it that I protest—absorption that shuts the eyes to higher and nobler qualities of design. There is fine architecture that is picturesque, but to the highest its picturesqueness, if it is there, is no more an essential than is the lace that lies upon the shoulders of a courtly beauty.

The transformation wrought in sculpture by the same influence is obvious. Picturesqueness and realism have taken possession of her also. But the line of development which was natural for painting is, I think, unnatural for her, and she has followed with stumbling a path which was unsuited for her feet. The latest French sculptors—Frémiet, Falguière, Rodin—for instance, seem to me painters in masquerade. Painters even take up sculpture when it suits them, and hardly change their manner. A score of years ago, when Landseer modelled the lions at the base of the Nelson Monument, the critics found fault with his painter-like and unsculpturesque treatment. Now I fancy it would be taken as a thing of course. The very technical qualities which win attention in sculpture are analogous to those of painting—texture and the artist's touch hold first place. The model in clay or the terracotta is better liked than the finished marble, because it shows the handling of the sculptor, it lends itself to picturesque and instantaneous manipulation, and it has color. Next to it is bronze, for like reasons. Without waiting to discuss the merits of this tendency, I may argue that it diverts attention from abstract beauty of form, which had been in earliest ages the first object in sculpture. It confuses the boundaries of the beautiful and the ugly; and, in fact, the most serious charge that lies against modern sculpture, as against much of the other realistic art of to-day, is that in too catholic devotion to the real, which is the ordinary, it is obscuring the sense of what is fine and beautiful.

In earlier days, it is true, the different arts were more interdependent than now, and were practised even by the same men. The great masters of the Renaissance were architects and sculptors, painters and architects, painters and sculptors, and occasionally all three; but the conditions were different. Architecture and sculpture were up to that time dominant. Form and composition were the chief preoccupation in all the arts. Color was secondary, at least until the Venetian school; the picturesque was undiscovered; landscape was an accessory. The Renaissance painters were used to painting walls and ceilings;

their greatest works were combined with architecture, and allied themselves to it by natural affinity, partook of its firmness, its balance, its orderly arrangement, its repose. These painters even felt the need of strongly marked and rigid architectural features to bear out the composition of their frescos, and reconcile them to the buildings to which they were applied. When Giotto undertook to paint the Arena Chapel and Michael Angelo the Sistine, each found ready to his hand a fair surface of wall, rounding up into an arched ceiling, without any architectural feature, even so much as a moulding, to interrupt its continuity. Each first set to work to adapt his composition by laying out bands of architectural detail to justify its arrangement. Michael Angelo went so far as to paint in an elaborate scheme of simulated architectural features to which his pictures were to conform—features not satisfactory, as if they had been worked in stone or in stucco, but yet necessary in his judgment to give motive for the arrangement of his figures and bring them into relation with the building. The modern painter, unused to adapt his work to any conditions but those of his own palette, incloses his painting with a wall of gilded wood, the wider the better, on purpose to isolate it as absolutely as possible from all its surroundings; but Michael Angelo, who disdained easel-painting as an art for women (being no colorist), made the most sympathetic adaptation he could of the paintings to the building. How hard it is for the modern painter to submit himself to this union we may see by a hundred examples. In his great painting of the tribune in the grand hall of the Sorbonne, in Paris, Puvis de Chavannes had to cover the back of a shallow niche ceiled with a low semi-dome. The sharply indicated descending ribs cry out for recognition and support as the price of harmony in the architecture of the room, but Chavannes, who wanted to make a broad composition, has disregarded the divisions and covered the whole wall with an unbroken landscape filled with figures. The composition, too large to be effective without subdivision, is cut into three groups by the trunks of foreground trees set, not under the ribs,

but just between them, so as to emphasize the dislocation. The effect is as if fifty or sixty feet of wall were knocked away, leaving the dome to be held up by the stiffness of the cornice, and a landscape hung behind the opening, stretching into a far-away perspective.

And we have recently been told by the newspapers that M. Rodin has submitted a design for a monument to Victor Hugo in the Pantheon, which the commission appointed to pass upon it have thought necessary to reject because it did not harmonize with the classic architecture of the building. The style of Rodin's other work, in which realism and romanticism are curiously blended, makes it easy to believe that his design was appropriate to Victor Hugo. The description of the design—a figure of the poet sitting pensively upon a rock, with waves breaking at his feet, and three allegorical figures poised above his head, suggests that the exception of the commission was well taken, and it is encouraging to hear that Rodin is to modify it in the interest of harmony. But there is significance also in the fact that his fellow-artists, who perhaps concern themselves little about the architecture of the Pantheon, are said to protest vigorously against the exclusion.

The extreme of dislocation between architecture and its decorative painting is found perhaps in the overhead painting of the later masters of the Renaissance themselves, whose sky-like domes and open, wind-blown ceilings keep up a conjugal quarrel with the buildings below that only absolute divorce would appease. I need only mention the preposterous extravagances of Tiepolo and the later Venetians. Still, so long as painters were primarily figure painters, they felt the human element in architecture, and when they put buildings into their pictures, as Veronese and other Venetians were fond of doing, they looked at them from the architect's point of view. The earlier landscape painters who represented buildings, looked at them in the same way, as works of art and not of nature, while the painter of to-day is apt to paint only the natural surface of the building, and to leave out its architecture.

The painter's point of view is the

point of view of the public. Americans go abroad to admire famous buildings, but we find them in greater rapture over the mouldering ruins of Melrose or the confectionery of Roslin Chapel, than over the majesty of Chartres or the graceful dignity of an Italian façade. They thrill at the historical associations of the Coliseum, or the crowd of ugly memorials that disfigures Westminster Abbey, but the arcades of the nave of the Paris Cathedral or of Amiens do not stir them. If it is explained that the public prefers nature to architecture, this is what I am arguing. If one says that the beauty of nature or of painting the interest of human history, are higher than the beauty or interest of the architect's art, this I do not stop to argue; I only say that the man whose love of architecture rests on the historic or the picturesque, and who cannot be moved to admiration by mere proportion of fair surface and firm line, who has not enthusiasm for the swinging cornice of a rounded apse, or the unruffled outline of the tower that soars above it, this man has no appreciation of architecture; he does not know what it is.

If the current of public interest, especially in our country, has swept away from his art, the architect must console himself with remembering that this is the momentary fortune of war; that his art has had its turn, and will have it again; that in the meantime, as a practitioner, he is indispensable. He may find some philosophic consolation in reflecting that if his work is somewhat overlooked it is also inchoate. American architecture has not yet taken definite shape, its practitioners are in the mass less developed, less skilful, than those of some other countries. It may not be a grief without compensation that, while his work is thus taking shape, the public should not be a too zealous or a too knowing critic of it. We may expect him, then, to stand up for his own art in its distinctive character, to insist upon his own point of view, which is fixed by the experience of many centuries; setting forth his art as, before all things, an art of design, in which proportion and form hold first place. And since painting is now the

dominant art, and he is really under obligation to her, it calls for some steadiness in him not to import into his own work so much of her qualities as to overbear those that are its own distinction. The quality that is now most in danger is one that is most unpopular among painters—a certain clear, uncompromising firmness of form that in painting would be harshness, but which is vital to the manliness of architecture, befitting its materials and its primary function of shelter. Painting, in truth, is essentially an indoor art, architecture primarily an outdoor art. The accompaniments of painting are the guarded light, the repose, the amenity of the drawing-room or the gallery. Architecture's attendants are the blazing sun, the cloud, the wind, and the storm. Painting requires protection; architecture exists to afford it. Hence a certain sternness of temper is natural to the one which is foreign to the other. Painting has a dramatic faculty which enables it on occasion to assume every variety of expression, yet it has its abiding characteristics behind this, and they differ from those of architecture. Softness, languor, extreme delicacy, the appearance of fragility, are effeminacy in architecture, the most virile of the arts. For refinement, elegance, grace, it gives ample scope, but firmness and the obvious power of resistance it cannot spare. The harshest criticism I have ever heard on certain noted works of architecture, Giotto's beautiful tower at Florence, for instance, and the famous Antwerp spire, is that they look as if they ought to be kept in glass-cases. The building that has to fight the storms of centuries ought to need no coddling; it should look firm and full of resistance; if it looks fragile it looks feeble, anæmic, unfit for outdoor life. The square-set, soldierly tower of the old palace at

Sienna, refined but uncompromising in its bearing, is to me as much manlier and finer than the lace-like spire of Antwerp as the masculine career of Cromwell or Bismarck is better than the life of Buckingham or Louis XV.

Let us wish that the architect may hold fast that which is his own; that all the artists of design, working together to give the arts a worthy place in a new country which as yet hardly knows them, may recognize the qualities which their several arts may to advantage borrow from each other, but learn at the same time to keep unobscured, each in his own, those which give it distinction as an art, and to claim recognition for them in the general estimate. An architect is ashamed not to know what the painters and sculptors about him are working for. He likes to understand their points of view, to appreciate technically the qualities they value, the achievements they prize. It is a loss to him and to them if this appreciation is not reciprocated. One blight upon the arts in America is their narrowness. A better mutual understanding, a little more mutual admiration, would be very wholesome for them. The habit of uniting their work in the same monuments as artists have done in older times and in older countries, without elbowing, but carefully allowing each other room to swing in, is one which needs developing. It will help to bring again that stimulating brotherhood of the arts which was seen when Ictinus built the Parthenon, and Phidias filled its sculptured and painted cell with the chryselephantine Athene, again when the cathedrals of the thirteenth century were made alive with sculpture and radiant with light and color, and once more under the splendid band of artists who illuminated the Renaissance of Italy; but which has never returned.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE line of least resistance is naturally a particularly popular one, and it is doubtless the disposition to follow it that is responsible for a phenomenon recently called to my attention by a clever woman as eminently characteristic just now of American society. "Have you noticed," she said, "what a fad personal flattery has become?" Whether one has remarked it or not, I think most observers will recognize the fact once pointed out. Preoccupation with personality is certainly an American—possibly more or less a generally modern—trait; but our present orgy of compliment is, I think, a new variant of it. And it cannot be that we are becoming Frenchified to the point of social insincerity for the mere sake of moral perversity. The truth probably is that as we progress in social civilization—or perhaps better, as social civilization spreads increasingly and penetrates our bewildering and encouraging succession of *nouvelles couches*—the desire to make one's self agreeable, instead of merely important, is increasing proportionately. Now amenity as an art is a difficult one. To succeed in it demands either the "certain felicity" which Bacon affirmed to be necessary to the painter who would improve upon nature, or that long course of social civilization whereby tradition secures the sinking of effort in unconsciousness and the substitution of inherited for acquired capacities. In the absence of either of these advantages it is the shortest

rather than the wisest road to the end of being agreeable that is pretty sure to be taken, and the *grosso modo* pursuit of, as I said, the line of least resistance results in an amount and degree of personal flattery at the present moment which are altogether notable.

We have probably not yet wholly emancipated ourselves from the wish to be appreciated, as well as to be agreeable. On the contrary, when we praise our friends for their qualities or their performances in the blank and stark way sanctioned no doubt by our unquestioned sincerity, but dictated perhaps by an imperfect taste, it is probable that with our motive of being agreeable is very subtly associated a desire to be deemed discerning. We act on the assumption—so tacit, to be sure, as to be unconscious—that the fact of our appreciation of them attests to them acuteness in us. Our well-known and universally acknowledged genuineness—that heirloom inherited from the savages of the Elbe and Wesser marshes—prevents our perspicacity in these circumstances from being distrusted. The person whom we are flattering is really in a sense our victim. Assured that we mean what we are saying he—or she—is bound to believe in our superiority of perception. And so far, occasionally, is this pushed, so closely is the victim "crowded," that the line at which compliment becomes really patronage it is sometimes difficult definitely to draw. Every one must have

remarked, in some instances of flattery which he has observed, a tone of positive swagger—far preferable, of course, to unctuousness, but still not quite hitting the mark neatly and delicately either.

Indeed so admixed with appeal for reciprocity is excess in this way of making one's self agreeable that it may well be doubted if the present practice is not likely to prove a passing one. It is sure to undergo essential modification so soon as it comes to be generally understood that flattery obviously in the interest of the flatterer is self-contradictory. In a measure one ceases to be agreeable when he manifests the desire to be agreeable at any cost, to the end of satisfying his own approbateness. It is probable that our actual attitude of Arcadian simplicity in regard to this subject really illustrates a rather rudimentary stage of social evolution, and that as we develop still further socially our compliment will become less direct, less palpable, more discreet and deft, more disposed to rely on its specific appositeness and less on the mere fact that it *is* compliment, and therefore entails the obligation of repayment in kind or equivalent. As we get on in study of the art of amenity it must appear to us illogical that merely brutally to attest the fact that a painter's obviously good picture is excellent, or a lady's obvious beauty or wit is admirable, should lay the person thus complimented under the weight of a sense of indebtedness. Otherwise the possessor of merit will remain, as at present, at the mercy of the appreciator of merit—a state of things at which reason revolts and therefore in its nature transitory.

SOMEWHERE in one of Hazlitt's essays, modesty is rated as the lowest of the virtues and a confession of the deficiency it indicates. "Who undervalues himself is justly undervalued by others," continues this plausible advocate, pleading the cause of his fellow-man. He might well have added that it is the rarest as well as the lowest virtue, especially among the rank and file of his own class whose income is due to diligence of the pen; and even the greatest in this kind do not always refrain from telling us, directly or indirectly, how great they

are. Shakespeare left behind him no material for a biography, and he has been deemed therefore wise and fortunate; but in his incomparable Sonnets he dwells more than once upon the lasting value of his verse. And did not the best companion of the next generation, namely, Herrick, do the same?

"Here is my hope.
And my Pyramides."

That is all very well to read now, late in the winter's night, by the slowly dying fire. But should we not be bored to death if the good old poet (whom, like Shakespeare, we know only from his book) sat opposite, repeating it to our faces from the other arm-chair? Undoubtedly. Yet the fault, according to Hazlitt, would be in our ungrateful, thankless selves, and not in him.

That the author is easily led to betray excessive interest in himself is a fact due in a great measure to the peculiar conditions upon which his artistic success depends. Every piece of his work is the product of a mind that should be, from first to last, completely absorbed in its creation. He cannot, like the painter or the sculptor, summon and dismiss his model at will, with the certainty of recovering at a moment's notice the desired pose. His models are continually on the move; each one, to be convincing, must not only shine with the light of varied circumstance, but must also show cause for existence by effect upon the others; since the interest of a story flags the instant its characters are at a stand-still. As a natural consequence, their creator carries them always with him, really most alert in their behalf when he seems to be most inactive. At home and abroad he is ever playing his game of chess "whereof the pawns are men," with no board to guide him but that mysterious one traced upon the table of his brain. All he sees and hears contributes its mite to the source of suggestion from which he draws, and by his skill in the drawing his power is determined. Intricate problems force themselves upon him, to be solved with the nicest discrimination out of his own experience. With him eternal vigilance is the price of victory.

It is not surprising, then, that his haunting thoughts, his hopes and doubts and fears, take on the form of words in an un-

guarded moment. The wonder is that the man so haunted does not always become a creature to be shunned and dreaded, particularly since there are people who delight in putting an author off his guard; these good souls, apparently so sympathetic, are his wolves in sheep's clothing, and will be the first to charge him with vanity when he incautiously speaks the word too much. Even with these, as with all others, the author should swear an oath never to say one syllable concerning himself or the offspring of his affection; at the end of a year he will find that it has been broken often enough for his own comfort. And there should be a law of the land to deal with those minds, generally youthful, that turn their favorite authors into idols. These should never be permitted to come within hailing distance of the human victims so singled out for sacrifice. If an idol is indispensable, the only place to keep it is in a shrine, with the door closed and locked. Let them remember the fable of Semele, "the old sweet mythos," and forbear to look upon Jove's face.

"I AM struck, in reading the letters of Théodore Rousseau," ejaculates Edmond de Goncourt, in the last published volume of the unique and rather detestable "*Journal des Goncourt*," "by the sophistical, rhetorical and *alambiqué* side which all the masters of drawing and painting, from Gavarni to Rousseau, possess in common." There is in these words, it seems to me, a disclosure of some general significance—an unusual phenomenon, perhaps, in the personal lucubrations of those "*cocodettes de la littérature qu'on appelle les Goncourt, qu'ils soient un ou deux*," to use the animated description of the late Champfleury. They reveal the very great and very sincere repugnance which the artists, and especially the literary artists, of the present day and of the naturalistic persuasion, entertain for anything artificial. M. de Goncourt is first of all an artist—not a great or an agreeable one, certainly, in either technic or temperament; but, after all, mainly an artist in the sense of one who composes the details in life and nature which most impress him into an intelligible whole characterized by a single point of view. He is naturally a little

jealous of those who do the same thing, a little intolerant of those who do it differently, a little preoccupied with the importance of the material which he passes his life in observing to his own ends, a little contemptuous of whatever has been passed through the alembic of another personality which has no interest for him.

Artists as critics are inevitably handicapped by this natural disposition. They are—if they are worth anything at all as artists—interested in, and concentrated upon, not art but life and nature. Their result is indeed a "criticism of life" or nature, as Matthew Arnold so often asseverated of poetry; but it is eminently and proportionally not a criticism of art. Millet saw this very clearly, or at least divined it very clairvoyantly, in refusing to write a critique on the picture of a fellow-painter, because, as he said, he should be unable to keep himself from thinking how differently he would have treated the subject. There never was a better answer given to the contention—so superficial as to be hardly specious—which in these latter days Mr. Whistler has done so much to popularize: namely, that art bears the same relation to criticism that mathematics does, and is to be passed upon solely by practitioners. Mr. Whistler generalizes his false proposition from the specific incompetence of the critics of the London press; but the discussion is too interesting to admit of argumentation thus inspired, and the essential truth of it is that practitioners are apt to judge of practice as if it were its original elements. Practitioners in any art, even in any department of science, are curiously blind to what is to others the commonplace that experts are always to be distrusted in their judgments of other experts, however sound they may be in their own combinations.

And when one sees, for example, an artist like M. de Goncourt object to the *côté alambiqué* of another and much greater artist—like Rousseau, or an admirable novelist condemn the alembic of Scott, Thackeray, and—a *longo intervallo*, of course—Mr. Rudyard Kipling (who has at least given us that most precious of all things, a new point of view), and celebrate in their stead, and as foils to them, exquisite observers of unrelated detail such as Jane Austen, and the humblest chronicler of social phenomena—

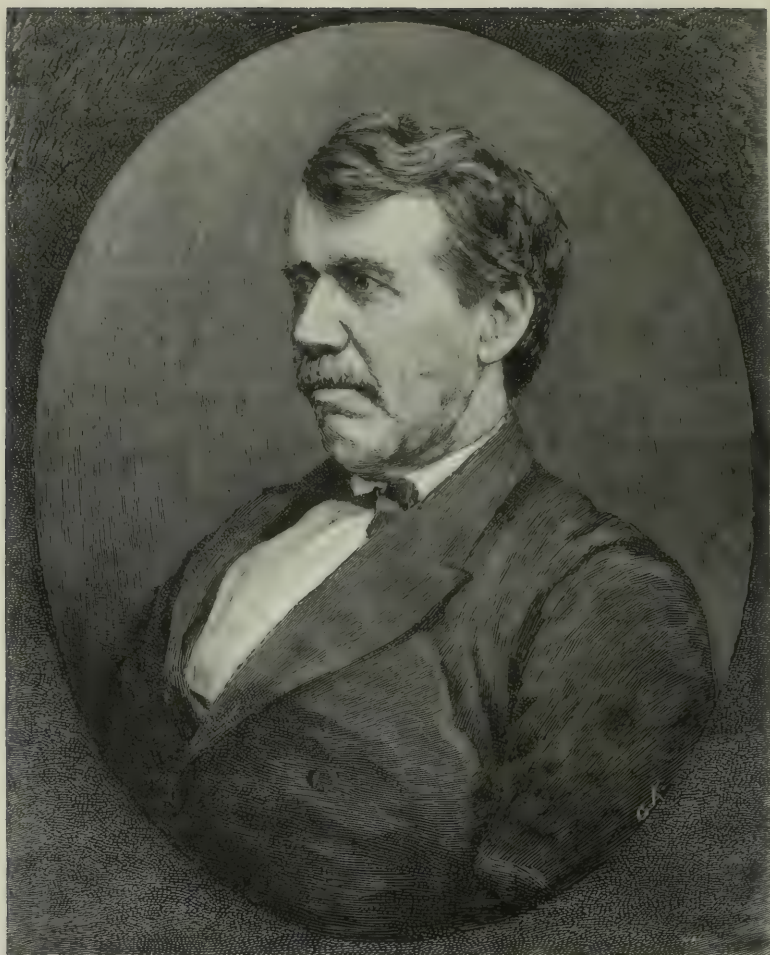
when one witnesses this substitution of personal preference for detached criticism it is impossible not to reflect that the cause of it is a preoccupation of the artist with his own material, and his gratitude to anyone who gives him new light upon it, to the exclusion of any care for the combinations, the correlations, the construction, the art, in fine, of other artists. Artists make their own pictures; and infallibly they most enjoy what they—consciously or unconsciously—can best make pictures out of. Nevertheless, though fortunately nowadays painters and *littérateurs* study nature and life instead of pictures and books, the Louvre and the British Museum must be admitted to contain masterpieces. And if anyone wishes to re-

mind himself how much more effective—except to an artist—is a true picture than a series of studies from nature, let him compare Sarcey's "*Le Siège de Paris*" with the fourth volume of the *Goncourt Diary*, in which the recorder of rambling notes leaves the reader to compose his own picture, and produces an *ensemble* wholly inferior to the slightest of even his own novels. Besides, if it is a question of experts and practitioners—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*—why should not the artists, on their own theory, leave criticism a little more to the critics? But a disposition to do that is probably dependent on general culture, and what culture an artist—especially an artist of genius—possesses is apt to be specific.

* * ANSWERS TO THE CHARADES printed on pages 106 and 107 of this number:—

I. COWLICK. II. ONION. III. MANHATTAN.





DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

[By permission, from a photograph from life by J. E. Mayall, about 1860.]

Engraved by Gustav Kruell.

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MOUNT WASHINGTON IN WINTER.

By Edward L. Wilson.

NINE months of the weather on Mount Washington are held in the clutch of winter. Nearly every day, during that period, on its summit, or within sight of it, the snow flies. Its height is 6,286 feet above the sea-level. As Mount Hermon stands related to the Anti-Lebanon range, so stands Mount Washington related to our Appalachian mountains; it is the Jebel-esh-Sheikh—"the old chief"—for it is nearly always hoary-headed, and its broad shoulders reach far above and beyond those of its neighbors.

The tens of thousands of people who visit its summit, after the tree-line is passed, see only a confusion of rocks on the steep inclines—naked, hard, sharp, time-worn, and weather-beaten rocks—on every side. If Nature ever tried to vary the scene by the power of her creative forces, the wind and storm have long ago mercilessly swept away every bush and blade, and torn loose every vestige of clinging moss and curling lichen. Only the barren stone and the detritus of centuries lie there, all as desolate as death. From the distance and from the mountain air the pleasure-giving comes. Only a few of those who have thus seen "the crown of New England" know anything of its winter glories; while fewer still have climbed over the snow to its summit. The day is coming, though, when the popular winter resorts will include Mount Washington, and the hotel on its summit will be well patronized by delighted climbers. For over a dozen years a winter visit was

made less hazardous by the establishment of a United States Signal Service station there; for it was some moral help to the adventurous visitor to know that, should rough weather overtake him while making his explorations, he could find a place of refuge and a soldier's welcome until it was safe to make the descent. It would be madness to make the winter visit at the present time, however, for the Government station has been abandoned, and there is no place of refuge there. When a better state of things prevails again, or when food and fuel are taken along, then it will be possible for others to share the pleasures and beauties I will try to describe—provided only, however, that a good supply of health, strength, and courage, sound lungs, a manageable heart, an experienced guide, and a cheerful method of taking disappointment are also guaranteed. The weather and the condition of the highway vary; therefore cold and storm may change every plan and close in upon every prospect of pleasure on the summit, after all the labor and fatigue of the climb are accomplished. Under such hard circumstances the philosophical mountaineer will form a plucky resolve to try for better fortune the next time winter comes along.

The best time to make the ascent is during the first week of March. Then the sun begins to play more warmly upon the snowy slopes and the coolness of the nights forms a splendid crust upon which to climb. Moreover, less new

snow is apt to fall after February turns its back. Of course the bare rocks afford better going than either crust or snow; but then, if the rocks were bare,

cended and descended Mount Washington five times, in winter. The glories and incidents of those bright spots in our lives I want to place on record and



Mount Washington in March.

it would not be Mount Washington in winter.

More than twenty-five years ago I met a friend who was just learning to focus a camera. I did not know much about photography or mountain-climbing then; but ever since we have studied their possibilities together, and they have drawn us into many a strange adventure. This weathering of so many years has strengthened a friendship which cannot be broken. I could not write what I have planned without associating the name of this friend—Benjamin W. Kilburn—with it. Together we have as-

illustrate some of them with the work of the third individual of our compact—the camera.

The start was made from Littleton about 7 P.M., March 2, 1870. The night was clear and cold, and the wind had fallen to a minimum. Through the long avenues of snow-clad evergreens we sped, getting out of the sleigh and trudging after it when we came to the higher hills in order to make it easier for our willing horse and to warm our feet. How the frozen snow screeched as the sharp steel ran over it and cut it asun-

der. I think I never saw so many stars. They were undimmed by any intervening vapors, and they sparkled with unusual brightness. Their light, caught by the freezing vapor which arose from the body of our little horse, formed a nimbus about her head; her nostrils seemed to send forth streams of phosphorescence as she sped along. It was so still too. The creaking and cracking of the ice, disturbed by the swelling of the Ammonoosuc from the melted snow which had been sent down from the heights during the day, and the ever-constant roar of the distant cascades broke the quiet of the night, but everything else was still. The lights were all out, even in the camps of the wood-choppers by the way, and we seemed to have all the world to ourselves. It grew colder and colder as the three hours rolled by, and we found ourselves alternating with the lunch-kettle and a tramp after the sleigh to keep up circulation. It was a new experience to me, and sometimes I wished it was not quite so oppressively lonely. Just after we crossed the river we were startled by a crashing noise among the broken tree limbs which protruded from the snow. We had surprised a noble deer that was coming down into the valley to find water. As he disappeared into the forest he gave that shrill, defiant snort with which we were so familiar, and we felt that, having no rifle with us, we had missed one of the great opportunities of our lives.

To lessen the fatigue of the ascent, we planned to halt at the White Mountain House over night. It was ten o'clock when we reached there. We were not sure that even a watchman would be in the hotel at that season of the year, but we took the chances. After considerable pounding at the door,

an upper window was opened and a head appeared. It was evidently a dazed head, for in answer to our application for admission it said, "I guess I can't let you in, for the fires are all out and I am alone." Upon being assured that we both knew how to build a fire, and that we were not dangerous characters, the gigantic wood-chopper who had the place in charge came down to the door in his bare feet and admitted us, although, he averred, "it looked like a foolish kind of bizness to try to go up that maountin." We thawed away his theories, however, and sealed a contract with him to "kerry" us to the base of Mount Washington next morning on his wood-sled, and to take good care of our horse until we returned. Then we "turned in."

Bright and early the logger's sled and two strong horses awaited us at the door next morning, and long before the sun rose, our faces were turned toward our far-away objective point. In less than an hour we came to deep snow, and the horses began to fret and flounder. At times the drifts were so deep that all



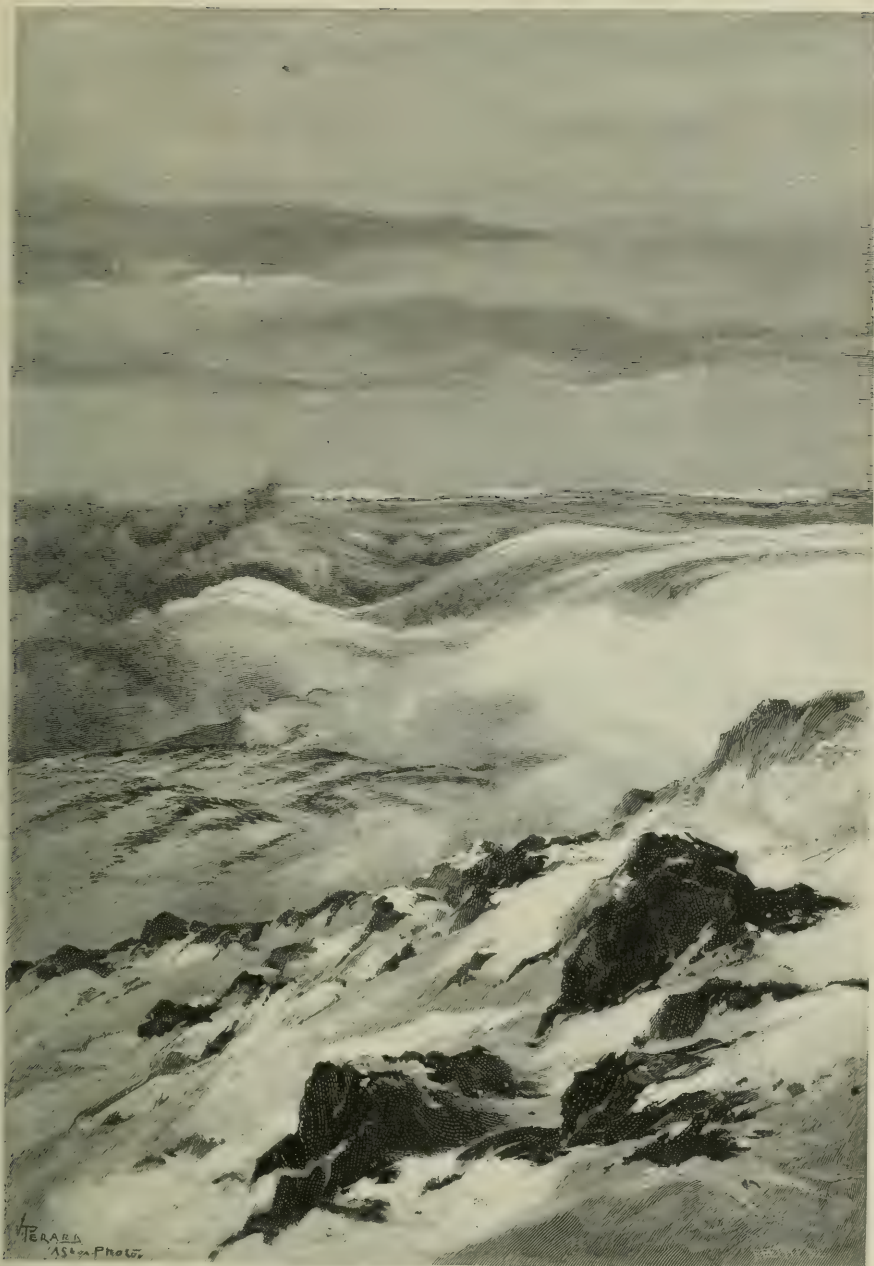
On the Way Up Mount Washington, near the tree line.

hands were obliged to help shovel a way for the horses to pass through. Every mountain was shut in when the journey our entire attention. With what systematic intermittence creation and destruction seemed to work ! The clouds



Tuckerman's Ravine from Mount Washington.

began, but when the sun came up the clouds grew uneasy and rolled about. At intervals they opened and revealed the snowy tops of the mountains, with the glorious blue over them. Then they closed in again, swathed the great domes, and drove the light back. The quick changes, with their strange contrasts, were exceedingly striking, and occupied often hung like a tunic upon the mountains, with just their heads appearing, and then they would rise diagonally like the knife of a guillotine, only to fall quickly, and cause the violent struggling and writhing to be repeated. At intervals the sun obtained the mastery, charging once more with his brigades and divisions ; at the point of the bayonet he



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

A Snow-storm Below.

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

swept down the swaggering haze, and not even the smoke of battle remained. At rare moments it was beautifully clear, when a magnificent panorama was spread before us. In such sharp detail did

cabin in the woods near the old railroad depot, where we could rest and recuperate. We reached it just as "John," the caterer in the camp, had poured the water on the coffee for dinner. We were



Valley of the Ammonoosuc, from Mount Washington.

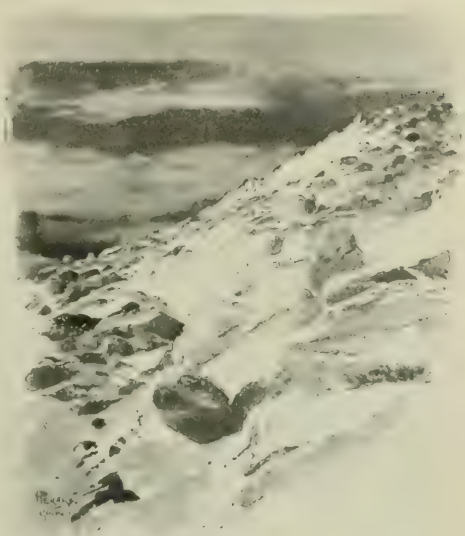
Mount Washington then stand out that, even with our experience, we fairly shuddered at the thought of climbing up its bleak and broken incline. The sun, acting like the developer upon the photographic plate, brought out the delicacies of light and shade with astonishing power.

As we neared the base of the mountain we found that a fresh, deep snow had fallen during the night, through which it was impossible for the horses to pass. We sent them back to their stable, took to the snow-shoes and pushed on. It was then snowing hard, but there was nothing discouraging about that. We knew there was a loggers'

invited to partake of the humble meal of corn-bread, potatoes, coffee, boiled pickled pork, and black molasses. But I was too hungry to depend on such fare, and secretly sneaked out to the woodshed where we landed our luggage, and made a requisition on the lunch-kettle we had brought from Littleton. (It is only fair to the warm-hearted loggers to say, that when I returned from the summit, a few days after, I was so changed, in some way, that I heartily enjoyed their food.)

A consultation was now held as to the propriety of making the ascent. "Mike," one of the sturdy woodsmen, said the weather was threatening, "but

we might git up before the storm caught us." The crust was all we could desire, as no snow had fallen upon the mountain during the night. It was determined to push on and follow the railroad track, only diverting from it when we discovered a better crust, or the deep drifts made it dangerous. It was a mercy to us that the sky was overcast, for our eyes were thus spared much pain. Mike accompanied us "to help carry the traps," I was informed; but in reality, as I afterward discovered, to help to carry me, in case I should "faint by the wayside." At first I was not allowed to bear any of the luggage. Even my overcoat was carried for me when the work grew warm. But as I displayed my power to endure, first my coat, then the lunch-kettle, and then portions of the apparatus were gradually piled upon me, until I bore a full share of the load. The "wet" photographic process was all we knew about then, and our developing-tent and apparatus aggregated some seventy-five pounds in weight. Modern "dry"-process workers would abandon their pleasant hobby if forced to carry such a load as that. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the climb until long after the tree-line was passed and we came out into the "open coun-



Overlooking the Clouds.

try." The snow grew softer, even though the sun was not shining. When we could, we took to the rocks in preference. Sometimes they were slippery with ice, when it seemed wiser to walk around them and hold on to them. As to one walking along a muddy path, or over a pavement covered with slush, the opposite side ever seems the most enticing, and he, constantly changing his course from side to side, lengthens his journey with but little gain; so, when ascending a mountain in winter weather, one is always tempted to diverge from rocks to snow, and *vice versa*. Hands and knees were sometimes applied to the rocks. Occasionally a broad platform of clear, gray granite afforded a place of rest and an opportunity to look down upon the white world from which we had risen. But when we turned toward the summit of the "chief," only gray clouds met the view. Not long before we reached the "Half-way House," an advance-guard of great snow-flakes came down upon us. They flew about as frantically as hornets. The wind became as fitful as a madcap, and drove us to the leeward of some of the higher rocks to escape the shaking it threatened. Now the snow seemed ground to powder and was spirited into our faces with cutting force.



"Medford" to the Rescue.

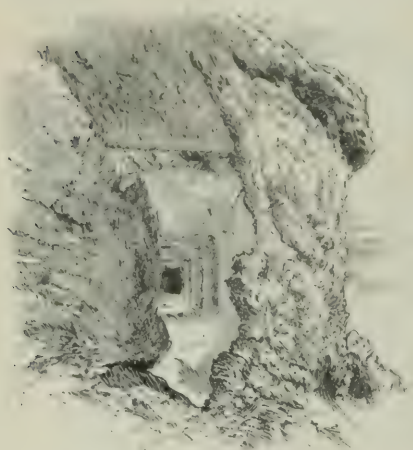
Then we entered a falling cloud, just as we veered to the right for the last long climb, when a cold northeast sleet-storm assailed us on the left. I never heard such a grinding din as wild nat-

cold, and made up our minds to gather all the enjoyment we could from this new experience. Many a battle with the elements had been fought by us all in the days and nights gone by, so it was now rather exhilarating than otherwise. The real danger of the situation, while it did not make us afraid, caused us to cling closely while we made one more effort to gain ground against the storm.

"Mike, do you know where we are?"

"Yis, sur, to an ell," he said.

What a noise was going on then. A thousand whirling stone-crushers, with hoppers filled with the granite of Mount Washington, could not make a greater racket. What a giddy shambling followed Mike's last honest effort to bring us to a place of refuge. Suddenly we came into collision with an immovable body. The shock separated us. I saw a black, square something nearly facing me. Involuntarily I put my arms out and made a desperate effort to embrace it. When I recovered I found it had embraced me. I had fallen into the open doorway of the old depot building wherein was located the first signal station of Uncle Sam's weather bureau. My companions followed with less demonstration. In five minutes we stood over the Government cook-stove, thawing out the icicles from our whiskers. The quarters of the observers then consisted of one room, with double floor and padded sides in the southwest corner of the

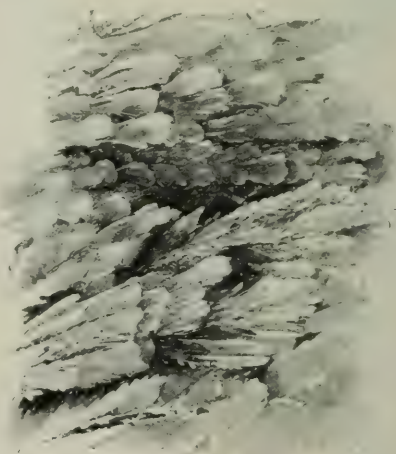


Frost Feathers under the Railway Trestle.

ure then made. We could not see a yard ahead, and the noise was so deafening we could hardly hear each other speak.

"Keep the railway in sight, gentlemen, or we are in danger of losing our way," said the cautious Mike.

We were now perspiring "like August horses,"—on the side turned from the sleet. On the side toward the storm our beards were gradually lengthening to our hips. Suddenly the wind grew more violent and erratic, and it became darker than twilight. We could not stand alone. Joined arm in arm, one following the other sidewise, we made our way with great difficulty up the now steepest part of the climb. We had looked for "Jacob's Ladder" as a landmark to guide us, but the driving sleet hid it from us, and we passed it by unwittingly. We bore to the left to try to find it and get our direction; but failing, we turned to the right again, and tried to make a bee-line across the great curve of the railway to the summit. We floundered about there, confused and bewildered by the storm, and were sometimes compelled to stop, bend forward and turn our backs until the gusts had spent their strength. We were never



Frost Feathers on the Tip-Top House, Mount Washington.

building. Two stoves were used to keep the apartment warm, and very often they failed. Sometimes the wind drew all the heat up the chimneys as a cork is drawn from a bottle. We were made welcome by the observers, who were expecting us. I thought I had never seen

other, and were stuffed nearly full with blankets. Yet one could scarcely keep wedged in or warm; to sleep was impossible.

The ascents which followed varied but little in general method, except that the



The Last Half Mile—the Summit in View.

so comfortable a place; but, in fact, I never passed so terrible a night. The great frame building rocked to and fro like a ship at the mercy of the sea, and the growling of the storm was more frightful than anything I had ever experienced on the water. The sleeping-places—deep, well-fastened bunks—were arranged at the south end of the room, one over the

start was always made in the morning long before daylight, and good weather blessing us, as a rule, we were favored with such natural phenomena as come only in the mountains, and to those who love them enough to arise early in the day to greet them.

Our fifth and last ascent was made March 2, 1886. Modern inventions as-



The "Presidential Range" and Gulf of Mexico, from Mount Washington

sisted. The "dry" processes of photography were employed, and the journey to the base of Mount Washington was made, mostly before daylight, by the inglorious means supplied by a caboose on a lumber train. A deep snow had fallen upon the mountain the night before, so the ascent had to be started on snow-shoes. We followed the sled-road of the loggers for nearly a mile before reaching the railway. The trees were magnificently loaded. Falls and pit-falls were frequent as soon as we reached the mountain, because the new snow fell upon that which a rain-storm had soaked the day previous. Before we left the trees we heard a blast from an Alpine horn, and then we saw the great St. Bernard dog, "Medford," come

bounding down through the snow, barking a welcome. He was our old friend, and quickly secured the friendship of John's black Newfoundland by having a frantic tussle with him in the snow. Medford was followed by two of the members of the Signal Service. We had telegraphed our start from the base, and they came down to meet us. The snow-shoes were left at the tree-line, where we took to the rock and crust. But both were so despairingly wet and slippery that we left them and tried the cog-rail. It was too dangerously icy; so our last resort was the cross-ties, upon which there remained a few inches of new snow. Thus we ascended the rest of the way, helped by our alpen-stocks each step in advance, straining and cling-

ing and bowed down to the work. It required a desperate effort to hold our own against the wind betimes, and a continuously cool head was needed to grasp the situation. When crossing "Jacob's Ladder" we were compelled to resort to "all fours," and more than once to lie flat and warmly embrace the ice-clad sleepers until the gusts had spent their strength. Taken altogether, this was the most difficult ascent we made. Aching muscles testified for a week afterward that snow-clad railroad cross-ties do not supply the choicest kind of going to the mountain-climber.

It was fortunate for us that we did not plan to make our excursion three days earlier, for on February 27th one of the most violent storms ever known on the mountain took place. The "boys" thought their last day had come. When we tapped at the observatory door the sun shone so brightly, and the air was so clear, that it was hard to realize that it was ever any other way there. We had often realized differently, however. I must now turn to the account of some of our experiences in the neighborhood.

So restless are the elements on Mount Washington that one must move alertly in order to keep pace with the strange mutations which they bring about. A sight once lost is lost forever, for history is never repeated exactly there. The usual excursions made by summer tourists are possible in the winter-time. The "Presidential Range"—Mount Clay, Mount Adams, Mount Monroe, and Mount Madison, lying shoulder to shoulder, apparently within rifle-shot distance—affords a fine climb with better going than is possible in summer, provided there is plenty of snow. Between it and Mount Washington lies a ravine over a thousand feet in depth, which bears the misnomer of the "Gulf of Mexico." Its sides are precipitous and rocky, and the many springs which ooze from them supply the material for magnificent ice formations of varied colors. The tints are imparted by the mineral substances through which the streams find their way. It is "a spot of danger," and requires good courage and a faultless head to explore it; but the trained climber will like the excitement. When,

now sideways, now grappling on all fours, and occasionally lengthwise, descending, you have gained the top of some great jutting rock, then lie down. Holding fast lest the wind catch you off guard, peer over into the abyss and bear witness to the details of its wild environs. You will then believe any superstitious tale that is told you about the groups of demons which are seen dancing down there on moonlight nights, madly screeching in strange consonance with the roar of the hundred cascades at the bottom of the great pit. From a rock similar to the one I have spoken of, I saw a magnificent display of the winter forces one day. The exhibition began with a crash! crash! crash! underneath me. The time for the release of the stalactites hanging to the rock had come, and they started down the icy slope below. As the descending masses broke into fragments of color and rolled in the wildest confusion down, glittering in the sun, the scene baffled description. A channel was cut through the ice and snow deep into the side of the ravine; the moving mass then started on every side a cannonade of rocks which was simply terrible. Enough ice was wasted to make a millionaire—sufficient granite was torn to fragments to build a block of New York flats—all rattled down into the gulf at once with maniacal fury, as if their mission were to burst the sides of the great gulf asunder. Some of the masses of ice, striking rock or crust, rebounded like billiard-balls, and, whizzing in the sunlight, glistened like massive diamonds and amethysts and emeralds afire. The horrible grinding of the rocks amid the dust of the snow was even more exciting. Sometimes the rock masses overtook one another in the air, and by the awful collision reduced each other to small fragments. The line of fire was wide enough to sweep a brigade of infantry from the face of the earth. How still it was when the last projectile had spent its force against the rocks far down in the depths of the Gulf!

Such exhibitions are liable to occur on a March day, when the sun shines, and they make the descent into the ravine dangerous unless the shadows are resorted to for protection.

The wildest place of all the surroundings of Mount Washington is the well-known Tuckerman's Ravine. It affords grand opportunities in winter for witnessing some of the most curious meteorological phenomena. In five minutes after the summit of the mountain is left you are out of sight of all the buildings thereon. The confusion of rocks is the same in every direction, and you are in chaos. The brisk cannonading I have described is of frequent occurrence here; but even more mysterious is the manoeuvring of the clouds. Witnessed from a good stand-point far down in the ravine, on a favorable day, nothing could be more grand. Boiling and seething, they rise and ride and drive without apparent purpose. I have seen the great masses separate, and one section continue on its hasty journey, until, as though realizing its loss, suddenly it would stop, then go back, make fast to the lost section, and continue on its course around or up the mountain. Sometimes the wind tears the great gray masses asunder and carries them in various directions as easily as a spider hauls a fly across her web. When they have reached the places willed by the invisible power, the detached masses are sent whirling about the neighboring mountains as though in search of some lost member of their force. In the summer time they are not so placid as in winter, for the rattling thunder accompanies such contentions almost any time after the mercury reaches "sixty above."

On a cold day, when the clouds have all been sent on distant missions and no haze obscures the view, the side of Mount Washington toward Tuckerman's Ravine resembles a steep cathedral roof with thousands of buttresses as white as the finest Carrara marble, and as glittering as the alabaster of the Nile. After a new snow on such a day, and with the right sort of wind, the most wildly exciting of all exhibitions, takes place. The snow begins, with an ecstatic gyration, to rise from the crest of the ravine in the form of a slender column. It gathers body as it rises, and like the clay in the hands of the potter, seems to swell as though it was a cylinder, and the snow was rising inside it,

increasing its diameter. How it spins—then struggles—then with awful speed approaches the verge of the ravine and leaps out into space. Only a little imagination is needed now to picture the monster reaching out its arms frantically and shrieking. It hangs aloft for a moment, trembling and vibrating; then the wind receives it in its broad lap, and with relentless hand sows it broadcast over the terrible ravine. One after the other the snow monsters quickly follow—down to their doom. Thus snow-squalls are born, and thus the depth of snow to a thousand feet is packed down in the bottom of Tuckerman's Ravine to shape the great "snow-arch" which so many visit every summer.

Every day new experiences, always marvellous, may be had when the storms permit a visit to these deep places. It is never safe to go down into them alone, unless calm and clear weather are assured. You may feel that your experience has enabled you to place all confidence in your own eye, in judging of snow and slide, and in unravelling the time-worn and time-scarred passages; you may feel satisfactorily conscious of the power of your strong arms to hack and hew your way through difficulties; memories of former tastes of the glorious luxury of being entirely alone, where all nature is beautiful, may tempt you; but at high elevations in winter you should draw the line. Self-reliance is a good element, but it is always best to pool your supply with another of equal mettle. You take your life in your hands when you attempt "snow-work" alone. A misstep may break a leg or hold you fast. Yet, battling with the elements on Mount Washington is the most exhilarating exercise one can take—with wise precautions. A journey down to the "Lake of the Clouds" gives the wind a fair chance at the ambitious climber and is a fine experience. The broad expanses on every side cause one to shudder at the thought of being driven down one of them with no power of resistance. In the coloring of the air, so peculiar to this westerly side of the mountain, and in the grandeur of the great sleeping masses which lie down toward the Crawford Notch, and upon

which the colors fall, no matter when you look upon them, you are sure to find revealed grand features that lift up your soul to a new majesty.

A much more picturesque series of excursions is afforded by the "Glen" carriage-road. At night and day, a visit at any look-out on this road well repays for all the labor entailed, and for some measure of risk. On a clear day, when the sunbeams glide over the peaks and up the valleys unrestrained except by the broad shadows of the mountains, the distant views, all the way down "to the earth," are very fine. Toward evening, or close on to a storm coming, the gauzy haze begins to soften the outlines and dilute the coloring of the mountains. Then the mist, rising and thickening, joins forces with the wind, and the creation of the most peculiar of all the results of the cold begins. I allude to what the observers term "frost-feathers." I have often stooped to "talk" to tiny ones in the Alps, but I believe they are not known elsewhere as large as those found on Mount Washington. The absolute transformation brought about by them is bewilderingly lovely. One hour after the wind has driven every vestige of snow from the summit, and the buildings are as clear of snow as when newly constructed, they may all become covered with frost-feathers so profusely that every rigid outline is gone and every object appears like a confused mass of eiderdown. More than three-fourths of the time the summit is cloud-enveloped, on account of the warm air which arises "from the world" and condenses overhead. When a certain degree of humidity is reached, the mist freezes the instant it touches anything. We will suppose that the wind drives it against a telegraph-pole. A frozen layer is deposited upon this, and is instantly followed by another and another until, if the wind does not change, a "feather" branches out horizontally from the telegraph-pole until the strange creation points out into the air, one, two, three—five feet or more. Over this and under it, and alongside of it, other formations go on, shaped like the wings of sculptured angels, or like the tails and wings of doves in the old time tomb-marbles, every bit as pure and

white, and soft as alabaster. Their growth is very rapid. If a flat surface is chosen by the eccentric sculptor, then the feathers radiate irregularly from a central point, and are moulded into fascinating patterns as delicate as fern leaves and the feathers of birds, and always at an angle over each other. They are not like ice, or snow, or frost. They bend like tendon, and they are as tough as muscle. When melted, the most pure water possible is the result. Where fractured, their glistening, granular substance looks like marble or alabaster. Everything becomes covered and coated by them. When you tread upon them they are found to be elastic, and a peculiar nervousness takes possession of you. A latticed window covered with them is more charming than an Arabic Mashrebeyeh screen, with its delicately pierced patterns and its intricately chiselled bars. The feathered side of a tall rock appears like an obelisk high in air; every inch is hieroglyphed by deep cut characters, which, though beyond the ken of your philology, are full of meaning and make plain a lesson of the beautiful. As soon as the wind changes these lovely creations droop, drop, and disintegrate, while others form in their places, always on the windward side of the objects which they choose to glorify. Never does the summit of Mount Washington and the objects about it appear in such imposing glory as when lusted by frost-feathers. If you will walk back of the signal station on a moonlight night, before the moon is very high, when the frost formations are favorable, and look down the railway, the draped telegraph-poles will resemble a procession of tall spectres—or, if you choose, monks or one-armed dervishes, half in shadow and half in the glittering light, marching to the shrill piping of the wind or gliding along with the rich contra-basso which comes up from the wide mouth of the ravine. What a bejewelled world it all makes!

If there was no other diversion on Mount Washington, watching the intermittent extinction and generation of the clouds affords sufficient interest to occupy much of the time. There are "best days" for this, however, as well as for the other sights. The summit of

the mountain must be clear and the sun should shine brightly. Then, if a snow-storm forms, say a mile below, one of the most enchanting of all natural convulsions delights the observer. The unsubstantial formations rival in grandeur the solid mountains themselves. Disturbed by the warm air below them, and chilled by the cold blasts above, the great seas of vapor begin to roll and tumble and pitch, until a regular tempest forms and sways them all. The billows form great swells and depressions. They break angrily against the rocky mountain, and their snowy spray flies high in the air. Rising and falling, twisting and tangling, they tell of the falling flakes and grinding snow-dust with which the earth is being visited. The more the commotion, the more active is the fall going on below. How they toss and tumble, and how magnificent are the changes of light and shade!

I witnessed the finest show I ever saw of this nature, one afternoon, about half an hour before sunset. The great orb seemed to sink into a sea of saffron; yet it shone with almost painful brilliancy. Suddenly, upon the cloud surface in front of my stand-point, a mile below my feet, a great mass of shining light appeared. It was as brilliant as the sun, and of about the same color. It was a "sun-dog"—the image of the sun reflected on the white bosom of the snow-storm. It remained in sight for some time and was caught by the camera. The snow-storm continued, and the sun departed amid an attendance of clouds equal in glory to any summer sunset I ever saw. The coloring upon the upper surface of that raging snow-storm was beyond the gift of the painter to counterfeit. As soon as its life went away, the stars began to appear, for night comes quickly. I heard a great screech down in the valley, and saw a tiny glow coming toward me, like a "will-o'-the-wisp." It was the headlight of a locomotive on the Grand Trunk Railway at Gorham. Then the nearly full moon grew stronger, and a vast triangular shadow of the mountain was projected upon the cloud surface, black and solid and threatening, where but a few moments ago I saw the boiling color. Soon the snow-like sphere cleared the moun-

tain-top, and all space on every side was illuminated, down as far as the clouds. But they continued to boil and drive and snow.

From a point opposite I have watched the clouds at break of day and have tramped my circuit in order to keep warm, while the process of sun-rising and cloud-dispersion went on. Few have ever beheld such transcendent glory at sunrise as Mr. Kilburn and I did one March morning from Mount Washington. At first the cloud masses seemed to reach from us, ninety miles, to the Atlantic, over Portland way. A crimson glow, blended into orange and gray, then arose like a screen—a background for the enchanting scene which approached. The clouds grew uneasy at this, but joining forces, resisted, and, for a time hindered, the progress of the drama. Then yielding, they separated here and there, and we could, with the field-glass we had, catch glimpses of light through the rifts. The earth was in full sunshine. We saw the streets of the villages. Men, pygmy-sized, were shovelling snow, and tiny horses and sleighs passed in sight. Then the clouds shut in and the mountain was in twilight once more. A great cloud-parting took place, and the mass below us broke into a thousand fragments. These gambolled and rolled wildly from side to side, and carried with them fragments of gaudy spectra which resembled broad segments of rainbows. Every moment there was a change of form and color. Again through the rifts we saw the world. Now the many tints became more scattered as the clouds rose with the light and interfered with its course. Only the snow-storm equalled the billowy confusion—nothing ever equalled the coloring. At last a gleam of light shone in the observatory window and caused our sleepy hosts to turn under their blankets. The sun has risen on Mount Washington.

Another phenomenon I witnessed, once only. It began between 10 and 11 A.M., and lasted almost an hour. At first a great, broad, gray ring, quite luminous, appeared around the sun. It was a "clear" day, but the firmament was scarcely blue. A secondary ring, as large and as broad, and nearly as lumi-

nous as the other, formed, with the sun at its eastern edge and half within the ring. At three other points of this ring, and with the sun dividing it into four equal segments, were "sun-dogs," very bright, with a prismatic corona around them.

One of the ordinary diversions "on the hill" is to stand on "Observatory Rock," west of the signal station and just a little below, to see the great pyramidal shadow of the mountain cast by the rising sun on the snow just before the rosy glow comes shooting over the frost-feathered ridge-pole of the Signal Service station. It is as black as the shadow of the real pyramid cast by the sun or moon upon the yellow sand of the desert of Gizeh. When the atmosphere is sufficiently clear, as it frequently is, the mountains nearly a hundred miles away appear sharp and near. The whole White Mountain range is unobscured.

"Oh! the mountains! the mountains!" exclaimed my enthusiastic companion, when we witnessed the last sunset together there. "I never saw them look as they have looked to-day." This was an oft-repeated saying, but it was always true; for in fact the mountains never appear two days the same. Either sun or storm, or cloud or the seasons, or all combined, work up a composite for each day, always full of character but never twice alike. Therefore the mountain-lover, unlike the fisherman, is "always in luck." He always finds "peace, beauty, and grandeur" harmoniously blended, and he is ever "brimful of content." Whether breasting a storm or standing victorious upon some hardly gained height, he is always sure to be repaid well for all his endurance by the glories which surround him. Truly has that stanch climber in the Alps, Professor Tyndall, said: "For the healthy and pure in heart these higher snow-fields are consecrated ground."

Almost everyone is familiar with the duties and the functions of the observers of the Signal Service. But on Mount Washington their duties are peculiar. Seven observations must be made daily. The recording-sheet of the anemometer must be changed at noon. Three of the

seven observations must be forwarded in telegraphic cipher to the Boston station. Routine office work—letters received and sent—must have attention between times, and several blank forms must be filled with statistics. The battery and the wire of the telegraph plant must receive careful attention, and the matter of repairs is no inconsiderable one. The station on Mount Washington is the bleakest, and, with one exception, the coldest in the service. Three to four men, including a cook, are usually there, with one cat and one dog. Life would be very hard to bear there were it not for the click! click! click! of the telegraph instrument, which is the active connecting link with the world—the main-stay and hope of these recluses. And then flirtations with the world's operators is a necessity. A regular consternation occurs in camp when a storm breaks the wires and connection is lost. In such cases the observers risk their lives in storm and cold in search for the break rather than be without the assurance of safety which the click seems to impart. The men live on as good food as can be. The larder is supplied in September, and the "refrigerator" (the top story of the observatory) is stocked at the same time. Meat and poultry are placed there already frozen, and they do not thaw "during the season." The water-supply comes from the frost-feathers. Care is taken that two or three barrels of these are stored in the back shed always, and a boiler full of them in half-melted condition is ever upon the cook-stove. A water famine has been known to occur, when, from the oversight of the cook the supply of frost-feathers has been allowed to go down, or "poor weather for frost-feathers" comes along. A drink of this all-healing feather water can always be found on the stove, icy cold, if the cook attends to his duty.

A hurricane at sea is hardly less frightful than a big blow on Mount Washington. I was literally blown out of bed one night. I was about to accuse my bed-fellow of kicking me out when instantly he came following me. The grind outside was frightful. We knew the airy structure was cabled and anchored to the rocks by ship's chains,

but they seemed to expand so that it shook like an aspen leaf and creaked like an old sailing-vessel. The wind tussled with the double windows and capered over the roof like a thousand ogres. There was no sleep for anyone when there was "such a knockin' at de do'!"

Morning was always a relief after such a storm, even if it brought no cessation and but little light. Sometimes the feathers so obscure the windows that the lamps must be lighted in daytime. At other times the wind tears so through the building that the lights cannot burn. With all the fires going the mercury has been known to fall 23 degrees below zero inside the observatory. On December 16, 1876, the temperature outside fell to 40 degrees below. The mean temperature for the day was 22.5 degrees below. The wind was at 80 miles at 7 A.M., 120 miles at 12.22 P.M., 160 miles at 4.57 P.M., 100 miles at 9 P.M., and 180 miles at midnight. The force of the wind was terrible, and at times masses of ice were blown loose, making it extremely dangerous to stand under the lee of the building. The window on that side was fastened with planks in case of accident.

One of the greatest storms ever known occurred in February, 1886. The mercury dropped to 51 degrees below zero, and the wind rattled around at the rate of 184 miles an hour. It tore down one of the buildings and fired its parts against the observatory, threatening to break in all its doors and windows and the roof. But the stanch little building had a tough, thick coating of frost-feathers then, which proved to be a real protection to it, and so escaped. It was no pleasant task, however, to sit there and hear the twisting and crunching of the timbers of the neighboring building as they fell a prey to the angry elements. The anemometer on the roof was carried away from its bearings that night. A few days afterward a similar storm came up, but not quite so violent a one. Mr. Kilburn and I made the ascent the day before. A strong rope was tied around the waist of Sergeant Line when he climbed to the roof to make his afternoon observations, with all but one of us anchored at the other end of the rope. The camera caught him in the

act. The wind-cups of the anemometer were spinning around so they could not be seen with the naked eye, and yet in the photograph they plainly show as a blurred circle, or resembling more a tube bent into circular form.

But for these excitements "the boys" would suffer from *ennui*. They insist that their life "on the hill" is not the most happy one in winter. It has frequently been broken into by sorrow and sadness too. One observer died there February 26, 1872, and his companion was alone with his dead body for two days before the storm would allow anyone to come up to him. A coarse coffin was made, and a rude sled, and then a solemn procession moved slowly down the mountain-side, over the snow, that the mortal remains of a brave boy might be deposited under the earth.

It was a matter of "turn" with the observers who should go to the base periodically with and for the mail. These journeys were often attended with much peril, and necessarily were frequently prolonged so as to cause much anxiety. The relation of one such incident will suffice to show what it meant sometimes to be a member of the Signal Service stationed on Mount Washington.

Never was there a kinder heart engaged in the service than that of Sergeant Wm. Line, now stationed at Northfield, Vt. He served on Mount Washington for quite five years (from 1872 to 1877), and I met him there several times. As near as I can remember them, I will, in his own words relate the story of what he considers as his most perilous ascent. It occurred November 23, 1875. The day was unpromising. Against his judgment he left Fabyan's at about 9 A.M., with the mail accumulated, for the summit. The team engaged to take him to the base could only pass a little beyond Twin Rivers, so from there he took to the snow-shoes. Arriving at the base he found every building deserted. At 11 A.M., without a word of cheer from anyone, and alone, he began the ascent. The old Waumbek Station-house was passed, and the foot of Jacob's Ladder was gained in safety after two hours of pretty hard work. The snow was then three or four feet deep, and the gusts of wind began to increase in power and in

frequency. A few steps only could be made in the lulls between the gusts. When the hard blows came he was forced to lie down until they had gone over him. An hour was consumed in climbing the next half mile. When the Car House (used for storing tools and railway appliances) came into view, Sergeant Line tried to reach it. A gust carried him to the railroad track. He caught the T rail in his hands, when his body was blown up against the cross-ties and held there for some time. The next lull allowed a little progress and the Gulf Station-house could be seen; but it could not be reached. Said Sergeant Line:

"I found I was being swept rapidly toward the Great Gulf, so I floundered myself over against a rock and succeeded in coming to a halt. After resting awhile, assisted by my pike pole, I tried to reach the house, but it was impossible. I could not breathe facing such a wind, so I lay down and backed up the snow-drift which had piled up near the building, feet first. Such procedure was slow, but sure; thus the house was reached. I could not see it, but I knew when I had reached it, for I fell about six feet down the inside incline of the drift and brought up at the house. The wind had driven the snow clear away from the building, all around it, for some distance. I was unharmed and quite content to be out of the power of the wind. At 3.30 P.M. I started on the journey again, having recuperated my strength in the house. Hardly had I opened the storm-door when it was banged shut again with such force as to break it in two. The wind subsided somewhat in an hour, when I made another start. After many efforts I gained the top of the bank of snow only to be whirled back and lodged under one of the supports of the building. I concluded it was useless to try to reach the summit before night, so I returned to the house, and gathering what wood I could, I proceeded to make a fire. When prepared to strike a light, to my horror I found my match-box was gone. It had rolled out of my pocket during one of my tussles with the wind. A frantic search revealed in my vest pocket a single match, which had been given me in

the morning with a cigar. It was damp; but knowing that my life depended upon it, I carefully dried it between thumb and finger, and with anxious heart tried to ignite it. Gentle frictions gradually restored it—it ignited—I was saved. At 7 P.M. I had a good fire. I found an old teapot containing some tea that was steeped four months before. It tasted like turnips. But with it and some cakes Mrs. Line had put in my knapsack in Littleton I made a fine supper. I was tired by my day's work, and soon after I fell asleep. It was 7 A.M. before I awoke. In a few minutes after I was on my way again. I was making good progress and was near the summit when I met my companion, Mr. King, coming down the mountain to search for me. I am sure he was glad to be relieved of a great anxiety, such as we had all shared in the past when searching for the bewildered and the lost. Hardly had we reached the platform in front of the hotel on the summit when we heard voices. Immediately three men appeared coming up out of the fog. They were Mr. B. W. Kilburn, of Littleton, and Messrs. Band and Gallagher. The last two had been requested by Mr. Kilburn to join him in his search for me. He had been awakened, near midnight, by the telegraph operator, with the intelligence that I was lost on the mountain. Immediately and alone he started in his sleigh for Fabyan's, travelling all the rest of the night in the storm and cold. From Fabyan's he walked to the base. He lost his way once in the meadows before reaching Fabyan's, as it was then so dark and so rough was the storm. He searched the mountain for me and saw where I had rested on the way. Had he been an hour earlier he would have passed me while I slept. No one appreciates better than I do what heroism it required to undertake such a search. While we breakfasted together and related our experiences, an inquiry came from headquarters at Washington as to my whereabouts. In a few minutes after, a message from Littleton came, announcing that six men had left there to help Mr. Kilburn. Then a third message reported that the railroad company had detailed fifty men, with pick and shovel, to search for the man who was

lost. But my brave friend headed off all these generous enterprises by quickly returning to the base with the intelligence that the lost was found."

Many times the observers risked their own lives to rescue the perishing. A telegram was always sent from Littleton when anyone started "up the hill," and if a fairly prompt arrival was not made a searching party was at once sent out from the observatory. Help from Littleton was also called for. Brave hearts always responded promptly in such cases.

One descent, which I shall describe, was eventful, and typical of all the similar journeys I had made. With long, swinging strides we started down the slope, crushing at every step enough beauty and glory to excite the wonder and admiration of the world. The sky was blue and the weather-makers promised us a "clear day." The dawn had developed into glorious morning, and the sun was pouring its libations of gold and purple over the mountains and down into the frozen valleys. Again we saw the loftier heights tinged with rosy hue, while the limitless shadows which fell upon the snowy slopes caught and repeated the soft azure of the sky. The crust was hard, the rocks were glacé, and long fields of ice stretched between them, which made the descent a dangerous one. We passed from snow-crust to ice, and from ice to rock alternately. The thin ice upon the rocks, over which the melted snow had trickled the day before, was the most troublesome and required great caution. Once with my alpen-stock I made a mighty advance—longe at such a rock, in order to obtain a stop for breath when I had leaped upon it. Alas! the ice was not so thick as I anticipated. The steel point glanced, and my staff went from my hand, leaping through the air and ringing like a bell as it went. I soon forgot my loss in watching its strange antics. For a moment it glided over the broad ice-slope below, half erect; then it fell and bounded up and down like a rod of iron, until, striking another rock end first, it came up all standing again, then again flew through the air as before. It turned and rolled over and shifted end for end,

slid sideways, bounded and leaped, gaining speed as it went, far away from my recovery. The last bound I saw it make was into a ravine. Fortunately we had bound duplicate staffs upon our shoulders, so that no inconvenience followed the escapade.

Seeing a wide field of ice below us, and which we must cross, we halted upon a broad-topped rock to take breath and to tighten our luggage before we attacked it. We had passed the frost-feather line now, and the rocks protruded more nakedly through the snow. As we looked back there was a noble amphitheatre with clean-swept stage. The crags and spurs supplied the accessories; the backgrounds and screens were of light and shade most mysteriously composed. In all positions the actors stood, some in simple garb, others with costumes laced delicately and embroidered fantastically by icy needles in hands more deft and skilful than ours. It was a gorgeous scene. How many storm dramas had been enacted there!

But there was a difficulty behind us, and we must turn and face it. It was an ugly spot, and neutralized the pleasure of examining the surroundings somewhat. We made up our minds to glissade the slope, and glissade we did. Before we began my careful companion gave me this piece of advice: "Keep your mind wholly upon your feet and upon your staff. Press down upon the first with all your might and main, and have the other every instant of the time in good position to press it down, hard, in case you fall. If you slip, turn quickly upon your face, sprawl all you can, to make yourself as wide as you can; push the point of your staff with both hands hard into the ice under you; this will probably stop you. Under no circumstances allow yourself to slide on your back." I did not slip until I came within a few feet of the foot of the slope.

Instead of obeying the rules I allowed my mind to rest upon embracing a narrow rock ahead as soon as I came to it. I came to it, face down, sooner than I calculated. The heavens scintillated while I dreamed, and when I came to my wits again I was lying on my face astride the narrow rock for which I had aimed.



DRAWN BY VICTOR PÉRARD.

Sunset. A Sun-dog on the Snow Clouds.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

My plan had succeeded, but the ways and means employed differed somewhat from the details of my drawings. Glissading is an upright and manly diversion—at least it should be upright—but success does not always crown the first attempts at it. The start should be made with the alpen-stock held firmly in both hands and trailed after you at one side. Do not allow the head to change places with the feet; resist all

verified to us now, because, as if in sympathy with the disturbance gathering about the summit, the groves a half mile below us began "whispering" ominously. We knew what it meant. The sky was yet clear, but the wind began to blow furiously from the west-south-west. It had been snowing from there down to the base for two or three days, and we no sooner left the ice-slopes than we had to meet the deep drifts. The

great trestles of the railway were snowed full, and we dared not try descending on them. For descending they are always dangerous. We had to flounder through the deep snow the best we could. We could not make our way to the little tool-house where our snow-shoes had been left. Up to the waist, then, we plunged. Our progress was very slow. It grew suddenly much colder, though it was below zero when we started. The wind increased rapidly and came in thundering gusts. From the rising snow-columns we could see the gusts coming. Before they reached us we locked arm in

arm, turned our backs, bent forward and allowed them to sail over us. Gradually our mustaches froze over our mouths, and our eyes were sealed so we could not see. Frequent halts were made to thaw in some daylight, and secure breath. Sometimes a treacherous drift led us to an icy bottom, when we slipped and became almost buried in the snow.

The contest for position in this world was reins-trying, but we thoroughly enjoyed it, and more tears and frozen eyes were caused by our laughter than by the snapping, irascible wind and cold. Once in a while, when I squeezed the arm of my companion, with whom there was no fear necessary, he would reach his spare mittened hand to his mouth, thaw out his voice, and say: "Do not be afraid, I am right here by your side."

It is always safer to go around a mountain drift than to go over it. Only long experience enables one to understand when it is safe to attack drifted snow. It is at times very treacherous.



Mount Washington Signal Station.

intimacy on the part of the ice. Have no collision with it. The stars belong to the heavens, and should only be seen with the eyes cast upward. Do not sit down to work nor "take a header" willingly. Press the steel point of your staff vigorously into the ice, if you falter, and secure a soft place for recuperation before you fall.

Perhaps if I had not been thus brought to a stand-still we should never have obtained the sublime views we had over the bristling 'trees across the country and down into "the lower regions," as the observers say. Turning our eyes to the summit we saw veils of thin clouds winding around the mountain in folds which excited our æsthetic fervor. Then they thickened into long furrowed lines, dark and threatening, and these began to roll and toss about. "The whispering grove betrays the gathering elemental strife," the book of "Weather Proverbs" used by the Signal Service says. The truth of this was

It may slip while you are pushing your way over it, and, avalanche-like, rush down some steep incline with you ; or, it may have become separated from the rocks which it covers, by the melted snow running underneath on warm days, when it is liable to crush in with you and overwhelm you. It is a good plan to test it with the alpen-stock before risking life upon it. With my experienced friend I never felt that there was any danger of going into a pit unless he went too. His strong arm has rescued me from danger many a time, and as frequently has he carried me over the rough places on his shoulders. There is a great contrast in our make-up. He, broad and strong and muscular as an ox—I, tall and slender—light-weight and wiry. Both had attained a quick and springy step, and a mutual trust had sprung up between us which made it out of the question for one to oppose himself to the other in time of peril.

At last we reached the woods, and hugged as closely to the railroad as we could ; for now and then the wind had cleared a sort of "path." But the frequent pitfalls twisted our legs and bruised our feet, so that as soon as possible we turned to the right and made

our way down into the sled-road then in use by the wood-choppers. One time I took a run down a slope which seemed to have a crust upon it, but presently I broke through and fell forward. As I yielded to circumstances I intuitively put out my hands. They went into the snow up to my shoulders and there I had to remain, face down, all fours fastened in a drift more than a dozen feet deep, until Mr. Kilburn came to my release. Soon after we heard the ringing of the woodsmen's axes, and in twenty minutes more we were at the base, safe and sound. It was like a spring day there. The little river, cajoled by the benign warmth of the sun, had burst its bonds, and piled the "anchor-ice" several feet high on either side. Countless rivulets of melting snow were pouring into it. The commotion was almost equal to that at the mouth of an Alpine glacier. It was like the closing of some magnificent scenic opera. The soft, sweet music caused by the explosion of the bubbles bewitched the air. Each swollen, sparkling stream came along charged with individual ring and resonance—each one came cheerily to contribute its melody to the orchestral tumult farther on.



Measuring the Wind.



Monument, by Giacomo della Quercia, to Ilaria del Carretto, wife of Paolo Giunigi, in the Cathedral at Lucca.

THE TOMB OF ILARIA GIUNIGI.

By Edith Wharton.

ILARIA, thou that wert so fair and dear
 That death would fain disown thee, grief made wise
 With prophecy thy husband's widowed eyes
 And bade him call the master's art to rear
 Thy perfect image on the sculptured bier,
 With dreaming lids, hands laid in peaceful guise
 Beneath the breast that seems to fall and rise,
 And lips that at love's call should answer, "Here!"

First-born of the Renaissance, when thy soul
 Cast the sweet robing of the flesh aside,
 Into these lovelier marble limbs it stole,
 Regenerate in art's sunrise clear and wide
 As saints who, having kept faith's raiment whole,
 Change it above for garments glorified.

THE WATER-DEVIL.

A MARINE TALE (CONCLUDED).

By Frank R. Stockton.

IT seems unnatural, and I can hardly believe it when I look back on it, but it's a fact, that I was beginning to get used to the situation. We had plenty to eat, the weather was fine—in fact, there was now only breeze enough to make things cool and comfortable. I was head-man on that vessel, and Miss Minturn might come on deck at any moment, and as long as I could forget that there was a Water-devil fastened to the bottom of the vessel, there was no reason why I should not be perfectly satisfied with things as they were. And if things had stayed as they were for two or three months, I should have been right well pleased, especially since Miss Minturn's maid, by order of her mistress, had begun to cook my meals, which she did in a manner truly first class. I believed then, and I stand to it now, that there is no better proof of a woman's good feeling toward a man, than for her to show an interest in his meals. That's the sort of sympathy that comes home to a man, and tells on him, body and soul."

As the marine made this remark, he glanced at the blacksmith's daughter; but that young lady had taken up her sewing and appeared to be giving it her earnest attention. He then went on with his story.

"But things did not remain as they were. The next morning, about half an hour after breakfast, I was walking up and down the upper deck, smoking my pipe, and wondering when Miss Minturn would be coming up to talk to me about the state of affairs, when suddenly I felt the deck beneath me move with a quick, sharp jerk, something like, I imagine, a small shock of an earthquake.

"Never, in all my life, did the blood run so cold in my veins, my legs trembled so that I could scarcely stand. I knew what had happened, the Water-devil had begun to haul upon the ship!

"I was in such a state of collapse that I did not seem to have any power over my muscles; but for all that, I heard Miss Minturn's voice at the foot of the companion-way, and knew that she was coming on deck. In spite of the dreadful awfulness of that moment, I felt it would never do for her to see me in the condition I was in, and so, shuffling and half-tumbling, I got forward, went below, and made my way to the steward's room, where I had already discovered some spirits, and I took a good dram; for although I am not by any means an habitual drinker, being principled against that sort of thing, there are times when a man needs the support of some good brandy or whiskey.

"In a few minutes I felt more like myself, and went on deck, and there was Miss Minturn, half-scared to death. 'What is the meaning of that shock?' she said; 'have we struck anything?' 'My dear lady,' said I, with as cheerful a front as I could put on, 'I do not think we have struck anything. There is nothing to strike.' She looked at me for a moment like an angel ready to cry, and clasping her hands, she said, 'Oh, tell me, sir, I pray you, sir, tell me what has happened. My father felt that shock. He sent me to inquire about it. His mind is disturbed.' At that moment, before I could make an answer, there was another jerk of the ship, and we both went down on our knees, and I felt as if I had been tripped. I was up in a moment, however, but she continued on her knees. I am sure she was praying, but very soon up she sprang. 'Oh, what is it, what is it?' she cried, 'I must go to my father.'

"'I cannot tell you,' said I, 'I do not know, but don't be frightened; how can such a little shock hurt so big a ship?'

"It was all very well to tell her not to be frightened, but when she ran below she left on deck about as fright-

ened a man as ever stood in shoes. There could be no doubt about it, that horrible beast was beginning to pull upon the ship. Whether or not it would be able to draw us down below, was a question which must soon be solved.

"I had had a small opinion of the maid, who, when I told her the crew had deserted the ship, had sat down and covered her head; but now I did pretty much the same thing; I crouched on the deck and pulled my cap over my eyes. I felt that I did not wish to see, hear, or feel anything.

"I had sat in this way for about half an hour, and had felt no more shocks, when a slight gurgling sound came to my ears. I listened for a moment, then sprang to my feet. Could we be moving? I ran to the side of the ship. The gurgle seemed to be coming from the stern. I hurried there and looked over. The wheel had been lashed fast, and the rudder stood straight out behind us. On each side of it there was a ripple in the quiet water. We were moving, and we were moving backward!

"Overpowered by horrible fascination, I stood grasping the rail, and looking over at the water beneath me, as the vessel moved slowly and steadily onward, stern foremost. In spite of the upset condition of my mind, I could not help wondering why the vessel should move in this way.

"There was only one explanation possible: The Water-devil was walking along the bottom, and towing us after him! Why he should pull us along in this way I could not imagine, unless he was making for his home in some dreadful cave at the bottom, into which he would sink, dragging us down after him.

"While my mind was occupied with these horrible subjects someone touched me on the arm, and turning, I saw Miss Minturn. 'Are we not moving?' she said. 'Yes,' I answered, 'we certainly are.' 'Do you not think,' she then asked, 'that we may have been struck by a powerful current, which is now carrying us onward?' I did not believe this, for there was no reason to suppose that there were currents which wandered about, starting off vessels

with a jerk, but I was glad to think that this idea had come into her head, and said that it was possible that this might be the case. 'And now we are going somewhere,' she said, speaking almost cheerfully. 'Yes, we are,' I answered, and I had to try hard not to groan as I said the words. 'And where do you think we are going?' she asked. It was altogether out of my power to tell that sweet creature that in my private opinion she, at least, was going to heaven, and so I answered that I really did not know. 'Well,' she said, 'if we keep moving, we're bound at last to get near land, or to some place where ships would pass near us.'

"There is nothing in this world," said the marine, "which does a man so much good in time of danger as to see a hopeful spirit in a woman—that is, a woman that he cares about. Some of her courage comes to him, and he is better and stronger for having her alongside of him."

Having made this remark, the speaker again glanced at the blacksmith's daughter. She had put down her work and was looking at him with an earnest brightness in her eyes.

"Yes," he continued, "it is astonishing what a change came over me, as I stood by the side of that noble girl. She was a born lady, I was a marine, just the same as we had been before, but there didn't seem to be the difference between us that there had been. Her words, her spirits, everything about her, in fact, seemed to act on me, to elevate me, to fill my soul with noble sentiments; to make another man of me. Standing there beside her, I felt myself her equal. In life or death I would not be ashamed to say, 'Here I am, ready to stand by you, whatever happens.'"

Having concluded this sentiment, the marine again glanced toward the blacksmith's daughter. Her eyes were slightly moist, and her face was glowing with a certain enthusiasm.

"Look here," said the blacksmith, "I suppose that woman goes along with you into the very maw of the sunken Devil, but I do wish you could take her more for granted, and get on faster with the real part of the story."

"One part is as real as another," said

the marine; "but on we go, and on we did go for the whole of the rest of that day, at the rate of about half a knot an hour, as near as I could guess at it. The weather changed, and a dirty sort of fog came down on us, so that we couldn't see far in any direction.

"Why that Water-devil should keep on towing us, and where he was going to take us, were things I didn't dare to think about. The fog did not prevent me from seeing the water about our stern, and I leaned over the rail, watching the ripples that flowed on each side of the rudder, which showed that we were still going at about the same uniform rate.

"But toward evening the gurgling beneath me ceased, and I could see that the rudder no longer parted the quiet water, and that we had ceased to move. A flash of hope blazed up within me. Had the Water-devil found the ship too heavy a load, and had he given up the attempt to drag it to his under-ocean cave? I went below and had my supper; I was almost a happy man. When Miss Minturn came to ask me how we were getting along, I told her that I thought we were doing very well indeed. I did not mention that we had ceased to move, for she thought that a favorable symptom. She went back to her quarters greatly cheered up. Not so much, I think, from my words, as from my joyful aspect; for I did feel jolly, there was no doubt about it. If that Water-devil had let go of us, I was willing to take all the other chances that might befall a ship floating about loose on the Bay of Bengal.

"The fog was so thick that night that it was damp and unpleasant on deck, and so, having hung out and lighted a couple of lanterns, I went below for a comfortable smoke in the captain's room. I was puffing away here at my ease, with my mind filled with happy thoughts of two or three weeks with Miss Minturn on this floating paradise, where she was bound to see a good deal of me, and couldn't help liking me better, and depending on me more and more every day, when I felt a little jerking shock. It was the same thing that we had felt before. The Water-devil still had hold of us!

"I dropped my pipe, my chin fell upon my breast, I shivered all over. In a few moments I heard the maid calling to me, and then she ran into the room. 'Miss Minturn wants to know, sir,' she said, 'if you think that shock is a sudden twist in the current which is carrying us on?' I straightened myself up as well as I could, and in the dim light I do not think she noticed my condition. I answered that I thought it was something of that sort, and she went away.

"More likely, a twist of the Devil's arm, I thought, as I sat there alone in my misery.

"In ten or fifteen minutes there came two shocks, not very far apart. This showed that the creature beneath us was at work in some way or other. Perhaps he had reached the opening of his den, and was shortening up his arm before he plunged down into it with us after him. I couldn't stay any longer in that room alone. I looked for the maid, but she had put out the galley light, and had probably turned in for the night.

"I went up, and looked out on deck, but everything was horribly dark and sticky and miserable there. I noticed that my lanterns were not burning, and then I remembered that I had not filled them. But this did not trouble me. If a vessel came along and saw our lights she would probably keep away from us, and I would have been glad to have a vessel come to us, even if she ran into us. Our steamer would probably float long enough for us to get on board the other one, and almost anything would be better than being left alone in this dreadful place, at the mercy of the Water-devil.

"Before I left the deck I felt another shock. This took out of me whatever starch was left, and I shuffled below and got to my bunk, where I tumbled in and covered myself up, head and all. If there had been any man to talk to, it would have been different, but I don't know when I ever felt more deserted than I did at that time.

"I tried to forget the awful situation in which I was; I tried to think of other things; to imagine that I was drilling with the rest of my company, with Tom Rogers on one side of me, and old Hum-

phrey Peters on the other. You may say, perhaps, that this wasn't exactly the way of carrying out my promise of taking care of Miss Minturn and the others. But what was there to do? When the time came to do anything, and I could see what to do, I was ready to do it; but there was no use of waking them up now and setting their minds on edge, when they were all comfortable in their beds, thinking that every jerk of the Devil's arm was a little twist in the current that was carrying them to Calcutta or some other desirable port.

"I felt some shocks after I got into bed, but whether or not there were many in the night, I don't know, for I went to sleep. It was daylight when I awoke, and jumping out of my bunk I dashed on deck. Everything seemed pretty much as it had been, and the fog was as thick as ever. I ran to the stern and looked over, and I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw that we were moving again, still stern foremost, but a little faster than before. That beastly Water-devil had taken a rest for the night, and had probably given us the shocks by turning over in his sleep, and now he was off again, making up for lost time.

"Pretty soon Miss Minturn came on deck, and bade me good-morning, and then she went and looked over the stern. 'We are still moving on,' she said, with a smile, 'and the fog doesn't seem to make any difference. It surely cannot be long before we get somewhere.' 'No, miss,' said I, 'it cannot be very long.' 'You look tired,' she said, 'and I don't wonder, for you must feel the heavy responsibility on you. I have told my maid to prepare breakfast for you in our cabin. I want my father to know you, and I think it a shame that you, the only protector that we have, should be shut off so much by yourself; so after this we shall eat together.' 'After this,' I groaned to myself, 'we shall be eaten together.' At that moment I did not feel that I wanted to breakfast with Miss Minturn."

"Mr. Cardly," said Mr. Harberry to the school-master, "have you ever read, in any of your scientific books that the Bay of Bengal is subject to heavy fogs that last day after day?"

"I cannot say," answered the school-master, "that my researches into the geographical distribution of fogs have resulted——"

"As to fogs," interrupted the marine, "you can't get rid of them, you know. If you had been in the habit of going to sea, you would know that you are likely to run into a fog at any time, and in any weather; and as to lasting, they are just as likely to last for days as for hours. It wasn't the fog that surprised me. I did not consider that of any account at all. I had enough other things to occupy my mind." And having settled this little matter he went on with his story.

"Well, my friends, I did not breakfast with Miss Minturn and her father. Before that meal was ready, and while I was standing alone at the stern, I saw coming out of the water, a long way off in the fog, which must have been growing thinner about this time, a dark and mysterious object, apparently without any shape or form. This sight made the teeth chatter in my head. I had expected to be pulled down to the Water-devil, but I had never imagined that he would come up to us!

"While my eyes were glued upon this apparition, I could see that we were approaching it. When I perceived this, I shut my eyes and turned my back—I could look upon it no longer. My mind seemed to forsake me; I did not even try to call out and give the alarm to the others. Why should I? What could they do?

"If it had been me," said Mrs. Fryker, in a sort of gasping whisper, "I should have died right there." The marine turned his eyes in the direction of the blacksmith's daughter. She was engaged with her work, and was not looking at him.

"I cannot say," he continued, "that, had Miss Minturn been there at that moment, that I would not have declared that I was ready to die for her or with her; but there was no need of trying to keep up her courage, that was all right. She knew nothing of our danger. That terrible knowledge pressed on me alone. Is it wonderful that a human soul should sink a little under such an awful load?" Without turning to ob-

serve the effect of these last words, the marine went on. "Suddenly I heard behind me a most dreadful sound. 'Good Heavens,' I exclaimed, 'can a Water-devil bray?'"

"The sound was repeated. Without knowing what I did, I turned. I heard what sounded like words; I saw in the fog the stern of a vessel, with a man above it, shouting to me through a speaking-trumpet.

"I do not know what happened next, my mind must have become confused. When I regained my senses, Miss Minturn, old Mr. Minturn, and the maid were standing by me. The man had stopped shouting from his trumpet, and a boat was being lowered from the other ship. In about ten minutes there were half a dozen men on board of us, all in the uniform of the British navy. I was stiff enough now, and felt myself from top to toe a regular marine in the service of my country. I stepped up to the officer in command and touched my cap.

"He looked at me and my companions in surprise, and then glancing along the deck, said, 'What has happened to this vessel? Who is in command?' I informed him, that, strictly speaking, no one was in command, but that I represented the captain, officers, and crew of this steamer, the *General Brooks*, from San Francisco to Calcutta, and I then proceeded to tell him the whole story of our misfortunes; and concluded by telling the officer, that if we had not moved since his vessel had come in sight, it was probably because the Water-devil had let go of us, and was preparing to make fast to the other ship; and therefore it would be advisable for us all to get on board his vessel, and steam away as quickly as possible.

"The Englishmen looked at me in amazement. 'Drunk!' ejaculated the officer I had addressed. 'Cracked, I should say,' suggested another. 'Now,' spoke up Mr. Minturn, 'I do not understand what I have just heard,' he said. 'What is a Water-devil? I am astounded.' 'You never said a word of this to me!' exclaimed Miss Minturn. 'You never told me that we were in the grasp of a Water-devil, and that that was the reason the captain and the crew ran

away.' 'No,' said I, 'I never divulged the dreadful danger we were in. I allowed you to believe that we were in the influence of a current, and that the shocks we felt were the sudden twists of that current. The terrible truth I kept to myself. Not for worlds would I have made known to a tenderly nurtured lady, to her invalid father, and devoted servant, what might have crushed their souls, driven them to the borders of frenzy; in which case the relief which now has come to us would have been of no avail.'

"The officer stood and steadily stared at me. 'I declare,' he said, 'you do not look like a crazy man. At what time did this Water-devil begin to take you in tow?'

"'Yesterday morning,' I answered. 'And he stopped during last night?' he asked. I replied that that was the case. Then he took off his cap, rubbed his head, and stood silent for a minute. 'We'll look into this matter!' he suddenly exclaimed, and turning, he and his party left us to ourselves. The boat was now sent back with a message to the English vessel, and the officers and men who remained scattered themselves over our steamer, examining the engine-room, hold, and every part of her.

"I was very much opposed to all this delay, for although the Englishmen might doubt the existence of the Water-devil, I saw no reason to do so, and in any case I was very anxious to be on the safe side by getting away as soon as possible; but, of course, British officers would not be advised by me, and as I was getting very hungry I went down to breakfast. I ate this meal alone, for my fellow-passengers seemed to have no desire for food.

"I cannot tell all that happened during the next hour, for, to tell the truth, I did not understand everything that was done. The boat passed several times between the two vessels, bringing over a number of men—two of them scientific fellows, I think. Another was a diver, whose submarine suit and air-pumping machines came over with him. He was lowered over the side, and after he had been down about fifteen minutes he was hauled up again, and down below was the greatest hammering and

hauling that ever you heard. The *General Brooks* was put in charge of an officer and some men; a sail was hoisted to keep her in hand, so that she wouldn't drift into the other ship; and in the midst of all the rowdy-dow we were told that if we liked we might go on board the English vessel immediately.

"Miss Minturn and her party instantly accepted this invitation, and although under ordinary circumstances I would have remained to see for myself what these people found out, I felt a relief in the thought of leaving that vessel which is impossible for me to express, and I got into the boat with the others.

"We were treated very handsomely on board the English vessel, which was a mail steamship, at that time in the employment of the British Government. I told my story at least half a dozen times, sometimes to the officers and sometimes to the men, and whether they believed me or not, I don't think anyone ever created a greater sensation with a story of the sea.

"In an hour or so the officer in charge of the operations on the *General Brooks* came aboard. As he passed me on his way to the captain, he said, 'We found your Water-devil, my man.' 'And he truly had us in tow?' I cried. 'Yes, you are perfectly correct,' he said, and went on to make his report to the captain."

"Now, then," said the blacksmith, "I suppose we are going to get to the pint. What did he report?"

"I didn't hear his report," said the marine, "but everybody soon knew what had happened to our unlucky vessel, and I can give you the whole story of it. The *General Brooks* sailed from San Francisco to Calcutta, with a cargo of stored electricity, contained in large, strongly made boxes. This I knew nothing about, not being in the habit of inquiring into cargoes. Well, in some way or other, which I don't understand, not being a scientific man myself, a magnetic connection was formed between these boxes, and also, if I got the story straight, between them and the iron hull of our vessel, so that it became, in fact, an enormous floating magnet, one of the biggest things of the kind on record. I have an idea that this magnetic condi-

tion was the cause of the trouble to our machinery; every separate part of it was probably turned to a magnet, and they all stuck together."

"Mr. Cardly," said Mr. Harberry to the school-master, "I do not suppose you have given much attention to the study of commerce, and therefore are not prepared to give us any information in regard to stored electricity as an article of export from this country; but perhaps you can tell us what stored electricity is, and how it is put into boxes."

"In regard to the transportation," answered the school-master, speaking a little slowly, "of encased electric potency, I cannot——"

"Oh, bless me," interrupted the marine, "that is all simple enough; you can store electricity and send it all over the world, if you like; in places like Calcutta, I think it must be cheaper to buy it than to make it. They use it as a motive power for sewing-machines apple-parers, and it can be used in a lot of ways, such as digging post-holes and churning butter. When the stored electricity in a box is all used up, all you have to do is to connect a fresh box with your machinery, and there you are, ready to start again. There was nothing strange about our cargo. It was the electricity leaking out and uniting itself and the iron ship into a sort of conglomerate magnet that was out of the way."

"Mr. Cardly," said Mr. Harberry, "if an iron ship were magnetized in that manner, wouldn't it have a deranging effect upon the needle of the compass?"

The marine did not give the school-master time to make answer. "Generally speaking," said he, "that sort of thing would interfere with keeping the vessel on its proper course, but with us it didn't make any difference at all. The greater part of the ship was in front of the binnacle where they keep the compass, and so the needle naturally pointed that way, and as we were going north before a south wind, it was all right.

"Being a floating magnet, of course, did not prevent our sailing, so we went along well enough until we came to longitude 90°, latitude 15° north. Now

it so happened that a telegraphic cable which had been laid down by the British Government to establish communication between Madras and Rangoon, had broken some time before, and not very far from this point.

"Now you can see for yourselves that when an enormous mass of magnetic iron, in the shape of the *General Brooks* came sailing along there, the part of that cable which lay under us was so attracted by such a powerful and irresistible force that its broken end raised itself from the bottom of the bay and reached upward until it touched our ship, when it laid itself along our keel, to which it instantly became fastened as firmly as if it had been bolted and riveted there. Then, as the rest of this part of the cable was on the bottom of the bay all the way to Madras, of course we had to stop; that's simple enough. That's the way the Water-devil held us fast in one spot for two days.

"The British Government determined not to repair this broken cable, but to take it up and lay down a better one; so they chartered a large steamer, and fitted her up with engines, and a big drum that they use for that sort of thing, and set her to work to wind up the Madras end of the broken cable. She had been at this business a good while before we were caught by the other end, and when they got near enough to us for their engines to be able to take up the slack from the bottom between us and them, then, of course they pulled upon us, and we began to move. And when they lay to for the night, and stopped the winding business, of course we stopped, and the stretch of cable between the two ships had no effect upon us, except when the big mail steamer happened to move this way or that, as they kept her head to the wind; and that's the way we lay quiet all night except when we got our shocks.

"When they set the drum going again in the morning, it wasn't long before they wound us near enough for them to see us, which they would have done sooner if my lights hadn't gone out so early in the evening."

"And that," said the blacksmith, with

a somewhat severe expression on his face, "is all that you have to tell about your wonderful Water-devil?"

"All!" said the marine; "I should say it was quite enough, and nothing could be more wonderful than what really happened. A Water-devil is one of two things: he is real, or he's not real. If he's not real, he's no more than an ordinary spook or ghost, and is not to be practically considered. If he's real, then he's an alive animal, and can be put in a class with other animals, and described in books, because even if nobody sees him, the scientific men know how he must be constructed, and then he's no more than a great many other wonderful things, which we can see alive, stuffed, or in plaster casts.

"But if you want to put your mind upon something really wonderful, just think of a snake-like rope of wire, five or six hundred miles long, lying down at the very bottom of the great Bay of Bengal, with no more life in it than there is in a ten-penny nail.

"Then imagine that long, dead wire snake to be suddenly filled with life, and to know that there was something far up above it, on the surface of the water, that it wants to reach up to and touch. Think of it lifting and flapping its broken end, and then imagine it raising, yard after yard of itself, up and up, through the solemn water, more and more of it lifting itself from the bottom, curling itself backward and forward as it rises higher and higher, until at last, with a sudden jump that must have ripped a mile or more of it from the bottom, it claps its end against the thing it wants to touch, and which it can neither see, nor hear, nor smell, but which it knows is there. Could there be anything in this world more wonderful than that?

"And then, if that isn't enough of a wonder, think of the Rangoon end of that cable squirming and wriggling and stretching itself out toward our ship, but not being able to reach us on account of a want of slack; just as alive as the Madras part of the cable, and just as savage and frantic to get up to us and lay hold of us; and then, after our vessel had been gradually pulled away from it, think of this other part getting weaker and

weaker, minute by minute, until it falls flat on the bay, as dead as any other iron thing!"

The marine ceased to speak, and Mrs. Fryker heaved a sigh.

"It makes me shiver to think of all that down so deep," she said; "but I must say I am disappointed."

"In what way?" asked the marine.

"A Water-devil," said she, "as big as six whales, and with a funnelly mouth to suck in people, is different; but, of course, after all, it was better as it was."

"Look here," said the blacksmith, "what became of the girl? I wanted her finished up long ago, and you haven't done it yet."

"Miss Minturn, you mean," said the marine. "Well, there is not much to say about her. Things happened in the usual way. When the danger was all over, when she had other people to depend upon besides me, and we were on board a fine steamer, with a lot of handsomely dressed naval officers, and going comfortably to Madras, of course she thought no more of the humble sea-soldier who once stood between her and—nobody knew what. In fact the only time she spoke to me after we got on board the English steamer, she made me feel, although she didn't say it in words, that she was not at all obliged to me for supposing that she would have been scared to death if I had told her about the Water-devil."

"I suppose," said the blacksmith, "by the time you got back to your ship you had overstayed your leave of absence a good while. Did your captain let you

off when you told him this story of the new-fashioned Water-devil?"

The marine smiled. "I never went back to the *Apache*," he said. "When I arrived at Madras I found that she had sailed from Calcutta. It was, of course, useless for me to endeavor to follow her, and I therefore concluded to give up the marine service for a time and go into another line of business, about which it is too late to tell you now."

"Mr. Cardly," said Mr. Harberry to the school-master, "have you ever read that the British Government has a submarine cable from Madras to Rangoon?"

The marine took it upon himself to answer this question. "The cable of which I spoke to you," he said, "was taken up, as I told you, and I never heard that another one was laid. But it is getting late, and I think I will go to bed; I have a long walk before me to-morrow." So saying he rose, put his pipe upon the mantel-piece, and bade the company good-night. As he did so, he fixed his eyes on the blacksmith's daughter, but that young lady did not look at him; she was busily reading the weekly newspaper, which her father had left upon the table.

Mr. Harberry now rose, preparatory to going home, and as he buttoned up his coat, he looked from one to another of the little group and remarked, "I have often heard that marines are a class of men who are considered as fit subjects to tell tough stories to, but it strikes me that the time has come when the tables are beginning to be turned."

THE END.





JAPONICA.

THIRD PAPER.—JAPANESE PEOPLE (CONTINUED).

By Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT BLUM.



Japanese Girl Bringing Futon and Tobacco-box to
 Guests at the Golden Koi.

A LIKE in the street and the temple-court, the pretty, lively, laughing Japanese girl lights up the crowd with her bright dress, her happy, winsome face and shining tresses, splendidly elaborated. I have described her faithfully in the subjoined verses :

THE MUSMEE.

The Musmee has brown-velvet eyes,
 Curtained with satin, sleepily ;
 You wonder if those lids would rise
 The newest, strangest sight to see !
 Yet, when she chatters, laughs, or plays
 Koto, or lute, or samisen—
 No jewel gleams with brighter rays
 Than flash from those dark lashes then.

The Musmee has a small brown face—
 Musk-melon seed its perfect shape—
 Arched, jetty eyebrows ; nose to grace
 The rosy mouth beneath ; a nape,
 And neck, and chin ; and smooth soft cheeks,
 Carved out of sun-burned ivory ;
 With teeth which, when she smiles or speaks,
 Pearl merchants might come leagues to see !

The Musmee's hair could teach the night
 How to grow dark, the raven's wing
 How to seem ebony ; grand the sight
 When in rich masses towering.

She builds each high black-marble coil,
 And binds the gold and scarlet in,
 And thrusts, triumphant, through the toil
 The *Kanzâshi*, her jewelled pin.

The Musmee has small, faultless feet,
 With snow-white tabi trimly decked,
 Which patter down the city street
 In short steps, slow and circumspect ;
 A velvet string between her toes
 Holds to its place the unwilling shoe,
 Pretty and pigeon-like she goes,
 And on her head a hood of blue.

The Musmee wears a wondrous dress—
Kimono, obi, imogi—
 A rose-bush in spring-loveliness
 Is not more color-glad to see !
 Her girdle holds her silver pipe,
 And heavy swing her long silk sleeves
 With cakes, love-letters, *mikans* ripe,
 Small change, musk-box, and writing leaves.

The Musmee's heart is slow to grief
 And quick to pleasure, love, and song ;
 The Musmee's pocket-handkerchief,
 A square of paper ! All day long
 Gentle, and sweet, and debonair
 Is—rich or poor—this Asian lass,
 Heaven have her in its tender care !
*O medeto gozarimas ! **

Turning aside a little from the picturesque and bustling “Cho,” we easily come to Shiba, buried in groves of cryptomeria, an island of solemn peace and grandeur in the bosom of the city. Here, shut in by ponderous red gateways, built of mighty beams, with giant doors which turn upon huge hinges of copper, are the tombs and temples of six of the famous Tokugawa Shoguns, the ancient rulers of this land under the Mikado. It is like passing out of the rolling sea into a land-locked harbor, to step over the threshold of the massive vermilion porch, and to find yourself in the outer court of the Zojoji. Around

* “May it be prosperous with you !”

are hundreds of stone memorial *ishi-doro*—as many as two hundred in one alone of these pebbled inclosures, offerings to the princely deceased from their vassals. Screened walls and por-

are reached where stand colossal bronze lanterns of high finish. Dancing-houses, treasure-houses, and libraries for the sacred books, exquisitely decorated; a vast washing cistern to be



"A gateway, sculptured and embellished to an extraordinary height of semi-barbarous but splendid beauty."

tals, presenting wonderful work in wood-carving, gilding, and lacquer, shut the outer courts from the inner. Each panel is enriched with a different subject—flowers, birds, and real, or fabulous animals, dexterously relieved by gold-leaf and color. Passing again through these walls, inner inclosures

used before prayer, cut out of one block of stone, and lotus pools, which, in August, are full of the white and blue blossoms of the hallowed flower, attract the attention. By yet another gateway, sculptured and embellished to an extraordinary height, of semi-barbarous, but splendid beauty, the step

is led to the central shrine itself. All around are detached buildings, soberly but splendidly adorned with the very best which Japanese art could lavish on them, in perfect joinery, gilding, coloring, lacquer, metal-work, painting, and carving. The whole place is full of symbolism. On the outer screens, shutting off the first court, you may have noticed waves of the sea, done in brass, furiously running on the panels, with storm-birds hovering. It was an emblem of the unrest of life for all of us, as well as for Shoguns. But at the second wall the brazen waves were chiselled, rolling more quietly, and here, on the screen by which we enter the court of the chapel of *Iyenobu* and *Iye-oshi*, the waves are moulded as falling asleep; doves brood, in silver and gold; there is peace! Laying aside shoes, you may pass over the black-lacquered steps and floors, through golden doors, into the central shrine, spread with the whitest and finest of mats; and the walls and ceilings are so daintily and patiently wrought with wonderful workmanship that every square inch demands a special study. The great HOUSE OF DEATH is finished off, in its minutest portion, like a flower-vase or a *netsuke*, and, perhaps, the very utmost that Japanese craftsmanship could ever accomplish, in its own special provinces, may here be seen and admired. Every incense-pole and lamp-stand is a lovely object, alike for its labor and design. The low stands on which the sacred books lie open have priceless enrichments; and one is glad to see the silent priests move about in gold and silver brocade, for ordinary dress in such a magnificent scene would appear incongruous. At the same time, the more you realize the artistic richness of this great group of temples and tombs, the more you are struck with the low-toned, sober, restrained *ensemble* of it all. The shrines themselves are but the Japanese hut idealized, the gold and the glittering brass, and the sharp colors of the carvings sink back from the sunlight under the massive eaves, and where a screen, or a painted side-wall would glitter too much, the heavy foliage of the cryptomerias casts a black curtain upon it. The character of the

place is deeply impressive, a proud melancholy, a princely modesty, a sumptuousness royal to prodigality, not for ostentation, but for love of pensive beauty, show themselves everywhere. The Shoguns are certainly buried as if they were emperors, in the heart of this concourse of black and gold and lacquered chapels and cemeteries, shut from the busy city by the dark trees, the high walls, and the blood-red gateways.

Near *Shimbashi* we pass under the tall ladder of a fire-station, on the summit of which stands a watchman, looking north, south, east, and west to spy the rolling smoke which by daytime first denotes a conflagration. If he sees signs of a fire, *kwaji*, he will beat upon the gong at his side as many blows as, by a preconcerted code, denote the particular "cho" which is the scene of the disaster. Persons passing count the strokes and hurry homeward, if it be a case of

"tua res agitur quum
Proximus Ucalegon ardet;"

that is to say, if their own district be concerned. Next we turn into the "Ginza," the "Broadway" of the metropolis of Japan—a really fine thoroughfare, with paved sidewalks, tramways in the middle, and shops of a superior description. Here ebbs and flows the full business life of the city, and mingling with it, as elsewhere, the clattering pattens, the mothers and sisters with the babies on their backs; the children kite-flying; the traders sitting over their glowing charcoal braziers; the hawkers of fish, dried radish, cakes, persimmons, toys, pipes, kites, and flags; the coolies with their balanced loads; the blind old samisen-players; the Buddhist priests; the pretty *musmees*, with their hair like black marble and pigeon-feet; the imperturbable slit-eyed babies; the acquaintances meeting in the street and profusely bowing and saluting; the Japanese officers riding along, each with his *betto*, or groom; the flower-peddlers; the bullockmen; the bird-dealers; the tea-houses, the little funny house-fronts and opened interiors; the bath-rooms, the temples, the stone-yards, the basket-works, the gliding rice-boats—*tout le tremblement*,

in fact, of the wonderful and ever-interesting capital city of Japan. Or we might have come into the Ginza across the Shiro, by any of its many entrances and exits, the *Tora Monor*, "Tiger Gate;" the *Sakurada-gomon*, "Cherryfield Gate;" or the *Hanzo-go-mon*, which leads to the emperor's gardens and the imperial palace. This Shiro is a great feature of the city, in the midst of which it sits; a spacious and far-commanding fortified *enceinte*, everywhere surrounded by lofty embankments, planted with ancient firs, and walls of giant masonry, at the feet of which sleep broad moats, covered, in winter-time, with wild-duck and geese, bitterns and herons. Nothing can be finer in appearance, as embellishments of a capital, than these massive ramparts and green slopes of grass, overshadowed by the gnarled fir-trees. The masonry looks as solid as a sea-cliff, built out at all its angles with huge blocks of stone like the ram of an ironclad, in a curved projecting outline, so that the mighty blocks sit back immovable in their places, and it seems that not even an earthquake could have the smallest effect upon them. In the emperor's palace we might have seen the most perfect example of what Japanese carpenters and joiners can accomplish, and yet, through every ceiling there is a work of high art, divided by rich brown lacquer into panels exquisitely decorated, and the costliest silks and most splendid carvings are lavished all around; amid all that luxury of royal art you would observe the great square supporting posts of white fir, left simply hand-dressed in all their milky, pure, velvet-like beauty, delighting the eye with the natural grain and texture, as nothing manufactured by the wit of man ever could. And if we were attempting more than the merest stroll about the city, we ought to pass *Fuji-mi-cho*, where, near the monument—a vast bronze bayonet, erected to the soldiers slain in the civil war—the city spreads out, of one interminable pattern and color as far as the eye can see. We should have gone to Uyeno to visit the great exhibition, and see the lotuses in blossom, and to Asakusa to view the imposing temple of *Kvannon Sama*, the Merciful Goddess; also the temples of the Five Hundred

Sages, and of the God of War, *Hachi-man*, where we might have duly honored the shrine of *Kobo-Daishi*, the too ingenious inventor of the Japanese alphabet. We might have stood on the famous *Nihon-bashi*, the central spot of the city, from which all distances are measured throughout the empire, and might have traversed, close by, Anjin Chô, or "Pilot Street," so named after the English sailor, Will Adams, who came here in the time of Shakespeare, married a Japanese wife, and grew to be a favorite of the emperor, and a great two-sworded Japanese nobleman. His letters from Japan, published by the Hakluyt Society, furnish the most delightful reading, being written in that large and quaint style which seemed to come naturally in

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth."

That the old navigator had well feathered his nest in Japan is clear, from an account given by another adventurer of his place of residence at Hemi, near Yokosuka. He there describes Will Adams's place thus: "This Hemi is a Lordshipp geuen to Capt Adams pr. the ould Emperour to hym and his for eaver, & conferred to hys sonne, called Joseph. There is above 100 farms or howsholds, uppon it, besides others under them, all which are his vassals, and he hath power of lyfe & death ouer them, they being his slaues; he hauing as absolute authoritie over them as any tono (or king) in Japan hath over his vassals."

But I must imagine that my gentle reader is already a little fatigued with the streets and *chôs* and temples which have been inspected, and would be not unwilling to dine *à la Japonaise* at some one of the many excellent restaurants which throng the city. Let us then turn aside from the main thoroughfares to choose a spot where will be fresh and good Japanese cookery, with retirement. Such a retreat may be found as well, perhaps, as anywhere, at the sign of the "Golden Koi" which sits upon the sea near *Shinagawa*, on Tokio Bay. We will, therefore, call *kurumas* and make our usual bargain to go and return. Like the elder Mr. Weller, whose knowledge



"The whole place is full of symbolism."

of London " was extensive and peculiar," these wonderful little men seem to be acquainted with every nook and corner of their vast labyrinth of wood and paper which is called Tokio. As for the "Golden Koi," it is too famous and re-

of the establishment—the *musmees*—in pretty striped and flowered *kimonos* and *obis*, with glossy black hair "done to the nines," hasten to the threshold to receive us, uttering a chorus of "*Irrashai! Yoko irrashai nashita, o ide nasai!*" which



"Screened walls and portals presenting wonderful work in wood-carving."

spectable, of course, not to be familiar, and the small, brown, two-legged horses take a quick "bee-line" for the *Yadoya*, where we are to seek refreshment. We cross the railway line and are smartly wheeled into the garden of the inn, adorned with the artificial crags, dwarfed trees, and tiny lakes, with goldfish and fairy pagodas and bridges, in which the Japanese take such pleasure. As we approach the door all the waiting-maids

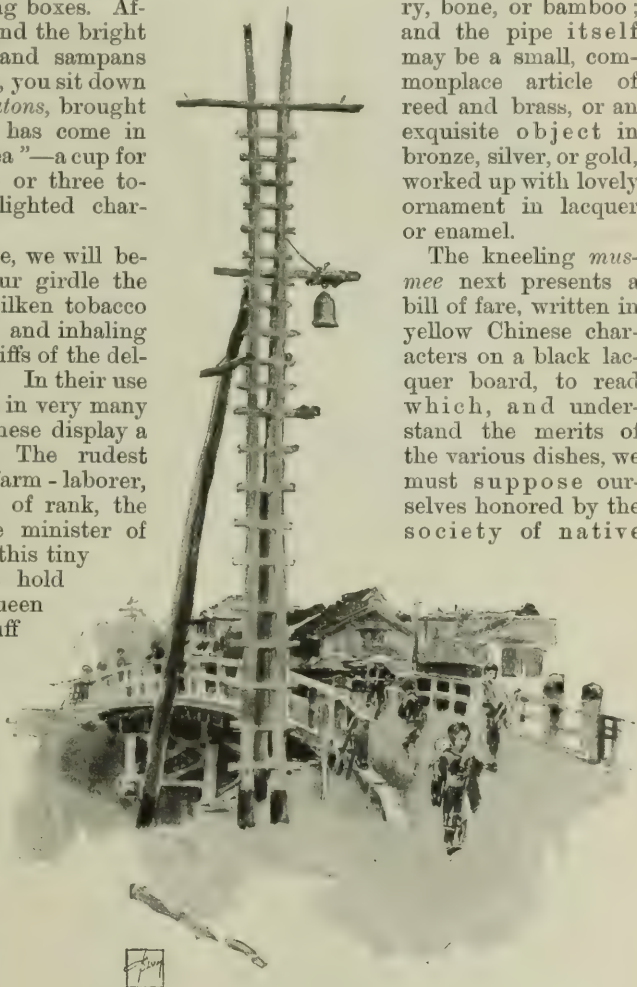
is to say, "Condescend entrance! You are very welcome. Please make the honorable entrance!" You slip off your shoes, nor will you have been long in Japan before you learn to wear daily some foot-gear which comes off and on as easily as the native *geta*, and you also learn to carry a shoe-horn as regularly as your watch or cigar-case. Lifting their foreheads from the matting, or polished *plafond*, the *musmees* re-

ceive hats and umbrellas and take you by the hand to lead you *nikai ni*, up the shining ladder-like staircase to the spotless apartment aloft, where the open *shoji* give directly upon the sea. It is fair and fresh here; wavelets are running in from the quiet gulf under the balcony, and three large sampans, drawn ashore, are discharging a good haul of fish, which their owners have made this morning. One man, stark naked, brings two tubs upon his shoulder to the side of the boat, and those within it ladle forth the great *tai*, and all sorts of other fish, with hand-nets out of the hold. Close by is a sea-pond where fresh catches are kept alive in floating boxes. After observing all this, and the bright seascape, with junks and sampans and great foreign ships, you sit down on the circular silk *futons*, brought by the *musmee*, who has come in with the "honorable tea"—a cup for each person—and two or three tobacco-mono bearing lighted charcoal.

To be quite Japanese, we will begin by taking from our girdle the little brass pipes and silken tobacco bags, filling the *kiseru*, and inhaling one or two fragrant whiffs of the delicate Japanese tobacco. In their use of the nicotian herb, as in very many other things, the Japanese display a supreme refinement. The rudest coolie, the coarsest farm-laborer, equally with the lady of rank, the pretty *geisha*, and the minister of state, are content with this tiny pipe, which does not hold enough to make even Queen Mab sneeze. They stuff a little rolled pill of the fine-cut leaf into a bowl smaller than the smallest acorn cup, thrust it in the glowing charcoal, and inhale deep into the lungs just one fragrant whiff of the blue smoke, which they expel by mouth and nostrils. Then they shake out the little burning plug into the bamboo receptacle

and load up again for a second *ip-puku*; valuing only the first sweet purity of the lighted luxury, and always wondering how we can smoke a great pipeful to the "bitter end," or suck for half an hour at a huge Havana puro. "*Kiseru no shita ni doku arimas!*" they say—"At the bottom of a pipe there lives poison." Much fancy and fashion are displayed in the appurtenances of the pipe. Ladies carry them in little, long, embroidered silk cases, with silken pouches attached, fastened by an ivory, bronze, silver, or jewelled clasp. Men wear, stuck in their girdles, a pipe-sheath of carved ivory, bone, or bamboo; and the pipe itself may be a small, commonplace article of reed and brass, or an exquisite object in bronze, silver, or gold, worked up with lovely ornament in lacquer or enamel.

The kneeling *musmee* next presents a bill of fare, written in yellow Chinese characters on a black lacquer board, to read which, and understand the merits of the various dishes, we must suppose ourselves honored by the society of native



"The tall ladder of a fire station."

friends. In any case, be sure to order some *unagi-nashi*, the very nicest thing which they cook in Japan, consisting of small silver eels, from which the bones have been removed, split, spitted upon bamboo splinters, and roasted upon boiled rice, with a delicious sauce. We decide upon the usual four courses, with *saké* of the first

very cargoes; the *betto* washing their horses in the sea; the brown, bare Japanese boys and girls disporting in it; and the servants of the hotel taking out from the fish-boxes the struggling materials of your dinner. Presently the *musmees* return, bringing the hot *saké* in a tall china bottle, placed within a wooden stand, and a tiny, delicate saké-



"Coming to the Golden Koi—waiting-girls receiving guests."

quality; and whoever gives the order will now fold up in paper, say twenty *sen*, for the *musmee*, and, if very liberal, thirty or forty for the *aruji*, or mistress of the house. "*Chisai mono!*" you mutter, pushing the folded papers to the girl, who goes down upon her nose and murmurs in reply, "*Domo arigato zonjimas,*" "Really, most thankful," but does not touch them yet, as it is etiquette never to seem in a hurry to appropriate a gift. She disappears to convey the "honorable commands," and then there ensues a longish wait, during which you will smoke and chat again, and watch more fishermen arriving with their sil-

cup for each guest, lying in a porcelain, bronze, or carved wooden bowl of water. They also bring a red or black lacquered tray, placing it before each guest, bearing a covered bowl full of *chawan*—a thin fish-soup boiled with mushrooms and sea-weed—and brand new chopsticks, not yet parted one from the other. Taking a saké-cup in both hands, the kneeling maid presents it to the chief guest, and afterward other cups to the others, in like manner, filling each to the brim, but careful not to spill a drop. You toss your first cup off, and, rinsing it in the water, offer it with both hands to each friend in succession, saying, "*Ippai ku-*



"The Flower-pedlers."



A Japanese Dinner at the Golden Koi.

10/10

dasai." He or she takes your cup, lifts it to the forehead, holds it to be filled, drinks, rinses, and returns it; after which you must also drink. As this goes on all around, a good deal of the hot rice wine becomes absorbed before the meal commences; but this is quite Japanese. The *musmee*, kneeling before you, keeps her black eyes wide open to notice and fill up all empty cups, or a friend will perform that office for you—the strict rule being that you must never help yourself to the "honorable *saké*."

You now split apart your chopsticks, lift the lid of the *chawan*, and fish out a first morsel. Chopsticks, far from being awkward, are the most convenient as well as the cleanest table utensils, once the secret of their use is learned. It cannot be taught in words. There is an indescribable knack of fixing one stick firmly, and hinging the other with the first and second finger, so as to play exactly upon the fixed stick, which renders the little implements perfect for everything except, of course, juice or gravy, and soup. You can even cut with them by inserting the points close

very restaurant, even I myself picked up with the *hashi* twenty-two single grains of rice in one minute from a lacquered tray, being beaten by a Japanese lady, whose swift skill dexterously conveyed as many as forty-nine. You drink the soup, and find also on your tray a saucer of *kuchi-tori*, which is a sort of omelette, together with *kinto*, a sticky mass of beans and sugar; and perhaps some *kama boko*, fish pounded and rolled into little balls. Or there will be *su-no-mono*, sea-slugs (*Holothuria*) soured in vinegar. The *kinto* is prettily adorned with flower-leaves and colored strings of sugar.

Hereupon the *musmees* appear again with more lacquered trays, bearing more saucers and little dishes made of sticks of glass. On these will be forthcoming another sort of soup, *shiru*, of fish and sea-weed; or *sui-mono*, of bean curds; or *chawan-nushi*, a thick, yellow, and more substantial soup, together with *hashi-yakana*, large slice of broiled *tai*, and *tsubo* or *nori*, sea-weed, in strings or flakes, of which the Japanese are fonder than the foreigner is likely to prove. On another glass plate raw fish will

tempt you, cut into delicate slices, with, close at hand, a small quantity of *wasabi*, the hot mountain horse-radish. Do not reject the raw fish until you have stirred a pinch of the *wasabi* into your porcelain soy-pan, dipped a flake of the fish into that sauce, and



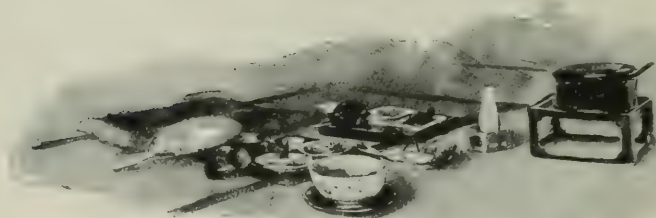
"Be pleased to bring the honorable account."

together, and then forcibly separating them; and as for handiness and precision of grasp, in a little wager at this

eaten it, with a touch or two of the *ko-no-mono*, the pickled egg-plant, cabbage-leaves, *daikon*, and cucumber, arranged

as neatly as a mosaic on a red tray. The raw fish is called *namasa*, and is not only very nice but very digestible. Around you by this time will swarm other little dishes; *sashimi*, minced fish, boiled lotus and lily roots, *aemono* salad, made with pounded sesamum-seed, and a peach, or persimmon, or orange in crystallized sugar, with, possibly, some salted plums. Do not be too much allured by these attractions, because the *unagi-meshi* has yet to come, for which you must keep a considerable corner. It is brought in boxes of gilded lacquer, the rice accompanying in a handsome bowl; and if you have not cared for the sea-ears and sea-slugs, nor much enjoyed the raw fish and the *daikon*, you might dine abundantly on this delicious dish alone. You are at last surrounded by twenty or thirty dishes, like a ship in harbor by a fleet of boats, and the best of a Japanese dinner is that, after flitting like a butterfly from flower to flower of the culinary *parterre*, you can not only come back to anything that has originally pleased, but leave off to smoke and chat, and then commence again, if you like, at the very beginning.

When everybody has had enough, particularly of *saké*, the substantial part of the repast has still to arrive, for the Japanese. The last *saké* bottle is removed and *gohan* is brought, the honorable, great, white tub with hot, boiled rice. Along with it reappears fresh tea, and each native guest will consume two bowls of rice, and then another, amply saturated with tea. I forgot to mention that with the first tea-service ornamental colored cakes are offered, *soba*, *shiruko*, and later on *sushi*. Lastly come the pipes again, and at the proper time some one says to the kneeling *musmee*, "*Kan-jo okure nasai*," "Be pleased to bring the honorable account." At this moment the hostess will, no doubt, appear with lowly obeisances, and, thanking her guests, and deeply apologizing for "*O Machido Sama*," "the honorable Mr. waiting-time," though there will have been nothing to complain of as to the delay. The light account is discharged, the attendant *kurumaya* are summoned, and we depart in a sincere and gentle storm of "*Mata dozo O hayaku*," and "*Mata irrashai*," "Come again soon!" "Be pleased to come quickly again!"



A Japanese Dinner-Service.



Facsimile of the Hut in which Dr. Livingstone died, May 2, 1873.

Built by his faithful servants Chumah and Susi during their visit to England in 1874.

ABOUT AFRICA.

By J. Scott Keltie.

AFRICA has been called many names—the Dark Continent, the Expiring Continent, the Last of the Continents, and even the Hopeless Continent. Whatever else it may be, it certainly is, take it all in all, the most interesting of all the continents. It has attracted and perplexed civilized humanity from the earliest times of which we have record; from the days of the Pharaohs and Joseph and Moses; of the Phœnicians and the Greeks and the Romans, down through the times of the Arab invasions and of Portuguese enterprise to the end of the nineteenth century, when it attracts more attention than all the rest of the world put together. The oldest civilization of which we have any precise record grew up in the lower valley of the long mysterious Nile; and later on, other civilizations fringed the northern shores of the continent. But till within the memory of many now living, the great interior was a blank, filled by imaginative geographers with a perplex-

ing and impossible net-work of lakes and rivers and mountains, interspersed with pictures of monstrous animals, imposing cities, and monarchs with crown and sceptre seated in majesty on their thrones.

Why should this be? Africa has been known to Europe and to western Asia as long as these ancient seats of civilization and enterprise have been known to themselves, and yet, with one solitary exception, it is doubtful if their traders, travellers, and conquerors ever penetrated far beyond its northern border; though there is reason to believe that, long even before the Arab invasions, traders from India and Arabia had dealings with the east coast, and even settled themselves there in cities of magnificence.

A century after Columbus discovered America, its coasts were nearly all mapped, colonies had been founded, and the interior penetrated at many points. Now, only four hundred years after that ever-memorable event, America is the

home of one of the greatest states the world has ever seen, and every inch of it is parcelled out among civilized governments. It is barely a century since the first settlement was made on the coast of Australia; now it is the home of millions of people of European origin, with all the civilized institutions of their old home, and an annual trade of some hundred and twenty millions sterling. That is a great deal more than the trade of the whole of Africa, which is four times the size of Australia, and was the home of civilization before history began. In America and Australia barbarism has been driven up into remote corners, and will soon be extinct; in Africa the corners are all that civilization can claim. The bulk of the continent is as much the home of the bar-

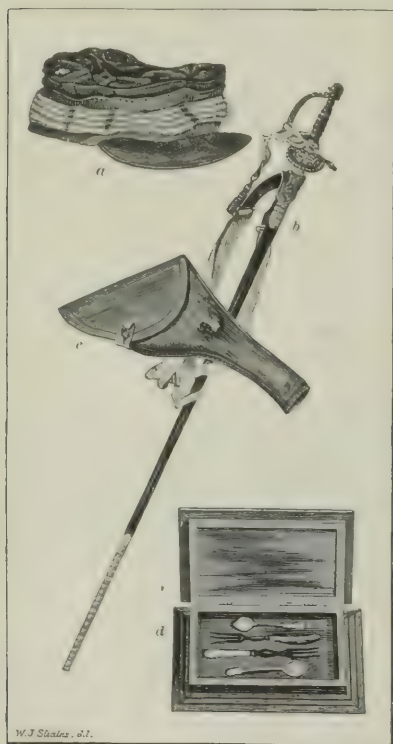
barian now as it was in the days, 2,400 years ago, when the Nassamonian youths were taken prisoners by the ancestors of those pigmies who so harassed Stanley and his men in their recent marches through the great Ituri forests. All this seems very remarkable. How is it to be accounted for? We cannot here discuss the subject in detail, but a walk through the African Exhibition in London may help to enlighten us a little, and will certainly give us a fair idea

of what Africa is like at the present day.

There are many maps in this African Exhibition, and good maps, when properly understood, are full of interest and information. A glance at a good map of Africa will help to enlighten us as to why its interior is even now so comparatively little known. In the first place, it is evident that something like two-thirds of the continent lies within the tropics, and therefore has the sun vertical twice a year. No other continent is in the same position. Look at the coasts, how few openings there are into the land; look at the four great rivers, how they are impeded by shallows and broken by cataracts. See again, in the north of the continent, how some four million square miles are almost absolutely desert, spreading a broad barrier between the civilization of the Mediterranean and the savagery of the interior. These and other causes have been at work to prevent the white man from invading Central Africa and overspreading it, as he has done America, Australia, and even Asia. And, so far as



Idol from Boma, Congo.



Relics of Dr. Livingstone.

a, Consular cap, worn by Dr. Livingstone to the date of his death. *b*, Consular sword worn by Dr. Livingstone. *c*, Leather pistol-case. *d*, Box containing forks and tea-spoons, used by Dr. Livingstone on his last journey, and brought home by his servants, Chumah and Susi.

we can see at present, it must always be so. The European can never colonize Central Africa as he has done North America; he may live there for a time and direct the work of the native, and so help to develop the resources of the continent. But the conditions are too tropical for Central Africa ever to become a permanent home of the white race; if not maintained by fresh supplies from the outside, the white man would be extinct in a generation or two. Alone among the continents, then, Central Africa must remain the peculiar home of colored humanity; but there is no reason why the natives should not be guided by their white brothers, and raised by European effort from their present low level of civilization. We may be sure that, had it not been for the almost insuperable barriers which exist, Africa would have been taken in hand by Europe long ago, and submitted to the same treatment as have been America and Australia.

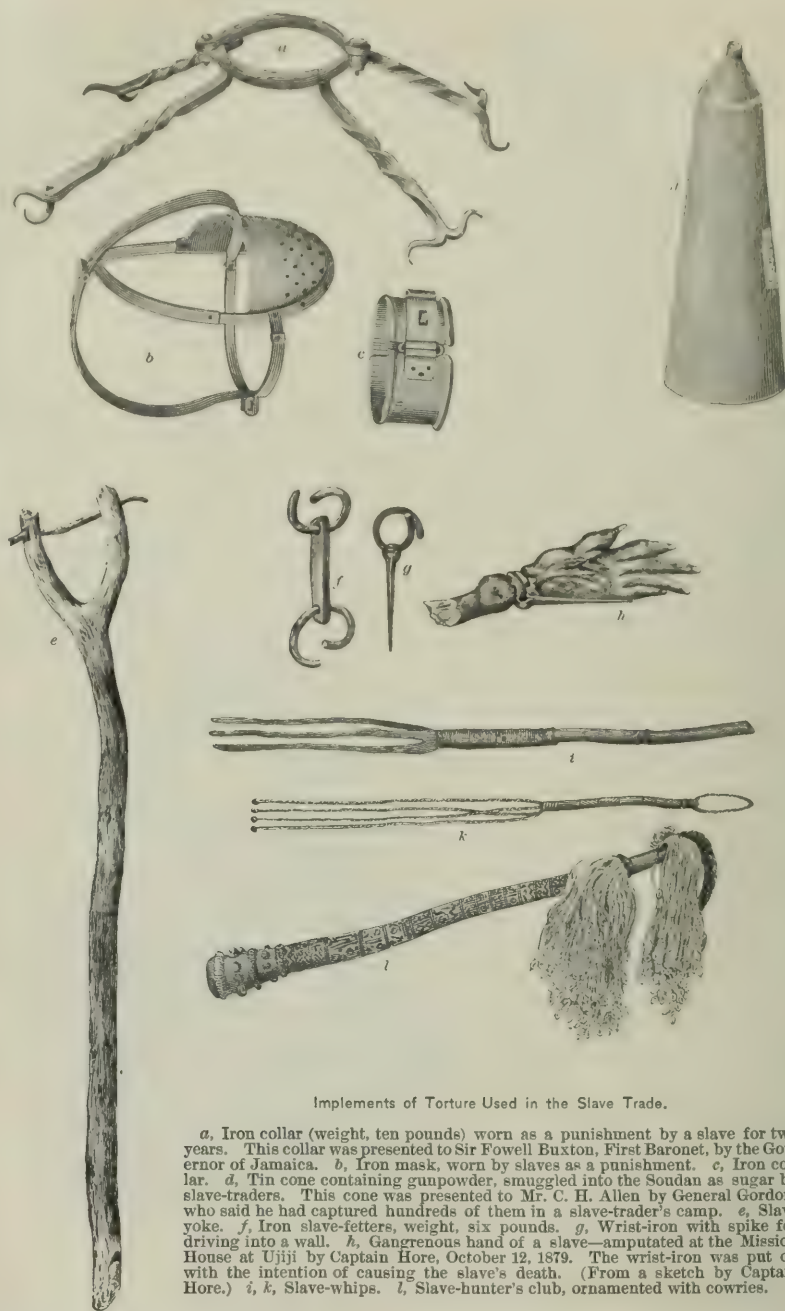
What, then, has the white man so far done to open up Africa, and to bring his influence to bear upon the natives? Again the maps in the Exhibition will help us to some extent to answer this question. Here we have a series of maps which show the ideas which prevailed as to the geography of Africa from the time of Ptolemy, about the beginning of the Christian era, down to about the middle of last century. We give one [p. 182] which dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century, that of Sanuto, which may be taken as representing not only the knowledge of that time, but also the knowledge which existed thirteen hundred years before. Here we see the Nile represented as issuing from two lakes, which themselves are fed by a series of streams that flow down from a range of

mountains to the south. The great problem is, do these lakes and these mountains represent any real knowledge on the part of the map-makers? We know that the Nile is fed by two lakes, the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, and that on the south of the latter a great mountain mass rears its snowy head, of which Mr. Stanley has told us much under the name of Ruwenzori. These mountains in the old maps played an important part in the geography of Africa, even down to our own times; they are the famous Mountains of the Moon. Ptolemy himself only speaks of the Mountain of the Moon, and makes it to be a solitary mountain and not a range. That he had heard of two lakes and a mountain at the sources of the Nile, there can be little doubt; but whether it was all conjecture, or whether it was authentic information brought from the interior by traders or natives, we cannot tell. The Mountains of the



Bishop Hannington

(From a photograph by R. H. Lord.)



Implements of Torture Used in the Slave Trade.

a, Iron collar (weight, ten pounds) worn as a punishment by a slave for two years. This collar was presented to Sir Fowell Buxton, First Baronet, by the Governor of Jamaica. *b*, Iron mask, worn by slaves as a punishment. *c*, Iron collar. *d*, Tin cone containing gunpowder, smuggled into the Soudan as sugar by slave-traders. This cone was presented to Mr. C. H. Allen by General Gordon, who said he had captured hundreds of them in a slave-trader's camp. *e*, Slave yoke. *f*, Iron slave-fetters, weight, six pounds. *g*, Wrist-iron with spike for driving into a wall. *h*, Gangrenous hand of a slave—amputated at the Mission House at Ujiji by Captain Hore, October 12, 1879. The wrist-iron was put on with the intention of causing the slave's death. (From a sketch by Captain Hore.) *i*, *j*, Slave-whips. *k*, Slave-hunter's club, ornamented with cowries.

Moon might very well have been the Mountains of Abyssinia, and the lakes also may have been those of that long-known country; or they may have been the snowy peaks of Ruwenzori, Kilimanjaro, and Kenia, and the great lakes near which these mountains stand; for the geographers even of the fourteenth century had no idea how to plot a map accurately.

But even before the Portuguese circumnavigated the Cape, much of the east coast of Africa was known, at least to the Arab geographers, and there can be no doubt that in the fifth century before Christ, Hanno, the Carthaginian, had crept down the west coast as far as the Gulf of Guinea. It was not, however, till toward the end of the fifteenth century that an approximate idea of the geography of Africa was obtained by the enterprise of Portuguese navigators. Scarcely anything is more stirring in the history of discovery than the series of advances along the coast of Africa initiated by Prince Henry of Portugal, after the siege of Ceuta (the apex of the west coast). We have such landmarks as the rounding of Cape Bojador in 1434; Cape Blanco, 1441; Cape Verde, 1445; Fernando Po, 1471; the discovery of the mouth of the Congo by Diego Cam, 1484; the Cape of Good Hope rounded by Dias, 1497; followed by Vasco Da Gama at Natal, Quillimane, Mozambique, Mombassa, and Melinda, in 1497-98. All the rest was detail; from that time the general outline of Africa has lain spread out before us in all its amplitude. From that time, too, the interior—on the maps at least—began to be rapidly filled up, until in the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, Africa was generally represented in atlases and books as in Dapple's map of 1680. The features are so fantastic that they look like a travesty of the truth. From one great lake, named Zembre, three rivers take their rise, no doubt representing the Nile, the Congo, and the Coanza. That the crowd of features laid down on these old maps was the result of actual observation by European travellers is not to be believed, though no doubt Portuguese missionaries did penetrate for some distance into the interior. But the majority of

the lakes and mountains and rivers with which the interior is filled were either due to the imagination of travellers and geographers, or were simply set down from vague and untrustworthy native report. In short, the map of Africa seemed so fantastic a composition that the great French geographer, D'Anville, in the middle of last century, made a clean sweep, retaining only those features for the existence of which there was clear evidence, but leaving the great centre a complete blank. And so we may say it remained almost down to the time when Livingstone began his great work, and initiated what may be called the modern period of African exploration. Our second map, on page 183, will give some idea of what was known of Central Africa when Livingstone landed at the Cape in 1840. Let us briefly trace the rapid progress made during the last fifty years; not forgetting, however, that before this Bruce had explored Abyssinia, Mungo Park, Denham, Clapperton, Lander, Laing, and others had done much good work in the Niger region; while the brave and unfortunate Tuckey had ascended the Congo for over one hundred miles to the beginning of the Yellala Falls.

Fifty years ago, then, we must regard the map of Central Africa, from about five degrees north of the equator down to about the border of Cape Colony, as essentially a blank. True, Portugal had her colonies on the west coast to the south of the Congo, and on the east about the mouth of the Zambesi. Native travellers came and went to and from the interior to these colonies, and some of them may well have crossed the continent; but the Portuguese themselves knew little of any region beyond their own borders.

Livingstone went to Africa in 1840, and proceeding at once to Kuruman, Moffat's station, seven hundred miles north of the Cape, began those wanderings which ultimately carried him all over Central Africa, and rendered his name immortal as one of the greatest of all explorers. In two years after his arrival he had succeeded in reaching to within ten days' journey of Lake Ngami, and ultimately settled at Kolobeng, some two hundred and fifty miles north of the sta-

tion of Moffat, whose daughter he had meantime married. Here Livingstone found himself among those Bechuanas whose country has so recently become a part of the British empire. But he could not rest. In 1849 he undertook his first extensive journey, during which he discovered Lake Ngami and the Kalahari desert, bringing back with him a rich harvest for geography and natural history. Again on the move, in 1851 he made his way northward, winning the

Kwango and other streams, Livingstone and his men, himself a "ruckle of bones," and nearly dead from dysentery and fever, suddenly—May, 1854—entered the city of Loango, much to the surprise of the Portuguese, who gave him a hospitable reception.

The narrative of this journey, which he sent home to the Royal Geographical Society, at once made him famous, and gained for him the gold medal of that body. The return journey was begun



Sanuto's Map of Africa, Made in the Beginning of the Fourteenth Century.

favor of chiefs and people by his gentle and gentlemanly treatment, until, to his surprise, he came on the great Zambesi, which no one had dreamt penetrated so far into the continent. There was no more rest for his eager spirit and restless feet until he had solved the mystery of this remarkable river. Sending his family home to England, and returning once more to the Zambesi in 1853, he gathered a band of loyal natives and patiently traced the river and its tributary, the Leeba, up to Lake Dilolo. Passing westward Livingstone crossed that "great sponge," as he called it, so unlike the ordinary notion of a watershed, in which multitudes of streams take their rise, some flowing southwestward to the Zambesi, some south to Lake Ngami, others west to the Atlantic, and others again north to the Congo. Crossing the

in September. Livingstone spent some time in the Lake Dilolo region, studying the wonderful watershed of the country, which threw so much light on the river systems of the continent. A year later he reached his starting-point, but was not content to rest there. A few weeks later he started once more to trace the Zambesi down to its mouth in the Indian Ocean, and in the end of November made the great discovery with which, in popular imagination, his name is so intimately associated, the famous Victoria Falls. Pursuing what proved a weary journey down the great river, rendered more difficult in the region to which the Portuguese slavers had penetrated by the suspicion of the natives, he reached Quilimane, at the mouth of the river of that name, in May, 1856, completing, in two years and a half, one of

those "Mountains of the Moon" which for so long reared a barrier right across the centre of Africa. Rebmam and Krapf brought back fresh reports of the great lakes to the westward, and in 1857 Burton and Speke resolved to go in search of them. Burton had already done good work in the Harar region, on the northeast corner of the continent, as well as in Zanzibar itself. Leaving Zanzibar in June, 1857, and after eight months of painful marching through silent and spectral mangrove creeks, melancholy mountains, desert and jungle, tawny rock and sun-parched plain, rank herbage and flats of black mud, the eyes of the pioneers were gladdened on February 13, 1858, with the first glimpse ever caught by white eyes, so far as we know, of the great Lake Tanganyika. Burton was in raptures at the beauty and richness and freshness of the scene, and at once caught the true character of the bed of the lake, a long, narrow rift or ravine, entirely similar in shape, and no doubt in origin, to Lake Albert Nyanza on the north, and Livingstone's Lake Nyassa on the south. The discovery of Lake Tanganyika by Sir Richard Burton deserves to take rank with Stanley's descent of the Congo, and it is to the shame of the British Government that one of the greatest of explorers was not allowed to retire on a pension long before his death. Since that day—thirty years ago—the route has been traversed by many an explorer and missionary; it is now a common highway, over which the post-runners from Lake Tanganyika carry their letters in a month's time to the coast, though the recent German troubles introduced a serious disturbing element. It took many years' observations before the true shape of the lake was made out, as the result of observations by such men as Livingstone, Cameron, Stanley, Thomson, Captain Hore, and others. The physical geography of this lake, with its remarkable oscillations of level, its unstable outlet, the Lukuga, its picturesque shores and islands, is of unusual interest. According to the ten years' observations of Captain Hore, the lake has fallen fifteen feet in that time, and yet the Lukuga keeps flowing out with a current more rapid than ever.

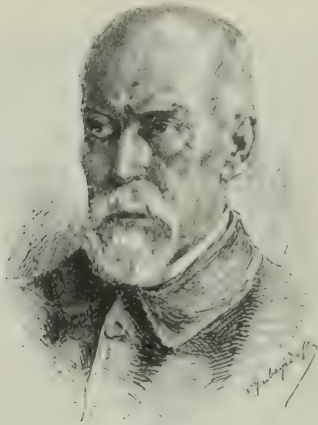
But Lake Tanganyika was not the only great discovery of the Burton and Speke expedition. On their way back to the coast Speke made a run northward in search of another great lake which was rumored to lie in that direction, and returned after having gazed on what he believed to be the long-sought-for source of the Nile, Lake Victoria Nyanza; and undoubtedly it is the great reservoir of that wonderful river. Thus still another broad space was rescued from the great blank of Central Africa.

Returning in 1860 with his friend, Captain (now Colonel) Grant, Speke still further extended our knowledge of Victoria Nyanza, and of Uganda, of Unyoro, Karagwe, and the other so-called kingdoms which fringe its shore, and of which we have recently heard so much in connection with Emin Pasha. The Nile was followed down to Khartoum. Meantime Baker (now Sir Samuel), another restless spirit, had set out from the north to seek for Speke and Grant. Making a round by northern Abyssinia, and exploring several tributaries of the Blue Nile, supplementing the work of Beke and many famous explorers whom we must pass over, he entered Khartoum in June, 1862. Proceeding up the river to Gondokoro, Baker met Speke and Grant, who fired him with the tale of their discoveries and of how much they had been compelled to leave undone. Travelling westward and southward through Ellyria, Luluba, Obbo, and other negro states which he explored for the first time, it was not till March, 1864, that Baker discovered the Muta Nzige, or Lake Albert Nyanza. It was not, however, till ten years later that Henry M. Stanley circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, and defined its real form; discovered still another lake to the southwest, the Alexandria Nyanza, which sends its contribution to the Nile, and a third lake to the south of Albert Nyanza, about all which lakes he has told us more since he returned from succoring Emin Pasha. We must here also mention the valuable work of Gordon Pasha, who explored so much of the upper Nile, and whose lieutenant, Gessi, circumnavigated Baker's Albert Nyanza. Emin Pasha himself, during



Spense and Gant.

the long years that he held his extensive province, explored every mile of it; while his friend, Dr. Junker, had for ten



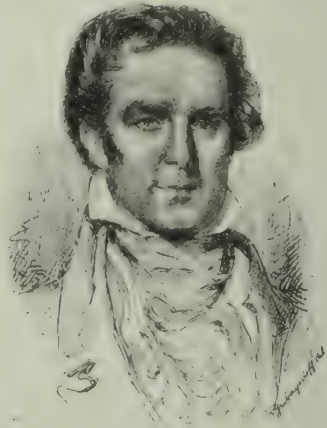
Captain Sir Richard F. Burton.

(From a photograph of a painting by Albert Letchford.)

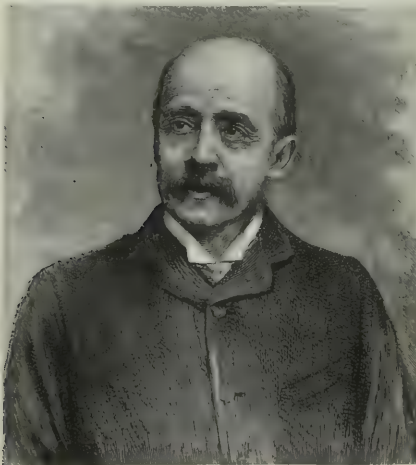
years traversed the interesting region to the west and northwest of Lake Albert, the region watered by the Wellé and its tributaries, the problem of whose ultimate destination has only just been solved; for there seems at last to be no doubt that the Wellé is the upper course of the Mobangi, one of the great northern tributaries of the Congo.

Again, on the eastern side of Victoria Nyanza a great blank has recently been

filled up by Mr. Joseph Thomson's remarkable journey from Mombassa, by Kilimanjaro, up through the country of the warlike, cattle-rearing, and cattle-stealing Masai, to Lake Naivasha and Mount Kenia, partly through a magnificent plateau and hilly country that reminded Thomson of his native woods and heaths, and so westward to the north-east shores of the lake, where, shortly after, the imprudent Bishop Hannington met his death. Others have followed Thomson so far, and only a few months ago a German, Dr. Meyer, succeeded in ascending to the summit of the ice-



Captain Clapperton.



Paul B. Du Chaillu.

covered crater of Kilimanjaro. To the south of this region again, between Kilimanjaro and the Rovuma, explorers, German and English, have been busy in recent years, so that we have been able to plot upon our maps the leading features of the region lying between the coast and the great lakes. I must pass over the many discoveries of English and German and other explorers to the north, on the various branches of the Nile, the Niam Niam country, in which many of these branches take their rise, and the valuable work of such men as Rholfs, Nachtigal, Schweinfurth, Barth, and Richardson, in the wide region of the Sahara, between the Mediterranean coast, Lake Chad, and the Niger, including the interesting countries of Sokoto, Bornu, and Wadai. The French, from

Senegal, and the English explorers Baikie and Winwood Reade, supplemented the discoveries of Mungo Park, Denham, Clapperton, and others on the Niger, which have been still further extended by the late German explorer, Flegel.

To come down again to the great lake region, readers of Livingstone's "Last Journals" will remember his many years' wanderings over all that part of Africa. Ere Stanley succored him at Ujiji he had discovered Lakes Bangweolo and Moero, and the upper reaches of the Congo, or Lualaba. He had defined with something like precision the outline of Lake Tanganyika, had passed through Manyuema to Nyangwe, where his soul was harrowed by the horrors of the Arab slavers, and where again he saw a broad river sweeping its way northward, and was fain to believe, against all likelihood, that it must be the Nile. It was in search of the Nile Fountains—mentioned by Herodotus—that poor Livingstone went wandering south after Stanley left him, only to find his death in a rude hut on the swampy shores of Lake Bangweolo. Livingstone did more perhaps than any other single man to fill up the blank which he found on the map of Africa at the beginning of his thirty years' wanderings; but he died and left unsolved the mystery of that mile-wide river that swept away northward past Nyangwe. The next white man that found himself standing on the banks of that mysterious river at Nyangwe, and wondering where it went to after it disappeared among the primeval forests, was Commander Cameron; but he felt constrained to turn his back upon the great problem, and wandered away southward through the region watered by its upper waters, adding much to our knowledge of this

country as he made his way slowly, with many halts, to the Portuguese settlements on the west coast.

Not long after Cameron, in October, 1876, Henry Stanley and his mongrel band of dusky and faithful followers found themselves face to face with the great problem at this same Nyangwe. Let us remember that before his expedition reached this point he had circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza; had sojourned many weeks with King Mtesa, of Uganda, and sent home thrilling accounts of his interviews with that wily potentate; had discovered another lake to the south of Baker's Albert Nyanza; and had done much valuable work



Major Denham.

on his way south to Lake Tanganyika. From Ujiji Stanley circumnavigated Tanganyika; then crossing the lake, marched through the Manyuema country to Nyangwe, where he found himself face to face with the greatest un-

solved problem in African geography. It is easy for us to say now that there was no problem at all; that there could be no doubt as to the ultimate destination of this northward flowing river. But if you read the writings of the time



Sir Samuel Baker.

you will find that very grave doubts indeed divided intelligent men into three camps. There were those who maintained that it could be no other than the upper Nile; others again were inclined to believe that it must flow into some great lake to the north; while a third party leaned to the belief of its being the upper Congo, which was then known to only a short distance from the coast, at the Yellala Falls. Stanley was not the man to turn aside from such a magnificent problem, the one great mystery that now remained for solution in the Dark Continent. Readers of his book will remember the dramatic scene in the hut with his one white companion, poor Frank Pocock. Six times they tossed a rupee, heads for the north and tails for the south; and six times it turned up tails for the south; with short and long straws they were equally unfortunate. "It is of no

use, Frank, we will face our destiny in spite of the coin and straws. With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river." The hazard of the situation, here in the middle of the continent, with the great river sweeping past into unknown blackness, perhaps through virgin forests and swamps, peopled with cannibals and heaven knows what other horrors, is well expressed in the lines put into the mouth of Ulysses by Tennyson, and quoted by Stanley himself in connection with this great crisis. One can easily imagine Stanley addressing his dusky companions, who had faithfully followed him across the continent:

"My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought,
and thought with me,
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and
opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads: Come,
my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer
world.
Push off, and sitting well in order,
smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose
holds
To sail beyond the sunset till I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash
us down;

It may be we shall touch the happy isles
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are,
we are.

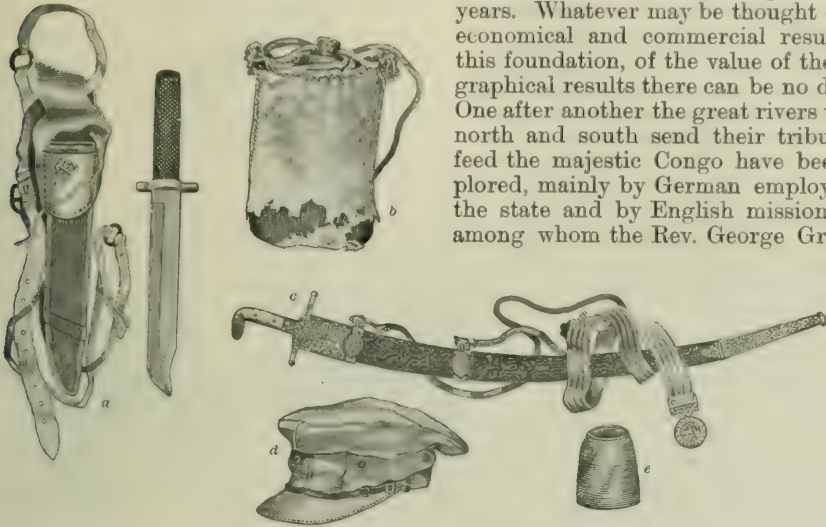
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

We all know the result. In eight months after leaving Nyangwe, Stanley had been able to trace down to the Atlantic the course of one of the greatest rivers of the world, to place upon the map of Africa its most striking feature; a river which is certainly destined to play a great part in the development of whatever resources Central Africa is able to produce.

Since then the exploration and partition of the African continent have gone on with ever accelerating speed. The scramble for Africa is now all but complete, and England has no reason to

complain of her share of the spoil, such as it is; for those who know Africa best

founding that so-called Free State, which has occupied so prominent a place in public attention during the past twelve years. Whatever may be thought of the economical and commercial results of this foundation, of the value of the geographical results there can be no doubt. One after another the great rivers which north and south send their tribute to feed the majestic Congo have been explored, mainly by German employes of the state and by English missionaries, among whom the Rev. George Grenfell



Relics of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, 1887-89.

a. Knife carried by Mr. Stanley during his journey. b. Mr. Stanley's water bottle. c. Sword, mounted in gold, presented to Mr. Stanley, in February, 1887, by the late Sultan of Zanzibar. This sword was recognized as a talisman by all the Arabs. d. Hat designed and made by Mr. Stanley from a piece of tenting at Fort Bodo in the Aruwimi Forest. e. Plaited drinking cup for "pombe."

maintain that it is the least hopeful of all the continents. Stanley had scarcely had time to recover his shattered health when he was back again on the Congo,

deserves most honorable mention. On the south a complicated net-work of rivers, going to form the Sankuru-Kassai, has been laid down, flowing through a thickly peopled country of vast extent, containing tribes of those pigmies which we find scattered in small groups all over Africa, and of which Stanley has much to tell. These pigmies are probably enough the remains of the primitive population of Africa. The continent itself has been crossed several times since Stanley's great feat—by Serpa Pinto, Capello, and Ivens, from Loando to Natal and Quilimane; by Oscar Lenz, from the mouth of the Congo to the mouth of the Zambesi; and twice by Wissmann, one of the more prominent of the Congo State explorers, and since famous in connection with German enterprises; again, away down in the Zambesi region, by a Scotch missionary, Arnot, whose only weapon was a walking-stick; quite recently by Stanley for the second time; and a Frenchman, Captain Trivier, who followed the usual Congo and lake route. The feat is now

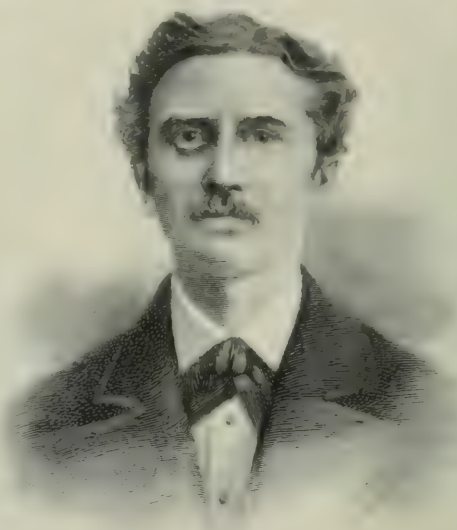


Carved Axe from the River Lindy, East Africa.

a matter of a few months—almost of a few weeks. Stanley himself has so recently told the story of his last wonderful expedition in these pages that there is no need to repeat it. It may only be said that, with much heroic endurance on the part of Stanley and his brave companions (Parke, Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, and Bonny), he succeeded in completing the work which he began at the north end of Lake Tanganyika, with Livingstone, nearly twenty years ago. He has defined clearly the basins of the Congo and the Nile, and so put the finishing touch to one of the greatest problems in African geography. One of our illustrations [p. 189] shows a few relics of this most remarkable expedition. Thus line after line of light has been projected across the face of the Dark Continent, with the result that the blank space of fifty years ago is nearly as thickly covered with features of all kinds as were the old maps before D'Anville's time; based, however, not on fancy and rumor, but on actual observations made at the cost of much suffering and many lives.

In a word or two I must refer to the

region lying to the north of the lower Congo, which, under the name of the Gaboon, or French Congo, has fallen



The Late Mr. A. M. Mackay, Lay Missionary at Uganda, died about February, 1890.

(From a portrait by Raymond Lynde.)



H. H. Johnston.

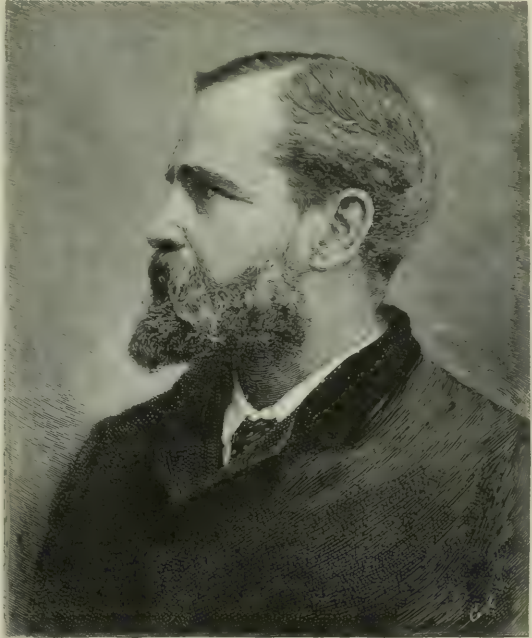
to France as part of her share of African spoil. Only some fifty years ago did France raise her flag at the mouth of the Gaboon. Here, thirty years ago, one of the most famous of African travellers, Paul Du Chaillu, then little more than a boy, made his way into the interior from the Gaboon River and brought back his wonderful story of the country and the people, and, above all, of that appallingly man-like gorilla, with which his name is so intimately connected. Some years later the same distinguished traveller penetrated, on the south of the Ogowé River, into the heart of Aschango Land, not far from the recently founded Franceville, on the upper Ogowé. Subsequent explorers have amply confirmed the accuracy of Du Chaillu's wonderful story. Many other names are connected with this region, but we can only mention that of De Brazza, who in recent years has done so much to open up and make known the fine country which lies between the Ogowé and the Congo. Still further

north, in Senegambia, the French have in recent years shown great activity; they have all but traced the source of the Niger, and done much to make known and to annex the region lying between the coast and the upper Niger. Only a short time ago one of their gunboats reached the port of the famous city of Timbuctoo, which I may say has been twice visited during the half century—once by Dr. Barth, about thirty years ago, and quite recently by Dr. Oscar Lenz.

But the half has not been told. Many names and many exploring triumphs I must leave unmentioned. While there are still many blanks to fill up on the map of Africa, more has been done during the last fifty years to open up the interior of the Continent and lay down its leading features, than has been done since the sons of Ham first wandered across its borders. The general result of all the explorations I have referred to has been essentially to confirm the conclusion come to by Livingstone, with his wonderful geographical instinct. Africa, as a whole, is really a table-land, slightly depressed in the interior, and sloping rather sharply to the coast. At no very remote geological period much of its centre, according to the latest hypothesis, has been a great lake or inland sea; this sea, gradually rising with the accumulation of the rainfall, finally overtopped the coast mountains on the west; the waters rushing out, gradually wore a channel that now forms the bed of the lower Congo, the great lower cataracts of which still tumble their way over what remains of the mountains, Stanley Pool being all that remains of the great lake. But the more we know of African geography the more complicated and puzzling the problem becomes; and it will take many years of minute exploration before a satisfactory solution is obtained.

What has been the practical outcome of all this exploring activity? For one thing, we have obtained a fairly accurate

conception of what Central Africa is like and what are its industrial capabilities. Even to the east of Lake Tanganyika there are large areas of desert, where there is little or no rainfall, and where there could be no cultivation of the soil unless some means of irrigating the land could be discovered. Still, much of this part of the continent consists of grass-land covered with trees like an English park. On the west,



Commander Lovett Cameron.

again, we have that wonderful tropical forest through which Mr. Stanley's expedition had to cleave its way, and the actual extent of which no man can tell. But in attempting to form an idea of what Africa is like, we are apt to forget that it is a great continent, more than three times the size of Europe, and that over its surface we have every variety of climate and features and people, though in all these respects it must be admitted it is much more monotonous than any other continent. While the plateau character of Central Africa has its advantages in enabling white men to live on the continent in health and vigor, for a time at least, it has also its disad-

vantages. Those great rivers which all rise in the centre of the continent—the Nile, the Congo, the Zambesi, and the

things this is for an old continent like Africa, may be realized when it is remembered that the annual export of

mineral oil alone from the United States comes to more than this, while Egypt exports cotton to about the same value. The truth is, Central Africa has nothing but her natural animal and vegetable products to offer to the trader, and in tropical countries these can never be of much value commercially. Thus the only commercial exhibit in the African Exhibition is ivory, and the value of ivory as an export from all Africa does not amount to more than a million annually. By and by even that will cease, for the elephant is going the way of the megatherium, the dodo, and the mammoth. North and South Africa have prospered mainly because the white settlers therein have cultivated the soil and reared cattle and sheep, and worked the minerals; and Central Africa will rise in commercial value only when the na-

tives have learned from white men not merely to make the most of their ivory and their gums and their woods, and other natural products, but also to clear the ground of its rank vegetation and to plant such crops and rear such animals as will be useful in the commerce of the world. This will take much patience and time and trouble; meanwhile the chartered companies and other European organizations will in their own interests, and, it is to be hoped, in the interests of the natives, make the best use of what nature has provided of commercial value.

Niger—must make their way down the steep sides of the plateau to the ocean, with the result that their beds are more or less broken by falls and cataracts, rendering them less useful as trade-routes than they might otherwise have been. But the trade of Central Africa is, so far, a poor affair. Its total value, imports and exports combined, does not amount to more than ninety millions sterling. Of this only fifteen millions can be credited to Central Africa, that is, to about two-thirds of the whole continent. The total exports from all this area do not exceed in value eight millions sterling. What a wretched state of

That the poor untutored natives them-



Major von Wissmann.



Carved Drum (West Africa)

selves are not without some skill in working up into manufactured articles the natural produce of their country, is evident from the many beautiful and ingenious objects shown in the African Exhibition. Here are wonderful brass vessels from the Niger; the most tasteful and soft-textured mats of grass from the Congo region; ornaments from all parts of the continent; and, above all, an infinite variety of weapons of offence and defence.

Then we have strange-looking drums and other musical instruments, hideous fetishes, handsome and curiously shaped axes and knives, and graceful shields. All this is an index of the stage of civilization which has been reached by the natives of this strange continent; while the rest of the world has been advancing by leaps and bounds, they are still the same as they were in the days of the Pharaohs and Herodotus and Ptolemy. But this state of things cannot last much longer. For better or worse, the white man has at last taken Africa seriously in hand.

Much has been said about the laziness of the African and his unwillingness to work. But it should be remembered that there are Africans and Africans. There are the splendid Wahuma, that Mr. Stanley found the ruling people in the lake plateaus. There are those other fine fellows of the type of the Zulu, great warriors no doubt, but, as has been found in South Africa, quite capable of being trained to steady work. There are the pure negroes of the West, with whom it is more difficult to deal; and other varieties found all over the centre of the continent, not to mention the peoples of the North. The truth is that the African has hitherto had no great stimulus to hard labor, and if such a stimulus is judiciously introduced there is no doubt that he may be pulled up a long way above his present level. We have evidence of that in the success which has met the efforts of the missionaries, Protestant and Roman Catholic, but especially the latter, in many places. Missionaries have, it is to be feared, often shown a great lack of judgment and practical sense in dealing with natives; but they, like others, are learning that what is suitable for the advanced Euro-

pean may be poison for the undeveloped African; and that we cannot expect the latter to attain in a bound the stage which it has taken the former two thousand years to reach. Moffat and Mackay were two of the best types of missionaries; Bishop Hannington, too, was brave and practical; but there is no doubt he lost his life by obstinately taking a route which he was warned would lead to martyrdom.

It will, however, take many more years of missionary and philanthropic effort in Africa to balance the evil which has resulted from European connection with that continent. One of the most painful, if most interesting, sections of the African Exhibition is that devoted to slavery. Slavery, alas! has not been confined to the natives of the African continent. At one period of the world's history the bulk of humanity were, indeed, slaves to the minority of their fellows. At the present day the wretched natives of several of the South American States are virtually in the position of bondsmen, and their treatment is, in many cases, as inhuman as that of the negro when African slavery was at its worst. But the fact is, the term slavery is applied to conditions which differ greatly from each other. In the slave section of the Exhibition we have portraits of Fowell Buxton, Wilberforce, and others, and a variety of cruel-looking instruments which belong happily to a past state of things. The worst form of African slavery was that which came to an end after the American civil war. For something like three centuries the unfortunate continent was drained of its inhabitants to supply laborers for the Colonies and States of America, and in this matter England was no less guilty than Spain and Portugal. The horrors of the middle passage have often been described, and the articles shown in the Exhibition afford some idea of the cruelties which accompanied it. Probably the last shipload of slaves was taken across the Atlantic in 1865. In that year the English cruisers captured and liberated 35 blacks, as compared with 450 in 1864, and 1,475 in 1863. But the cessation of the transatlantic slave-trade only tended to draw more marked attention to that

other slave-trade, whose main outlet is the east coast, and the routes across the Sahara. The trade is many centuries older than that from the west coast, and has probably been going on from long before the Christian era. Why the poor sons of Ham should have been singled out for so nefarious a purpose it is hard to say. But there is little doubt that the days of this trade in humanity are numbered. Morocco on one side, and Arabia and Persia on the other, are the great marts for this living commodity. The Turkish market has been almost cut off, though it is to be feared that Egypt still draws a supply from the heart of the continent. Everyone admits that the slaves, when they once reach their destination and find their masters, are almost invariably treated with kindness; as in the days of the Old-Testament patriarchs, they become members of the family, and often rise to positions of high honor. The great cruelty is connected with the actual capture—the burning of villages, the slaughter of those who resist, the deaths during the long and painful march, the cruelties and barbarities practised by the captors. For every slave which reaches the coast, probably four natives have met their death. Even yet, the yearly contingent which is brought to market must number many thousands. This form of slavery cannot continue much longer; all civilized nations are thoroughly roused to put it down; and now that the whole of the African coast has been partitioned off among the European powers, we may hope, unless indeed Portugal, as of old, stops the way, that in no long time it will be as dead as the old slavery which was nourished on the American side of the Atlantic.

But if this form of slavery were extinguished, we must not think that the institution would cease to exist. The fact is, that within the continent itself slavery is universal, though the term is too strong to apply to the actual state of things. Almost every tribe may be said to have its bondsmen—captured in war or who have lost their freedom through the commission of some crime. Among many tribes the people are virtually the slaves of their chiefs; but

this kind of slavery is, as a rule, no hardship. No doubt, as civilization and European influences spread over the continent, this patriarchal state of society will gradually die out. But the result ought to come naturally and slowly, and the natives ought to be gently dealt with and trained to regular labor; for without their help we shall never be able to develop the resources of the continent. We cannot afford to annihilate them as we are doing the Australians and the North American Indians.

Far worse than this form of slavery, and quite as bad as the slave-raids of the Arabs, are the raids for ivory, of which Mr. Stanley tells us so much in his new book. Arabs like Tippu Tib and Ugarrowa devastate thousands of miles of fine country, and lay waste hundreds of peaceful villages, in order to steal the stores of ivory which the natives have managed to collect. Now that England and Germany, France and Belgium, have taken the responsibility of developing Africa upon their own shoulders, they will be bound to see that this iniquitous traffic also will come to an end. So likewise must the traffic in poisonous European liquors. At the same time, it should be remembered that the African is not dependent on any outside supply when he wants to get drunk. Like most other savage people, they have an intoxicating brew of their own; and Mr. H. H. Johnston, one of the most energetic and successful of African travellers, tells us that in a recent journey between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika he came upon the most drunken tribe he ever met, though they never tasted a drop of anything but their own native-made pombé. All this shows how much there is to be done ere the sons of Ham are raised above the estate in which their ancestors have lived for probably thousands of years.

In the final scramble for Africa, Great Britain, as we have said, has managed to appropriate a very satisfactory share. South of the Zambesi she has obtained nearly all that is most worth having, and here we see in the making what in the future may probably become a great English-speaking nation or confederation. In the centre of the continent,

again, thanks to the public spirit of Sir William Mackinnon, her dominion extends over those great lakes which give origin to the Nile, and the magnificent plateaus with their splendid populations around them. On the other side, she has command of the Niger and the thickly populated and half-civilized countries to which that river gives access. Here she has France for her rival, and in time we may expect to see the extensive domain of French Senegambia connected by rail with her Algerian territory. As for Germany, she claims about a million square miles in East and West Africa, though whether she will be able to make anything of the enormous territory remains to be seen. It seems

likely that the vast Congo basin will become a Belgian colony; while even Italy now claims suzerainty over the whole of Abyssinia and Shoa, and a great stretch of Somali Land. Except Morocco and the central Soudan States, there is really nothing left to divide; for England is supreme in Egypt, and will probably let no other power gain a footing in those upper Nile countries which are at present terrorized over by the Mahdi. The history of Central Africa may only now be said to have begun. The problem here is very different from that which has had to be faced in America, in Australia, and even in Asia; what will be the final outcome of it all, who can tell?

THREE CHARADES.*

By L. B. R. Briggs.

I.

My first we breathe upon the listening air
In sorrow, sickness, rapture, love, and prayer,
And sing it in our melodies devotional;
And you and I, if we a finger jam,
Employ my first, whereas they say that d—n
Is used among the recklessly emotional.

My next, like Puck, encompasses the land
With viewless and imaginary band.
'Tis boiling hot, or freezing cold, or medium.
By such as this, and such embraces round
(Chiastically placed) the earth is bound.
(My pedantry, I trust, is free from tedium.)

My whole I don't know anything about,
And yet uncontradicted may, no doubt,
In modesty observe what I am next-to-say:
To wit, that chemists and the like declare
That if my whole *would* saturate the air,
We all should jump and caper in an ecstasy.

Fill me with this, and mark if I retire
One step for famine, pestilence, or fire;
Or seven-headed monster known to Patmos fear:
For, if you see me waver in the least
Before the brute (or any other beast),
My whole is insufficient in the atmosphere.

* The answers will be found on page 264.

II.

I cannot sing my first so well
 As Wordsworth or as Shelley can.
 My reasons I will frankly tell :
 'Tis pretty hard
 For any bard
 To praise a bird
 He never saw or heard.
 (E.g., I could not celebrate a pelican ;
 I only know it is long-billed and altruistic,
 And makes with *Shelley can* a creditable distich.)

Nor do I know my second much.
 Some cavalier more elegant
 (And truly there are many such)
 Who rides a horse
 Without remorse,
 And will not own
 That he was ever thrown,
 Can sound my second's praise as even Shelley can't—
 Lord Marmion, perhaps, who "turned and dashed the rowels ;"
 Some wight with neither fear nor mercy in his bowels.

My whole's a flower of lovely hue,
 Enough to make a Shelley glad.
 'Tis red and blue and purple too,

And grows in spikes
 That everybody likes,
 And would be perfect if a smell it had.
 (Perhaps if it were just the merest trifle sweeter,
 I could write two lines more and satisfy the metre.)

III.

On royalty itself my first may gaze,
 Yet loves the fireside better than the court.
 Sleep and the chase absorb his nights and days—
 A patient hunter in a humble sport.

In Eden whilom dwelt a happy pair
 , (He was for valor formed and she for grace).
 My next is half the man that wandered there ;
 My next is still the foremost of its race.

My third, the constant comrade of the fair,
 May "sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair"—
 Alas, that none but women should upbraid !

Revile me not for dark and tortuous ways ;
 Revile me not for long and vapory gloom.
 Of old I had my hospitable days,
 An awful refuge from a martyr's doom.

THE STORY OF AN OLD BEAU.

By John Seymour Wood.

I.



R. PERCY THORNDYKE had been, for many years, a well-known figure at the Club. He made it his daily habit, when in town, to leave his busi-

ness at about three o'clock, and spend the remaining hours of the afternoon sitting with his friends in one of the broad windows which looked upon Fifth Avenue. He had an exquisite and highly-cultivated eye for female beauty, and it was conceded that the windows of the Club afforded members an unusually favorable opportunity for observing the pretty girls. It almost seemed, sometimes, as if the pretty girls went out of their way to exhibit their clear complexions, their frank, bright eyes, their charming costumes, their slender figures before the Club windows. Thorndyke, who had been, in his day, a society "swell," was still frequently able to give a *débutante* a decided vogue by noticing her, and praising her "points." He was careful to attend the Delmonico balls, and he had long been accustomed to see his name in the standing list of fashionable attendants at entertainments in the city and at Newport. He kept in his capital memory the names and pedigrees of the "buds" with the same studious care he gave to the yearling fillies. The younger men at the Club often found him a valuable *confidant*, in consequence. He knew the rich, brilliant, and childish society in which he moved as no other man—except, perhaps, the "great" McWard—knew it. In the days when Saratoga and Long Branch were still fashionable, he had been a distinguished leader of the german. It had hardly been ten years since he had opened the Charity ball, an affair which he regretfully said was now given over to "everybody." He retained several accomplishments of the beau of twenty-five or thirty years ago.

He played billiards, as well as the piano, capitally; he was still a most graceful dancer; he was fond of a rakish trotter; he quoted Byron with inconceivable aptness; and he had many little habits—such as universally smoking his cigar in an elaborate meerschaum holder, and wearing diamond jewelry—habits which were retained by him in his later years much in the same way the wig is retained on the English bench. On the other hand, he despised the modern craze for athletics. He preferred the standard hero of his youth—the tall, pale, intellectual young man, with sad eyes, broad shoulders, narrow hips, and nerves of steel—the muscles of the giant with the delicate hands of a woman! He longed to personify this heroic personage, and his fatness and rotundity were among the bitterest griefs of his later years. He was still careful about his clothes, and yielded gracefully to the demands of "good form," that they should be purchased chiefly in Bond Street. He was really intensely American—he secretly despised the kind of young man who turns up his trousers because it is raining in London—but he preferred to be in style, and if it led him to England, it did not much matter. A great many of the elder set at the Club complained that Thorndyke dressed too "young." It usually became necessary to imitate him, and they wished that he was more given to compromises. It was he, they said, who first made the short, tailless dress-coat possible for men of his years; and it was he who unequivocally adopted the Gordon sash and flannel shirt for summer. It was doubted whether Thorndyke ever *would* grow old; he was capable of very youthful follies still; he had often been convicted by amused mammas of making foolish, boyish love to the pretty young "buds"! Where most men would have given themselves to serious pursuits, he labored for months, in secret, and finally brought forth a new cocktail, which he was much too modest to allow to be named for

him; he dubbed it, on mature reflection, the "Byron," after his favorite and only poet. The cocktail at once achieved a success. It became very popular at the Club, and for a year Thorndyke was prevailed upon to devote his spare time to the concoction of a "long" drink which would be superior, even, to the chaste simplicity of the "Remsen Cooler." It may be said that he experimented, at some personal inconvenience to himself, without much success. He complained that he had not the pure, unadulterated liquors of his youth at hand—just as he habitually deplored the modern songsters, and went back to praise the old Academy and the *divas* of long ago.

He was getting quite bald of late, and he was careful to part the thin crisp of gray hair over his forehead accurately in the middle. His moustache was his chief glory; it was long and silken, and had the most graceful curves, and it had as yet given no signs of decadence. His complexion was rubicund, his blue eyes a little disposed to bulge; his figure was round and inclined to a buoyant *embonpoint*. It told a story of a thousand good dinners—in a city that has at last vanquished the cookery of Paris. Time had written (to misquote his favorite poet) no wrinkles on his ruby brow. His face had all the smooth flexibility of an infant's. When he gave way, occasionally, to a smile, the entire face gave one a momentary sensation of a "sunburst"—so frequent in colonial decoration.

Even down to the little fashionable touch—the purple bachelor's-button in the lapel of his well-fitting cutaway, in spite of his roundness and avoirdupois, he was always in such admirable good form, that it would have made one ridiculous to have laughed at him. For a man of his years he was decidedly *chic*. He was also easy-going, modest of his accomplishments, and yet full of a sensitive and abnormal pride—a heroic sense of what was to be expected of him, derived, partly from his fondness for romantic reading, and partly from his long leadership in the ball-room. He loved to be admired by the women—to be distinguished. Women as a rule vexed him greatly—they petted him. It was only the very young ones who worshipped; and to the young ones the old beau de-

voted himself, and made his boyish avowals.

He had inherited a considerable fortune from his father, who had lived to see his son successfully launched in his own business—wholesale drygoods. But in some way there had come a failure a few years after the old gentleman's death, and Thorndyke had taken the remnants of his sister's and his own fortune from drygoods into Wall Street. Here, with the aid of a few good friends, he had succeeded for a while fairly well. He was able in time to invest fifty thousand dollars as his sister's share in his speculations, and in addition to settle upon her an annuity which he paid from his own income. It was a matter of pride with him to make her all the return he could for the loss of the family fortune. In fact, he never quite got over the unkind reproaches of Georgianna at the time of the failure—a failure which, he considered, was not due to his own mismanagement, but to an unfortunate temporary lull in the price of calicoes. Georgianna, for her part, had never quite forgiven him.

She was a woman with a tongue, and after the death of her dissolute husband, she seemed to have no one on whom to apply it, legitimately, except her amiable brother. She seemed never weary of telling him that she ought to have been the boy, and he the girl of the family. This trifling bit of persiflage appeared to worry him dreadfully. He felt that Georgianna would never come to abandon her attitude of disapproval; but he admired his still handsome sister very much, and devoted himself to her and her daughter's interests. Georgianna had at one time been a favorite toast among the *jeunesse dorée* who gathered in Delmonico's café on Fourteenth Street. She had danced with the Russian Grand Duke Alexis on his visit in '66. She had at one time the New York world at her feet, and she had selected a handsome, but unreliable, youth as a husband, who turned out eventually to be a drunkard. It was, perhaps, her brother's advocacy of this marriage, which proved so unfortunate, that laid the foundation of her final disrespect. She very soon ceased to remember that she had been wildly in love with her good-

looking Willy Batterson. Thorndyke had been loyal to her then, however, and he was loyal to her now. He had long since ceased to care particularly what Georgianna said, or, if he felt grieved, he forgave her for Ethel's sake. Ethel had grown up to be even more beautiful than he remembered her mother. When he insisted upon this to some of his old club cronies, they laughed, and referred him to the well-known principle—that a brother never fully appreciates his sister's good looks. Colonel Bullock, now a wealthy operator, and who recalled Mrs. Batterson in the old days very well, told him frankly he was talking nonsense. "My dear boy," said the Colonel, one evening at the club, after dinner, "your sister was the handsomest, most fascinating girl that ever lived—all of us older fellows are agreed on that point. During the war, Georgie Thorndyke always presided at the Sanitary Fairs—over the flower tables—and that ought to settle it."

And Colonel Bullock's hand trembled with agitation as he raised a kummel and ice to his lips, amid a profound silence, and an exchange of amused glances. It was well understood, that since the death of his wife, a few years before, the colonel had been very attentive in a certain direction.

II.

THORNDYKE had never experimented in marriage as his sister had done. After his first failure in drygoods, he began nervously to share his sister's distrust in himself. His success in Wall Street served to steady him, but it gave him no confidence. Within a few years he had met with new reverses, which had cramped him a good deal. He had not allowed his losses to have any effect upon his sister's annuity. They had compelled him, however, to give up a very pretty suite of apartments on the Avenue, where his little breakfasts had been famous among a select circle, for years. They had compelled him also to give up his excellent valet and live as close to the wind as his tastes and habits would permit. He said to himself that it mattered little where he slept—that his club was his

essential *milieu*. We may take the reader into our confidence sufficiently to state that Thorndyke's circumstances had grown so narrow within a year, that he was actually compelled to lodge, in secret, in a cheap boarding-house on an unfashionable street. He never spoke of his affairs to anyone. To many of his club friends he gave the impression of never being long absent from his favorite corner in the smoking-room. His sister had but a vague suspicion as to his narrowed circumstances. He explained the absence of Pierre, his valet, as due to a prolonged visit to his beloved Paris. He referred his removal from the Avenue to the unpleasant encroachment of a London haberdasher. As yet he had given no sign of his decaying circumstances in the appearance of his clothes. Georgianna, as long as she duly received his annuity, could think and talk about him as she liked.

But of late things were going from bad to worse. The market had long been very dull, and he was consciously sinking deeper and deeper in the mire of debt. His friends noticed how silent, how remote he had become. He came in and left the Club, restlessly, nodding to some and cutting others inadvertently. He declined several breakfasts, fearful of the obligation of returning them; he gave up his bottle of wine at dinner; his easy joviality disappeared; he seldom laughed; little blue circles lined the upper rim of his fat cheeks. It began to be whispered that "Thorndy" was playing in hard luck. It is never the thing at the Club to pry, and his most intimate friend would never have felt privileged to speak to him of his affairs, unbidden. This is the way in clubs, where men have no business to be pitiful, and no desire to be merciful. The club is after all but a miniature of the world, where men come and go, rise or disappear, and the billiards, and little drinks, and dinners go on forever.

He sat one afternoon, late in May, in his sister's pretty apartment, waiting until she made her appearance. He twirled his narrow-rimmed, stylish little derby in his fat fingers, and wondered what Georgianna would say; for he had made up his mind to tell her that the

end had come, and he could keep up the fight no longer. He planned to make her aware that her annuity would still be regularly paid by his bankers, but that he himself would be obliged to disappear. He had, at the time, a vague notion of going to San Francisco, and of entering the banking house of an old friend who resided there. He restlessly arose, and, as was his wont, set some of the *bric-à-brac* in order on a little Venetian table near him. In a silver tray he counted half a dozen of Colonel Bullock's cards, and a tremulous smile illumined his face a moment. He walked across the room and glanced out of the window upon the roofs below. A fine mass of cumulus clouds were sailing from the west in, otherwise, the clearest of blue skies. The bright bit of cloudscape, with here and there a shining steeple to remind him that he was not actually in cloudland, gave him a momentary feeling of irresolution. "Things will change," he said, half aloud—"I may make a turn this week in C. K. & K. C.—I'll defer telling Georgianna a few days—perhaps I never need confess—who knows?"

Everything was very pretty and expensive in the apartment. There were some good paintings, one or two fair bronzes; some costly silken hangings and portières. There were certain things, his sister said, which, no matter how poor one was, one *must* have. She dressed herself and her daughter very well—she gave excellent little dinners—she had indeed a charming *ménage* on her seventh story, and many rich and clever people cultivated her and Ethel, and praised her wit, her gayety. Thorn-dyke wondered how she lived so well on her income. She drove in the park two or three times a week in a stylish little cart which no one ever recognized as belonging to Smith & Robinson, the livery men. She managed to have a box at the opera part of the season—but this, to be sure, was generally given her. When Ethel, the preceding spring, gave signs of fatigue from her small dances and her lunches—and overwork at school, she whisked her off to Lake-wood for a week, where she indulged in the most expensive suite in the hotel. She was continually planning little trips

for Ethel's benefit. Sometimes she reminded her brother of a young married friend who was passionately fond of the circus, and who had taken his little boy eight times to Barnum's in as many days. He fancied that Ethel did not wish so much done for her. She seemed to him at times so different, so remote from her handsome mamma.

Presently he heard Georgianna's high-keyed, rich voice coming from an inner room. It was raised with an angry intonation. She was engaged in berating a neglectful servant. He gave a start, and stood up. "No," he said, "I will not tell her to-day; she is in one of her indignant moods." When his sister entered, he was still standing, and he gave a step forward and pressed her finger-tips between his fat, pudgy, gloved hands. She seemed to be borne into the room on a fresh breeze. She had a good deal of color, very white teeth, a laughing mouth, flashing dark eyes, a full, pretty figure—Georgiana was still, at forty, very handsome.

"Percy!" she cried, laughingly, in the same loud strident key she had used upon the delinquent servant, "I'm so glad you happened to call: I need some money—not much—don't make such a face—send me a hundred dollars to-morrow."

"Oh, very well," he replied, carelessly, glancing around the room. He was inwardly wondering from whom he should borrow it.

"I need it—I need it for Ethel; the poor child has been invited to the N——'s dancing class—the last of the season. It will be very swell, and it will be the last before Ethel comes out, you know. I want her to have a new dress. Besides, I shall need some money for myself. In the first place I intend to set up a buttons——"

He said nothing, but there was in his attitude something which gave her the impression of a remonstrance.

"I have denied myself *every* comfort," she cried, "and I am going to try and live more decently in future. Heaven only knows how economical we are, and you know *why*, Percy."

"Oh, I think a buttons would be a very good thing," he said, rather indifferently. He tried to be deferential.

"Don't you *see*," she burst out, in the tone he dreaded, "I do it all for Ethel? Do you think that, after all I have gone through, I care to be in the world—to go to receptions, teas, dinners—to wear myself out and bore myself to death with stupid people? Don't you know that I *hate* Wagner, and yet I *will* go to the opera where Ethel can be seen? Do you imagine that I care for these things? Is it for *my* pleasure? I never know what pleasure is; and *you* go from this little household, where we are scrimping and saving—where?—to *your club*!"

Here Thorndyke winced a little.

"I hardly think Ethel will require any advertising," he said at length, ignoring her jibes at his weakness. "For that reason I have always opposed sending her to London for the season. I hate the Prince of Wales's 'favorable notice,' and all that sort of thing—Ethel is very much of a lady."

He thought he detected a milder glance, a kinder note in his sister's voice.

"You came out very early," he said. "You were barely seventeen——"

"Mercy! *those* days?" she laughed gayly. "How provincial everything was. It was like living in Rochester or Buffalo—it was even worse than Chicago! We hardly knew what's what! I came out as soon as I could jump into a long dress. During the war, too, everything was in confusion. I went straight from boarding-school to my first grand ball. It was just before the Seventh left, and I remember I was engaged to two men at once when they marched down Broadway, and set out to take Richmond—and both were killed afterward, I wore mourning for six months—and the excitement—and the sanitary fairs——"

"Colonel Bullock was speaking of them the other night," he said, watching her face.

"*He* went to the war," she said, shortly, and he felt the edge of her disdainful smile.

"Where is Ethel?" he asked, quietly.

"She has gone to her riding-school—her last lesson this season."

"I believe I will go and bring her home."

"Oh, the maid is with her, of course—there is no need, Percy."

He took up his hat and cane.

"We can't be too careful with Ethel," he said, gravely.

"With our other foreign importations we are bringing over the foolish custom of not letting girls go about alone," said his sister. "I never even took my maid with *me*—years ago."

"We were very unsophisticated Americans in those days, I fear," he laughed. "I think I will go and fetch her home in a cab."

He turned to go. Yet Georgianna seemed so mild—should he not seize the opportunity of telling her his situation, and having it over with? It would give his visit a better point.

She could not help noticing his agitation. "You are unusually flushed, Percy," she said. "Have you—have you been 'flushing it' lately, at the Club?"

It was a cruel question, and it made him anxious to escape before he would again be tempted with a desire to confide in Georgianna. But she had no intention, probably, of being cruel.

"Percy, you are really not well," she said, as she followed him out. "You had better stay and lie down."

"Oh, it's my old malaria, that's all," he said, trying to speak in a cheerful tone.

"*It's the Club!*" he heard her say, half under her breath. For some reason the elevator did not respond, and he felt that he must stand and hear what his sister had to say without flinching.

"We are getting on in life, Percy. It seems to me—I have long thought of it—you should live here with us—you should protect us——"

"Well?" he said, dubiously.

"It would be better for you—for Ethel. But there is one thing——"

"Oh, I understand—the Club," he said shortly, over his shoulder.

"Yes, I want you—I ask you to give it up."

"Well, I will think of it."

"It is such a foolish expense for you," she went on, in her high, metallic key, "and—you ought to be thinking of serious things. If you came and lived with us, I should expect you to give it up, Percy."

The elevator rose to the floor.

"And you won't forget about the——?" she asked.

"I'll try and send it this evening."

And with that the swift elevator descended with him to the level of the street. Thorndyke felt that he had been a moral coward.

III.

He made his way out on the Avenue, and hailed a passing hansom. He felt that the crisis had arrived. He was certain that C. K. & K. C. was going lower. He felt sure that he had but one course to pursue. He had a restless anxiety to see and talk with Ethel alone, away from her mother. He longed for a little sympathy. It was so terrible carrying his burdens alone. Besides his mental worries, he actually felt physically weak and miserable. He was in no condition to stand the shock of throwing New York over and beginning life anew in the West. That morning, for the first time in many years, he had been unable to eat his breakfast.

He thought of the Club, and his heart hardened as he felt the impossibility of his going to anyone of his old time friends with his story of failure. He could not endure the advice they would bestow—nor the offer of checks—nor the constrained pity—perhaps sincere. No, he would go down with his colors flying—he would walk out forever, say at the end of a fine dinner. Then there would be a nine days' wonder over his disappearance, and some would miss him; but the Club, with its laughter and good stories, its wining and dining, would go on as before. It would soon forget him.

As he rode toward the Park along the right side of the Avenue, he passed a number of people he knew, in carriages and on foot, but so absorbed was he that he bowed to no one. "I fear 'Thorny' is playing in very hard luck," said one of his club friends, who was surprised not to receive a familiar nod, for he had always been politeness personified. His face was flushed and anxious. His hand trembled as he lit a small cigar. "I see," he said to himself, "I shall not sleep again, to-night"—he had not slept for a week. He directed the cab to stop at a popular hotel, got

out, ran in, and drank a small glass of sherry. It made him feel a little better. The hotel, with its throngs of strangers, of business men who had dropped in on the way uptown, of guests hurrying to and fro, seemed to personify the entire city to him. "I shall know and be known no longer," he said aloud. "I might as well have it over with now, as well as any time." Then he stood still a moment. "No—no. There is no need . . . it would be brutal." Then he saw some strange faces staring suspiciously at him. He hurried out of the swinging glass doors, and got in his cab.

As the cab swung along in the Avenue and jolted and jostled over the worn pavement, he kept murmuring, "She wants me to resign . . . but I never—I shall never resign from the Club, I shall never resign. . . . It is like leaving my only home."

He had for ten years together been secretary of the Club. He was still a member of the House Committee. He had, in fact, served from time to time on all the committees. He knew every member—every waiter—every servant by name. Years ago he had assisted in designing the very livery the waiters wore. He had managed the expensive refitting and rehabilitation of the Club. He had watched, as with a father's eye, its growth from its small beginning in a brick building over a store in Great Jones Street, until it had become the leading club on the Avenue—the home of swelldom—of the aristocrats. "No," he kept murmuring over his cigar, "at least I shall never resign—it will not be necessary."

He drew near Fifty-ninth Street. Ethel, who had just come from her riding-school, was standing on the corner of the street waiting for a stage. Near her stood a tall, prim-looking maid holding a riding-whip. Ethel was habited in a long, close-fitting English newmarket. Her riding-hat became her very well. Her brown hair was slightly disarranged and had fallen low upon her neck. She had a pensive, weary air, as if somewhat overfatigued. People stared as they passed on the sidewalk, and admired her beauty. To Thorndyke, as he got out of the cab and raised his hat, she never seemed so sweet—so charm-

ing. Her large dark eyes beamed with pleasure. She had not so much color as her mother, but her color rose as she gave her slender gloved hand to her uncle.

"It is quite late," he said, "I have come for you."

"As if I could not find my way home!" she laughed lightly.

"Yes, but New York is getting to be London in these matters," he said, seriously.

"It's awfully good of you, at all events,"—and she gave him a charming smile.

He hailed the stage and, with a certain old-fashioned, high-bred courtesy, assisted the prim maid to mount, and returned to his niece.

"It is not late—it is early," Ethel laughed, as she took her seat in the hansom. "Don't let us go home yet—a short drive in the Park, Uncle Percy; it will rest me."

"Oh, very well," he replied, looking at his watch, "we have half an hour. As far as the Museum," he called out to the driver, as he pushed open the little slide in the roof of the hansom and closed it again. They trotted along for some moments in silence.

A string of carriages was passing them on the left. He observed a famous actress of the opera *bouffe* approaching in an open landau, drawn by a pair of stylish little gray cobs in jingling silver harness. She had very gorgeous yellow hair, and wore a large hat trimmed with a vast quantity of artificial flowers. He felt panic-stricken for a moment, as it seemed to him that Maud Everard—whom he had known for many years—was about to bow. He tried to draw away Ethel's attention to a pair of gawky country folk who were standing at the right of the entrance of the Park. He said to himself, angrily:

"Such a creature should not be allowed to flaunt herself so in public!"

But Ethel's eyes were fastened with a school-girl admiration upon the actress.

"Isn't she beautiful?" she whispered, recognizing the stage favorite; "and she looks—she looks as if—she knew you, Uncle Percy!"

Ethel gave him a sly glance, and laughed.

"Those country people over there are so amusing," he said, indifferently, feeling himself grow red. "They look as if they had just arrived from Vermont, and were on the lookout for the ubiquitous bunco man——"

"Is she really as beautiful when you are close to her?" asked Ethel, teasingly.

"A large percentage of paint and powder, I dare say," he laughed. "Ah, there is Mrs. Fitzwilliams—she has a *musicale* this evening."

He made a graceful bow to a lady in a barouche, and laughed again lightly. He felt very much like himself once more.

"Oh! how I should love to go on the stage," sighed Ethel.

"Yes—you would not be a true New York school-girl unless you did have aspirations that way," he laughed. "It is like the measles—the whooping-cough—you will survive it."

She pinched his arm.

"You must be more respectful," she said, with affected solemnity.

He laughed again, noisily.

"How stupid of you!" she complained, as they jogged along; "you laugh at anything—and you laugh so loud!"

Beside him sat the young girl, grown up to be a woman now, whom years ago he used to carry about the house in his arms, whom he used to trot on his knee, and whose every change in development he had witnessed with a sort of awe. It seemed to him as if he saw, suddenly, a vision of a gradation of Ethels, from the superb young creature at his side to a little white infant, cooing upon a soft pillow of expensive lace. She still kept the first tiny ring he had given her—a little circlet of minute diamonds—and she wore in her fragrant hair a long Etruscan pin of gold—his latest offering. He had petted her, laughed at her, loved her as the apple of his eye. In his secret soul, too, he had idolized her, and her sweet girlish image had often come between him and temptation. But with it all—for he had been brought up, don't you know, chiefly in club life—he recognized the fact that there would come a change when she knew he was penniless. She would not mean to act differently. She would be even more kind, more affectionate. But

she was in the world, and he—he would be going out of it. Their *camaraderie* must cease. He would become to her only "Poor Uncle Percy." He remembered the kind of companions she had to do with at school—the expensively reared, expensively dressed, expensively educated young girls who would be too polite to speak of it, but who would deplore with her his condition as something not to be mentioned.

The thought of losing her was more than he could bear. He became suddenly silent, and remote.

Ethel herself became silent. At first she attempted to keep up the conversation by asking him—the encyclopædia of family history—whether she ought to "know" a certain Miss Poddles, who had recently entered her school, and who was the daughter of a rich fashionable tailor; but as they drove on, she saw that something troubled him, and glanced at him with mute questioning.

"I am really very unhappy," he said, sadly, "in spite of my noisy laughter, which so disturbs you."

"And so, *really*, am I," she replied.

"You?"

"Yes." She gazed at him imploringly and looked down.

"And you will tell me about it?"

"Yes." She waited a moment and then said, "*I am in debt.*"

She spoke in low, weak tones. It was a very serious matter. There was a note of despair in her voice, as she glanced at him, timidly, to see if he would rebuke her. At any previous time her confession would have enormously amused him. He would have been inclined to tease her a little, to pretend that for her to owe money was something unspeakable. He would have made an immense joke of it, and would have ended by giving her twice the amount she required.

But now he could only lean his head near hers, and, with a comic sadness, whisper,

"So am I!"

"We are very foolish, you and I!" she said, after an agitated pause. "And I could not—I dare not tell mamma."

"Nor I," he smiled, very truthfully.

"And when she knows—but she mustn't know, Uncle Percy——"

"No," he admitted, at the same time throwing away his cigar.

"Oh—I'm so glad I have told you—and you will pay it, won't you, and I shall never, *never*—buy bonbons and things I like again unless I have the money. But all the girls do it—and then we find they send the bills home!" They actually sent their bill to mamma; it was on the breakfast table, and I saw it among her mail this very morning; but mamma was so engrossed with Colonel Bullock's letter——"

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "He has written——?"

"Oh—he writes and calls—all the time."

"Does he?"

"But mamma will never have him. She once told me so herself—it's such a pity." His face fell again. He hoped differently.

"How much is your debt?" he asked, not wishing to pursue the marriage matter with Georgianna's daughter.

"It is something more than sixteen dollars——"

"We can drive around there to the bonbon store and pay it at once." He felt for a small wad of bills in his vest-pocket as he spoke. She clapped her hands delightedly. "Oh, you good *Thing!*" she cried. "You dear good *Thing!* Goodness! what a relief!" And she sank back with a sigh of gratitude, her face suddenly radiant.

He fancied that he had arrived at the point for extorting a little sympathy.

"What would you say, Ethel, if I told you my affairs were so bad, you know—that I was really—forced to give up the Club?"

"I should say it would be just splendid."

"How—?" he asked, bewildered.

"Because I don't approve of clubs—unless they have lectures."

He perceived that she had reference to one or two famous social organizations of the city, where ladies and gentlemen in evening dress were wont to listen to learned discussions upon "Cosmos" and "Origins," study the lecturer through lorgnettes and opera-glasses, and then eat melted ice-cream and stale sponge-cake afterward.

"But—I mean—where I have always lived—my Club—you know—my *home*."

"Uncle Percy—forgive me—but it must be a horrible place!"

He was mute with astonishment. He had never heard her betray these sentiments before.

"I have often wondered how you *could* have anything to do with men who stare so—and are so silly," she said. Then, noticing his look of surprise. "To be sure, clubs serve their purpose, for Mademoiselle Clarence always says she walks us by them to make us hard—to make us brazen! She walks us by all the clubs she can find, so that no one ever after shall be able to stare us out of countenance!"

His heart sank with her levity. He was in no mood for jesting.

"And you must see that the Club keeps you away from us so much. And aren't you tired and wearied, dear Uncle Percy, with smoking and drinking—and then varying the monotony of it by drinking *and* smoking? Oh, it will be so much better for you to resign—and it will keep you out of temptation."

He became a little provoked. He failed to see that the girl was but reflecting, without reason, her mother's many animadversions. It came so easily to this pretty young creature to affect her mother's wisdom, to prescribe for him this drastic remedy—to change the entire current of his life—it was such a trifling affair!

"And that isn't *all*—they gamble for money in clubs"—she nodded her head for confirmation. "So Bessie Lanier told me. Her brother has lost—lots."

Ethel gave him a motherly little glance. There was no tragedy here, for *her*.

"You ought to give it up—as you ought to give up dancing—and doing nothing. Mamma says that you—spend too much there."

Here Thorndyke changed the subject adroitly to the coming dancing class at Mrs. N——'s. It was to come off in a few days. He accurately noted the day, for some reason. The cab had now reached the Museum, and turned about.

On the way home he listened quietly to a long story about one of Ethel's school friends, whom he had never seen,

whose parents, whom he did not know, objected to the attentions of a certain lad who lived somewhere in New Jersey. By the time they reached the "Belgravia," he had silently told himself that he really had very little left to live for. It seemed to him that Ethel would only continue to grow—not to be *his* Ethel, *his* charming, loving niece—but to be more like her mother. He saw a dreary vista of the years before him. "Ah," he sighed, as he left her, and drove off to pay her candy bill, "she too is acquiring so soon the heartless polish of the world!"

Old worldling as he was, for a moment he wished he had been born a simple, laboring man, with a homely wife, a dozen "brats," and the sincerity and sympathy of "heart to heart." It was all very well when there was plenty of money. Something took the place of feeling then. What was it? Perhaps it was the "continuosity of amusements," as Georgianna had said one day—there was no time to be sad. There was always gayety, because there was no sense of distress. People might sicken and die—but the dinners and dances went on continuously. "I am an unconscionable hypocrite," he said aloud, as, after going home to dress, he entered the Club an hour later. "I am a coward, too. I cannot stand up and take defeat!"

And this continual self-reprehension, too, was not the best thing in the world for him, don't you know.

IV.

OPPRESSED with a conflict of emotions, Thorndyke entered the reading-room of the Club, now full of a multitude of men chatting, drinking cocktails, and awaiting their dinner announcements. He sat down immediately at one of the writing-tables. He had now resolved to be very manly, very straightforward. He would, after all, resign from the Club, and frankly state his reasons. He had got to the end of his rope. He simply could not afford it. Let the shock come. Let what would happen, happen.

He caught the eyes of several friends about the room and nodded. It always

gave him a pleasant sensation when he heard a man order *his* cocktail. There were four half-emptied "Byrons" on the little round table in the centre of a group of brokers near him—how strangely pleased this made him!

The moral atmosphere of the Club, too, rather braced him. "No sneaks are tolerated *here*," he said to himself. "It is a fair fight, and one side must always lose. I have lost. There is no disgrace. I want, I need no sympathy. I am myself. I wish I was younger; but I am young enough yet to make a fortune."

He began a letter to "the Hon. the Secretary of the City Club," with a great flourish. Then he glanced about the room. There were the usual little groups of toadies, gathered like flies around the molasses cup, about the men who owned yachts. Many men, rather proud of knowing Thorndyke, called out to him conspicuously: "Have something, Thorny, won't you?" Others were plunged in the evening papers, and did not look up from them. There was the little, slight, pale man who looked like a fresh-water college professor, and who seemed to be so ascetic, so strangely out of place in the Club; there was also the Club "ghost," whom no one knew, except, perhaps, Thorndyke himself. He cheered the poor "ghost" with a friendly nod. There was Peebles, and Jack Benson, and that old standby and steady goer, Tom Alsingham. There was Harrington, the editor of the *Up-shot*, all of them well-dressed, jolly, easy-going, full-voiced, fat. Over in a corner were gathered a circle of yachting men, for the racing season was now about to begin.

There seemed to be no one who was at all miserable! Yet—if the truth were known? The club requires of one to wear such a contented, cheerful mask!

He returned to his letter.

H. WETMORE BYFIELD, Esq., *Sec'y, etc.*

DEAR SIR: *Circumstances compel me to announce to you that I shall be obliged to resign from the Club.*

He was disturbed by the loud laughter near him of some half-dozen men, gathered about the owner of one of the

crack racing stables of the day. One of the group rose and came up to him familiarly. He was a slim, elegantly dressed, tall young man, with a hard-set face, as if it had been studiously carved out of old ivory. Jack Chalmers had inherited an enormous fortune, and was rapidly engaged in making way with it. He was still a young man, not twenty-eight. Everyone in the Club saw very plainly that he was setting himself too fast a pace. He was popular, too, well liked, gay, charming, a gentleman. He would be a decided loss to the Club. A word or two of advice from some of the older ones might be of great service to him. But, of course, it was no one's business to speak that which was on everyone's mind. It is not the way in clubs. A year later he died of a sudden attack, after a very "heavy" night of it.

Chalmers leaned down and whispered in Thorndyke's ear, "I am in for a little supper to-night, at Del's, after the theatre. I count on you, Thorny; and I want that famous 'Italiano' story, you know; Kate Finis will be there and Maud Everard, and there will be some singing and recitations. Hilgard has promised me some tricks——"

"Oh, I know very well what there will be!" laughed Thorndyke. "I'm sorry, but I can't be there, Jack; I have an engagement."

When this is once said to clubmen, nothing further is ever necessary. Jack Chalmers merely gave a shrug of his shoulders, and drew himself up.

"Oh, by the way, Jack, will you do me a favor?" said Thorndyke. "I want to borrow a hundred and fifty."

"Certainly, old man, with pleasure. Come outside."

They went together through the wide marble hallway into a small reception-room. Here Chalmers took out an enormous wad of bills from his vest-pocket.

"I have had the greatest luck at the Park," he said, "I have made five thousand in three days, on my own stable, too; a rare thing for me. I wish you would take all of this 'stuff' and keep it for me, Thorny."

"No," said Thorndyke, peremptorily, "I only want a hundred and fifty."

His bearing was very much as if he was doing the favor.

"Oh, very well!" said Jack Chalmers, rather struck by his tone, and he counted out the money.

Thorndyke sat down at the writing-table again, and took up his pen. While writing, he pressed a button, and called a waiter.

"Bring me my monthly statement from the office," he said to the waiter, and resumed his letter to the secretary. After he had written a line further, he tore the letter up, and threw the pieces into the waste-paper basket. He began another letter, merely stating very badly the fact that he would resign from the Club. He was equally dissatisfied with this, also, and as he began to tear it up, Colonel Bullock entered, and stood a moment in the door-way, looking around to find someone to dine with him. He was a tall, massive, elderly man, with a prominent nose, thin, intelligent face, and iron-gray side-whiskers. At present he was the hero of a large, successful Wall Street "deal." He had been able, with the assistance of several of his friends, to make the bears "squirm" in a certain railway stock. Indeed, he had squeezed them, as he had said, "for all they were worth." Several men, who had lost heavily through his manipulations, nodded to him with pleasant, friendly smiles. There seemed to be no ill-feeling against him. It had been a fair fight. They would have squeezed *him* if they could! It seemed as if they rather admired him for his adroitness.

"Hello, Thorny!" he cried, in a loud, full, hearty voice, slapping him on the shoulder. "Come, dine with me; we'll get Cushman."

Thorndyke hesitated. He bit the end of his pen.

"I see fresh country mushrooms on the bill of fare," said Colonel Bullock, insinuatingly. "They are *fried*!" he whispered, unctiously. He knew Thorndyke's weaknesses. "Come, I'll get Cushman—and I'll count on you—you are alone?"

"Yes—but——"

"Well, then of course you'll dine with me!"

And with that the Colonel brusquely moved away in the direction of a little, bald-headed man, who was talking animatedly to a circle of men about

the then prospective international yacht race.

"Oh, go order your dinner!" Thorndyke called to the Colonel. Then he resumed his letter of resignation, filing it down to the merest announcement. "I hereby resign from the Club. Yours, etc." The waiter brought him his statement, and, as usual with clubmen, he thought, from the size of the amount, he was being cheated. But he did not hesitate to draw a check for the full amount, and send it in to the clerk. After he had done this, he said to himself, "There is now no reason why my resignation cannot be accepted."

The Colonel, with Cushman's aid, ordered a very elaborate dinner. In the pauses of conversation—Cushman was an inveterate talker—Thorndyke occasionally opened his lips to give forth a weighty saying, such as:

"We are growing too much like the London clubs—the toadies gather about a yacht-owner as they do there about a lord."

Again: "The Club is not what it was, there are too many youngsters coming in. The Committee on Admissions don't seem to realize the uses of the blackball. There is that confounded cad, Blickly—how did he ever get in?"

Again: "Everything is getting so common. I'm told they are going to enlarge again—well, it is too large already. It is like a Broadway hotel."

As he said this, the Colonel said gruffly, "If it's getting too common for you, why the devil don't you resign and get out?" Thorndyke's tone offended him.

He looked at the Colonel with a hurt astonishment, and the latter hastened to add, kindly, "But if you did get out, Thorny, a fish out of water wouldn't be a circumstance! You would languish and die! Why, you are a big part of the Club to many of us. So, on the whole, you had better stay in, make the best of it, and be civil to that black-guard Blickly and the young chaps!"

Cushman expressed a similar sentiment. He was one of the old men, and he and Thorndyke had served together on many committees.

"Why," went on the Colonel, as the Delbeck champagne, iced to a nicety, be-

gan to warm him. "you are a club fixture. I never entered the door without finding you somewhere—and I've been in and out the Club thirty years. I don't believe I'd stay in a minute if you and 'Cush' and L—— got out. My daughter tells me to come around here oftener. She says I ought to begin to take things easier, that I'm getting old and feeble—" here he laughed a little. "But I defy anyone to take things easy in New York. It's drive—drive, push—push. You're the only man I know who never seems hurried. Thorny, I have often watched you—you are as deliberate as a messenger boy! Well, it's time I began to be deliberate, too. We are all getting old, boys—I should like to settle down—it's quite time!"

Thorndyke thought of the half-dozen cards of the Colonel he had seen in the card-tray at his sister's, and said nothing.

"To be sure, I'm pretty old to marry again. I was fifty-eight last month. But I feel I should be more contented."

"Oh, of course," said Cushman, who knew, as did all the world, of the Colonel's *penchant* for Georgianna Batterson.

"My children are grown up and have children of their own. They care nothing about me," and the Colonel sipped his champagne meditatively. "They always appear to me to be wondering how I will 'cut up.'"

"I hear you have just made a clean million," said Thorndyke; "I fancy you will cut up very well."

Colonel Bullock laughed. "Well," he said, with amusing drollery, "I may wish to found the great American University—it is quite the fashion."

"It would be very diverting—for your heirs!" laughed Cushman.

They rose from the table and strolled out with a plethoric sense of the comfort of having dined well, into the café for coffee and cigars. On the way, the Colonel slid his arm into that of Thorndyke. "Your sister Georgianna is a mighty fine girl," he whispered. Thorndyke said nothing. "She has had, so far, the hardest kind of luck. Now I'm going to change it. I'm going to see to it that in future she has an easy time. . . ."

• Just then a friend came up and joined

them. They glanced at each other, however, smiled, and shook hands. It was understood. Thorndyke could wish no better fate for his sister than to be the wife of the Wall Street "magnate." But the announcement gave him a further sense of his own isolation. How often, indeed, would Ethel think of him, when, backed by the generous old Colonel's millions, her mother and she took their "proper" place in society?

The friend ordered kummel and ice for himself and Cushman, and a little brandy for the Colonel, with their coffee and cigars. Thorndyke excused himself and went away. He felt suddenly very lonely in the noisy talking, laughter, and jollity that went on all around him—yet he wished to be alone. He had gone through periods of financial depression before, but this—this had a horrible significance, as though he dared not tell himself—it *was the end!* His buoyancy was gone—he *must* go down, forever!

He wandered up the broad marble stairs to the library. There was Bailey—a poor "scrub" of a librarian, reading. He sat and talked a full half-hour with him, and when he rose, went down and out of the Club.

"To think of spending an evening in the library!" he laughed; "it is quite time I resigned!"

He looked at his watch. It was not yet nine. He was still on the quest for a little sympathy. "I'll go and call on Alice Aphthorn," he said, "I have not been there for a year!"

He walked up the Avenue for several blocks, and turned off down one of the thirtieth streets. Visions of other days, bright and gay with the joyousness which pervaded the city just after the close of the war, came to him. He remembered that he had come very near asking Alice Aphthorn to be his wife. She was, in the early days, a pretty, delicate girl, who very oddly had succeeded in making a hero of Thorndyke, and so worshipping him. She had been a great musician in the days when Gottschalk was the reigning sovereign of the piano, and young girls played "pieces," and to play a violent waltz or schottische was an accomplishment. In those days they had played duets together. Thorndyke

felt a pang of strange regret as he observed the faded, old grand piano still ornamenting a corner of the Aphthorns' drawing-room. He had sent his card up, and was waiting the appearance of Miss Aphthorn as he opened the keyboard and touched a few of the yellow ivory keys. How stringy the old piano sounded! How ancient—how musty the odor! Suddenly all the intervening years—the wasted years—disappeared, and he recalled an evening long ago, after the others had gone, when he had taken her hand. They had been on the point of an understanding; something had interrupted them. He had never arrived at the point again. His fancy had drifted to other girls—more fair—more beautiful.

He stood leaning on the old piano, meditating a moment. The house had been improved and decorated again and again; but the piano stood just where it had always done—by the window, as he had known it in the old days.

The footman entered. He turned around.

"Miss Aphthorn has gone to the country, sir. I didn't know it, sir; she sits in her room so much, sir, an' makes so little stir in the house; but she went to her friends in the country this afternoon."

He went out again into the ill-lighted street, feeling a special grief. Suppose he *had* married, and had a house full of sons and daughters! There came again the "wasted years," the club life, the vanished pleasures.

He stopped still in the street. "I shall—simply—go—raving mad, if this thing keeps up!" he cried aloud, angrily.

He went back to the Club, making up his mind to give up the *musicale* at Mrs. Fitzwilliams, on Washington Square, the engagement which he meant to keep when he refused Jack Chalmers's *petit souper* at Delmonico's. He fell in with some friends in the billiard-room, who were indulging in pool, with a "wet" ball. He drank heavily, as they did also, and felt a return of his old confidence and *aplomb*. It was after two when they sent him home in a cab.

When he awoke next morning it was nine o'clock by his watch, and the sun was shining into his little, narrow hall bedroom in the boarding-house.

V.

He went to the Club, as usual, for his breakfast, having dressed himself in his rough business suit, and arranging his scarf with his usual care. On the way he purchased a fresh rose-bud for his buttonhole. He sauntered down Fifth Avenue in the cool, bracing air, looking as rosy and contented as a king. No one ever had accused him of sentiment, or of depression—he *looked* too fat, too robust. It is very difficult to accept the fact that the pale, large-eyed, and emaciated are really less to be depended on for the emotions than the fat kind. It is the unappreciated heavy-weight who sheds the tears at the play! Adipose tissue is a capital mask. Thorndyke betrayed no outward and visible sign of his inward despair. His head was erect, his stride manly and full of vim. He carried himself with the grand air of success. Some ladies whom he passed, who were out for early shopping, declared that he looked positively handsome. He bowed to them with such fine, old-fashioned grace and manner. He passed many a house on the Avenue, above Twenty-sixth Street, where, formerly, he had been a frequent guest. A huge gilt sign was plastered across the front of the brown-stone "front" where, in the old days, he had led many a german. The sign read, "W. Edgar Montgomery, Saddler to the Prince of Wales," and below were the traditional three feathers. It seemed to him, in the wilderness of English haberdashery, as though Regent Street had transferred itself bodily to New York. The destruction of Fifth Avenue, however, had been of too long occurrence to give him, this morning, an additional pang. He entered the Club with sprightly air, and spoke to the hall-man with his usual condescension. As Thorndyke walked into the *café* to order his breakfast, an old waiter approached him with an air of mystery. He had an affection for Johnson, who had many years before been his father's butler. Originally of American birth, Johnson had seen that it was for his interest to cultivate the English manner. He learned to drop his "h's," and he wore the conventional mutton-chop.

"What is it, Johnson?" he asked, in surprise.

"I was thinkin', mebbe, that hafter all ye've done fer me, sor——"

Thorndyke hardly knew whether to be angry or not. Evidently Johnson was about to offer a loan.

"Beggin' yer pard'n, sor." Johnson looked very miserable.

Thorndyke walked on into the *café*. He proceeded to write out his breakfast order, looking stealthily around the room to see if the half-dozen men who were breakfasting at little, neat tables had noticed the affair. The very waiters knew of his distress!

He took a seat at his favorite table—where he had breakfasted for so many years, by the window which surveyed the Avenue, and glanced over the morning paper. His eye rested on a sensational head-line, "The Disappearance of a Noted Gambler." "In a few days," he smiled cynically, "it will be 'the Disappearance of a Noted Clubman.'" A waiter brought in Thorndyke's mail. There was half a dozen invitations, and a note from Georgianna, in which she announced that she was to be married in the fall to Colonel Bullock.

"*I couldn't force myself to tell you when you called,*" the letter wound up, in her large, bold handwriting, "*because you seemed so unsympathetic. I was afraid you would say it wasn't best.*"

"Unsympathetic!" he laughed cynically.

When the old waiter Johnson came to clear away the breakfast things after Thorndyke had left, he found a five-dollar bill tucked under a plate.

"Clare agin the rules," muttered the old servitor, "but it hain't the first time he's broke them rules this way; God bless him fer the finest gentleman as the Club—yes—or the city's ever seen! The finest gentleman in this or hony city." And Johnson limped away through the swing door, muttering and carrying away Thorndyke's breakfast things—for the last time.

The old beau went down to his "business"—he had a desk in Harry Newbold's office in New Street—and sat for a long time that morning figuring upon backs of envelopes, and over little scraps of paper. They brought him word that

C. K. & K. C. had fallen off a few points, and he gave an order to close out the transaction for good and all. After he had spent the morning at his desk he burned in the grate a great many old letters—some in feminine hands—and a great many documents and papers of all sorts. He closed up his desk and locked it, saying he would not be down for a day or two, as he was going out with Cushman to Trixedo. He went up town and called on Georgianna. By the fervor of his congratulations—he even dared to kiss her gently—she was quite overcome. She cried a little. Ethel came in and went out with a superior, condescending little air. She quite patronized her mother in her plans of marriage. Thorndyke noticed she wore a new and expensive silver chatelaine at her belt, and felt a pang of jealousy against the usurping Colonel. "His gifts begin as mine end!" he said to himself, with bitterness.

He went out to Trixedo for three days with his friend, and while at Mrs. Cushman's pretty cottage on the lake, was especially amusing and full of the glories of his youth. He kept a large party at the dinner-table very silent, listening to his reminiscences of the great men who had gone before. He told half a dozen new stories—personal to himself—of the witty Travers. He told also some amusing anecdotes of Tweed, whom he knew, of Jim Fisk, and of the old fire companies before the days of horses and steam. The ladies petted him, made much of him, flattered him to his heart's content. His knowledge of the world was varied and extended. There was hardly a great name that he had not known, a great actress or *diva* whom he had not chatted with behind the scenes. Many said, afterward, that in the brilliant little coterie which assembled those early summer days at Trixedo, Percy Thorndyke seemed to expand and become what he had been years before, and what, owing to his misfortunes, he had not been for a long time past—one of the most entertaining of *bons viveurs*. He had an airy little old-fashioned manner of telling a story which, in these latter days of directness, was very fascinating. Very often, as he became excited, he would rise and act out his stories with the most

amusing by-play. In the adulatory atmosphere of a younger race of men and pretty women he found his element. He became *himself*, the great Thorndyke.

He went into town on the day of Mrs. N——'s dancing class. He came in with a bevy of pretty girls who were going to be present. He was like a young gallant in the midst of them in the drawing-room car, pretending that the young men who were on hand were unworthy of any attention—laughing with them and amusing them until they arrived at the ferry. On applying at his bankers he found, to his surprise, that his account had been increased in his absence by his brokers to the extent of several hundred dollars. He spent the afternoon writing a long letter marked "In confidence" to Colonel Bullock, stating frankly and fully his reasons for leaving the city, and seeking his fortunes in San Francisco. The annuity should still be punctually paid—it could now, perhaps, be turned over to Ethel. He arranged it so, he said, that his creditors could not touch it. He asked the Colonel to send Jack Chalmers his money, and he would refund it as soon as he was able to do so. On the way uptown he stopped and bought a pretty diamond necklace for Ethel. It left him a hundred and seventy-five dollars in his pocket, and that was enough. His many and great debts—well—he would live to pay them some day. He dined alone at the club, for the last time—refusing several invitations. There was a special brand of Rhine wine—Ober Ingleheimer—of which he was very fond, and which he had introduced into the Club. He ordered a bottle. It tasted corked to him. He sent it away, dictatorily, and had another. He ordered only those especial dishes of which he was most fond—artichokes, mushrooms, red wing duck, for he felt deeply the tragedy of his last little dinner and—he was good to himself! At eight o'clock he repaired to Georgianna's, lighting himself on the way by the most expensive cigar he could buy.

It was the night of the dancing class. He observed a coupé waiting at the door as he entered the wide portal of the Belgravia, and hastened into the elevator.

Ethel was standing full-dressed in white in the pretty parlor under the brilliant electric lights. Georgianna and a maid were each on their knees before her holding pins in their mouths, and having all the appearance of devout worshippers. Thorndyke, as he stood admiring his niece's extraordinary beauty, felt like falling down himself. The presence of his sister alone restrained him from performing any boyish pantomime of admiration. Her dress of white mull was very "frenchy," very exquisite. It showed enough, but not too much, of the sweet curve of her young shoulders, and the tender lines of her breast. She carried a bunch of pink roses. He approached his niece, and taking the diamond necklace out of its case, clasped it round her throat.

"Oh," cried Georgianna, sitting back on the floor, "you don't think I'm going to let that child wear diamonds!"

"Oh, please, mamma!" cried Ethel, her face radiant with delight.

Thorndyke looked annoyed. The slender necklace certainly became her wonderfully. The line of small brilliants called one's attention to the superb whiteness of her throat, and gave an added grace to its perfect symmetry.

"Diamonds—and an unmarried girl in her teens!—absurd!" cried Georgianna, through her pins. "Though it was very kind of you, Percy; but you have allowed your own fondness for diamonds to quite run away with you. Besides, as Madame Fontaine, who imported the dress from Paris, says: 'Mademoiselle must wear no jewels vatsomever.'"

Ethel unclasped the necklace and kissed her uncle. "Never mind," she whispered, "I *will* wear it anyway. Mamma shan't know. I will slip the necklace in my pocket."

Her mother overheard her.

"Give it to me!" she insisted, rising.

Her brother made a step forward.

"Georgianna, I ask it as a favor," he said, "some day you will know why."

"What! how absurd!" Her voice had assumed its high loud key. "You must be crazy, Percy. Don't you know that young girls *never* wear diamonds?"

"Then I *insist* that she shall wear them!"

His voice was raised, too, and his face

was set and determined. For once his sister quailed before him. She looked at him a moment in silence. She was on the point of saying something unkind, but she restrained herself. She was frightened. Suddenly she became very meek. There was something terrible in his eyes.

"It is only because I fear they will make her a laughing-stock," she murmured.

"Oh, how absurd, mamma!" cried Ethel, going to her uncle's side.

He clasped the necklace about her throat again, and kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, how you are trembling, Uncle Percy!" she cried, alarmed.

"It is nothing. Good-night, Ethel—I am going."

"You are going—so soon?"

"Good-night!"

He turned away, full of trepidation.

Ethel followed him to the door, leaving her mother standing in the middle of the floor, wondering, perplexed. She called out to him:

"Of course, Percy—I—I—know how good of you to give Ethel—so much—to do so much——"

Georgianna's voice softened as she spoke. She, too, went to the door. On the landing she saw Ethel clasped close in her brother's arms. He seemed to be oblivious of her, and he stood crazily rocking to and fro, as if undergoing some deep hidden agony which she could not fathom.

Her woman's instinct overcame all her fears, however.

"Percy!" she cried, "don't you see you are spoiling Ethel's new dress?"

Instantly he released her.

"Good-by, my darling Ethel," he cried, "God bless you! You will be the coming queen, as your mother was—in the old days! in the old days!"

A moment later he descended in the elevator to the street, and was gone. Ethel, pale and frightened, sank on a chair, in tears.

A year or two later a little group of men were sitting in the Club window, looking out, late in the afternoon of a mild April day, upon the crush of carriages, and the throngs of well-dressed women, hastening to the unsatisfactory reception and the insipid afternoon tea. Lent was just over, and it was very gay. A clarence, drawn by two English grays, was detained for a moment before the window at the warning wave of a policeman's club. Some country people were trying to cross the Avenue.

The stoppage of the carriage afforded the Club a very admirable view of Ethel and her mamma, who were on their way to a fashionable tea. For a moment the little group of staring men seemed to be lost in silent admiration—for it was quite true that Ethel was repeating her mother's success.

As the carriage passed on, someone asked, casually,

"Oh, by the bye, whatever became of her uncle, who disappeared, don't you know?"

"Drowned, wasn't he?" drawled another.

No one seemed to know. At last a young fellow, who had always felt highly flattered by a bow from Thorndyke, ventured:

"They say he is somewhere in California; how hard his going off that way must have been for his sister and his niece! I—I say—he was a beastly cad!"

Then they called a waiter, who took the orders, and the conversation fell upon other matters.



A BOX OF AUTOGRAPHS.

By Richard Henry Stoddard.



HERE is a personal nearness, a human interest in manuscript which is denied to print, and the hands with which we touch it seem to press the hands of its writers.

I am not a worshiper of heroes, but I can respect hero-worship, as one who, not a lion-hunter himself, respects the pursuit of the lion-hunter. I confess to a liking for the autographs of authors whom I admire; and if I had not checked this liking, it might have become the passion which animates the collector. That it would have been absorbing I discerned, that it was expensive I soon discovered. I procured my first autograph when a boy. It was written, in reply to a dunning letter, to the attorney in whose office I was employed; and its penman was Ingraham, the novelist, who is now remembered—and forgotten—as the author of “The Prince of the House of David;” and whose tastes in wearing apparel, at the time of which I am writing, exceeded the scanty limits of his purse. He was in debt to his tailor.

My second autograph was a note from the more famous N. P. Willis, to whom in boyish confidence I had sent a manuscript poem. He acknowledged its receipt within a reasonable time, and gave me his opinion of it in a frank and hearty way that encouraged as well as delighted me; saying in substance that he thought its author had genius enough to make a reputation; but that the poem before him needed pruning, trimming, and condensing, just as the same labor was necessary to the genius of Byron and Moore. “It is hard work to do, and poorly paid for when done.”

That good writing was hard work was no news to me even then, or no more news than the fact that it is poorly paid for now.

My third rememberable autograph

was presented to me by the Rev. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, whilom shepherd of the numerous flock of yearlings which fifty years ago were browsing on the slopes of our Parnassus. It was a sonnet from the hand of Edgar Allan Poe, who had lately departed this life. I valued my Ingraham and my Willis, but somehow I did not value my Poe as I should have done; for I wrote a sonnet on the back of his sonnet, and gave the pair to a friend, by whom they were probably as little cared for as by myself.

Years before this, when I was a boy, I received from my mother the startling intelligence that “Old Givings” was dead. But that her information was incorrect I have no doubt. Firstly, because I never met with any man who was willing to claim the credit of being at the funeral of that princely personage; and, secondly, because I have yet to meet the man who is willing to disclaim the discredit of taking anything and everything that can be got for nothing. If the Givings family had not been dominant fifty years ago, I should still retain my fourth autographic treasure. It was a long, characteristic, and interesting letter from Nathaniel Hawthorne, whom I had met about six months before, and who wrote to me as if the young man to whom it had been addressed had been an old friend as distinguished as the author of the “Scarlet Letter.” Why I threw away this precious epistle of his, for thrown away it certainly was, is a question which I have often asked myself, and to which there can only be one answer—because I was a fool. It was not until I had attained the mature experience of thirty years that I checked this reckless munificence of mine, which was put a stop to on the presentation to me of the manuscript volume in which my friend Bayard Taylor had written his “Poems of The Orient,” and which I promised to keep as a memento of our friendship. It contains, in his perfect handwriting, clear and

corrected copies of his metrical memoirs of travel, with the dates of composition attached to each, and was written by him on board the flag-ship of Commodore Perry, with whom he returned to America after his expedition to Japan. It was a poet who provided a brother-poet against his own improvidence.

This prologue, which is as brief as I could make it, brings me to the subject of my paper—a box of autographs. Constructed of mahogany, when this wood had an artistic as well as mercantile value, it stands before me at the present writing on the central shelf of a case of books which formerly belonged to famous authors; to whom they were given by their contemporaries and admirers, whose inscriptions still remain in fading ink, together with notes, corrections, and other curious material from the pens and pencils of all concerned therein.

But there are other things than manuscripts in this box, as there were other passengers than those who were beheld by the ferryman in the ballad of Uhland; and for these I pay a fee whenever I lift the lid. I speak of memories which, invisible to every eye but mine, are still potent enough to fill the eye with tears—memories of the days when they first came into my hands, and of hands which placed them there; memories of the living and dead of thirty years ago. And besides these, there are visions of the days when they were written, which extend from the patched and powdered reign of Queen Anne to the more prosaic reign of the first three Georges, and to the more literate reigns of the last George and Victoria.

If it be not to consider it too curiously, there is in the verse and prose of this box an electric chain which connects our time with the time of Addison; while the signatures in the volumes with which they are surrounded are links whereby, through the Earl of Stirling, we touch the pensive spirit of Drummond of Hawthornden; through Lord Brooke, the chivalrous spirit of Sir Philip Sidney; and through Lord Buckhurst, the sovereign spirits of the great court of Elizabeth. As in those tales of enchantment of which Milton

was thinking when he wrote "*Il Penseroso*," there is more meaning here than meets the ear or the eye.

The best way of arranging autographs has still to be determined, since every way that is likely to suggest itself is open to objections; either on the part of the collector, who as the years go by is apt to change his mind with regard to the wisdom of his first arrangements; or on the part of those who examine them. The method which I have hitherto adopted in this box is not chronological, but alphabetical, and as I can think of none better, I shall pursue it in the pages which are to follow.

I begin with a manuscript which never, to my knowledge, has seen the light. It is from one whom the booksellers of a century and a half ago would have called an "eminent hand," and who was more highly thought of than any writer of his period; than even the great Mr. Pope, who was friendly as long as he could make him serviceable, but who ended by charging him with jealousy of his superior talents.

Never before, except perhaps during the age of Augustus, were men of letters in such demand as during the early years of the eighteenth century. They were patronized by the nobility, who procured for them public employments, and were even willing to disburse golden guineas from their own pockets in payment for the fleeting honor of their fulsome dedications. The gentleman whose papers are before me was rewarded by Lord Somers with a pension of three hundred pounds, for a poem indited by him on a forgotten victory of King William's, and dedicated to the Lord Keeper himself. This pension enabled him to live comfortably at home for three or four years, and to travel in Italy for two or three more years; and on his return to England he was selected by my Lord Halifax to write a poem in commemoration of the famous victory at Blenheim. A little later he was made Commissioner of Appeals, then Under Secretary of State, and afterward was sent to Ireland as secretary to the Marquis of Wharton. That he possessed any spe-

cial fitness for these posts is not claimed by the most admiring of his biographers. What the Government wanted from him was not official talent, but the splendor of his name as a poet. No-

tences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy; and whoever wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse,

That Lucania when you left me
 You of all that bear bereave me
 Tho I know'd no disconsort
 Griefs the longest and the strongest
 When we grow we find a vent
 How much fiercer is the anguish
 When we most in secret languish
 Silent waters deeper found
 Nothing grieving is deceiving
 Empty vessels make most sound

A Manuscript of Addison.

body nowadays reads his verse, which was so loudly applauded by his contemporaries; and only those among us who are curious in tracing the history of English prose affect to find any pleasure in his contributions to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Thackeray was the last great modern writer who enjoyed them, and who thought he enjoyed his verse also. The heartiest praise that he ever received came from a later essayist and moralist, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who declared that he "separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness;" that he "taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gayety to the aid of goodness," and "turned many to righteousness;" that "his sen-

and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison."

At what period Addison wrote the lines that are given above, I am unable to state; but, so far as I can judge from that dubious literary quality which we call internal evidence, it was probably about the time when he composed his opera of "Rosamond" (1707), or between that abortive piece and the composition of "The Drummer." That this song, for such it was no doubt meant to be, proceeded from the pen that wrote "The Campaign" and "Cato," and that delineated Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb, is certain. How it has escaped print until now is not

known to me, nor how it succeeded in reaching this country. The tradition of a former possessor is that it was sent by Addison himself to a gentleman of Virginia, concerning whom he promised to tell me at no distant date; a promise that was left unfulfilled in consequence of his death soon after. But without further words, here is the song, which must speak for itself.

Chaste Lucretia, when you left me,
You of all that's dear bereft me,
Tho' I show'd no discontent;
Grief's the longest and the strongest
When too great to find a vent.
How much fiercer is the anguish
When we most in secret languish,
Silent waters deepest found;
Noisy grieving is deceiving—
Empty vessels make most sound.

Had I words that could reveal it,
Yet most wisely I'd conceal it,
Tho' the question be but fair;
Grief and merits, love and spirits,
Ever lose by taking air.
Guardian angels still defend you
And surprising joys attend you,
Whilst I, like the winter sun,
Faintly shining and declining,
Tell thee charming Spring return.

There is not in the whole history of British letters a greater contrast than existed between the career of the courtly and irreproachable writer of this lyric, who would almost seem to have emulated the modish mediocrity of the mysterious Person of Quality who figured so abundantly in the metrical miscellanies of his time, and the career of the hot-headed, independent writer of the epistle which I now select. The first was the son of the Dean of Lichfield, a divine of learning and repute, by whom he was sent at an early age to Oxford, where he soon attracted attention by his proficiency in Latin verse, and on leaving that seat of learning was distinguished for his acquaintance with several noble lords; was graciously permitted by the veteran Dryden to contribute a critical preface with notes to his translation of the "Georgics;" was the friend of Mr. Congreve, the dramatist, of the Rev. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, and of Mr. Alexander Pope, the translator of Homer; was the companion of Mr. Richard

— I am a Briton; & ~~the~~ must be interested in
the cause of Liberty: I am a man, & the rights
of Human Nature cannot be indifferent to
me. — However, do not let me mislead you:

Steele, whom to know was an expensive education; and finally married the Dowager Countess of Warwick. The last was the son of a hard-working Scottish farmer, ignorant of books, except the scanty stock in his father's cottage, who had the habit of falling into and scrambling out of love with every pretty lassie he met, and who finally married, but not soon enough for her credit, the daughter of a well-to-do mason—a light-minded young woman, who liked somebody else better all the while.

Such was Joseph Addison, and such was Robert Burns. Gifted beyond all his contemporaries, Burns had the wit that could set the table on a roar, the eye that could see through pretence, the pen that could satirize hypocrisy, the heart that throbbed with every emotion, and the genius that could depict all that he felt and saw. If it were given to living writers to choose between the life of the laborious author of "Cato," who ended his days at Holland House in splendid subjection to his countess-wife, and that of the fiery creator of "Tam o' Shanter," who ended his days in poverty at Dumfries, surrounded by his young children, and watched over by his wife who was soon to add another to their number—most of them would choose the former. But the choice lying between the faded reputation of the courtier and the brilliant fame of the exciseman, they would certainly prefer the latter, whose name is the soonest recalled and the longest remembered of all the poets of Scotland.

The epistle which is given [on p. 216] is from the pen of this great writer, who was always ill at ease in English prose, and whose political opinions were rather vehement than well-considered. It was addressed to the editors of the *Morning Chronicle*, in the beginning of the year 1795, and was written in the person of one of the poet's neighbors, who had missed some of the numbers of that journal, to which he was a subscriber. "Why do you not write to the editor and demand them?" was the question which Burns naturally asked. "Good God! sir, can I presume to write to the learned editors of a newspaper?" was the astonished reply of the rustic. To

which Burns rejoins, "Well, if you are afraid of writing to the editors of a newspaper, I am not;" and tearing a leaf from his excise-book, he dashed off this epistle, with which the poor man gratefully took his departure.

To the Editors of the Morning Chronicle.

GENTLEMEN: You will see by your subscribers' list that I have now been about nine months one of that number. I am sorry to inform you that in that time seven or eight of your papers either have never been sent me, or else have never reached me. To be deprived of any one number of the first newspaper in Great Britain for information, ability, and independence, is what I can ill brook and bear; but to be deprived of that most admirable oration of the Marquis of Lansdowne, when he made the great though ineffectual attempt (in the language of the poet, I fear too true) "to save a SINKING STATE"—this was a loss that I neither can nor will forgive you. That paper, gentlemen, never reached me; but I demand it of you. I am a Briton, and must be interested in the cause of Liberty: I am a man, and the rights of Human Nature cannot be indifferent to me. However, do not let me mislead you: I am not a man in that situation of life which, as your subscriber, can be of any consequence to you, in the eyes of those to whom Situation of Life alone is the Criterion of Man. I am but a plain tradesman, in this distant, obscure country town; but that humble domicile in which I shelter my wife and children, is the Castellum of a Briton; and that scanty, hard-earned income which supports them, is as truly my property as the most magnificent fortune of the most puissant member of your House of Nobles.

These, gentlemen, are my sentiments, and to them I subscribe my name; and were I a man of ability and consequence enough to address the Public, with that name should they appear.

I am, etc.

It is Cromeck, an early collector of Burns relics, who tells this story, which, I suppose, may be credited; and who adds that from motives of prudence, "prompted by a caution which the

watchfulness of his enemies had taught him to exercise," he took means to have the hastily written sheet returned to him, so that it never appeared in print. It is easy to smile at the absurdity of a letter like this, which is in the "Ercles vein" of the amateur political writing of the time; but it is not easy to smile at the sense of insecurity which darkened the mind of the poet after he had written it. The recipient of public money, to the extent of obtaining from Government some forty pounds a year for his service in the Excise, he was accused of disloyalty, watched (as he seems to have believed) by envious people who coveted his petty emoluments, and his hasty words, which were no doubt often indignant and injudicious, reported to his superiors. That his stout heart was intimidated by the charges brought against him is evident from a letter written by him in December, 1792, to Mr. Robert Graham, one of the Commissioners of the Scottish Board of Excise, in which he states that he has been surprised, confounded, and distracted by hearing that Mr. Mitchell (a certain collector) had received an order from the Board to inquire into his political conduct. He writes:

"Sir, you are a husband and a father. You know what you would feel to see the much-loved wife of your bosom, and your helpless, prattling little ones turned adrift into the world, degraded and disgraced from a situation in which they had been respectable and respected, and left almost without the necessary support of a miserable existence." "For myself," he adds, "I could brave misfortune, I could face ruin, for at the worst 'Death's thousand doors stand open;' but good God! the tender concerns that I have mentioned, the claims and ties that I see at this moment and feel around me, how they unnerve courage and wither resolution!"

Here was a man who thought strongly and wrote largely, and he was practically forbidden to think or to write. It was shameful. That Burns was imprudent, both in his conversation and his choice of companions, is probable; partly from his temperament, which was bold and fearless, and partly from the period which, troublous to mankind

in general, was dangerous to a man like him. It was the beginning of the French Revolution, with which he could not but sympathize, as another poet, Wordsworth, is known to have done. He was regarded with disfavor by his brother officials, and the shadow of their displeasure, which penetrated into higher circles than their own, was cast upon his daily life. An instance of this may be found in the pages of Lockhart, who says that during the summer of 1794 Burns was visited by a young acquaintance—Mr. David McCulloch, of Ardwell—who, riding into Dumfries one evening to attend a county ball, saw him walking alone on the shady side of the street, while the opposite side was crowded with gay ladies and gentlemen, none of whom gave him any sign of recognition. The rider, jumping from his horse, joined the poet, and proposed to him to cross the street, but Burns shook his head: "Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now;" and began presently to quote from Lady Grizel Baillie's pathetic ballad:

"His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's
new;
But now he let's wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himsel' dowie upon the corn-bing.

"Oh, were we young, as we ance hae been,
We sud hae been galloping down on yon
green,
And linking it ower the lily-white lea—
And werena' my heart light I wad dee."

The next manuscript that I take from my box was from the pen of another great writer who was, what Burns could not be, both from want of taste and practice, a master of prose; and also what neither Burns nor Addison could have been, a master of blank verse. An American, born about a year and a half before the death of Burns, the son of a country doctor, he diligently read the English poets on his father's bookshelves, notably Cowper, Thomson, and Pope, and began at an early age to compose pieces. The shorter of these, which were mostly descriptive, were printed in the columns of a county newspaper. A longer one, a political satire after the manner of Pope, was printed in a small volume by his admiring father. At the

age of eighteen or thereabout, he discovered his genius and wrote his first poem—the most extraordinary poem ever written by a young man, and one in which the coming sun of our literature

And when the last wild fowl would take its flight;
Where the cunning squirrel had its granary,
And where the industrious bee had stored her sweets.
Go where he would, he was not solitary;

*These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood and rejoiced.*
William Cullen Bryant.

Ciprius October 4th. 1858.

may be said to have lifted its disk above the darkened and cloudy horizon. Begotten in the woods not yet cleared from the neighborhood of his home, the edge of the primeval forests which for centuries had covered the shores of the New World—it revealed the secrets which lurked under their boughs, and was peopled with shadows and memories of vanished and forgotten races. By no poet before or since was the universality of Death so strongly stated, and so impressively expressed.

"This tragic lesson of mortality
The Master who hath left us learned in youth,
When the Muse found him wandering by the stream
That sparkled, singing, at his father's door—
The first Muse whom the New World, loving long,
Wooded in the depths of her old solitude.
The green, untrodden, world-wide wilderness
Surrendered to the soul of this young man
The secret of its silence."

The woods and waters with which he was surrounded in childhood and youth were his teachers, for in addition to the gift that makes men poets, he had the different gifts through which they become naturalists.

"A student of the woods
And of the fields, he was their calendar,
Knew when the first pale wind flower would appear,

Flowers nodded gayly to him, wayside brooks
Slipped by him laughing, while the emulous birds
Showered lyric raptures that provoked his own.
The winds were his companions on the hills—
The clouds and thunders—and the glorious sun,
Whose bright beneficence sustains the world,
A visible symbol of the Omnipotent,
Whom not to worship were to be more blind
Than those of old who worshipped stocks and stones."

Morality of the kind that is not learned from books, but is the native speech of all high, noble, and serious minds, contemplative of human conduct and its consequences; and philosophy of the kind that turns the knowledge of history into wisdom—these qualities, which were inherent in his nature, were pressed into the service of his poetry from the first, and were permanent there to the last. To these should be added the rare gift of imagination, and the distinction of a pure English style.

I take it for granted that I need not name the man of whom I am thinking, since it has long been a household word among us; nor to which of his poems I have referred, since they have become classics. Not to know them is to confess an ignorance of which few of his countrymen are guilty.

Whether the masculine mind is disposed to acknowledge the equality of

the feminine mind, and encourage it to move in the same orbit with itself, may be doubted. The heads of most families devoted to more solid and lucrative pursuits than the cultivation of letters, look askant upon pens in the hands of their gentle dependents; fathers and

tions from the metrical writings of about one hundred English ladies, beginning with Dame Juliana Berners, and ending with Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon. Queens and princesses gravely disport themselves in this august Parnassus, and are followed by a bevy of duchesses,

*O Victor Emmanuel the King,
 He sword be for thee, and the deeds
 And naught for the alien, next spring,
 Naught for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed
 But for us, a great Italy freed,
 With a hero to head us;—our King!*
Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

mothers with daughters whom they wish to see eligibly married are averse from the production of manuscripts by those daughters; husbands protest, and not always silently, against wives who neglect the duties of their households in the unnecessary creation of poems, and the useless manufacture of novels; and brothers—but where is the brother who, worshipping the dancing sister of his chum, does not look with contempt upon his own sister, who merely scribbles? Still they persist—these sisters, wives, and mothers of ours—and when we stop to remember the few great names which shine like stars on the bead-roll of their achievements, we honor them for their persistence. The best hold their own to-day against men in the art of prose fiction, which they are turning to voluminous account; while the finer spirits among them are nearly abreast with their masters in the more difficult art of poetry.

Some sixty or seventy years ago the Rev. Alexander Dyce, a sound scholar and good critic, the editor of Shakespeare, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Middleton, and other English dramatists, published a collection of the verse of his country women. It covers a period of nearly five hundred years, and contains selec-

countesses, and other ladies of rank, among whom we find the mother of Shakespeare's Pembroke, and the favorite sister for whom Sidney wrote the "Arcadia;" but most of whom are now forgotten names, only two being remembered by the students of English song—namely, the fantastic Duchess of Newcastle, who exercised such strange fascination over Lamb; and Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, who, for the few touches of natural description in her dreary pastorals, was so absurdly overrated by Wordsworth in his introduction to the "Lyrical Ballads."

The greatest of British poetesses was living when Mr. Dyce compiled this anthology; but as she was only sixteen, and had printed nothing as yet, he was ignorant of her existence. Born about two years before the genesis of "Tha-topsis," the daughter of a West Indian planter who was then living in London, her childhood was passed in the stately homes and pleasant places for which England is so distinguished. A fragile little creature, and continuing such to the end of her days, she spent her girlhood in study, not of the light sort which young ladies of her age were then bestowing upon the Waverley novels and the

Makes my peace with your Country men - it was a foolish
 inconsiderate speech that I made at the Antislavery meeting - It was
 said by myself - I would, in hundred years I had never uttered it -

Yours truly

Mrs Campbell

poetry of Byron, but of the serious, solid sort whereon, as Ascham tells us, Lady Jane Grey meditated in her hours of ease. The variety of her studies at this time is shown in the notes attached to her first composition of any length, the "Essay on Mind," a didactic poem in two books, in which she sought to diversify the monotony of Pope's manner with recollections of the more flippant manner of Byron. Seven years later (1833) she published a translation of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, and four years afterward, with the temerity that rushes in where angels might fear to tread, she published a lyrical drama entitled "The Seraphim." That she was deeply imbued with the spirit of classical literature is evident in her translation from Æschylus, which, though marred throughout with uncouth passages, was a masterly performance; and that her soul was penetrated by the more awful might and majesty of Hebrew scripture and tradition is also evident in "The Seraphim," and in its stupendous but faulty successor, "A Drama of Exile."

No intelligible, certainly no reasonably consistent, account of the early life of the writer of these books has yet reached us. Delicate from her birth, and always an invalid, she is represented as suffering from a mysterious malady, which may or may not have been caused by a fall from her horse, which she herself appears to have forgotten, or from a cough which she remembered. Some declare that she was confined to her room for years, unable, in fact, to leave her bed for months at a time. Others state that during this period she was occasionally met in society. She was always lying at death's door, and always writing letters and poems. The stifling air of the sick-chamber is oppressive in these writings of hers—writings wherein the strength of her mind is seen engaged in a life and death struggle with the weakness of her body, where she is always ambitious and straining after effect, where her language, though forcible, is violent, and where her imagination, never well in hand, runs riot. At the age of thirty-seven this much-writing and much-suffering gentlewoman was married to an English poet three

years her junior, who had published twelve volumes, and in whose honor, and for the elucidation of whose verse, Societies have been of late years established in England and in this country. This happy pair, upon the elder of whom rested her father's displeasure, proceeded by easy stages to Italy, finally taking up their abode at Casa Guidi, in Florence, where she celebrated her affection for her husband in a series of imperishable sonnets which are not to be found in the Portuguese from which they purported to be translated; where she wrote a long novel in blank verse; where she became more Italian than the Italians themselves, entering with questionable enthusiasm into their political troubles; where her only child was born; and where, suffering and writing to the last, she died in the summer of 1861. This daughter of Shakespeare joined the choir of the immortals at the same age as her illustrious father—fifty-two. The facsimile of the stanza [on p. 220] is from a poem which she wrote in the

*In about ten minutes
 June! Mr. Fagin was scolded with a
 fit of coughing, upon which Mrs. Harvey
 pulled her shawl over her shoulders,
 and declared it was time ^{to go}. Mr. Sikes
 finding that he was ^{making} ~~staying~~ a part*

From a Manuscript of Dickens.

(Below, this passage from the note accompanying it:—"I should tell you perhaps as a kind of certificate of the Oliver scrap, that it is a portion of the original and only draught. I never copy.")

*P.S. I signed with vonperhaps as a kind of certificate
 of the Oliver scrap, that it is a portion of the original
 and only draught. — I never copy.*

last years of her life, and which is too well known to stand in need of the cold interpretation of print.

The writer of the next manuscript was a countryman of Burns, but one to whom that rich and generous soul would not have taken kindly. A younger son of a good family, college-bred, proficient in Latin and Greek, he went up to Edinburgh, where he became acquainted with Scott, Jeffrey, Brougham, and other men of letters; and where, following in the footsteps of Akenside and Rogers, he added another lordly pleasure-house to the lovely garden of English poetry. Its success was so sudden that he was astonished, and so great that he was bewildered; for from that day forward he was, as his friend Scott remarked, afraid of the shadow that his own fame cast be-

Laureate of her naval victories, unsurpassed and unsurpassable. A lion of literary society, he was sought after by publishers, who intrusted to him important undertakings which generally lost their freshness and value before he could persuade himself to finish them.

Ten years after the publication of "The Pleasures of Hope," he wrote a pretty poem in the Spenserian stanza, the scene of which purported to be laid in America, but might better have been assigned to Arcadia; and fifteen years later, he produced what he called "A Domestic Tale," which was neither read by the domestics of England nor by their masters and mistresses. Civil enough to his inferiors, he was jealous of his superiors, for whom he never had a good word. The hack of booksellers, whom he always abused, he was paid for

*first print of the book. It
seemed to me as genuine and
life-like as anything that pen
and ink can do. The latter
part showed much power,
but struck me as rather so
new as to time. Pardon
the frankness of my crude crit-
icism; for what is the use of
saying anything, unless we say
what we think? There are*

From a Manuscript of Hawthorne.

fore him. Young persons of immature taste and abundant leisure may still recall the glittering and turgid lines of this overrated production; but no lover of its writer cares for it now, for his strength, which was sudden and unexpected, was exercised only at intervals, and in a very different direction. He was the Tyrtæus of England's song, the

editing a magazine which he neglected or mis-edited; and put his name to books which he never wrote, and probably never read. Always a lover of freedom, and in sympathy with the uprisings of the peoples of Europe against their masters, he became a popular speaker at public meetings, where, betraying the canny charm of his race, he

occasionally lost his head, a calamity to which he refers in the note [on p. 221].

The writer of the next manuscript of which I shall present a fac-simile was

son of poor but tolerably reputable parents, whom he never forgave for placing him when a boy with Day & Martin, of blacking celebrity—and whom he satirized later as Mrs. Nickleby and

To Lambe.

Fair isle, that from the fairest of all flowers
 Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take,
 How many memories of what radiant hours
 At sight of thee and thine at once awake!
 How many scenes of what departed bliss!
 How many thoughts of what emboded hopes!
 How many visions of a maiden that is
 No more — no more upon thy verdant slopes!
No more! — alas, that magical sad sound
 Transforming all! Thy charms shall please no more —
 Thy memory no more! Accursed ground
 Henceforth I hold thy flower-embellished shore,
 O, hyacinthine isle! O, purple Lambe!
 Adieu d'io! Adieu di Levante!

E. A. P.

From a Manuscript of Poe.

an Englishman of the present century, who enjoyed during his lifetime a greater reputation among the readers of novels than was ever before, or has since, been gained by any novelist. A

Mr. Micawber, he began his career by becoming one of the Parliamentary reporters of *The Morning Chronicle*, a paper which the poet Burns had in mind when, writing in the person of a

Dumfries neighbor, he penned the epistle already quoted. His first literary work consisted of a series of sketches in the *Monthly Magazine*, which, published under an assumed name, attracted enough attention to induce an enterprising publisher to bring them out in book-form. The success of this volume encouraged another firm of Lon-

don that something good and true will come of it. I was particularly impressed with the childhood of the heroine in "The Morgessons," and the whole of the first part of the book. It seemed to me as genuine and life-like as anything that pen and ink can do. The latter part showed much power, but struck me as neither so new nor so true. Pray par-

Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroken;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.
Henry W. Longfellow.

don publishers to engage him to write a novel, which he proceeded to do—his inspiration at the beginning being derived from the drawings with which it was to be illustrated. Its phenomenal success led to an order from another London publisher for his second novel, which appeared in a monthly *Miscellany*, which he had projected. The autograph [on p. 222] is the fac-simile of a page from the fifteenth chapter of this story—not a transcript, but a page of the original copy as it went into and came from the hands of the printer.

The letter that next appears [p. 223] is selected from one of four which are in my possession, and which have a greater value in my eyes than a patent of nobility. It was traced by the pen of a great story-teller, whose sweet, pure, perfect prose more than deserves the praise that Johnson lavished on the prose of Addison. I need not name him.

CONCORD, January 26, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. STODDARD:

I am very glad to hear that you are writing another novel, and do not doubt

don the frankness of my crude criticism; for what is the use of saying anything unless we say what we think? There are very few books of which I take the trouble to have any opinion at all, or of which I could retain any memory, so long after reading them, as I do of "The Morgessons." I hope you will not trouble yourself too much about the morals of your next work—they may be safely left to take care of themselves.

I thank Mr. Stoddard for the German translation of the "Wonder Book," and shall give it to one of my daughters to aid her in her German studies. So far as I can judge, it seems to be very faithfully done.

Very sincerely and respectfully yours,
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The writer of the next manuscript was, from the beginning of his poetic career, fifty years ago, down to the day of his death, the most popular poet of the time. There was something in his verse that touched the sensibilities of all classes, a clearness and tenderness of diction, an

affluent fancy,
a recognition of
the homely love-
liness that at-
taches to com-
mon things, and
a disposition—
which he never
checked—to
moralize. If not
the teacher, he
was certainly
the preacher of
his countrymen.

Antagonist of
Longfellow,
whom he derid-
ed for his di-
dacticism, and
charged with
pilfering from
his betters, the
maker of the
fourteen lines
on p. 224 was
unfortunate in
his life, whose
infelicity seem-
ed to have years
too many. Acute
rather than
comprehensive,
he professed to
be a critic, but,
apart from the
mechanism of
authorship,
which he called
the philosophy
of composition,
his verdicts
were of no value.

His tales, which
are numerous, are remarkable for dark-
ly imaginative power; and his poems,
which are few, are remarkable for their
excess of verbal melody.

A melancholy interest attaches to the
blurred, blotted, and almost illegible
page of erasures on p. 226. An attempt
at a review, it was scrawled during the
last year of the writer's life, when his
mind—the prolific mind which had im-
proved metrical romances in which the
age of chivalry shone with a splendor

Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte,

Such as words could never utter,

Would you know how first he met her?

She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,

And a moral man was Werther,

And for all the wealth of Indies

Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,

And his passions boiled & bubbled;

Till he blew his silly brains out,

And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body

Bore before her on a shutter;

Like a well-conducted person

Went on cutting bread & butter.

Wm Thackeray

not its own; the
dramatic mind,
most fertile
since that of
Shakespeare,
which had cre-
ated a world of
imaginary char-
acters in a se-
ries of immortal
novels—was
shattered be-
yond redemp-
tion.

The last man-
uscript which I
take to-day from
my Box is char-
acteristic of its
author, who was
the equal of
Fielding in his
power of delin-
eating the man-
ners of his cen-
tury, and great-
er, in that he
was cleaner and
more humane.

The gradual
accumulation of
treasures like
these has been
a source of sat-
isfaction to me
for more than
thirty years. It
heightened my
interest in dead
authors, bright-
ened my recol-
lection of living
ones, many of
whom are now

dead, and gave pleasure, I think, to
some of my friends. The sums that they
cost me might have been expended in
books and pictures, of which I have as
many, perhaps, as ought to belong to any
one man; or I might have followed the
god Pan into Wall Street, where I am
told the signatures that are most sought
after are those of the great money-
kings on certified checks. I am igno-
rant of these, nor do I particularly care
for them, since I have those that I value
more in my Box of Autographs.



NEAPOLITAN ART.*

FRANCESCO PAOLI MICHETTI—BARBELLA AND GEMITO.

By A. F. Jaccasy.

FROM among the pupils of the Neapolitan Academy of Fine Arts, during the years of Morelli's and Palizzi's professorships, stand out the two most promising artists of the day in the peninsula—Michetti and Gemito. That the teaching was catholic and thorough is shown by these men, as well as by a score of their less distinguished co-disciples, Mancini, Vetri, De Nittis, Fabron, De Sanctis, etc. The stamp of that school was the absence of any imitation, save in isolated cases, of the manner or choice of subjects of the professors, together with a diversity of method unique in the history of any school. It will be one of the greatest merits of Morelli that—grown to fame, settled in his ideas and methods as every artist becomes who, in refining and enlarging his personal qualities has lost the elasticity of youthful days—he forgot what he knew for what he felt—forgot the practitioner for the teacher—and with infinite pains and attention, studying to the very core his pupils' as he studied his own compositions, helped them to develop their particular genius in the way best suited to each. His too most brilliant *élèves* will show how completely he succeeded.

Bohemian Naples is full of stories of Michetti's sojourn at the Academy, and never tires of telling how he came in the humble costume of the peasant of his province, wearing sandals, linen rags bound round the legs, a brass-buttoned coat and cock's feathers stuck in a cone-shaped hat. Indeed there were enough singular traits in him to fill an amusing book, but the narration of them is not the purpose of this paper and it is sufficient to say that, notwithstanding fre-

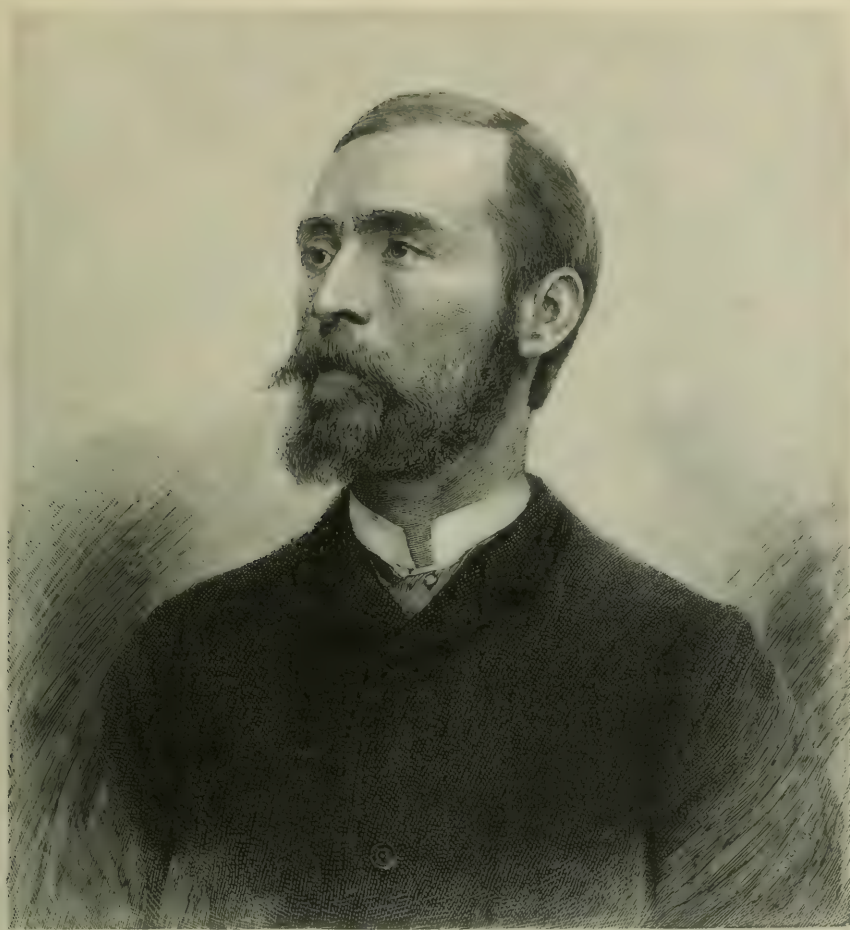
quent outbursts of eccentricity, this little nervous fellow quickly showed that he had genius. If Bohemia thinks that the genius was owing to the eccentricities it is probably for no other reason than because it hopes to acquire the one in cultivating the others.

Without money, leading a life of utter misery, yet merry all the while and not losing a moment, Michetti was soon known as the hardest worker in a crowd of hard-working men. His wonderful facility explains itself as naturally as that of Fortuny, who left a great example to the Roman fraternity by resting from eight hours' solid work at the studio with four hours more of night work at Gigi's.† Many see only the gift which is in him, as it was in Fortuny, and fail to note the untiring labor that has developed it; the process of development is in no artist more easily traced, more visible than in Michetti. That gift was an organization sensitive in the extreme, but not, as was his master's, to the intellectual side of art. The two men belong to two epochs, Michetti being essentially a man of our times—a true modern. Nature is all to him; he does not admire it so much as he loves it and its poetry of form and color; the subject he does not deem the primary consideration, and for that reason is more of a painter, in the latter-day sense, than his master. Fortunately Michetti is no realist, *à la* Zola, and does not seek to represent, much less to analyze, the ugly; but, as might be inferred from his enthusiastic admiration of Keats, he prefers to dwell on the loveliness of things.

Faithful to himself, even while showing the influence of the Neapolitan

* See "Neapolitan Art—Morelli," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1890.

† A celebrated night studio in Rome.



Francesco Paoli Michetti.

milieu, his very first paintings were of his fellow-*contadini*, of the landscapes of his province, one of the least known, and perhaps the most picturesque of all Italy—Abruzzo. He has ever been true to her; and last year, when speaking of my recent travels in the Orient I asked him why he did not go where I thought his marvellous color, his faculty for perceiving and summarizing the characteristics of things, his truth to types and expressions would find a field almost virgin. Said he, "But, look—I have been working here twenty years, and I still feel like a child who begins to spell. The Orient has its beauty, I should see it like every one; but this

beauty here I not only see, I feel it all over me, '*nel sangue*,' in the blood. Ah! you see I am a child of the land and the more I know of my Abruzzo the more I love her." It is thanks to that sentiment, so natural and yet so rare, the same sentiment which made the Dutch painters faithful to their humble mother country, instead of to Italian half-breeds, that Michetti gives us a new page in the book of Art.

His first efforts, of which many have found their way into our galleries, are of rustic scenes, with such immaterial titles as "Young Shepherds," "Boys," "Girls," "Contadini Returning from Market," etc., every-day incidents of peas-



Fragment of Michetti's "Ottava."

ant life in the mountainous Abruzzo, whose figures and landscapes are observed by a painter with an eye for the picturesque and touched with a loving and knowing spirit. The vehemence of

their execution, their felicitous charm of color made them much sought for by the buying public and yet they belong to what might be termed pictures of the salable sort, with the redeeming feature



A Pastoral. From Michetti.

A Pastoral.

(Drawn from Michetti's painting by Mr. Jacassy.)

that they are simple studies quickly and unpretentiously done. That which constitutes their attraction is also their defect, they are so forced in color as to be all glitter, showing an uncommonly gifted personal temperament marred by exaggerations. Their merit—a great one—is in their absolute originality which removes them from the Neapolitan subjects of the same kind, and still further from the prevailing imitation of Fortuny which most of the Italians had fallen into.

In those early days Michetti's discriminating friends were not without anxiety about his future. With one so young, and already in possession of a most seductive talent, the money success and its customary adjunct of flatteries showered upon him might result in checking the full possible development of his talent and the bud forever remain a bud and never blossom into a flower. Moreover, Michetti was not the man to whom advice could be safely offered, for he had a head "like a Teuton," as they say in Italy of men with an iron will that nothing can affect. Let alone perforce, though curiously watched, he proved to have himself better in hand than his friends dared to hope. In the face of his later achievements it is but just to say that his early and abundant production was due to the exuberance of a youngster, yesterday a peasant, to-day finding himself an artist conscious of strength and reveling in creative power. That novelty exhausted he soon tired of what he was doing. Of a sudden, without warning or leave-taking, he went back to his native village of Francavilla al Mare, and there for three years constrained himself to make nothing from morning till night but studies in oils, pastels, or distemper, of all he saw: of the magnificent Adriatic with its turquoise blue or deep indigo and iridescent reflects like shades of mother-of-pearl; of the

ravined mountains and the luxuriant vegetation of the valleys. His portfolios were filled with impressions, given in a summary but definite way, of boats and nude figures in the water when sky, sea, and beach are swathed in fulgurant sunlight; of flocks of sheep, bands of cunning goats, sturdy oxen, humble donkeys, and much abused horses in their familiar attitudes; of dogs bounding by the roadside; of white-coifed girls rambling



"Canto d'Amore."

(Drawn from the bronze of C. Barbella, by A. F. Jacassy.)

through hill-pastures and fields, of budding trees standing out from an exquisite mingling of touches in the background, like living poems of color profiled on a world of delicate and mysterious shades; of winter landscapes, sad and desolate; sunrises and sunsets; peasants working and feasting. The thousand effects of light and shade, every mood of nature, every aspect of life, were dear to the heart of Michetti and shone from his faithful interpretations in a second reality.

Those three years of seclusion were the making of the man, and the best part of his life. When, with purse exhausted he found himself obliged to come back to the world, he brought with him

the materials for a picture gathered at the little town of Chieti near his home. In less than a month the "Procession of the Corpus Domini" was painted in the studio of his friend De Chirico at

crowned with flowers, scatter rose-leaves about. On the left a crowd of kneeling people chat and smile among themselves, while on the right the musicians of the village brass band, more willing than knowing, elbow one another while tooting with puffed cheeks on their primitive and noisy instruments. In the foreground a man lights the fire-crackers which are necessary adjuncts to the most solemn moments of religious ceremonies in southern Italy. It is summer; the day is fine, the air luminous, the sun shines, every one is merry; the general scene is wonderfully true to what the traveller frequenting the by-roads is accustomed to see. The figures not only talk and live, but in their truth they are so many classic statues clothed in the jackets and skirts of *contadini*.

A harmonious splendid color, a certain something playful and gay over it all, a touch of southern exuberance, the essentially picturesque, sensual charm of the types, the vivacity of the composition from *ensemble* to details, from the wonderful little heads and hands—marvels of the most finished execution—to the accessories, treated in a manner, broad, almost brutal, and yet to an artist incomparable for its suggestiveness make it a picture *di furia*. To characterize that style of painting in relation



Study of a Head by Michetti.

Naples, and finished just in time for the exhibition—Naples, 1877—where it created a great sensation. The public at once went crazy over it while the critics, surprised, could but admire that brilliant affirmation of a new master.

The whole length of the canvas is occupied by wide ascending steps before the façade of a church from whose quaintly carved portal emerges the procession. Under a striped canopy an old priest, shining in the rich sacerdotal vestments of great festal days, carries in upraised hands the Holy Sacrament. In front of him, between two rows of women belonging to pious sisterhoods, a band of little, nude children, their heads

to others, I should say that it was like Brahms's Hungarian dances in the domain of music—something strange and charming that everyone understood and loved at first sight.

While the critics following the public applauded, the artists surprised, paid their best compliment, which is to try to find out the secret of a successful technique. The concert of praise was a perfect unison, and it is a wonder that Michetti should not have been spoiled by it; that he was not, shows better than all else the force of his character. His judgment suffered nothing, success hardly touched him; he kept on searching in his own fashion, working hard,

indifferent to the exaggeration of his admirers and more unwilling than ever to sacrifice his artistic conscience to money. His last relation to Goupil happened about this time, when he refused to sell the "Corpus Domini," on the condition that he should make a replica of it for the same price—to make copies, even for 50,000 francs, was not to the artist's taste.

Two years later he shared with Morelli the honors of the Turin exhibition. I regret not to be able to speak of the pendant to the "Corpus Domini," the "Domenica delle Palme" (Palm Sunday), having had no chance to see it. The "Ottava" (Octave), now in the king's collection—where a newly married couple of country folk make their first exit from home, going to church on the eighth day after marriage to celebrate the initial week of their new life—is a quaint scene charmingly illustrated. A conscious husband with his young wife, one of the artist's best creations, a mixture of joy and shyness, eyes half cast down and lips opening in a faint smile, head a company of relatives, young girls, and solid-looking matrons, with all the robustness and proud grace of the antique; while neighbors and passers-by gaze on curiously. It is after a rain, the wet ground reflects a stormy sky with threatening clouds full of motion.

"I Morticelli" (The Little Dead Ones)—a true *plein-air*, that those who make shadows with black or bitumen and lights with white, have called fantastic and unreal—gives the impression of an oppressive summer day when all things appear as through a screen of radiant and vibrating light which permeates even the shadows and makes them luminous. The rusticity of this touching old provincial custom is rendered in a truthful way exempt from sentimentality yet full of pathos.

If what Liszt has said is true—that it is better for an artist

to be loved than admired—then after Turin, Michetti could rest satisfied. In 1880, at Milan, he did not meet with the same popular applause, and little stir was caused by his numerous collection of studies, largely in pastels. It is easy to understand why pieces of excellent workmanship, deficient in the powerful attraction of subject, did not appeal to the public at large—for in that matter the Italian public is no better than ours—but they were judged by the *élite* as being of a higher order than his previous works, and every one of them was bought by artists, a fact which speaks for itself.

At last at Rome, in 1884, Michetti came out with his *chef-d'œuvre* and the most important work of the Italian school, "Il Voto."

The man who had seemed to sacrifice everything to the external vision had been all the time pregnant with deeper



A Study by Michetti.

thought. No one had seen any traces of that inward development until, when matured and complete, the artist struck his high note in the revelation of an

to pasture, bearing the dead to the Campo Santo, the bride to her home; those peasants whose songs and laughter he made us hear, he now shows us



The Sculptor Gemito at Work.
(From Meissonier's painting.)

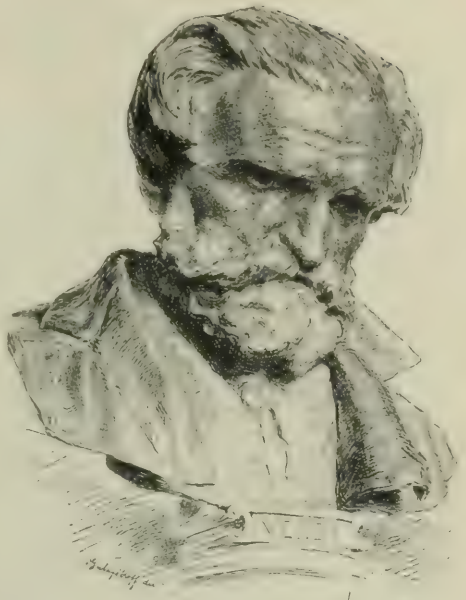
art of greater range and power. In fact from the *peinture de genre* done playfully until then Michetti, at a bound, reached the grand art; Naples, Turin, and Milan were halting-places—the goal was Rome. Yet he did not go out of his field; he did not abandon his subjects; those same peasants he had shown us in the fields, leading the flocks

again—but we enter into their souls. Here is the “*Proximus Tuus*,” no more with the quaint and cunning ways which so pleased our æsthetic sense but in a scene passionate, almost terrible, whose every detail speaks the savage and degrading superstitions that still chain our ignorant brother.

The canvas is very large and the fig-

ures life-size, the scene within a church on a feast-day of some renowned saint. From near and far in the province peasants have come on pilgrimage to ask a special grace—the one most at heart with these simple natures—to be blessed with children. Amid a curious crowd pushing with rough eagerness, the barefooted, travel-stained pilgrims creep on their bellies like beasts, licking the dirty pavements with such fervor that blood trickles from their tongues. Their goal is the miracle-working image of the saint, an antique bust of some Roman warrior, adorned with a circle of glittering metal by way of halo and near which a priest, richly clad and dull of eye, blesses with automatic gesture each one who passes.

There is nothing more human, more sacred than the desire for paternity in man, the passion for ma-



Verdi.

(From the bust by Gemito.)



Fortunio.

(From the bust by Gemito.)

ternity in woman, but this low begging for it by human beings transformed into brutes is inexpressibly sad. It is more, it fills us with shame that in our modern and cultured civilization such practices should exist. The artist gives the most tangible expression to the cry of his revolted soul in the choice of a scene faithful to nature not only in its conception but in every one of its details. In showing us what he has seen he forces us to feel what he has felt. I know there are two ways of understanding Art. Some think that a painter's object is first and last, to paint well; others, that like the poet, he has a mission, and his talent must be put to the service of high ideals. The "Voto" ought to satisfy them all. It is a *chef-d'œuvre* of painting no less than an eloquent sermon. The artist is a patriot like Mazzini



FROM MICHETTI'S PAINTING.

"J. Morticelli."

From the central part of the picture.

ENGRAVED BY PERNELL.

and Garibaldi; his "Voto" the work of a true man, a protest more forcible than words against the exaltation of idolatry, a blow at the bonds which coerce minds and hinder progress, and when its combative element shall have lost its timeliness, it will still remain as an historical document of a period of transition, priceless, because a faithful copy of a real scene.

But let me speak directly of the picture. The first impression, that of a crowd in church, is at first confused and indistinct. From the mixture of forms and hues in an incense-burdened atmosphere soon emerge, vividly and wonderfully grouped, eager-eyed spectators, creeping forms, and pallid faces, converging toward a culminating point, two hands outstretched, passionately clutching the saint's figure, while a face of ecstatic expression showers kisses upon the cold lips of bronze. The execution helps faithfully the idea, the lines of the composition, broken and complex, melt in a powerful *ensemble*; and there is a dignity, a manly simplicity, something so sober and masterly in the handling that the great Spaniards, Pradilla and Villegas (and every one knows what a Spanish artist's ideal is), have said that no such piece of painting has been seen since the days of Velasquez. The many cartoons exhibited by the side of the "Voto" showed, with the refining and development of the first conception, how conscientiously it had been thought and studied. I should like to speak of the individuality of each type so vigorously accentuated, of that truth to Nature which, instead of suggesting the wearisome process of copying, forces one to acknowledge the ideal interpretation of a superior artist ennobling all he touches, just as a great poet gives dignity, and new and deeper meanings, to the commonest phrases. I should like also to dwell on the well-chosen and typical episodes which picture the different incidents of married life; the mother, in all the pride of her heart, coming, with a child nestled on her breast, to acknowledge the saint's intercession; the young bride and the old husband; the poor, beaten wife in shame and grief at her sterility; the father whose only son is dead and who prays for another—but

here I feel too keenly the truth of George Lafenestre's saying that in Art, "an hour's description is not worth a five minutes' sight," and I can only beg all lovers of the beautiful when in Rome to go and see that magnificent page at the Capitoline Museum. Should they happen to come from Paris after having seen the impeccably correct *grande peinture* of the modern French painters (I was tempted to write *savants*), they cannot fail to be struck in this by an absence of the academic and dry element. It is of a different temperament from the French, with less correctness in the cold sense of the word, but with more true sentiment, more individuality—a temperament controlled not so much by the head as by the heart, and consequently more artistic and more interesting alike to public and connoisseurs.

It is to be regretted that the Italians did not choose to exhibit in the last Paris International Exhibition. With the exception of Segantini, whose delicate sentiment and curious researches of technique make him always worthy of critical consideration, not one of their foremost artists was represented. How highly interesting it would have been to see Morelli and Michetti by the side of their great foreign *confrères*! I believe the Parisian critics, though provincial enough in that they are not given to dealing ultra-generously with those independent foreigners who show indifference to the opinion of the great city, are sufficient lovers of the worthy in Art to have ratified the verdict of Turin, that the Neapolitan exhibit was a revelation. To my sense, now that Corot and the other glorious lights of the generation of 1830 have passed away, it is as interesting an artistic movement as impressionism, and the Italians may well be pardoned for calling it their second Renaissance.

Two years ago Michetti sent to Venice seven or eight little canvases in his old vein—landscapes with peasant children. I remember especially one of them—a young, ragged girl coming down the hill-side, driving some turkeys before her while her little brother trots along behind. The careless creature sings at the top of her voice with all the

energy of healthy animal spirits, and against the fading glory of an Italian sunset her head stands out in cool shadow, a golden nimbus of wild curls floating about it. How it reminded me of that incomparable little Breton, "The Song of the Lark." It is the same sentiment with two different expressions; one of the quiet, thoughtful Northern nature, and the other of the exuberant life and picturesque beauty of the South.

But for occasional flying visits to



A Neapolitan Fisherman.
(From the bronze by Gemito.)

Rome, Paris, London, Michetti lives in Francavilla al Mare, a tiny village perched in a delightfully quaint fashion on a low mountain spur, a stone's throw from that Adriatic which, though less renowned than the Gulf of Venice or the Bay of Naples, is quite as full of enchant-

ing beauty. Driving to the old convent he inhabits one has to pass through little roads with a background of silver-green olive-trees and bright garden vegetations, where *contadini* stand or work just as in his pictures. The village is queerly built, the houses very old, the people of a cleanliness which strikes one most pleasantly. In the huge studio by the sea, portfolios and cartoons are piled up in corners, while all about lie scores of canvases with rough ideas jotted down on them when the inspiration was fresh. Michetti—"Don Ciccio" as he is called familiarly—has rearranged the convent to suit his fancy, and a very comfortable though unique habitation it is. His great happiness is when his friends and fellow-Abruzzesi—Tosti the musician, Gabriel d'Annunzio the poet, Barbella the sculptor, De Nino the folk-lorist—come hither round his hospitable table. Then there is the true Abruzzo feasting. It was my good fortune to fall on such a reunion when—with interludes of songs, readings of poetry, and storytelling—lively dissertations about Art, stimulated by the generous wine of Sulmona*—the wine of Ovidius—ran on far into the "wee sma' hours." It was particularly refreshing in these times of cosmopolitanism when people of mark think capitals the only places worthy to work and live in, to see these men, who occupy the foremost rank in their professions in Rome and London, so deeply attached to their natal soil, such enthusiastic lovers of its people, its dialect, its songs, and festas.

Last year Michetti's life-size portraits of the King and Queen of Italy attracted the attention any work of his now deserves. I must confess frankly that, with the exception of one, I do not care for them, though it is needless to say, coming from such a hand, they have many fine points. Their quality of official portraits (two of them were intended as gifts for the young German Emperor in souvenir of his visit to Rome) would have hampered even the old masters. One represents King Umberto on horseback in the uniform of the colonel of his German regiment; the costume is absolutely ridiculous in shape, and its flat,

* Sulmona, one of the large cities of Abruzzo, is Ovid's birthplace.

discordant blue with white trimmings, treat it as you may, is an execrable note of color; the horse, almost free from disfiguring accoutrements, is fine; its rich bay hide, under which a perfect organism is felt, shines in the sun. That horse such as Nature made him make the gaudiness and tinsel of official habiliments appear pitifully cheap. The second portrait, showing Umberto standing in his by no means artistic uniform of Italian general, is excellent and full of individuality; the two vigorous hands clasp the sword-hilt on which they rest; in the worn, sober face, the eyes shining from within, give the earnest, inquiring look familiar to the man, who, if not a genius, is at least an honest ruler with a deep sense of the grave responsibility and duties of high office. Queen Margherita's charm is a charming smile, which animates and transforms features otherwise uninteresting; but it is not in the accepted tradition to make an official effigy of the Queen smiling, such a mood being too familiar for a sovereign. And moreover, as she had to be represented standing, the painter, wrestling with the problem of a generous figure rather petite, clad in a plain, tight, *décolleté* court dress of white silk, conceived the idea of arranging the train so as to fall before her down the steps of the throne. The effect is curious. To resume I should say that these portraits are the best things of a bad kind that could be done; but they are certainly not the portraits Michetti would have liked to paint, and some of his studies, especially a head of the Queen, are infinitely superior to them in their rough and unhampered impressions.

Constantino Barbella, in taking for subject the Abruzzo peasant, has been called the Michetti of sculpture. Co-disciple of Michetti, carried by friendship as well as by the influence of a stronger personality, he left the Academy to go back with him to their natal province. Although he is not an imitator we cannot help feeling that he has learned to see through his friend's eyes, and that he has found his inspiration in the spring that Michetti discovered. His statuettes, with personal qualities of expression, have some of the beauty of form and character so pre-

eminent in the marvellous little Pompeian bronzes of the Naples Museum. In their chosen diminutive size they are carried to an extreme *ini* which is not finicky and never degenerates into vulgar prettiness. They stand a rare exception among the rubbish of commercial Italian sculpture with its *trompe d'œil*, its bangs, laces and silks, so painfully and cruelly reproduced, suggesting the dressmaker or the wigmaker more than the sculptor. Barbella is at his best in some figures of solid women with soft lines lovingly caressed—charming flowers of healthy and graceful development.

Gemito has been idle for the past few years, unable and unwilling to work at his many orders. He received a grand medal of honor and the cross of the Legion d'Honneur at Paris last year; but the poor fellow has fallen into some sort of sickly and morbid condition from which nothing, it is feared, will ever rouse him. And his is not a special case; it seems as if there were some evil spirit, a kind of *jettatura*, attached to the Neapolitan artists. Mancini, an incomparable virtuoso, the strange and fanciful painter of heads, which though queerly painted have a prodigious intensity of life, was often confined in an asylum; De Chirico, an early rival of Michetti, died crazy. It is worthy of note that all these men came from the lowest and poorest classes, and that contrary to the common opinion they are very hard workers.* Perhaps the contrast between their early life, so full of miseries and privations, of hard struggles against hunger and against the indifference of the public—that eternal worshipper of idols—and success coming suddenly and in the exaggerated manner of the southerners, whose enthusiasm knows no measure, was too much for sensitive, highly strung organizations. To think that a head of Mancini, given away for four francs, went up in two years to ten thousand francs! This fantastic artist used to work in a singular way with his canvas on the floor, and looking-glasses all round his

* As a matter of fact the people have to work hard in Italy, where no individual fills more completely our idea of the *lazarone* than the Italian heir to a title, satisfied to vegetate on his meagre income, eating just enough to keep body and soul together, but dressing in the height of style that he may be able to parade his pretentious nullity on the fashionable promenades.

model; as the result was marvellous his method of obtaining it was praised as evidence of genius—the imbecility and unmanliness of his wild admirers spoiled the man, so that he went headlong from whimsicality into lunacy. Much of his work is lost through the use of mixtures such as sulphuric acid, with the paints; what remains is unique, however. As in the “Gioconda” of Leonardo da Vinci, there is in the eyes of his faces a depth of meaning—an indefinite something, subtle, unrestful—which makes us penetrate into their very humanity, and wonder about their thoughts.

If, after some years of study at the Academy, Gemito's talent was fully known and recognized in artistic circles, the unprotected lad was nevertheless nearly always at the point of starvation. That kind-hearted and noble fellow, Fortuny, his most intimate friend, helped him as much as he could; but Gemito was proud, and there were many things that even a friend could not do for him. Wary at last of the double-faced existence, with glory on one side, starvation on the other, he decided to try his fortune in that Mecca of artists, Paris, taking with him his first statue, “Neapolitan Fisherman,” which was exhibited at the Salon of 1877. So worthy was it of the notice it attracted that the jury awarded him a second-class medal, an almost unheard of distinction for a first exhibit, and in the face of the loud cries raised all down the line of second-rate sculptors, that parts of it had been moulded on the life, a criticism which at least shows its masterly execution though common-sense might have told these carping critics that such a thing is scarcely possible, and that if it were, the putting together of portions so moulded would require more art and would be more difficult than the copy and interpretation of life.

Perfectly unknown in Paris, having refused all letters of introduction, Gemito, who entertained a very high opinion of himself and his works, turned a deaf ear to propositions from the dealers that would have well satisfied many a *débutant*. As a consequence, he might have starved in Paris, as in Naples, had it not been for the appreciation of

Meissonnier. The French painter who strongly admired the “Neapolitan Fisherman” and had said that he wanted it, wondered, as time passed during which Gemito went often to see him, why the statue was not forthcoming. Much puzzled he at length inquired when it would come. Whereat Gemito explained that the price he had put on it (thirty thousand francs) was too much for a brother artist. Anyone familiar with Meissonnier's ways can imagine his offended air and the gesture with which while showing the pictures on the walls of his studio, he exclaimed: “But look there, Gemito, each of those squares is worth from fifty to one hundred thousand francs, and I am richer than most collectors when I want to gratify my artistic tastes!” Yet weeks went by and the statue did not appear. There was nothing for Meissonnier to do but to go himself, with two porters, and fetch it—which he did.

Afterward, Gemito, in return for his portrait painted by Meissonnier, made that bronze standing figure of the French master that, wonderful as it was, could not possibly be accused of being cast on life, as it was in modern costume and but half size. It won unanimous praise (Salon, 1880), and all the eminent French critics agreed in pronouncing it a *chef-d'œuvre*. With what vigor, what naturalness of good company, Gemito had *campé* his picturesque model—short, thick-set, the legs solid and apart, the broad chest and arched back! With what penetrating analysis he had rendered the proud head with its beard of old gold; its fine, sharp eyes, its disdainful smile! The whole figure, from the feet to the head—and to the palette the hand grasps as nervously as if it were a rapier—is sparkling with *verve* and *esprit*. Treatment and conception are novel yet perfect of their kind, showing how, when handled by a master, the metal can abdicate its cold stiffness and bend to a subtle interpretation of life.

A critical enumeration of the works of other pupils of Morelli and Palizzi is needless, my object having been simply to call attention to a school comparatively unknown and to the great results it has already achieved. I have tried to show that its strength and attractive-

ness—its keynote, so to speak—lies in its broadness, catholicity, and above all in its intense modernity. We are getting to think more and more nowadays that personal temperament, helped by hard and earnest study of nature and life, is better than the mass of traditional conventions embodied in what is called a style. Alfred de Musset—who would be neither a classicist nor a romanticist, but himself—has voiced the modern idea in his often-quoted verse :

“Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans
mon verre.”

This Neapolitan school, born as a protest against the old routine, lives on the principle that close adherence to a theory implies lack of strength and of personal dignity, and that no rules can ever be given dispensing man from thinking and judging for himself.* It says the result, with those who attempt to follow a code of given rules, is that they do not live their own lives and do not improve their opportunities. Imitation

* It might be said that to a few, absolutely destitute of individuality, the following of a theory would prove a lesser evil than an aimless search in trying to express that which does not exist—personal feelings. But are such men born for Art?

in Art is odious. It means not the imitation of a mood of Nature but the casting of a mind, soul and heart, into another's. Can we imagine a following of little Keatses, little Beethovens, little Millets?

This school shows a set of men who have but one thing in common, the artistic faculty, developed in the sense of each one's individuality. Let us now look at Paris—recognized art centre of the world—and what do we see? But an endless array of small congregations, gathered, like devotees at a shrine, around some special idol outside of which there is no salvation. Truly the world of Culture and Art, which is ever prone to sneer at fads and fashions sweeping over the majority of mortals, and making it resemble a flock of sheep running hither and thither after some leader, is not exempt from that same sort of thing, and that is why the example set by this Neapolitan school is not amiss.

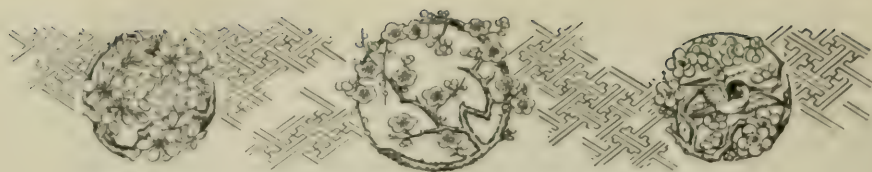
Lastly, how gratifying to all lovers of the beautiful is the fact that old Italy—long sterile of great artists—is dead and that the Italy of to-day, just come to womanhood, offers them such offspring as Morelli and Michetti, as harbingers of the future.

THE SNOW'S DREAMER.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

ASLEEP within her marble room she lies,
And dreams of days to come when she shall go
Across the meadows in the morning glow,
Song on her lips, and gladness in her eyes:
In dreams she sees again the warm, blue skies,
And breathes the fragrance which the soft gales blow
From trees whose blossoms, like belated snow,
Have filled the orchards with a sweet surprise.

So shall she dream, and slumber on until
The first faint whispers of the south wind bring
The shy anemones, all white with fear,
To look upon her in her chamber still;
Then, waking, hear the blue-bird blithely sing
To welcome in the Daybreak of the Year!



JERRY.

PART THIRD (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER VI.

"Life crowded on him, and the days that
swept
Relentlessly all trust and love from out his
heart.

Where could he put his faith, where clasp a
hand,

That would not turn against him
if occasion called?"



YOU will have to be very cau-
tious and very watchful,"
and Greg paused in his idle
whittling of the table; "Hen-
ley is bitterly opposed to
you, and only has been held
from molesting you and your
plans by the positive orders of the doc-
tor; I found this out when I was survey-
ing in Eureka."

"Do you think Henley will use un-
fair means to hurt me?" and Jerry rose
and leaned against the chimney.

Greg stuck his knife up in the table
once or twice thoughtfully, not looking
up.

"I do not like Henley," he answered,
cautiously.

Then Jerry put on his hat, and Greg
went to the door with him.

"I will watch and listen for you," he
said, rather hurriedly, "and will warn
you; but do not trust anyone."

"Thanks," and Jerry stepped out in-
to the black night and biting wind; he
took off his hat to the cold air and drew
a long breath—he felt as one standing
in front of a desperate battle!

For, though estranged, he found that
through all the doctor had protected
him against Paul, who now stood re-
vealed as an enemy whose bitterness

could not be measured. And the last
time they had spoken together, that
dreadful day down at the mine, he had
cursed Paul with unexampled fury, and
had done it for the sake of a man who
in his death had struck him the cruelest
blow that the most careful malice could
have designed.

It had not been designed, he could
reason that out; still his heart grew
hard as he remembered, and said to him-
self, "It was only a piece of the doctor's
cold, careful wisdom."

It had been a great pain to him that
the doctor had died estranged from him,
and that the people should know this,
and so think it all right that Paul should
arrange everything for the honoring of
the dead; that even strangers should be
called in and he shut out. It had hurt
him deeply, and when after the funeral
Engineer Mills had asked all the com-
pany to return with him to the doctor's
house, as the will was to be read, Jerry
had turned away, until stopped by a
special message that he should be want-
ed. Then he had followed the crowd,
angry when he saw them hustling and
jostling into the empty house that to
him was sacred; then crowding out
again as the will was to be read on the
piazza, where all could hear it, he among
the rest. It had been hard, and had
grown doubly so toward the end—al-
most too hard.

Twenty-four hours ago it had hap-
pened, yet Jerry could see still the gap-
ing crowd looking black against the
snowy background; still could hear
them stamping with dull thuds to keep
their feet warm—stamping that ceased
as Engineer Mills read aloud a little note

from the doctor, appointing that the chief man of the towns should read the will aloud to the people, and see that it was carried into effect honestly. And then the murmur that had swept up from the crowd—

“Mr. Wilkerson—Mr. Wilkerson!” Yes, he was the chief man of the towns—it was his glory brought him pain! It had seemed a most cruel sarcasm, but the bitterness of the moment brought him strength, and when Mr. Mills called to him, and the crowd parted to let him mount the steps, he went forward without a second’s pause and joined the group on the piazza.

And the men on the piazza knew what was in the will, and watched him as he read—he could feel them watching.

It was short enough—a clear, concise statement that the doctor had cast his fortune in with the people of Eureka and Durden’s, and sincerely wished for their success and prosperity; in proof of which he now left all his property to endow a free school for the children of the miners of both towns, and a home for the widows and orphans of the same; that the tract of land he had bought, had been bought with this end in view; it was surveyed in suitable lots, that were to be rented, and all rents used for the purposes above mentioned. That trustees and guardians had been appointed for the property, the mayor, or chief man of the towns, being always chairman of the same.

That was all: not a word of the distrust the people had shown him; no mention of his difficulties and disappointments; a fair, free gift to the towns, and Jerry to see it given!

He had read it all through clearly, slowly, distinctly; and in the silence that followed, a silence so intense that he seemed to hear it, he said no word. He stood there white and still, and folded the paper carefully, and the crowd watching him seemed scarcely to breathe.

He would not speak of the misunderstandings and mistakes of the last few months, any more than the dead man had spoken; and the silence hung about them like death. Then there was a little movement, and he heard Greg speaking to the crowd and explaining

what had been done for them—that widows and orphans would never suffer want again, and that education would be free to all. Then the crowd separated and went away quietly to their homes; and Mr. Mills told Jerry that he would send him all papers relating to the property and put him in communication with the trustees. Only twenty-four hours ago all this had happened. He walked wearily up to his room: his burden seemed too great. For some noble end men might strive like this; but he had let go his aspirations, and his highest motive had come to be the excelling of an enemy: could he sink any lower? There was one lower depth—he could sell secretly and leave in the lurch all who had trusted him.

He threw himself face down across his bed; he despised himself, and realized a dreadful self-abasement that galled him every moment he lived.

And yet, the highest he had known had let him go astray. His heart hardened within him; what use to love or trust? Old Joe, whom he had not loved, loved him; had been faithful to him. And this love he had won, he had not cared for—and the love he had longed for, he had not won.

The only eyes he need please now were the eyes of the world; and in the eyes of the world money was the highest good; the world grown greedy and sordid in its old age. Money bought love, and honor, and power, and friendship, and souls, and bodies; and the free and enlightened Nineteenth Century saw more slavery and subjection than any other age of the world. And he, he could not serve, he must rule—he must have money!

And to-day a new fear had come to him, and he realized that the money he had so longed for—the money that when he found it had seemed salvation to him—this money had become a terror!

Paul Henley had that day gone East, and intended spending the rest of the winter there. Nobody could know what possibilities to Jerry lay hidden in this simple announcement that Greg had made to him. A few weeks or a month would not have been such a risk, for Paul would have been too busy settling his own affairs to trouble himself with

the transactions of other people ; but the whole winter would leave him much unoccupied time.

And yet what had Jerry done that he need fear being found out ? He had only invested money that had been left to him—this was all he had done. But he had no proof of this ; he had not told anyone at the time ; he had not shown anyone all the curious places in which this treasure had been hidden ; for then a vague fear had possessed him that once let Joe's fortune be known, and claims would be put in against it as having been taken from another man's property ; and this fear had proved true.

He had known that Dan Burk had at all times been aware of Joe's place of work ; and after Joe's death he felt that Dan Burk watched him ; what he did not know was that at one time Dan Burk had shared Joe's spoils, so giving him a hold over Burk. At the opening of the mine Burk had revealed to him Joe's secret, which revelation had confirmed his worst fears. And now, once let Burk know that Joe had left a fortune, and he would either claim hush-money, so holding Jerry always in subjection ; or he would tell the secret and ruin him. Jerry had not known all this at first, but he had known enough to make him very cautious, and he had had what was a still stronger motive for secrecy—a great longing for the money ! And this longing was what had made a coward of him, and was the net that had closed about him.

A year ago he would have told the doctor what he had found, and have dealt justly by all ; if Joe had done wrong, he would have righted it ;—a year ago, when no evil passions had been roused in him ; when he was strong in his carelessness of men's opinions, and the world's honors.

Now—and his heart seemed to grow cold within him as he realized his own position—now, Paul Henley, his declared enemy, had gone to the East ; what would prevent his hearing of Jerry's riches ; what would prevent his searching and finding out all that Jerry owned, and raising ugly stories as to the sources of his wealth ? A man who handled public money lay open always to suspi-

cion and attack, and for a man in such a position to be discovered suddenly to have a large fortune, was a black enough story.

And Paul would sow distrust in the East by declaring Jerry a poor man ; and distrust in Durden's by telling of Jerry's possessions. Paul would not now hesitate.

Jerry got up hurriedly and went to the window ; he must have fresh air ; he must shake off these dreadful forebodings, or lose his mind !

All his accounts with the town had been read to the committee, and put on record ; would not that prove his innocence ?

Dan Burk knew that Joe had been saving all his life ; would not that be proof as to the source of his wealth ? Aye, too sure a proof ; a proof that would let in claims for all his fortune ! The Durden's heirs who he knew were still living somewhere, and who had sold the mine to 'Lije Milton, they could present claims—and Mrs. Milton would own all that was left.

But now, when he needed all his strength and determination ; now, when the struggle was growing harder, and the plot more intricate, he must not flinch. He could not go back ; there was no retreat that would not end in ruin of character or fortune ; there was no explanation that would not weaken his position most terribly. He must be careful hereafter to have a witness for every transaction to which he was party ; to this extent he could and would guard himself ; and, for the rest, must wait until the attack came.

This was all he could do ; there was no avoiding the daily anxiety ; there was no way of pushing aside this new fear ; no way of lessening the strain on mind or body ; and there was only one comfort he had—it was the knowledge that failure would kill him !

The terrible tension of always watching—always fearing—always suspecting ; the hard work by day and by night ; the absence of any creature in whom he could confide, this would wear him out even if at the end he were successful ; if he failed, then he knew the string must snap.

He shut the window slowly, as one

who had faced and weighed all the dangers about him, and had made his own course clear to himself ; had realized all to the end. There was no need of hurry even in the shutting of a window ; his work and his path were plain before him, and behind him an immutable Fate born of his own deeds !

He stirred the fire to a brighter blaze, turned the lamp up, and sat down to his table, where lay a pile of papers relating to the doctor's property, which Mr. Mills had sent that afternoon. His heart throbbed a little faster when he first looked at the familiar writing. But he put aside the memories ; they were not his any more, and it was with anger that he remembered the remorse he had felt when he found his friend dead, and peace not made between them. He had been only a duty to the doctor, not a love ; the end proved this.

His mind was clear and quiet now, and he went over document after document, making notes and memoranda, then gathering his materials together, composed a letter to his co-workers in this bequest.

He told them that having been educated by the doctor, he thought he could give them a clear idea of the system on which he would like the school carried out ; that having taught in Eureka himself, he knew that this system would answer. He then went on to state his views as to the present and future values of the doctor's property in Eureka, including the shares held in the Eureka Mine ; giving them the present condition of the towns, and their prospects ; and the present and probable future cost of building.

A clear, succinct letter that caused a meeting of the three trustees, and many inquiries as to this Jeremiah P. Wilkerson. Inquiries that widened out until they penetrated the inner circle of moneyed men, and Jerry was reported as a man of solid means.

After this, Paul was asked to meet these gentlemen ; after failing them many times he came at last, but with his temper unimproved by the examination of his mother's affairs and property. His sister Edith—whom he found not to be his sister, but his first cousin, the daughter of the aunt who had died

in the convent, and who had been adopted by his father and given the name of Henley ; she had a large property—but he had little or nothing : further he found, to his exceeding disappointment and surprise, that he had inherited nothing from his guardian. He had not realized this before he left Durden's, for the only will found there was the one giving the Durden's and Eureka property to the towns ; and a memorandum referring them to his lawyer in the East for further information as to his affairs. So Paul came East with high hopes. Of course there was city property, and high rents all to be his, and visions of himself as a rich man floated fair before his eyes.

But the visions had come to nothing.

He felt an unreasoning anger against the poor of Durden's and Eureka, who seemed to have defrauded him ; for he found that the doctor had sold everything to buy the great tract of land which had caused such a stir, and had changed so many lives.

A wild, mad scheme, Paul called it, that had left him hardly enough to live on ; he thought that at least the doctor might have left him the management of the property, and the small salary which would accrue therefrom ; but even this went to Jerry—Jerry whom he hated, Jerry who had been so successful.

And meeting the trustees in this frame of mind, he had to listen to Jerry's letter, so clear and strong, and to praises of the writer expressed in slow, precise language by these mighty men, who seemed willing to leave the whole property in the hands of their "competent fellow-trustee."

"Whose wealth and business qualities," they said, "as well as the high esteem in which he is held in business circles, make us feel sure that he will manage this great property with honesty and skill."

Paul sat still ; did he hear aright ? Were these men talking of the Wilkerson whom he knew ?

And he asked what seemed to them a silly question : "Do you mean the Wilkerson from Durden's ?"

The three old men looked at him from over their glasses, and the eldest answered :

"Of course, Mr. Henley; the same Mr. Wilkerson whom your guardian educated; you must have known him all your life; the same Mr. Wilkerson of whom Mr. Charles T. Greg, one of the most solid men in the city, speaks in the highest terms; of course you know him, this man who has risen from the people to the highest respect and esteem, and whose success—material, moneyed success—is well known on Wall Street."

Jerry Wilkerson in Wall Street—Jerry Wilkerson a moneyed success—Jerry Wilkerson indorsed by a man like Charles Greg! His guardian had told him nothing of this—Jerry had not whispered it. And Paul felt himself in the heart of a mystery, and walked home slowly, and questioned Edith Henley closely as to all she knew or heard of Jerry. Then to Mr. Greg—then to Wall Street—day after day following closely in the track of his successful rival. And as he went the mystery deepened; it took him a long time, for he had to seem to know it all, and so had to grasp a few facts before he could pretend with any success. He was several minutes in placing the "Mr. Gilliam" spoken of with such respect; the "Mr. Gilliam" who had requested Mr. Greg to give his adopted son Wilkerson unlimited credit, and who had paid all notes and bills with remarkable promptness; and Mr. Greg had been very sorry to hear of his sudden death.

Old Joe Gilliam! the surprise was too great, and Paul had to remember suddenly an engagement, and was obliged to leave Mr. Greg.

"Yes, Gilliam's death had been sudden; but he would call again if Mr. Greg would allow him."

Old Joe Gilliam giving Jerry unlimited credit—and Paul walked three blocks in a driving snow-storm before he took in fully this piece of information, or remembered that there were such things as cabs.

And from all he could hear, Jerry had not spared money. Edith spoke of him always as a rich man, and represented the doctor as looking on Jerry in the same light.

"The doctor said Mr. Wilkerson was already rich, and would be in time among the richest men in the country,"

Edith said one day, but she did not look up from her embroidery, so did not see Paul's face; but a valuably-hideous cup fell from a stand with a little crash as she finished, and she wondered that Paul seemed so angry about it, and swore so openly as he picked up the pieces. Paul had lost some of his polish in the West, and it grieved her.

Paul's life, meanwhile, was becoming almost unbearable; he realized his inability to cope with Jerry, and had not only to listen to commendations of him whenever his name was mentioned, but was allowed to see that some of the attention he received was due to his supposed brotherly connection with Jerry, whom people imagined he must love, as they had been educated by the same man. And he had to bear in silence, day after day, all the slow suffering born of his hatred for this man; suffering that cannot be measured—cannot be equalled; the suffering born of hatred is the only suffering for which there is no balm!

It was working through all his nature, this hatred; a dreadful corroding rust that was destroying his heart and soul; that turned his blood to gall. And his anger grew deeper when he heard Isabel Greg's name coupled with Jerry's, and the invariable comment—"Of course the Gregs will forward the match, as Mr. Wilkerson is so rich."

So rich! and nobody in Eureka or in Durden's had heard a rumor of it!

And he would sit for hours pondering on this strange revelation. If it had been a moderate sum that was named, Paul could have understood how old Gilliam might have saved it; but when he heard of "unlimited credit," and heard Fred Greg tell with much admiration of the "plucky way in which Wilkerson had run up the Durden's stock," and of the "large amount he carried," the question became one that Paul could not solve.

Where had this money come from! Jerry had been decently dressed always, and never had seemed to have anything to do but to study and read in the doctor's library; and Paul had come to know, somehow, that old Gilliam supported a poor woman in the village, instead of paying the doctor for Jerry's

education. And until now these things had never seemed strange to him, now when from a distance he looked back and saw the great difference there had been in Joe's action toward this boy he had picked up, and the actions of his class toward even their own children; of course Joe must have had money to be able to do all this; yet this had never occurred to Paul before.

But this fact, having been established in Paul's mind, did not advance him in the least in the solving of the problem as to where Joe got his money.

He could not remember that he had ever heard Joe spoken of either as a miner, or a special worker of any kind; indeed, as he looked back he found that he had never heard anything of Joe Giliam except that he had found Jerry lying on the trail half dead, and had adopted him. He had accepted old Giliam as one of the facts of the place; something that had been there always—had been there even before the doctor moved there, which seemed to Paul like some event back in the Middle Ages.

Then his thoughts would slip away to the strange features in his own life. He had found no papers to tell him anything, and if any ever had existed, they had been destroyed most carefully. In the doctor's possession he had found two pictures, one that he recognized as his mother, only younger and fairer than ever he had known her; and the other not so regularly beautiful, but a brighter and more girlish face, and on the back the name "Edith Henley"—this was his aunt then, Edith's mother, who had died in a convent.

He had put the pictures aside, unable to understand how they had come into the possession of his guardian; photographs might have been explained, but carefully executed miniatures told a different story; his own banishment to the care of this same man had puzzled him always, especially when he remembered his mother's tears, and his father's stern, harsh orders; stern and harsh even though he was dying.

He hated mysteries, and would sigh most impatiently; then return on the old track—"Where had Jerry gotten his money?"

He became quite friendly with the

Gregs, almost intimate; he won the entire confidence of the three trustees of his guardian's property; then, by a free use of the doctor's and Jerry's names, and by means of Mr. Greg's patronage, he won his way gradually among the directors of the "Eureka, Durden's, and the Great Western Railway," and at last fixed his certain hold on the "banker and broker" who had Jerry's interests in hand. It was a great discovery, and Paul drew a long breath when accidentally he made it; and instantly determined to lengthen his stay in order to follow it up.

A keen, cautious business man, no cleverer man in the city; and Paul put his own affairs into his hands immediately. Daily meetings and conversations ensued over proper investments. Jerry was not mentioned, but Durden's stock was, and after many discussions, during which Paul let fall many dubious hints and candid fears, he allowed his new friend to invest for him in Durden's.

"But hold it lightly," was Paul's parting injunction, "I must watch and be more certain before I carry Durden's as steady weight." Then he went away, and the disinterested broker turned over all his own Durden's stock to Jerry, writing to say that he had obeyed his orders to take any Durden's that might be on the market, especially as it had still an upward tendency.

And Jerry, under the steady pressure of his daily work, that seemed to gather force and velocity as the days went on, listened and watched with strained attention for every sign that might tell of Paul; listening with painful eagerness to any word that concerned him or his work; and felt that a fortunate chance had put him at Mrs. Milton's, where he could hear every rumor or surmise about every creature or affair in both towns; could, as it were, feel the pulse of the community without ever seeming to do so, or to wish to do so. And when the letter came from New York telling of the increased amount of stock that had been taken for him, with the further information that Durden's was on the rise, he drew a long breath of relief, for it seemed that he had not been injured as yet; and he went about his increasing work with a better hope.

CHAPTER VII.

"But at the last
 A great contempt and hatred of them took me,
 The base, vile churls! Why should I stain my
 soul
 For such as those—dogs that would fawn and
 lick
 The hand that fed them, but, if food should
 fail,
 Would turn and rend me?"

AND this hope was a godsend to Jerry.

The autumn had been late, allowing everything to work prosperously, and encouraging Jerry to believe that he was destined to succeed; but following the favorable December had come weather that was unprecedented in its severity. The snow-falls had been so heavy and so continuous, that all available labor had to be put to the work of keeping the gorge clear; else, who could estimate the danger to the lives and property of the whole town. Only once since Durdens had been settled had there been such a winter, and then many lives had been lost of people who lived in the bottom of the gulch; so that after that the people had built in sheltered places only, where great bodies of snow could not slide down on them from higher points. But during all the safe years that had followed, this precaution had been forgotten, and now the houses were everywhere, and the danger was great.

"It were the awfulest time I ever seen," and Mrs. Milton finished her relation of woes with an ominous shake of the head, "an' many a pore creetur worn't never dugged out tell way in the spring; an' the Lord hev mussy fur the water thet come down when the snow melted!"

And Jerry listened with a heavy heart, and urged Mr. Henshaw and the men on to every exertion possible to make the place safe.

And still the snow fell.

The work on the railway had been stopped, and the workmen had gone back over the mountains; the men had been taken from the mine, so that the work there was at a standstill, and no dividend could be declared; money was scarce in the treasury; wood was getting low; there was no doctor in either

town to attend the sick, and no priest or minister of any kind to bury the dead. Colder and darker the winter settled down; each hour drawing things nearer to desperation—each day coming as a freshly armed enemy!

So quietly the danger had crept upon him that Jerry did not realize that it was a danger. So many things culminated so silently; the continued snow that stopped all communication with the outside world; the stopping of work in the mine that caused the dividend to be postponed; the emptiness of the treasury that the dividend would have filled; the stacks of wood that were not sufficient to meet the extraordinary run on them; the public store of meat and meal that could not be replenished because the roads were blocked. Who could have foreseen all this—who would have realized it until it was too late?

Jerry was appalled, but he gave no sign; instead, he made as if he did not hear the murmurs that at first were disjointed, but that now were growing more and more continuous. He made superhuman efforts to rectify things and to satisfy all wants; but he would hear no murmurs.

He grew thin and white with the dreadful strain, and his eyes shone with an unnatural lustre.

Suppose the people should revolt—should throw all their shares on the market!

He ground his teeth: a sudden fierce anger, that was like madness when it seized him, swept over him when he remembered that these ignorant creatures had it in their power to ruin him! And as he heard the sullen grumbling grow louder, and knew that insolent words were said for him to hear, he longed to beat and stamp upon them, and to drive them from the town; and his anger grew almost more than he could bear.

At last there came a break in the clouds, and for one week no snow fell; this gave some hope, and the discontented murmurs were lessened somewhat.

A party went out to hunt, that the people might have fresh meat; another party went after wood, and those who stayed at home spoke cheerfully of spring.

Two weeks without snow ; and Jerry asked Mrs. Milton, in a half-frightened way, if she thought the winter had broken ; and hardly dared ask the question, lest the snow should begin again.

At the end of the two weeks Mr. Henshaw advised that the men be put to work on the dam before any snow melted, as when this happened it would be too late to help matters. Jerry agreed with him, and put the matter before the Committee, and for the first time since he had been their leader he met a repulse. He had expected it, for he knew that the men thought the work in the mine would now be resumed, and a dividend declared : nevertheless, just at first it gave him a shock, then his accumulated anger flared up.

How dared they oppose him — these ignorant fools ! and he rose to his feet with a light in his eyes that made the bravest man there wish himself out of the difficulty.

With his hands in his pockets, he stood for a moment looking coolly and scornfully over the crowd—men grown gaunt and white during the long, hard winter for lack of proper food and warmth ; men of desperate characters and fortunes, who had come to Durden's expecting immediate wealth ; disappointed men, who had grown sullen and hungry and were not to be tampered with lightly.

But Jerry was more desperate than they ; he had more at stake. To them it was a chance speculation only, that had not answered their expectations ; to him it was success or disgrace—it was fame, fortune, life—or death !

Slowly, and in a voice that showed the restraint under which he was holding himself, he began his speech. He reminded them of how this venture had come to life and been carried on ; how he had built up the town of Durden's and had had the railway extended ; how they had been cared for and helped through the hardest winter ever known in that country ; how the Eastern shareholders of the mine had consented that the work might be stopped if the miners were needed to work for the protection of the town.

"And now, when the winter is breaking," he went on, raising his voice,

"when the time has come to make the thing pay—to save the thing from destruction, you stand back like fools and refuse to work !

"Protect the mine by a week's work, then work it so that a dividend can be declared. You know, as well as I do, that to-day this town is in better order, and the people more free, and more justly dealt by, than in any other mining town in America. You know that as long as the present government of this town continues, things will go on as prosperously as now ; but change it, and what will be the result ? With the entrance of the railway the place will be flooded by a mob of 'placer miners ;' the Eastern shareholders will look only to their own interests, and you will lose all the work, and much of the money you have invested in Durden's. I say that if you change the present organization you are fools ; I say that if you do not make the mine safe, you are fools. You can shoot for these words, but so can I : it will not pay, however, and you will not do it.

"Now, I want you to think of two things : First, without a strong government the railway will ruin us ; second, that unless twenty-five men are at work on that dam to-morrow morning, I wash my hands of this whole business—I will resign every position and leave Durden's to-morrow !" And he took up his hat and walked down through the crowded room, where a way was made for him, and out of the house.

He had made a desperate move, and how would it be taken ? Every nerve was quivering, and he strode through the snow to Mrs. Milton's house, scarcely heeding that he did not follow the beaten track, made safe but hideous by ashes being sprinkled on it. Even down to so small a matter as this, he carried his rule. One woman had slipped on the ice and broken her arm, which Jerry could set but very indifferently ; and after that each householder had to save ashes, and sprinkle the pathway for a certain distance.

Young Greg had watched with wonder the way in which Jerry controlled these people, who were, many of them, no better nor more educated than beasts. What was the source of his power, and

how had he won their confidence so entirely? At the time of the doctor's death Greg had watched for some outbreak; would they distinguish between Jerry's words against abstract land-sharpers, and the doctor? Would they remember that the doctor had indorsed Jerry and his plans, or would they remember only that he had left his money to benefit them, not once mentioning past ingratitude?

He had expected some revulsion of feeling in the people that would carry them violently in an opposite direction and dethrone Jerry; but he watched in vain. The money had been left to them; a good man had vindicated his name and proved his interest in their welfare: this had been done, but the money had not come to them in a way that would arouse any enthusiasm. The good they were to reap from it was not personal enough for the men to feel any special gratitude for it; and the women had no word in the matter. They looked on the will only as another "curus doin'" of the doctor's, who had been a mystery to them always. Indeed, on speaking to one or two of the men about it, Greg found that they thought that Mr. Wilkerson had done much more for them, and in the future would make the fortune of the town and all the people in it.

As the winter went on, however, and the cold grew more and more intense, and the prospect of work and money more and more precarious, Greg once more began to watch and listen anxiously.

It had become a great wish with him that Jerry should succeed, a great wish outside of his own interests in the town. Jerry had worked so bravely, and his success had been so unprecedented, that it had come to be like the watching of some exciting game of chance. He knew for what high stakes Jerry was playing; he saw that it would be life or death to him, and that the instinct of self-preservation inspired some of the moves Jerry made.

But beyond this, he had played so boldly and so skilfully, that sometimes when a difficulty was overcome Greg would draw a long breath, and wonder how long this man's highly strung temperament would stand the strain!

And as he sat in the council-room lately put up over Burk's shop, where the public meeting was held to call for men to work on the dam—as he, going early, sat and watched the gathering of the crowd, he realized that a dangerous crisis had come, and wondered what the upshot would be.

Greg watched anxiously as Dan Burk explained that the meeting had been called to hear a plan of Mr. Wilkerson's; that now the working season had come again, Mr. Wilkerson had something to say to them.

This was received in silence; then Jerry told them that he wanted them to work on the dam and so make it safe before beginning work in the mine: and when he ceased there was the same ominous silence—a silence that made Greg lean forward and listen and watch intently.

There was a little shuffling of feet—then a man rose and said that work in the mine they were willing to do, for that meant a dividend to them and to the town, and money was needed badly enough; but that "work on the dam" pausing in his slow, drawing speech to give full effect, "wuzn't wuther damn, an' all were free men;" then he sat down amid great applause!

It was then that Jerry rose and attacked them so unhesitatingly, and threatened to throw over the whole scheme. And when he was gone Greg looked about in grave anxiety: how would they stand this? But nothing was said, and after a little while he saw the new men, who had come after the town was well under way, rise one after another and leave the room; and from the window he could see that they had congregated outside, and inside the old inhabitants sat in sullen silence, looking at him rather suspiciously. But he did not move, and these also left the room one by one, making another group in the road, and Dan Burk, left alone with him, stroked his sleek, straight hair slowly.

"It 'll bust all to pieces if Mr. Wilkerson gives it up," he said.

And Greg asked impatiently:

"Why do not you tell the men so?"

But Burk shook his head.

"They knows it just as well as me,"

he said, "an' they ain't agoin' to let nobody talk no sass to them except Mr. Wilkerson : an' you kin rest damn sure, Mr. Greg, that if they want to go to the devil, talkin' won't stop 'em ; just be sure of that," then he rose, and Greg followed him down the ladder to the shop below.

Evidently there was no way for him to find out the probable course of events, and having a letter he wanted to show Jerry, Greg turned his face in the direction of Mrs. Milton's.

It was a letter from his sister that surprised him a little. She said that they had seen a great deal of Mr. Henley, and liked him better than at first ; that he told them a great deal of the life at Durden's, and "spoke most pleasantly and affectionately of Mr. Wilkerson, whom," he said, "he had known most intimately ; but laughed when we called him wealthy." And Greg was much puzzled.

Of the extent of Jerry's fortune Greg knew only what his father and brother knew, and this knowledge did not include Jerry's transactions with his broker ; and to Greg, as to Paul, it had seemed a strange thing for a common man like Gilliam to have so much money, but it had never entered into his mind to ask the how of the fact. Indeed, life in Durden's was to Greg so new and unique that he seldom wondered or was surprised at anything ; each individual enjoyed perfect freedom of action and thought, while comment and questions were careful and few.

Jerry was the only man that Greg could find who was in the least hampered, and that only because he had made the people depend on him ; and he, if he would sell the town to the railway and the mining company, could free himself and go East a rich man. But Greg could not imagine Jerry as doing this ; his ambition was higher than the mere making of a fortune : he wanted to create a community—he wanted to control great interests—to be known as a "Money King"—he wanted to raise the people : and this last made Greg sigh. Still, he thought Jerry bid fair to win even with this weak philanthropical joint in his harness. Things looked dark just now, and Paul Henley

was a dangerous enemy because an unscrupulous one, and Greg felt anxious ; but he had great faith in Jerry's keenness and power over the people. His speech that day had been dangerous, but it had dealt a telling blow in that it had divided the party that was against him. The old and the new had separated completely : the new were favorable to the present government, with much contempt for the old Durden's, of which they had heard much : the old settlers looked back angrily to the old times because they were learning to be ashamed of the old ways, while yet they had a weak longing for their license. But all parties were fully aware that there was no man in either town who could guide affairs as Jerry had done.

For himself, Greg felt that he had been cool to Jerry, and by his father's advice had abstained from being intimate with him for the present ; but he could not help feeling a sort of pitying admiration for this man fighting so hard a battle, and standing so entirely alone ! Yet sometimes, as he watched Jerry, his mind would fill with doubt, and his father's warning would seem wise.

Jerry's door stood a little open, and Greg walked in to find him seated at the table with his arms crossed on it and his head bent down on them. Greg stood quite still ; the whole man and position looked so despairing, and he feared, as he had never done before, for the fate of the mining venture.

Jerry rose, not hurriedly as if he wished to hide his feelings and the anxiety that possessed him, but slowly as one who was thoroughly worn out. He had made a rash speech—had pronounced a rash ultimatum ; what if he had been taken at his word ? Where would he stand with all his fortune invested in the mine ?

It would look like base desertion for him to sell out ; indeed, he did not believe that he could sell the stock if the facts of the case should become known. His only alternative would be to sell secretly ; in this way he could save his money.

And if the men did not come to their work in the morning, would he do this ?

But now Greg interrupted him, and he rose wearily—"I have brought you this letter," Greg began, ignoring all the morning's troubles, "because I cannot make anything of it, and I thought that you might read something between the lines; it is from my sister," and he handed Jerry the letter, opened at the page that mentioned Henley.

The paper was rich, and a little perfume seemed to float up from the folds of it; a faint, sweet smell that took Jerry back to the luxury, and beauty, and pleasure that he remembered as a dream!

He did not see the words just at first, but stood wondering at the past and at himself as he had been then. He passed his hand wearily over his brow, a gesture he often made now, and with an effort brought his mind back to Greg and the letter. He read it slowly once, then more carefully the second time, standing quite still in front of the fire, while Greg watched him anxiously.

"He is winning their confidence—the women first, Fred and your father later—in order to injure me," he said, then walked over to the window.

"How will they help him?" Greg asked a little hotly.

"He speaks of me in this way to them, so that when the time comes to attack me, they will be persuaded to his side, not looking for any personal motives behind his actions."

Greg sat down thoughtfully; this ridiculously simple solution was not all that Jerry read between the lines; of course Jerry saw more than this—he had not mentioned the allusion to his wealth.

Jerry handed the letter back slowly—he liked to hold it, it was so dainty and refined; and he watched it while Greg folded it and put it away, and caught himself wondering how it was he had such a longing for things so entirely out of his sphere.

"I am much obliged to you, Greg," he said, "for taking the trouble to bring the letter here, and for your kind interest in my small difficulties." Then sitting down near the fire, "Has your father written you anything of Durden's stock lately?"

"Firm, with an upward tendency,"

Greg answered; "the report of Henshaw has made a great sensation; then the doctor's will has brought us into notice."

"I knew it would," and Jerry took a letter from the table. "The trustees leave the whole matter in my hands," he went on, "asking for a yearly report of the property; they have empowered me to employ a secretary; do you know of any one who can fill the position?"

Greg shook his head.

"There is no one out here, but I dare say they can send you one."

"I prefer that they should," Jerry answered; "and send me a man clearly instructed to watch the destination of every cent," his voice growing harder as he went on. "I prefer to be watched in my transactions."

Greg moved a little; this did not have a pleasant sound; did Jerry think he could be attacked from that side by Paul?

"You have been watched in all your town transactions," he said, "you do not know how closely: Burk never allows anything to escape him; you need have no uneasiness about that."

"I do not know that I am uneasy," Jerry answered; "but I prefer to be watched, for then I can have witnesses always."

"Unless those who watch you are unscrupulous, and enemies," and Greg rose to go. He felt repulsed, and yet could not blame Jerry, for in the first instance he had turned from Jerry: but the man seemed so lonely that unconsciously Greg had cultivated a feeling that at any time that he held out a hand, Jerry would take it; but now he found that even though very lonely—even though entirely without friends, Jerry would not let him return to his old position.

It hurt him just a little at first, this stiffness, but when he thought over it quietly he was not sorry. It was interesting to stand and watch this game as it was played; it was exciting even, but he did not want it to be any more so than at present; if he cast in his fate with Jerry it would grow too exciting, and he would have to stand or fall with this man. As it was, he was secure outside of Jerry's venture; on his own land he had found gold, and besides his in-

vestments in the town and in the mine, he had this private vein that already paid him. He was doing well, and was glad that Jerry had withdrawn from him; for now he was not only financially safe, but his conscience was clear, for he had made an advance to Jerry, and had been repulsed.

On the whole he was glad, and his father had been wise.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Who bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended will,
And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault
Recurring and suggesting still!"

THE daylight seemed to come reluctantly the next morning; at least so it seemed to Jerry, who was watching for it with a weary excitement. Sleep had been impossible to him; all night long he had lain with wide-open eyes trying to rest—trying to push out of his mind all memory of the disasters that might meet him when the day dawned. And he watched the firelight that played on the wall, and the wan gray day that marked so gradually the square of the window.

The sky was leaden-hued, but no snow was falling; he sighed a little, for the snow would have solved this difficulty. But the snow was waiting for some time when he would not want it; and the issue stood before him unsettled.

He dressed slowly; he would give the men the benefit of every moment of time; and he ate his breakfast slowly—very slowly, by the light of a smoking lamp—for Mrs. Milton had it ready for him always before the work-horn blew; then slowly made his preparations for going out to the dam.

"Hev a leetle patience, Jerry Wilkerson," Mrs. Milton said, as she followed him to the door. "Orl the boys is been right smartly honggry sence the cole sot in, an' they ain't got much onderstandin' no how; so hev a leetle patience."

Jerry felt that his pistols were safe; then lifted his hat; but he said no word in answer to Mrs. Milton's exhortation, and left her watching him anxiously as he walked away.

"Techin' hisn hat, fur orl the worl' like the doctor," she muttered, "an' a-killin' hisseff fur this pore trash jest like the doctor," and she turned away with a sigh.

Jerry found it a hard climb over the snow that was mashed into ice—a slow climb that gave him full time to think, and now that the issue was on him he could no longer drive away his anxiety: every step brought him nearer to this decision; every step brought him nearer to an awful temptation!

He looked down anxiously for the tracks that would show that the men had passed on their way to the dam, but the frozen snow held no marks. Beyond the end of the street he would be able to see tracks, but he would have to go to his office for something, and this would take him off the main road which the men would have followed; so that until he reached the top of the dam he could not know how the issue had been decided. He might have gone and looked for tracks, but this would have been too great an acknowledgment even to himself.

His office was dark and cold and dusty, and in one corner were the things he had brought away from the old house. Dead memorials that had gained a human aspect from long association with living souls; things that looked as if they had regular habits, and were distressed by their homeless, useless condition; by being huddled into a corner with dust and spiders' webs about them. Did they suspect that they might pass into strange hands before this day faded?

He turned away hastily: if the men were going to obey his orders, they would be at work by this time; if not he would need all the day for the arrangement of his own affairs; and locking the door, he took his way up the gorge.

Up where the wind cut him more keenly, and the dry snow blown from off the higher peaks came about him in sudden swirls and eddies; up from the white valley that yet was checkered and smirched with the black marks of civilization; up to where he could see so clearly the unsullied because unhumanized mountain tops shining white against the leaden sky.

Half-way up the gorge he paused, and listened intently; he heard no sound of pick or spade, he heard no sound of voices. More intently still, with his hand to his ear, and his head turned away from the wind; his heart sank within him—had they turned against him as Joe warned him that they would?

Up higher, and still no sound nor voices greeted him; not even his own footsteps could be heard as he worked his way through the soft, dry snow. On the highest ridge that he would touch he paused again to listen; it was strange he could hear nothing—the strokes of the pick would reach him at this distance surely!

The day grew brighter; the work-horn was sounding from the village, and he waited to hear it—it was his horn now. Clear and distinct, ringing up and down the white, dead stillness; and a little thrill of scorn for himself went through him as he listened. It was a small thing he had done in establishing that horn to mark the work-hours—a small thing that he had done to mark himself as victor and master; and he had worked—secretly, of course—to get the same horn, the very same horn he had heard that evening when he had been shown his place—the evening when his old life died—died with such painful throes! Yes, it was small.

Then the last echo faded, and once more he plodded on; if the men were coming they would be at the dam by this time, and he would not stop again. Steadily forward; and on the top of the dam he stopped; below him the small ravine into which the stream had been turned, a pile of wood lay ready for lighting, and kneeling in front of it there was a man striking a match, and all about it a mass of silent workmen showing black against the snow! He stopped still to recover himself, for they had not seen him as yet, and his heart was beating strangely as with a halt in its throb; and his head seemed full of blood; he had had the feeling once before when he found Joe's money!

Then Mr. Henshaw caught sight of him, and hailed him, and Jerry climbed down among them. The fire was lighted now, and the men stood about it quietly. "We get to work none too

soon," and Mr. Henshaw pointed to the sky, "this freeze will not last much longer; all indications point to a warmer change."

"And so we must work the harder," Jerry answered, selecting a pick from a pile near at hand. "What shall we do first?"

The revulsion of feeling had been great, and he felt weak from it, but he had nodded to the men as if nothing had happened, and now followed down to where the engineer thought the bed of the stream should be widened to lessen the weight against the dam. Besides, the stream would be so full from the unusual amount of snow, that it might flow over the artificial bank if room were not made for it. The dam could not be made higher in a freeze like this, and in any event this would not be so advisable as the other. So the work was laid out, and the men told off in gangs to work at different points: fifty men, Jerry counted, with a strong feeling of exultation; fifty men who yesterday had defied him almost!

He struck good blows with his pick; strong blows that rang clear and sharp; he led his gang in work, but said no word to them.

And when Greg came, he stood still and watched how Jerry took the lead even in this work; and when the short day was done, how easily he resumed his place as chief, giving his orders for the next day clearly and peremptorily, and directing the men who had worked to come and draw extra rations; then he gave his pick to be put in with the rest, and walked home with Mr. Henshaw and Greg.

Greg watched it all, with the question ever in his mind, "How does he do it?" What was the source of this man's power over these men of his own class and standing?

And with his head bent, and his hands in his pockets, he walked in silence, not even hearing the talk between Jerry and Mr. Henshaw, but wondering if his father's fears about Jerry would be realized ever.

This crisis was past, and Jerry lay on his bed exhausted. All day long he had worked as hard as a common laborer—after a long strain of responsibility sud-

denly increased into a dreadful anxiety and temptation, a tense state that had been relieved as the sudden snapping of a cord too tightly drawn; he had worked as if his life, like the men about him, had in it only the questions of food and raiment, and now the reaction was too great.

Through all the day's work the exultation had found vent in the quick regularity of his blows, and the short clipping of his words when he gave his orders: an exultation and relief that were over now, leaving him exhausted and bitterly humiliated by a realization that had been pursuing him all day, ever since he had mounted the dam and had seen the men gathered below him; a realization of himself that was new to him, and being new was still dreadful; a realization that had come close to him, and had wrapped him in its hateful folds. He abhorred himself, for he knew that if the men had refused to work he would have sold out by telegraph, and at this moment would have stood free, and rich, and a legalized thief. He would have withdrawn from the venture secretly—would have escaped free with the spoils—would have failed to every trust in order to save his own money!

And as he dragged himself from the bed wearily, the question came to him, would the greatest success, even, repay him for this? What would the greatest success mean—the success for which he found he would sell his soul—what would this greatest success mean?

He leaned against the chimney and looked down into the fire; the greatest possible success could mean only the gathering of a colossal fortune for himself—and then?

He turned quickly to the door; then he would have to hunt for somebody to love him—for somebody to put faith in—for a new level of self-respect—for a new ideal of a man!

And he went down-stairs slowly.

Already in his pursuit of money he had lost his trust in every human creature with whom he had come in contact; and with a fortune in his hands how black human nature would seem! And yet, there was nothing left for him to believe now but that money would com-

pass most of the things he desired—would make him happy! And he would gather and gather gold until it would mean nothing to him—and die. Aye, but he would leave his gold so that the country would ring with his name.

He ate his supper hurriedly, and walked rapidly to Dan Burk's shop, where the public stores were kept; he had to issue rations, and to order out more men to work, for the wind had a new and sudden warmth in it that meant a thaw. Swiftly down the rough road, and in at Burk's shop, glad to reach the piles of meat and bins of meal—to reach and measure out the crude, ill-smelling liquor from the great barrels that stood in the inner room—glad to do anything, or go anywhere that would deliver him from this "self" he was learning to fear—this "self" he was not brave enough to contemplate.

How he had fallen from his high ideals! how recklessly he had striven and fought for this money that had seemed to satisfy! and he had gained it.

Gained it? he spilled the whiskey a little as he measured it out by the light of a flickering torch the men held; and he knew that he had not gained the gold, but the gold him! It held him fast and strong, and drove him in ways he abhorred—held him down until his old self became a haunting spirit that made him loathe this new creature born of covetousness.

The men had gone now, and twenty new hands were coming to the work in the morning. His task was done, and he locked the doors and walked up the street with Greg, who had come to help him.

"The men have worked well to-day," Greg said, wondering if Jerry would allude to the crisis in any way.

"Yes," Jerry answered, "it is not often they are blind to their own interests," but that was all, and at Mrs. Milton's door he said good-night without the least suggestion that Greg should come in.

And Greg turned away provoked, yet he felt uneasy; he must make peace with this man to-morrow—did he care for him really?—strange what power he had.

CHAPTER IX.

"The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 When palsy shakes a few, sad, gray hairs;
 When youth grows pale, and spectre thin, and
 dies;
 When but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs."

AND so the winter passed with its sufferings and crises; with its strained watching and excitement, and at last the weather had broken, and a chilling thaw set in. Worse than the dry, iron freeze of the mid-winter, this thaw seemed with its death-like dampness to search in among the bones, and to creep up and down the shrunken blood-vessels.

The roads were half-frozen slush, and the stream already boiled white and angry down the mountain-side, while as yet the upper snow had not begun to melt. There was a fascination in watching its eddies and foaming waves, and Jerry would stand on the dam and wonder how much higher it would rise when the real spring-weather came; and would the dam hold it?

Wretched weather that brought to the people all the ills with which cold and dampness could afflict. Many of the little children and the old people died, and the murmur of regret for the doctor swelled and grew into rooted discontent. Mr. Wilkerson ought to send for a physician; and Jerry, who had appealed to his friends in the East already, made another statement of his needs, and asked that a clergyman should be sent also; for he felt a strange reluctance to read the services over the dead, which thing he had to do because the doctor had done it always—a superstitious feeling about it that made him afraid almost, and a knowledge that he was not fit to do it. Yet many, many times he had to stand in the rain-washed graveyard, and commit to their last resting-places the children, and the men, and the women he had known; had brought out there in some cases; had watched sicken and die with no creature near with knowledge enough to help them!

He could not do everything.

But the work on the railway was going on briskly now, and soon the ad-

vanced corps of workmen would be in the town, and the physician of the company be near enough to help them.

As yet, Jerry had heard nothing from the East that could in any way advise him of Paul's movements, save the letter from Isabel Greg, which her brother had shown him. But he had not much time to brood over this now, for the mine occupied all his attention. Mr. Henshaw's work was thorough, but he worked with a deliberation that to Jerry was maddening almost. Mr. Henshaw could not realize the importance of making one quick dividend that would keep the people patient and fill the treasury; he had perfect confidence in the mine himself, and wrote it up most diligently; and the capitalists in the East were perfectly satisfied, but the people in Durden's, who were doing the work, began to murmur.

They were not in want, for the town supplied them with all the necessities of life, but they had no money; the chance laborers who were paid from the treasury had more money than the governing members of the Commune.

Jerry spent much weary thought on the subject, but could find no solution for the problem; if he advised these men to sell, it would affect seriously the mining stock; if he broke up the Commune system, and paid back to these men all they had invested, he would have to sell much of his own Durden's stock, which would look more like a loss of confidence than any other move he could make. Henshaw could relieve him from his difficulty entirely, if he would make a little haste; but this he did not seem to understand, and Jerry knew that if he tried to hurry him by telling him all the motives and necessities of the situation, he would not comprehend the position, and might kill the whole scheme with his slow, blundering, literal explanations to every soul who, he thought, contributed one cent to the very handsome salary that made him and his "Sue" so comfortable. There would be no dishonesty in the quick dividend which Jerry wanted, but Henshaw's elaborate explanations would be sure to make it seem so.

Jerry thought of every possible, and impossible, plan to satisfy these igno-

rant people who were hampering him so cruelly. If his money had been an accepted fact among them, he would have bought out the half of every discontented man's share, and so have satisfied them; as it was he could not do this without explanations which would seem like fairy tales to these people, and more surely than anything else would ruin him. One last plan occurred to him: it was to double the working force in the mine, and compel Henshaw to be more active.

And he could get the men easily, for now that the terminus of the railway was so near, numbers of new men were coming in every day to ask for work; but how pay them? It came home to him with harsh force how foolish he had been to invest everything in Durden's; if any part of it were now free, or was invested in anything it was less ruinous to touch, he gladly would have withdrawn it all in order to pay these men and quicken the declaration of a dividend.

His only alternative was to borrow; again and again he had turned away from this thought, only to come back to it whenever a louder and more angry murmur came from the people. Borrow money to carry him over this crisis, and all would be well; borrow money in his own name, and buy out the shares of these discontented people in the name of his broker—why not? This would be easy, very easy; and he wrote to the broker the amount he wanted to borrow.

It took nights of thought, coming after long days of labor, to decide this, and he felt very weary when at last he wrote to his broker; and was in despair almost when he saw the rate of interest charged him. Still, to have the money was a relief, and the broker's name to shield him.

Louder the murmurs swelled; but Jerry waited; every day that passed without actual disaster in the shape of a strike was so much gained. Louder and louder, then quietly he stepped in and bought in the name of Mr. Glendale the half of every stockholder's interest in the mine; then made a biting speech about their cowardice and shortsighted policy; a speech that made

every man regret his action, and on the first suggestion agree to advance all that had been paid them, that the body of workmen in the mine might be doubled.

And Mr. Henshaw was delighted, and promised to make his work still more sure and honest; with a doubled corps of workmen why need he hurry and so leave careless work to mar his reputation? This mine was bound to succeed, and with its success his name as an engineer would stand or fall.

So the spring days came and went, each one a little warmer and giving no sign of the late snows prophesied, but melting the frozen masses that had gathered during the winter; and the streams were many and unusually full.

The people in the two towns were quiet now, save for the coming of the railway, and the rumor of a great excursion. For now the time was approaching when the Board of Directors of the "Eureka, Durden's and Great Western Railway" were to come out in special trains, and drive "last spikes," and make speeches, and spend money to make the venture better known. It was a grand affair, this railway, and must be advertised that in the future it might give grand results; and these great Directors must be entertained—and the treasury was low.

If only Jerry had kept in hand old Joe's patiently gathered treasure—or if he could have been his own engineer and have declared a dividend.

But new hope came to Jerry in the news that more "Durden's" had been bought for him, as it was still rising, for this assured him at least that Paul had not injured his scheme as yet. So he borrowed more money and set about making the greatest arrangements possible to Durden's for the reception of the coming magnates; and galvanized his dead enthusiasm to rouse the people to a more proper sense of the coming event, and to awaken in them the high hopes that he was now too weary to entertain. For now he felt that he was driven on and held up to his purpose more through fear of failure than through the realized value of what he was striving for. But also he knew that now for him there was no choice, for as he looked back, every barrier that

had hindered his onward march seemed to have doubled in strength once he had passed it ; what had been hard to pass, now became impossible to repass ; and he saw with growing despair that there was no retracing his steps ; his mistakes held him in worse than Egyptian bondage. There was no middle way for him now, the end must be either an absolute success, or an overwhelming failure ; and even the *thought* of failure had become torture too exquisite to be borne ; no toil that might avert this could be too hard—no risk could be too dangerous that might gain success for him !

And two bands of silver came in the dark hair on his temples, and the light in his eyes had become an unhealthy glitter.

CHAPTER X.

“ ‘ Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life—

‘ As far as might be to carve out
Free space for every human doubt,
That the whole mind might orb about.’

‘ Yea,’ saith the voice, ‘ thy dream was good
While thou abodest in the bud,
It was the stirring of the blood.’ ”

JERRY made a speech in which the people did not see the effort, and a small sum was gathered to provide for the reception of the excursion party. “ What weuns eats every day is good enough fur them, I reckon,” and Mrs. Milton gave a dollar ; “ an’ I’ll tuck in three ’thout chargin’ no bo’de,” and Jerry telegraphed that the sleeping-cars must be brought the whole way.

He thought much on the subject, and knew that he would be doing well if he could rouse the people to the necessity of seeing that the strangers had enough to eat ; more than this was impossible, and he would not suggest even any further effort. So he made a list of the strangers coming, and put them about with the people according to the number they each agreed to provide food for ; then wrote a letter explaining as best he might the customs and resources of the place, and the type of accommodations that could be furnished.

And the Directors laughed, and pre-

pared as for a great picnic. What did they care for the feelings of these wild borderers—feelings Jerry had used all his power to rouse successfully into a state of hospitality ; what did they think of the eager expectation of making a show, that possessed the hearts of the Durden’s people ; what did they realize of the willingness to help Mr. Wilkerson, and the latent pride the people had in this man who was one of themselves, yet powerful enough to have influence with these “ money-princes ; ” and further, how could they appreciate the precarious position of this young man, who not so long ago had moved among them as one of themselves, but who had to be now one of the mob ?

They stocked their train with every delicacy ; they carried a full corps of servants ; they spent great sums in transporting, without jarring, much priceless wine ; and put on an extra car for a few wives and daughters who were “ ecstastic and wild to see the romantic Western life ; the dear miners, and the heroic women who were brave enough to share their frontier life ”—which was not frontier life, but hopelessly within the border for the excitement of Indians, or of anything more romantic than wild creatures and tramps. An old mining town that had been deserted and kept in the shade for twenty odd years—that had been given over as a failure until one year ago. Of course the frontier was across the plains by this time, and all the Indian agencies and reservations seemed as far from Durden’s, almost, as the great Eastern cities.

But these people from the centres of American civilization and luxury did not realize this ; to them the South and West were unknown parts of the earth—the South meant oranges, and flowers, and “ Ku Klux ; ” and the West meant Indians and gold mines. And Indians were all the “ Last of the Mohicans,” and gold mines were beautiful grottos where stalwart men, clothed in red and blue shirts and spotless white trousers, carelessly gathered shining lumps of gold.

And Jerry worked hard to make the town look clean after the hard winter, so that the excursionists would not be too much disappointed.

"My mother and sister will come," Greg said, "but against my advice."

"You may have my house prepared for them," Jerry answered quickly.

Greg shook his head.

"They must remain in the sleeper," he said; "it will be for two days only. I cannot make them as comfortable anywhere as they will be there; but I thank you very much. By the way," pausing doubtfully, "Henley is come—arrived this morning."

"Did he?" and Jerry's pen moved none the less steadily because the beating of his heart had doubled.

"I have not seen him," Greg went on, "but he sent me the news of my mother's coming; I believe he expects to entertain many people."

"Your people?" and for the first time Jerry looked up.

"Not with my consent," Greg answered, coming nearer this man who puzzled him so often, "you know that I do not trust Henley."

Jerry returned to his work.

"I think we had better make your house or my house ready for them," he said.

But Greg would not agree; he was sure that the car would be the best place for them. Then he left Jerry to his work, and going down the road met Paul Henley—Paul Henley who grasped both his hands; who was dressed as would be Greg's civilized friends, giving him a home look; who rattled off the Eastern news; who was grateful to Greg's mother and sister for bringing his adopted sister out with them, and who was dreadfully anxious that everything in the doctor's house should be in proper order to receive them.

"I suppose you know that your mother and sister will stay with me?" he finished.

"No," Greg answered, bluntly; "no, I did not know it."

"Well, they will," and Paul watched Greg keenly.

"You are very kind," Greg answered, his brown face showing more color than he would have liked if he had seen himself, "but I think they had better stay in the sleeper."

Paul laughed.

"Your mother's only objection to

coming was her dislike to the sleeper," he said.

Greg walked on a little space in silence; he did not trust Paul Henley; he was angry with himself that he had not warned his family against this man; he was provoked that they should have agreed to stop at Paul's house, and he determined to make an effort to change all these plans. His house could be prepared for them, or Jerry's house—he would go and see Jerry about it.

"You have never met my adopted sister?" Paul went on.

"No," and Greg looked interested; he could not but look interested when a man talked to him of his sister.

"She has no notion of taking care of herself," Paul went on, "and could not have come unless with your mother, and she and your sister are friends."

"Are they?" and Greg felt that his plans were becoming impossible.

"And you had better come to my house also," Paul went on, "and stay while your mother and sister are with me, you can then see so much more of them."

"You are very kind," Greg answered, "but I have made other arrangements for them."

"The 'sleeper'?" laughing amiably; "that is impossible, for I promised your mother that so soon as they reached Eureka I should have them transported to the most civilized house in the place, and that you should come and stay with them; so do not trouble yourself needlessly; and deprive me of this pleasure."

"You are very kind," Greg said again, then turned off toward the mine.

What would Wilkerson say? was his first thought; then angrily he asked himself, what right had Jerry to say anything? No right in the world; and in his secret heart Greg knew that Jerry would not say one word; probably he would not look at him, but go on quietly with whatever he might be doing.

This was the sore spot, that Jerry could and probably would listen to his words of explanation silently, then quietly put him and his mother and sister aside with Paul Henley, and go on his own way.

And if Jerry did, what matter to him?

he had not espoused Jerry's side to any extent ; he had not become an intimate of Jerry's ; his father had advised against this, and he had acquiesced. Still—and Greg quickened his pace, and drove his hands deeper into his pockets ; he despised Paul Henley, and he was learning to value strangely Jerry's approbation and good will ; was growing anxious to break through the reserve and silence in which Jerry wrapped himself. And that this should be thus was the heart of the problem for Greg ; why should this man be of any special importance to him ? Jerry had no higher aims now than many men Greg knew, no higher motives—why should Greg wish for his friendship ? Jerry had grown selfish, intensely selfish. At first there had been at the root of his work the desire for the good of the many ; this had been the enthusiasm that had set the work in motion, as well as the force that had been at first the motive power ; but Greg knew that this enthusiasm was dead ; how he knew this, or when this force had died, he could not tell, but the fact of its death dwelt with him, and strange to say, had raised Jerry in his estimation as a practical man ! The loss of the higher motive that had seemed chimerical, gave the venture a solidity that enhanced Greg's faith in it, and increased his respect for Jerry.

It had seemed weak to him at first, this plan to improve a town for the good of the town's people, and not as a speculation ; to build up a community that possibly would help all, but positively would make the fortune of no one person ; it had seemed wild and unstable, and a mere waste of energy ; it was against the spirit of the age that was

for monopoly, even though it might go hand in hand with the theory of the age which was for humanity. This theory was wrong ; it would weaken any man to help all about him, and to be helped in return. Every man must fight through his own life, and shape his own fortunes ; every man must run his own race and win his own prize ; this it was that made men of Americans ! The national creed that every man was free to run ; every man had equal chances ; every man could have all he could get and hold against the odds brought to force his gains from him ; this made men strong and hard for the battle, and this was what had at last made him look up to and respect Jerry ; this very power to take all he wanted—to guide all to suit his will, and yet to build all on the fair foundation of the public good !

Greg was forced into admiration—Paul was forced into envy and malice.

And Greg went home angry with himself that he had not guided his steps better than to wander from under the shadow of this man's power. This man whose power was bound to increase because daily he was learning the motto of the age—"Every man for himself." If every man stop to help his brother ; to "pour in oil and wine" and bring him to a safe resting-place, who could first reach the goal ? who could do more than win food and raiment, if this were the code ? The creed of individualism can permit no such weakness as this ; the narrower the aim, and the harder the heart, the surer the success !

The creed of Individualism and the Creed of the Christ touch but at one point : "Thou canst not serve God and Mammon."

(To be continued.)





THE POINT OF VIEW.

IN the great future battle of the world between the two systems of Socialism and Individualism, one of the vital points of difference is to be *privacy*; and it is important to note that it is between individualism and socialism that the point of difference lies, and that privacy is not by any means an attribute of aristocracy as opposed to democracy. That Western citizen who raised the curtain of the new-comer's shanty and desired to know "what was going on so darned private in here," was the typical socialist, not the typical democrat. But the contrary view is so commonly accepted that it is pleasant to see the first thoughtful article on the legal rights a man has to privacy, in the columns of an American periodical. The thesis of a man's right to his personality, as well as his person, his property, and his reputation, is well maintained in an exhaustive sketch of the law on this point, printed in the December number of the *Harvard Law Review*.

Here we are shown how "the right to life has come to mean the right to enjoy life—the right to be let alone." We are to be protected from instantaneous photographs and the unlawful entries of "newspaper enterprise." To a burlesque actress and to an English lady of title we owe the vindication of one's rights to one's person and to protection from likenesses made thereof. Now from newspaper gossip we may yet be saved; that personal gossip which, as the authors well say, beth belittles, by inverting the relative importance of things, thus dwarfing the thoughts and aspirations of a people, and perverts, by

destroying at once robustness of thought and delicacy of feeling. "No enthusiasm can flourish, no generous impulse survive its blighting influence."

But our inherited Common Law, it appears, secures to each of us the right to determine to what extent our thoughts, sentiments, and emotions shall be communicated to others. For at least a century and a half it has protected privacy in certain cases; and in France, every publication in a periodical of a fact of private life is punishable by a fine of 500 francs. Personal peculiarities may not be disclosed, nor the charms of our young ladies (unless they desire) be even described in the graphic English of society reporters. Our Jeameses will take notice. But it is high time this thing were understood.

FRENCH art knows no Pyrenees, and the separation of the incorporated body of French artists into two rival camps causes a ripple on this side of the Atlantic, where, despite our Anglo-Saxon descent and a slight tincture of Germanic influence, our adolescent art is forming itself on Gallic lines. We are told in a recent magazine article* how Meissonier, followed by four hundred of the leading artists of France, stalked majestically out of the hall where the Société des Artistes Français, in their general assembly, had repudiated their implied obligation to follow precedent and count the medals won at the Universal Exposition at their full value as Salon awards. The story is in-

* The New Departure in Parisian Art. By Birge Harrison, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1890.

teresting, and affects many of our painters who, prophets without honor at home, would have found themselves, if more honest counsels had prevailed, *hors concours* in the foremost picture show in Europe or the world. From the deductions of the article in question, however, one must, from a Cisatlantic point of view, be allowed to differ. The new Salon of the Champ de Mars was undoubtedly a great success, but one that was greatly aided by its retrospective character. As time goes on and the new-comers are forced to meet the rival faction on more equal ground; when they, like the old Salon, are compelled to show one year's work instead of the garnered production of a decade, the merits of the two factions will be seen to be nearly equal, and their aims, it is to be feared, almost identical. For though founded on virtue the new Salon cannot long exist without cakes and ale; and though it would be ungrateful to question the generous manifestation of principle which caused the movement, it may be permitted to doubt if an exhibition of the character of the new Salon can long endure without official patronage, and with official patronage there enter, as they manage these things in France—and elsewhere—all the influences which were the cause of the revolt against the old system. Of medals there need be none, but purchases by the state and city there must be in order that painting and sculpture may find its best and highest expression. The men who after Meissonier are the leaders in the new movement are, many of them, those who felt that government patronage might be better distributed by their hands than by the Nestors of painting who hold the reins of power in the old Salon. With the success of the new exhibition they will undoubtedly be able to divert a certain amount of patronage in their direction, and it remains to be seen whether they will be more catholic in their distribution of rewards than their elders, whose chief crime may have been that they chose to linger too long on the field, and were too desirous to apportion the spoils of war. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, is to be feared; but if this pessimistic belief, born of some little knowledge of the existing state of Parisian art, is well founded, there will yet remain for France, and consequently for the world, the good which always results from

a general shaking up of dry bones, from a revolution such as this new departure. There were many men, well placed and enjoying all the advantages that can be gained from a fair opportunity to show their work in the new Salon who were admitted more to emphasize the liberal character of the exhibition than from any sympathy with their work felt by such fiery *intransigeants* as Meissonier and certain of his followers; just as in the old Salon certain men for the first time found a leniency exercised by the jury, who possibly wished to disprove the existing prejudice that they were *réactionnaires*.

The conditions of an artist's existence in Paris, indeed, are such that there is danger that the new Salon will soon have its assailants, that the accusations of wire-pulling and favoritism will soon arise. The aspirants are many, the favors are comparatively few; and the "struggle-for-lifeur," as the French have adapted our phrase, is as common in the ranks of art as elsewhere in the overcrowded marts of Europe. The *médaille Jullien*, a common phrase for a reward which came more from influence than merit in the old Salon, had its counterpart in the *médaille de marchand*, which meant a medal given at the dictation of a picture-dealer; and if the new camp has not the *Académie Jullien* among its followers, it is safe to say that the dealer is not far away and will exercise his influence in the new as in the old Salon. His influence is undoubtedly checked, in some degree, however, by the government patronage, which, when it goes to the right man, is an influence wholly for good.

And it must be said that while intrigue and unworthy influence have occasional power in its direction, we owe to state patronage the possibility of existence of many of the best artists of France. It was state patronage that adorned the walls of the Pantheon with the mural paintings of Puvis de Chavannes; it was state patronage that called Baudry's work and Carpeaux's work at the Nouvel Opéra into existence; it is state patronage that has given Paris the Jeanne d'Arc of Frémiet, and that enables Rodin (in the vast studio in the rue de l'Université, lent him for the purpose by the city of Paris) to pursue in peace his realization of the divine comedy which will

cover the doors of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. These are the victories that peace hath no less than war; this is the reason why art is not altogether, in France at least, given over to the lust of mammon; and now that a newly organized force has appeared, let us hope that they will be jealous to guard, and vigilant to defend, the best interests of art.

We have seen in this city, within the last twelve years, the advantages accruing from a healthy competition. No one in either camp, if their limits can still be defined, would hesitate to doubt the healthy influence of the Society of American Artists on the National Academy of Design, or *vice versa*. In a larger way the same conditions in Paris will work for good, and the future Corot may find that, though one door be closed, the other will open at least wide enough for him to slip through. In further proof of this opinion is the fact that the little good that has come out of that Nazareth of art, Great Britain, in these last years, can be directly traced to the opposition directed against the Royal Academy and the establishment of rival exhibitions. Therefore the new departure is in the direction of progress, and its outcome will perhaps be all that Mr. Harrison foresees.

In the month of December the wills of two very rich men who died in New York were made public. One testator left a widow and several children. The other was childless, but his wife survived him. The former left the whole of his estate, with the exception of some unimportant legacies to his wife and children. The other, after providing for his wife an income sufficient for her maintenance in reasonable comfort during her life, left very large bequests to colleges and hospitals. His heirs-at-law were remembered with modest legacies, and his executors named as residuary legatees. These two wills being probated about the same time, and disposing of estates believed to be of approximately equal amount, have been much compared and contrasted, and have been the subject of amusing criticism. The testator who left money to the colleges was lauded and held up as a man of splendid generosity; while the fact that the other departing millionaire left nothing to charity,

was put down in evidence of his selfishness.

Now it is a very good plan for very rich men to leave bequests to charitable uses. But the fact that a man leaves a great fortune to charity by will is no proof at all that he was a generous man. He doesn't give his own money, he gives money that *was* his; that, perhaps, he held on to as long as he could, and that necessarily found a new owner as soon as the breath passed out of his body. It is impossible to be generous by will. A will does not give, it only regulates a division. A will may be cited in evidence of the testator's affection or of his sense of justice, but not of his generosity; unless, indeed he is known to have denied himself and saved and accumulated money, not because he wanted it for himself, but for the sake of those who would have it after him.

Of those two wills the one that, on the face of it, might readily excite criticism is the one that contains the bequests to the colleges and hospitals. That will might convey the impression of a lack of cordial relations, or that the testator was a man who did not want his widow or his legal heirs to have anything more than they absolutely needed. Of course such an impression might do the testator great injustice, but we are not considering facts, but only appearances. As for the other will, it was, in appearance, the will of a man who loved and respected his wife and his children. Practically it was such a will as the law makes for men who die intestate, and it may be presumed that such a will accords pretty closely with public sentiment.

It has been remarked that the name of the man who remembers the colleges will live long after that of the man whose children get his money. But that, too, is a hasty conclusion, and one that it is adverse to public policy to concede. For first, it were a poor compliment to pay any man to say that the money he left in the world was of more value to it than the children he left; his money is something apart from him, but his children are part of himself. And, moreover, that a man is better employed in building up a fortune than in raising sons and daughters, is what many Americans seem to think; but the very fact that they

think so, and act upon that opinion, seems to a good many philosophers a reason to fear for the future of the American people. The childless man who endows colleges does well, and we do well to praise him. But we cannot afford to let such praise go the length of disparaging the example of a man who raises and endows a family. For that husbands should honor their wives, and fathers should take thought for their children, are conditions necessarily precedent to the preservation of those "family stocks" that President Eliot tells us are of such importance to the republic.

It is, perhaps, not desirable to lessen in any degree the detestation that intelligent Americans feel for those features of our politics that make a political career difficult for self-respecting men; but, after all, are not some of them the "defects of the qualities" of our system of government? Do we quite understand that the most obvious advantages of that system tend logically to produce this particularly disagreeable disadvantage? Yet it seems to me clear that, in some degree, our government is so bad because there is so little of it. The federal administration touches the daily life of the citizen at very few points, and at most of those so lightly that he does not know it, unless he has gone to a good deal of trouble to trace the facts. Almost any reader of this magazine—if he be not an avowed politician or a student of politics—might spend a half-hour in diligent reflection before he

could recall definitely any single interest, habit, occupation, or purpose of his that is distinctly affected, to his profit or loss, to his satisfaction or annoyance, by the operation of any federal law, or the conduct of any federal official. At least he could have done so before the recent tariff legislation increased the cost of his cigars, or of some article of personal use or abuse. Though State governments deal more directly with our immediate interests, their action has to be extremely bad or unusually good to bring the consequences "home," as Bacon has it, "to the business and the bosoms" of most of us. By far the larger number of us are, as a rule, indifferent to public matters, because their course, one way or another, is, relatively to the things that mostly occupy our attention, indifferent to us. The question presented to us in each election is, generally, should we be a little better or a little worse for the result; the influence of one vote or of one man's efforts upon this vague and not very important quantity fails to stir us to the needed effort. Doubtless the tendency is now to extend the sphere of government. It is very marked in England, and there are unmistakable signs of it in our own country. In the end good or evil may come out of this, but it will be long in coming in the United States. In the meanwhile it is worth while recognizing the fact that one of the reasons why Americans do not seek the opportunity for useful activity in politics is that the opportunity for pernicious activity in that field is proportionately limited.

* * ANSWERS TO THE CHARADES printed on pages 195 and 196 of this number:—

I. OZONE. II. LARKSPUR. III. CATACOMB.



DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

THE MUSMEE.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

OUR MARCH WITH A STARVING COLUMN.

By A. J. Mounteney Jephson.



LAST evening we found our box of bananas had been stolen, and turning over our things, we found that most of our few European provisions were gone also. What we shall do now for food I've no idea, for we are almost destitute in the middle of this wilderness, and don't even know how far ahead the Arabs may be. We all sat round the fire till late last night, and talked over the grim outlook. We allowed ourselves a small sip of brandy all round; we have still four of the six bottles of brandy left, which we brought with us from Yambuya."

These are the words I read in my journal under the date October 5, 1887.

For fourteen weeks we had been toiling on in the dim twilight of the forest, and for two months had scarcely known what it was to have a full meal. Two and a half months before we had started off from Yambuya, a compact and cheery body of three hundred and eighty-eight Zanzibaris and five Europeans. We were all in good spirits and in good condition, and had thought that by this time we should have reached Emin Pasha. Yet here we were, with sadly diminished numbers, still in the ghostly shades of the forest, hundreds of miles from the Nyanza, without strength, without food, and almost without hope.

Picture to yourselves a small, tattered band of men, camped on a sandy spit of land in the heart of Africa. On this small cleared space are the three tents

of the Europeans, round which, in a semi-circle, the Zanzibari porters have raised little temporary shelters of broken boughs and green leaves.

It is evening, the camp-fires are lighted, and round them may be seen the half-starved forms of our men, gathered together in small groups, talking dejectedly of our miserable position. Here and there is a man by the fires stirring a pot, in which are simmering a few toadstools, or such poor roots as he has been able to collect on the march. Formerly, at night the camp was alive with talking and singing; the busy forms of our men might be seen flitting about by the light of the fires, some building huts, some preparing large pots of bananas or manioc for the evening meal; others passing some rough jest to their fellows, and all laughing and talking in the boisterous way which characterizes the good-natured, happy-go-lucky Zanzibari under favorable circumstances. But to-night Europeans and Zanzibaris are alike dejected and cast down, for starvation and sickness have sapped our strength, and we all know that unless food can soon be obtained we have nothing but death before us.

Behind the camp is the black, lonely forest, its giant trees rising above and closing over us, as if we were in some dark, haunted cavern, the gloom of which seems to shut out all hope. In front is the now darkening river, hurling itself madly over rocks and boulders. Above we can hear the thunder

of the cataracts, below us is the sullen roar of the rapids. On the opposite side of the river, the bank, densely

sick men, unable to march, and almost unable from weakness to use the paddles. Scarcely a man in the expedition but had



"'Fire, Master of the Cannon, fire!' eagerly whispered the Zanzibaris.—Page 273.

clothed with huge trees and tangled underwood, rises abruptly from the stream to a height of five hundred feet. We feel so small and helpless, as if we were closed in in a huge pit, with nothing but the desolation of the forest and the thunder of the cataracts around us.

If we failed now, who would ever know how we fell, and how we had tried manfully to do our duty? This, briefly, was our position on that memorable evening of October 5, 1887. The expedition was in the utmost state of weakness. The condition of our men, owing to the privations they had undergone, and the want of meat or even nourishing food, was such, that the slightest scratch of a thorn or bush quickly developed into large gangrenous sores, and these ulcers raged like an epidemic in the camp. For many days the canoes had been full of

some sore on his feet or ankles; in some cases these sores were so virulent that the whole side of the leg was eaten away, leaving the bone bare and exposed. When the bandages from these ulcers were taken off, large pieces of flesh would sometimes fall away, and the agony the men suffered was intense. The river seemed now to have become nothing but a gigantic mountain torrent, and our boat and fleet of canoes were useless.

Here we were, then, a small band of men, with many sick and dying, and with more loads than we could possibly carry, at the foot of a series of cataracts whose size and number we had no means of ascertaining. Mr. Stanley called a "Shauri" (council), in which the position was clearly explained to Europeans and Zanzibaris alike.

Some days before we had met a small

party of Manyema slave raiders belonging to a Zanzibar Arab named Kilongalunga, and they had told us that their settlement was some days ahead. Captain Nelson had for weeks been ailing, and for many days, owing to the ulcers on his feet, had been obliged to be carried in one of the canoes. It was therefore decided at the council that he should be left behind at the camp, together with the sick men and such loads as we were unable to carry. The rest of the expedition was to hurry on as fast as we could toward the Arab camp, and send back relief with as little delay as possible to Nelson and the starving men.

We all agreed that it would be impossible to leave the boat behind; she had been of inestimable value to us, and we did not know what was ahead, and how soon we might have to cross unfordable rivers or creeks. The boat, therefore, was to be taken to pieces and carried by my men.

Our Zanzibari chiefs made a proposal that five of their number should start empty-handed ahead and try to reach the Arab camp; they would then collect a supply of food and return with it to help the loaded caravan which would be following in their track. Stanley agreed to this, and told Raschid, our head-chief, to choose his men. He chose Khamis Parry, one of Stairs' chiefs, Munia Pembe, a staid old chief of Nelson's company, and Khamis Kururu and Alsasi wadi Simba (Alsasi, the Lion's son), who were two of the chiefs of my company. We shook hands with them and wished them good luck, and they started off amid the cry of "Bismallah" (In the name of God) from the Zanzibaris.

We Europeans collected together what stores of food we had and made a care-

ful division. We had a pot of Liebig's beef-tea, three tins of butter, one small tin of arrowroot, one small tin of tapioca, some tea and coffee, and four bottles of brandy. These we had been carefully saving in case of sickness, and they were all that were left unstolen of our little store of European provisions; our native provisions were all finished. We handed over to Nelson his share of tea and coffee, a bottle of brandy, a pot of beef-tea, a tin of butter, and a small portion of arrowroot and tapioca. The rest Stairs, Parke, and myself took as our share, and we treated ourselves all round to a sip of brandy to keep up our spirits and soothe our hungry stomachs.

Early next morning the entire expedition was mustered, and the men and loads were carefully counted over. I got the boat taken to pieces and all my loads ready. I found that, out of the eighty-eight men who had formed my company when I left Yambuya, I could



"A native sprang upon Feruzi Ali."—Page 275.

only muster forty-two who were fit to carry loads, and many of these were so worn out by starvation that their loads would have to be of the lightest. Stairs'

and Nelson's companies were in much the same condition, and Stanley's company, though composed of the picked men of the expedition, was almost as bad.

Early next morning Stanley started off with his company, promising to clear a path, as well as he could, in order to enable us to carry the boat sections through the thick undergrowth. Stairs, Parke, and I then made a careful examination of the men and loads, and found that we should be obliged to leave fifty-six men and eighty-one loads behind. Many of the men were so cowed and hopeless that they wished only to be left to die peacefully where they were. But any man who was at all able to crawl along we passed as fit to travel, and those fifty-six men we left were nearly all in the last stage of starvation and sickness. At any rate, we thought that their chances of getting food would be better if they came with us, and nothing could be gained by remaining where they were.

We had great difficulty in getting the men off with the loads, and it was past midday before the last of the caravan filed out of what is now known as Nelson's starvation camp. I find the following words in my journal that morning :

"It is a truly terrible position for Nelson to be left in ; he has food only for three days, and will have to exist on what he can pick up in the shape of fungi or roots. Stairs has left him a fish-hook and line, and it is possible he may get a few small fish, but the river is so rapid and full of bowlders that he has but a slight chance of catching anything. Meantime we are going on with an exhausted and starving column to try and find food in a trackless wilderness. Nelson is now so crippled from ulcers that he cannot creep far from camp, and will have to depend entirely upon what his two boys can manage to bring him.

"We got off about two o'clock and sadly said good-by to poor old Nelson, for his position is very precarious and our chances of relieving him small ; he has worked with us in good fellowship all these months, and now we are practically abandoning him."

Stairs, Parke, and I marched along slowly and silently at the rear of the

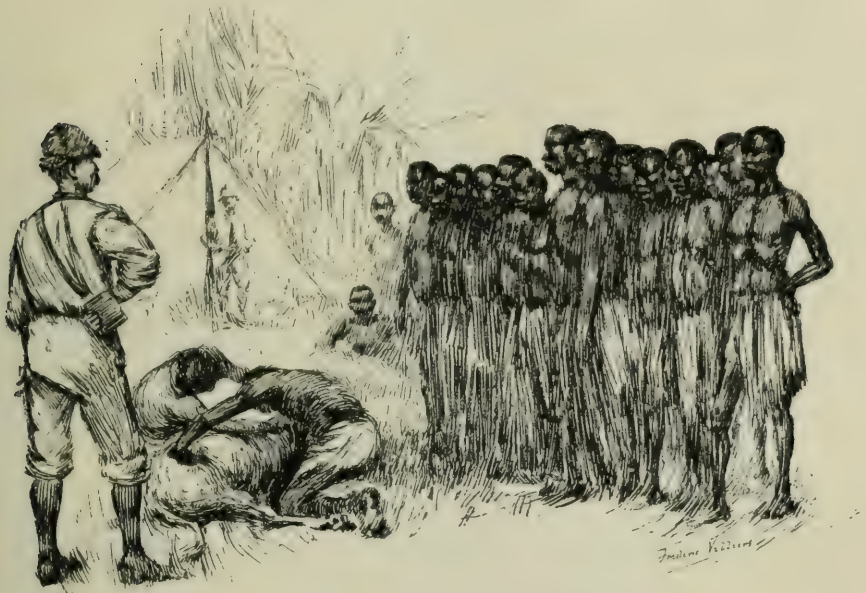
struggling column, trying to cheer up and urge forward the men who were carrying the boat. The road was very bad, all up and down, through ravines and creeks, and the men ahead with Stanley were so exhausted that scarcely any path had been cut. We had fearful difficulty in getting the boat along, and could hear the sections ahead bumping against rocks or trees. The men were so weak that the slightest knock against a tree or bush caused them to lose their balance and fall heavily to the ground. Owing to the hopeless brooding state into which they had fallen, it was often difficult to make them get up and resume their burdens. Some, in answer to our appeals to them not to give up, would answer, "Master, how long is this to last? What is the good of struggling on any longer? Let us lie down quietly and die."

Stanley, who had started early in the morning, had got some distance ahead, and at dark we were obliged to camp by ourselves, having only managed to march three miles. We had with us merely the men who were carrying the boat sections and tent ; our boxes and blankets were on ahead with the main column. We lit fires and had half a cup of tapioca made into a sort of thin gruel ; into this we put a tablespoonful each of brandy, and we also made some coffee. It was not much of a meal for three men who had been in a hungry state for weeks, but we lay down that night on the bare ground, thankful that we had got to the end of another day and had moved a few more miles on our way toward relief. Our men, poor fellows, had little besides a few toadstools they had picked up here and there on the way. Fortunately, starvation had the effect of making the men somewhat torpid and sleepy, and for a brief space they were able to get a respite from the pangs of hunger, and for a few hours forgot their troubles in a heavy sleep.

The next morning we were up early, and before starting had a cup of coffee each ; the men of course had nothing but what we gave them. We had a very hard day, urging the men forward with the boat, and were able to get along but slowly, for the men were only able to go a short distance, and then sit

down for a long rest, or wander away from the track in search of fruit or fungus. The fruit in the forest, as a rule, was of a very poor description, and with the exception of one or two kinds,

custard-apple. The Zanzibaris called this elephant-fruit, solely I imagine from its large and shapeless form. This had stones and flesh like an ordinary custard-apple, but of a deep orange



"Stanley decided to kill his donkey and distribute the meat among our starving men."—Page 280.

was scarcely worth eating ; moreover, we seldom found fruit, such as it was, in any quantity sufficient for a meal. The best fruit was that of the india-rubber vine, which the Zanzibaris called M'bungu. This was of the form and size of a man-gostine, its soft shell was filled with a milky, bitter juice, and contained several large stones round which grew a kind of fleshy substance which had a very good taste, but we were obliged to swallow the stones as well, as the flesh clung to them so closely. There were two kinds, one with pink flesh which had a flavor like raspberries, and one with white flesh which had a peculiarly pleasant acid-sweet taste like a lemon. Unfortunately, however, in both these fruits there was little more than the taste and the stones. There was also another fruit, in form like a huge green

color and very acid. This too we only found in small quantities, and the effect of eating this sour fruit was usually to give us a violent stomach-ache. By far the best fruit ever found in the forest was that of the wild cardamom. But this only grew in damp or swampy places. It exists almost entirely throughout Central Africa, and whenever we got it, it was much prized by our men. The fruit grows like that of the ordinary cardamom, on the ground, just round the roots of the plant itself. It is pear-shaped, about the size of a large filbert, and is of a brilliant scarlet. When broken it divides itself into four quarters, each of which contains some white fleshy pulp very juicy and acid, and full of small black aromatic-tasting seeds, like those of the cultivated cardamom. These seeds are in Europe ordi-



"It was piteous to see women, small children, and babies swept past us in the yellow flood."—Page 278.

narily called "grains of Paradise," and are used, I am told, by publicans for putting in their beer, in order to cause their customers a consuming and remunerative thirst. There were several other kinds of fruits, but they could not be considered as food, for they were chiefly of a sickly description which caused the person who had eaten them violent sickness.

Immediately on leaving Nelson's camp the land rose abruptly from the river, and we had to march inland to avoid the rocky precipices which formed the banks of the stream. For the first day we had been slowly rising higher and higher, but on the second day the land sloped gradually down, and at mid-day we again found ourselves on the river-bank. We could hear the thunder of a huge fall below us, and the aneroid showed that the river at this place was somewhat more than a hundred and twenty feet higher than the level of the river at Nelson's Camp, which was only a few miles distant. We eventually discovered that the river, after forming into a series of rapids, hurled itself madly into a chasm of some eighty feet deep, and rushed like a mountain torrent down to Nelson's Camp. The river, where we now struck it, was about five hundred yards broad, full of rapids among which were dotted small grassy islands.

As we were marching along, Kheri, one of the chiefs who was with us, came running back, whispering breathlessly, "Tembo, B'wana, Tembo!" (An elephant, master, an elephant.) We crept anxiously along the path, holding our breath with excitement. The men all silently put down their loads and followed us, stroking their poor empty stomachs in expectancy of a meal at last. Following Kheri's lead, we soon reached a wooded promontory, and cautiously peered through the bushes. There we saw, eighty yards distant, on a little grassy island in the middle of the rapids, a huge black elephant with gleaming white tusks, slowly flapping his great ears and feeding leisurely on the tall grass which covered the island. "Piga, B'wana Mazinga, piga!" (Fire, Master of the Cannon, fire!) eagerly whispered the Zanzibaris. Stairs, who was always coolness itself, cocked his rifle, slowly

rose, and resting the barrel against a tree, took a long and steady aim, while we held our breath and clasped our empty stomachs, anxiously awaiting the result. Bang! went the rifle, we saw a puff of dust rise where the bullet struck just at the back of the ear, and the elephant dropped on his knees. "Res-sassi M'gini, Kheri" (Another cartridge, Kheri), whispered Stairs, excitedly, for the elephant had risen and was slowly rocking himself to and fro, as if dazed and confused. The crack of the rifle had evidently been drowned by the noise of the rapids, and the elephant seemed unconscious from whence had come this sudden shock. As he swayed backward and forward, and slowly turned himself round, Stairs put two more bullets into his head. But alas! we discovered that a Remington rifle bullet is not much more efficacious against an elephant than a pea-shooter is against a man; for the elephant, still swaying about uneasily, deliberately waded off across the rapids to a large wooded island in the middle of the river, where it was impossible to reach him. We recovered ourselves with a long-drawn sigh of disappointment, we blankly looked in each other's faces, and the Zanzibaris murmured, "Master, it is fate, let us be going."

After this little excitement, our dejection was more intensified; the men doggedly resumed their burdens, and we toiled slowly and silently on. At about two o'clock in the afternoon, we had reached a place where the banks were almost level with the river, which had become very broad and tolerably smooth. As we were taking a rest, having sent the greater part of the men to search for fruit or fungus, a messenger came back from Stanley with a note for me, telling me that the river, with the exception of a few rapids, was tolerably clear ahead. He said he was encamped some miles ahead, on a spot opposite an island, on which they had found a few natives; that he had followed an elephant the day before, which he had wounded severely; and that it had waded off to an island, where it was probably dying. He ordered me, therefore, to put the boat together and search for the elephant; the Zanzibari who brought

the message knew where it was, and would be able to show me the place. The messenger carried some knives and bill-hooks to cut up the elephant when we found it.

Stairs at once blew the horn and called in the men. I put the boat together, took my trusty coxswain, the faithful Uledi, my crew of men, and the Zanzibari who was to act as guide on board, and started off down river to search for the elephant. Meanwhile Stairs and Parke marched on with the rest of the men to join Stanley.

I searched up and down the river, every island and creek where it was possible for the elephant to hide. However, darkness closed over us without our finding a trace of him, and we were obliged to turn back and make our way up the river in the dark. There were so many small rapids in the way that it was half-past eight before, disappointed and disheartened, we saw the lights of Stanley's camp-fires ahead. They had heard our shouts across the river, and we saw torches flashing in the darkness as they hurried down to the river-bank. In half an hour more we had reached the landing. Here we found Stanley, the officers, and the men, crowding down to the water's edge with baskets and knives, eager to get their share of the meat.

A few words dispelled their hopes, and again that long-drawn sigh of disappointment was heard, as the men turned away to crouch and brood over the camp-fires. There seemed to be nothing but disappointment in those days. Stairs had saved my supper for me: three-quarters of a cup of cold porridge, which was my share of the handful of Indian corn which our men had found on the island. Stairs, Parke, and I sat long over the fire that night talking; it was my birthday, and we treated ourselves all round to a few sips of brandy.

Stanley and his men, it appeared, on reaching this camp had found a couple of small canoes tied to the bank; in these some of the men had crossed over to the island, where there was a small temporary encampment of natives, and among them a large number of dwarf women and children. They had hidden themselves up to their necks in the

mud on the side of the island, where they were found in threes and fours by our men; thirteen in all, varying from three feet ten to four feet in height. Some of them were rather nice-looking; they were perfectly nude, with the exception of a number of necklaces and girdles made of a kind of river shells, like mussel shells, cut into little round disks and strung closely together. All of them had five or more holes pierced in their upper lips, and in these were stuck stiff elephant hairs in lengths of about four inches. They stood out round the mouth like a cat's whiskers, and wagged in the most ludicrous way when the women spoke. When brought into our camp they apparently, after the first few minutes, had no fear. They were full of information and talked most volubly, but we were unable to understand the greater part of what they said. They evidently were in great fear of the Arabs, and had retired to the island to escape from them. They pointed in the direction from which the Arabs came, and called them *Wa-tomba-tomba*, which name they pronounced and accentuated to imitate the sound of guns; they also went through the pantomime of firing off a gun, and seemed to know so much about them that we felt certain the Arabs could not be far distant.

One thing we learned from the women which proved most useful. For some days we had found large flat brown beans, which grew upon very high trees in certain parts of the forest; under these trees the ground was thickly strewn with beans. The men, who called them *Quemma*, roasted them and tried to eat them, but they had a bitter, nauseous taste like a horse-chestnut, and they soon gave up attempting to eat them. The dwarf women, however, now showed us a method of preparing these beans which made them slightly less unpalatable. They peeled all the outside off the beans, and scraping them into thin shavings, pounded them into a sort of rough flour. This they mixed with water and made into a kind of paste, which they rolled in green leaves and baked upon the embers. These cakes, which were much like cakes made of sawdust, were neither palatable

nor nourishing, and it was impossible to eat much of them ; still they helped somewhat to stop the cravings of hunger. The dwarf women also boiled this flour and made it into a kind of mucilaginous gruel. It was decided to stop a day in this camp and send out men on both sides of the river to look for food or signs of the Arabs. The men, however, returned in the evening without having seen any traces of them ; they brought back, however, a small store of fungus and a little fruit looking like a mango. It had a good smell and we tried to eat some of it, but it was most sickly, and after a few mouthfuls it caused violent sickness and made the head dizzy. Stanley, who had eaten it, was ill for some hours ; he said it seemed as if an iron band had been tied round his temples.

Stairs and Parke went out to try and get a shot at something, but they returned having seen absolutely nothing in the way of birds or game. We had with us two donkeys belonging to Stanley and Parke, but these Stanley determined not to kill until we were absolutely at our last gasp. The donkeys had become very thin and diseased, as there was scarcely any grass to be found in the forest. Near the camp was a large grassy island in the middle of the river, and three men were sent over to it in a canoe to cut grass for the donkeys. The Zanzibaris were as thoughtless as children, and these men actually did not take their guns ; they had nothing but one small knife with them. While one of the men was cutting forage, a native who was lying concealed close by, seeing that none of the men were armed, sprang upon Feruzi Ali, and began hacking at his head with a long, glittering knife. The two other men in the canoe, seeing the native struggling with their comrade, instead of going to his aid, merely shouted for help. We could see the struggle going on, and though they were within easy range of our rifles, we dared not shoot for fear of killing our own man. Feruzi Ali struggled manfully, but the blows were raining down mercilessly on his bare head, and the streams of blood were blinding him. He was a strong man, but he had been

taken unawares and was wounded before he had any chance of defending himself. The boat was hastily pushed off, and we shouted to the men to hurry, for it was terrible to see the struggle for life and death going on before our very eyes, and be powerless to help Feruzi. Before the boat reached the island, by a desperate effort he shook himself clear of the native and threw himself into the river ; while the savage, seeing the boat so near, plunged into the rapids on the other side of the island, and, reaching the opposite bank, managed to escape.

Feruzi Ali was frightfully cut about ; there were several deep cuts on his head, and his shoulders, arms, and hands were gashed in the most dreadful manner. Parke, who examined the wounds, said that those on the head would probably prove fatal in a few days.

Most of the men who went over to the opposite side of the river in search of food, did not return that evening ; they had gone too far and were benighted. It remained for us, therefore, to stay another day in this melancholy camp. We again went out in search of game, but again returned without having fired a shot. In the afternoon Stairs and I fished with the only fish-hook we possessed. After fishing for a couple of hours Stairs caught three, each about five inches long. We gave one to Stanley, and had the other two for our dinner. How we wished now for a miracle which would feed the starving multitude with the three small fishes !

As we were sitting round the fire after eating them, the boat was hailed from the other side of the river, and it at once pushed off to bring back our foraging party. They had managed to get a few small bananas, some native tobacco, and a fair amount of fungus and native spinach. This food was divided among the people, but it was only a handful apiece. The foragers said they had come across signs of the Arabs, in the shape of blazed trees at the side of the native paths. Stanley decided next morning to start on and send the boat up the river in charge of Uledi.

We were all now so weak that the slightest exertion we made to climb over rocks or fallen trees caused a strange giddiness, and at every fresh

effort we broke out into a cold perspiration. The month of October was, as Stanley said, an awful month, and no member of the expedition, black or white, will ever forget it. I see in my journal, under the date October 11th, the following words :

"The state of the people is frightful ; it was most distressing last evening to see the men lying about the camp, and to hear their groans throughout the night. They are dropping their loads right and left, and many will be lost to-day, I fear."

In our weakened state we struggled on, forcing our way through the dense undergrowth, wading through mud and streams, wet through from morning till night, and with hardly anything to still the cravings of hunger.

Several of our men fell that day and never reached camp. They would creep away from the path and hide in the bushes, and after the caravan had gone by, would crawl out to the path and try to follow us ; some of them got into camp late at night, but others we never saw again.

One of my chiefs, Muftah bin Machicha, who had long been getting weaker and weaker, stayed behind in this way, and never reached camp.

Three men, Soudi, Rehani, and another, who were in Stanley's company, deserted with their loads. One of them was carrying most of Parke's clothes, another, a bale of boots and clothes we were bringing to Emin Pasha, and a third, something else equally valuable. These loads we never found, for the men threw them away. The deserters themselves returned on our track and finally reached Ugarrowa's Station, where we found them many months afterward on our return through the forest. We marched about seven miles that day, but in that march we lost twelve men, four from desertion, and the rest from exhaustion and starvation. Late in the evening one of the men who had been sent in the boat to bring her up the river, came into camp ; he said that in getting the boat over the rapids she had struck upon a rock, and the force of the blow had broken the bolts of one of the sections, and she was now at the foot of a large rapid in a very

bad state and leaking fast. As I was in charge of the boat, Stanley ordered me to return to the boat next morning and mend her up.

Accordingly, next morning I started off, taking with me my favorite chief, Rajab bin Jumah and five men, who carried some iron bolts and india-rubber packing for the boatsection. It was very hard having to return again and go over the ground I had toiled along so painfully before. Finding no traces of the Arabs on this side of the river, Stanley wished to send men across the stream to search the opposite bank. We could see a small canoe tied to a tree on a little island in the middle of the river, and Stanley asked who would swim across and fetch it. One of our best men volunteered, and was promised ten dollars if he was successful. Owing however to his weakened state, he was caught in the rapids, and drowned almost before our eyes. The attempt was therefore abandoned, and Stanley decided to go on and wait for the boat to catch him up.

On my way back we passed the dead body of Muftah ben Machicha and two others near him, who were just breathing their last. They had all probably hidden in the brushwood until the straggling caravan had passed, and had been unable to reach camp.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon I reached the boat at the foot of a good-sized rapid. She was indeed in a dangerous position ; six of the top bolts had given way in one of the sections, and it was a wonder she had not foundered. Uledi, however, who was ever ready in any emergency, had cleverly fastened her up with one of the boat ropes, and had packed some native cloth into the seams. This had considerably stopped the leak, but three men were continually kept baling and just managed to keep her afloat. In an hour I got the boat mended, and we then began to get her over the rapid. It was fearfully hard work hauling her round rocks and up small cataracts, and it was almost dark before we got to the head of the rapids. I managed to urge the men to row up stream a bit further, and told them to sing one of their boat songs ; they tried, but it was a failure, and after singing a bar or two they stop-

ped, saying, "We cannot sing, for our hearts are dead within us. It was a marvel how we had managed to get the boat up the rapid at all, for the rowers were utterly worn out, and had it not been for the unflagging energy of Uledi, whom nothing could daunt, I do not think we should have accomplished much; for he always helped in all my endeavors to hearten the men up. Now and then he would make a caustic remark if he saw one of the boatmen giving in, and even in those, our worst days, our men were never indifferent to some rough jest which would always be answered by a wan smile.

An hour before dark we tied up against the bank, and the men went out in search of fungus or tree-beans. Rajab bin Jumah lighted a big fire and cut some green boughs for my bed, for I had no tent or blankets with me. Shortly after dark the men returned, bringing in a number of tree-beans and a small supply of fungus. They gave me a share of what they had found, for I had absolutely nothing but a little tea. Rajab bin Jumah scraped some beans and boiled them into a thick gruel, putting a few toadstools in to give it a taste. It was a most unpalatable, sickening mess, but I drank and was thankful for it. We were all too hungry and tired to sleep much, and I sat up half the night reading my little pocket Shakespeare by the light of the camp-fire. I always carried it in my pocket. It contained only two plays, "Antony and Cleopatra," and "The Merchant of Venice," and these will I think always be my favorites, having read them over so many times in the forest.

I cannot speak gratefully enough of the conduct of our faithful Zanzibaris at this period. On them we were entirely dependent for such food as we were able to scrape together. The Zanzibari, it is true, will lie and thief—most untaught negroes will—but with the white man with whom he has worked, whom he respects and has confidence in, though starving himself, he will share his last crust.

It was often pitiful to see a man who was scarcely more than skin and bone, and who was half mad with hunger himself, bringing us a little store of

toadstools and laying it before us, say, "Master, take your share, God is good."

There was something childlike and simple about these Zanzibaris which always appealed strongly to our sympathy. At work you may be as severe as you please; you may flog him when he does wrong, so long as when work is done you relax, and gossip and talk with him. His quaint remarks upon people and things are always entertaining, and often instructive. You listen to his stories about his wife or mother, his sister or friend, about his home in Zanzibar, and his little plot of land; in fact you make him feel, that though you will force him to do his full share of work, at the same time you sympathize with him in his troubles and are really his friend. If you do this he will work for you and follow you with a dog-like fidelity. I have often seen a Zanzibari who had laid himself open to punishment, lie down and take his fifteen or twenty strokes of the cane, and after he has received them get up, and, raising his hands above his head, say "Hamd el Allah" (Thank God), by which he means he has done wrong, he has received his punishment, and now he and the world are even. If punished justly, this child of nature never bears malice; but injustice, want of sympathy, or cruelty will transform him into a sullen, mutinous devil, with whom nothing can be done. Of course there are times when the Zanzibari is most troublesome and has to be treated with great severity, but when once he understands that a man is his *friend* and *master*, these ebullitions are not of frequent occurrence.

People, when they first go to Africa, naturally look at things from a civilized point of view, and are not able to understand the strange working of an African's mind, and in this way many mistakes are made at first. But if they endeavor, ever so little, to put themselves in his place, they will soon understand how to deal with the Africans, how to gain their respect and affection, and how to make them work *with* them, with a fidelity almost unknown among civilized people. Our leader possessed this faculty in a very large degree, and partly through his teaching and partly from our own feeling of sympathy and liking for our

men, we of the "Advance Column" worked with our men in perfect accord ; and had we not learned this way of dealing with them, we could never have held together during those fearful days of our march through the dark forest.

We were up early next morning, and I gave the men a little tea all round and told them we must work hard that day, or we should not catch Stanley. After pulling for an hour the river became again broken up into rapids and was studded with a network of islands, so that we got along but slowly. We sighted three elephants feeding on the grass which fringed the islands ; they looked huge, wading slowly about in the rapids. Of course we were not able to approach them near enough for a shot, and with our Remington rifles only it would have been useless to attempt it. After pulling some time we saw a canoe tied against the bank of an island, and as we approached some arrows fell close to the boat ; but the men sprang ashore and the natives retired without our firing a shot. On the bank we found a small basket of beans, two large baskets, each containing about a peck and a half of beautiful Indian corn, several finely cured gazelle skins, and fifteen or twenty large packages of native tobacco, well prepared and beautifully packed in parcels shaped like huge dumb-bells. The men's joy at the sight of the corn was delightful to witness after the dejection under which they had suffered for so many days. They smiled, and raising their faces and hands to heaven, cried : "Allah be praised !" I immediately turned the boat's head toward the shore to make a division of the food and allow the men to have a good feed then and there. I reserved a basket of Indian corn and five packets of tobacco for Stanley and ourselves, but all the rest I divided equally among the boat's crew. We saw two of our men lying dead by the side of the track near where we stopped ; they were scarcely cold, and must have died that morning while trying to follow the caravan. As we were cooking our corn, another of our men crawled out of the bushes on his hands and feet ; he was a living skeleton, and could only mumble a few words in a voice which was scarcely human. I made Uledi boil some corn

until it was very soft, and then mashed it up and gave it to him with a little tea. He snatched at it almost like an animal. We took him on board the boat, but in half an hour he died, and we had to pitch him overboard. All day long we were fighting our way up over the cataracts, and in the afternoon got among a network of islands with rapid channels rushing between them. On rounding the end of a large wooded island we came upon a most extraordinary sight. Some sixty or seventy natives, men, women, and children, were in the rapid clinging to rocks or boughs of trees. They evidently took us for the Arabs, and imagined the boat would come up on the side of the island next to the main land. They probably thought that in case we landed on the island, they would elude our observation by hiding themselves in the water.

Their astonishment and terror, therefore, knew no bounds when the boat shot round on the *inner* side of the island and approached them. Those men who could swim dived or ducked behind the rocks, but the women in their terror abandoned their children and made for the shore. It was piteous to see women, small children, and babies swept past us in the yellow flood ; we saw tiny hands or feet appearing for an instant above the rushing water, and then disappearing forever over the cataracts below. I shouted to the men to help them, and we seized a woman by the hand as she was being swept past us and hauled her on board ; but while we were trying to save some others, she, thinking we intended to harm her, flung herself again into the water, and she, too, was overwhelmed in the cataract.

We passed on and worked up stream till nearly dark, when a violent thunderstorm came on, and soon drenched us to the skin. At the foot of a large rapid I ordered the men to tie up for the night and camp, which, poor fellows, they were ready enough to do. About half a mile ahead I could see the light of Stanley's camp-fires, and decided to go on myself by land to him, taking with me the basket of Indian corn I had got in the morning ; for I knew that he and Stairs and Parke must be in des-

perate straits for food. In half an hour I had reached the camp.

Stanley and the rest were astonished and delighted when they saw the corn. I see in his book, "Darkest Africa," he calls it "a reprieve from death."

On my bringing the corn into his tent, Stanley said to me: "This, Jephson, is the second time you have done us a good turn; you have brought us food now when we are starving, and you captured that large canoe down river, which has been of such value to us for carrying our sick so many weeks." I record this, for it was absolutely the first word of commendation or encouragement we had any of us heard from our leader, and it greatly surprised us. It was not till some months afterward that we began to understand that, under the seeming indifference our leader had for his officers, there lay a strong sympathy and interest for all that we did, though he seldom allowed it to be apparent. I feel certain that, had the officers of the "Rear Column" only been long enough with him, they too would have understood their leader, as we of the "Advance Column" eventually learned to do.

The corn was at once divided between Stanley, Stairs, Parke, myself, and Stanley's German servant. What joy to find, on measuring it out, there were thirty-six cups of corn!

I learnt that during the two days I had been away, the dejected, hopeless state of the men had increased to a fearful extent, and the people were rabid with hunger. We had been looking for the return of the five chiefs whom we had sent ahead to find the Arabs; yet already ten days had elapsed and we had heard nothing of them.

Stanley decided to remain for a day where we were and send out the strongest men to try and find food, but they were so dejected that we had almost to drive them out of the camp. As usual, they came in with nothing but a few fungi. It was a marvel that we were not some of us poisoned in those days, for the toadstools we ate were all colors, purple, orange, green, or red, and we knew nothing about their being edible; the men only knew they were hungry and must eat something.

The next day Stanley crossed the entire expedition over to the other side of the river, and a few chosen scouts were sent out to search for the Arab path, which Stanley felt certain lay inland from the river.

Before crossing the river we blazed the trees all round, and cut arrows pointing across the stream, in order to show our lost chiefs that we had crossed, in case they returned on their track. We also wrote a few lines on a blazed tree to tell them to cross and follow us; Khamis Parry could read English and would understand it. On the opposite bank we once more sent out men to find food, but they were as unsuccessful on this as on the other side. In this camp poor Feruzi Ali, the man who was cut over the head by the savage, died from compression of the brain. He had day by day been getting worse, and at last became idiotic, and at night fell into one of the campfires and was burned.

The next morning Stanley called another council, in which various suggestions were made. Our state was so distressing that there was a question of abandoning the boat and marching inland; but Uledi, ever ready, volunteered to take her up the river over the rapids with a picked crew, and promised to cut across and join us if he found it was impossible to get on.

There was no path, not even an elephant track, and we had to cut our way due north through one of the densest districts of the forest we had yet seen. It was a most distressing march, and many of our men dropped by the way, and we lost some of the loads. Fortunately, we got a small store of wild cardamom fruit which somewhat refreshed us. I was burning with fever and could hardly get along. As we were stopping for the mid-day halt and were roasting some fungi on the embers of the fire, some of the men discovered a few "M'bungu" fruit on a high tree. They at once climbed up after it, and one of them, over-venturesome, crept out on to a rotten branch, which immediately gave way with a crash. The man fell from a height of sixty feet on two men who were standing below, and all three were knocked senseless. The man who fell got a slight concussion of the brain, but after lying

senseless for half an hour he was able to stand up and talk, and eventually all three men walked into camp. The man was in a very poor and starved condition, so that his recovery was marvellous, and will give some idea of the wonderful tenacity of life which our Zanzibaris possessed.

At about 4.30 we reached Stanley, who had struck upon a little cleared native camp and had pitched his tent there; it was like a round dark cave in the middle of the dense forest. Seeing the state of the people was desperate, he decided to kill his donkey and distribute the meat among our starving men. It was in a very diseased condition, but we shot it and there was a great dividing up of the meat. It furnished each man with a good-sized piece of flesh. We Europeans had as our share a hind leg and the tongue, and we made some soup and stew out of it. It was very tough and had a peculiar taste, but we devoured it eagerly. The men were so starved that they fought for the entrails and cleared away every vestige of them. That evening the scouts came in and reported having come upon a large track some way inland, with blazings on it, running parallel to the river.

The next morning we finished the rest of our donkey stew and started off. The men knowing that the Arab track was before them, went somewhat better than on the previous day. At mid-day we stopped to rest and had the last of our donkey meat cooked on the embers. As we were sitting there, word came back from Stanley that he had struck the Arab track and was following it up. I find the following entry in my journal on that day, October 16th:

"Stanley is very glad about reaching the blazed track, and is confident we shall reach the Arabs in two days time. During all this time his anxiety has been frightful; for the success of the expedition has been, and is indeed, hanging in the balance. Here he has a starved and worn-out people with no food but these miserable beans. Nelson, with fifty-six people and eighty-one loads, are left behind, and their chances of being relieved are daily growing less and less. The five chiefs who went ahead to look for food have not been

heard of; Uledi and the boat's crew are on the river making their way up in search of the Arabs; fifty sick men are left behind at Ugarrowa's settlement; and Barttelot and the rest of the men and officers are probably working their way after us, and will experience the same difficulties as we have. The expedition is in fact entirely split up, and God alone knows whether it will ever be reunited."

We were now following up the track which had been blazed by the Arabs; the marks were, however, pretty old, and the track was so tangled with undergrowth that we often came near losing it and had to proceed slowly, sending men ahead to look out for blazed trees. At one place the whole column was routed by a nest of hornets, which stung the men most frightfully. We had passed a good many of these hornet nests in the forest, and when we saw them in time, invariably gave them a wide berth. They usually hung from the branches of trees near running water, and were ordinarily three feet long and two feet in diameter; they looked as if they were made of brown paper. The slightest movement in the bushes near, or even the voices of people speaking, was sufficient to cause an instant sortie from the nest, and the small black hornets attacked the intruders with virulent fury. In this case none of us caught sight of the nest, when suddenly we saw the foremost men throw down their loads and dash into the thick underwood, beating themselves madly with green boughs. The hornets were instantly upon the rest of us and completely routed the whole column. Everyone left the path and fled through the bushes, children howled, and women shrieked, and all seemed as if they had gone mad. One poor old man in my company must have had fifty stings on his naked body, and in order to protect himself he threw himself into a stream close by, where he lay roaring with the hornets buzzing about him. In his weakened state the effect of the stings and cold water were too much for him, and that night he died. We all collected some four hundred yards ahead on the track and waited a couple of hours, till the hornets had settled

down again ; we then returned one by one, and each man cautiously picked up his load and stole away with it.

That same day we lost another man, who fell from a high tree up which he had climbed to gather fruit. He was so crushed that he was unable to move, and we were forced to leave him, for it was as much as we could do to drag ourselves along. One of the most distressing things was to see a man, with whom we had worked in close companionship for so many weeks, fall by the way, and be obliged to pass by on the other side without helping him, for it was now a case of *sauve qui peut*.

One morning, two days after this, we heard the guns going ahead, and knew that Stanley had at last struck the Arab camp and was firing a salute, as is the custom in Africa on meeting strangers.

What a relief ! for we knew there was now food and rest for our starving and worn-out people. We hurried on and soon emerged from the interminable, hateful bush, and came into great fields of rice and Indian corn, and at the other end of the clearing, almost a mile distant, we could see the Arab village. This one clearing alone must have been five hundred acres in extent. On reaching it we found Stanley seated on an

antelope skin in the verandah of the chief's house, while all the people, men, women, and children had crowded round to hear our story.

The chief's name was Khamis ; he was a Manyema and a slave of a Zanzibar Arab named Abed ben Salim, whose bloody deeds were a theme of conversation in the bazaars of Zanzibar. He was now on a pilgrimage to Mecca, but before starting had despatched Khamis and a large number of Manyema slaves, armed with percussion guns, in search of slaves and ivory. They had left Kasongo, in Manyema, more than a year and a half before ; they had wandered about the forest for many months, and had finally made their settlement here in the district called Ipoto. They were all of the usual type of Manyema, and their sleek satiny skins and fat bodies showed that there was no lack of food. They were all clothed in very pretty shirts and clothes, made of grass and fibre of the palm leaf woven into extremely pretty patterns and dyed different colors. Here we sat some time and exchanged news ; we told our story and they told us theirs ; huts were given us ; and then began our life in the Manyema camp, of which I propose to write, together with the relief of Nelson, in another article.

IN EARLY SPRING.

By Edith M. Thomas.

BRIGHT days are with us, lengthened and serene.
 The clods grow mellow, and the forest hath
 Its budding pleasures ; yet of Winter's scath
 Some drear memorials here and there are seen.
 For, though the wind no more breathes frosty-keen,
 It often floats the old leaves in our path,
 Or sighs along some unreaped aftermath,
 To mind us of the rigor that hath been.
 O thou my Joy, Spring of my Wondrous Year !
 Forgive, if in thy presence aught of grief
 Remain from that dead time ere thou wast here.
 Now, surely, such gainsaying shall be brief ;
 For thou wilt set my feet where flower and leaf
 And soft new sward blot out the stubble sere.

THE HALF-WHITE.

By Fanny Van de Grint Stevenson.

I.

I HAVE said it once, and I say it again," said the priest; "you will do no serious work here; you are too fanciful; a dreamer of dreams, a lotus-eater. Go back to your own stern, practical country, where every man is a producer and idlers are not tolerated."

"I thought you approved of my poor verses," was the plaintive reply; "but yesterday you kindly called them exquisite. Was it in irony you spoke? I am so simple, I am easy to fool. Don't say you were making fun of me, dear Father Canonhurst; I haven't the fortitude to bear it. And sarcasm would be so incongruous in this garden of Eden; don't spoil the harmonies."

Laurence Cathcart, who thus answered the priest, leaned forward, turning up his fine eyes with a conscious roll, as he spoke in a rich, full voice that was pleasant to hear.

"I wish, Laurence," said the priest, a little impatiently, "you would drop those affectations of manner. They lead people to think you a fool."

"And I am not? Thank you, dear Father. But my sonnets, I assure you they are the results of hard labor; no jail-bird ever worked harder than I did over that last triplet—please don't say *triflet*. But perhaps you don't consider poetry serious. Do you think I would do better compiling a dictionary? Or, hideous thought! to become a newspaper reporter? If you say I must, why, of course; but I do not think I would fill your ideal——"

"Nonsense," interrupted the priest; "your verses are both elegant in form and poetic in sentiment. But some, I observed, bore date five years ago, while only one piece has been written here in Honolulu. And it is a small book. You twang most tunefully on the guitar, but we wait for the organ note; Laurence, the Church waits."

The young man bowed his head and

crossed himself. He was a recent convert.

"I owe you that, and much more," said he. "You are always right, and always wise. I will try to follow your guidance; but don't expect too much of me."

The priest studied Laurence with kindly eyes. "You should marry," said he.

"I! Marry! Oh, Father Canonhurst! Are my faults so heinous that my penance is to be life-long? And besides, my tastes do not lead me in the way of meeting marriageable young ladies. If you really think so extreme a step necessary, had you not better arrange the affair with a suitable mamma? I am afraid I could not put enough heart into it myself."

"Leave Hawaii, and go you back to New England," said the priest. "They tell me good marriages are as plentiful there as blackberries. Let it be known that you are seeking a wife, and the thing is done. You need ballast. A good wife would settle you."

"She would, indeed," replied Laurence, affecting a shudder. "But I cannot go back to New England, for I was never there, to begin with. San Francisco, where I have so often told you I was born, is not a suburb of Boston, as you foreigners seem to think."

"We are both foreigners here," remarked the priest.

"Yes," said Laurence. "That is what makes it all so delicious; everything is new, and strange, and enchanting. I am laying in a rich store of impressions and experiences. While I seem to be idly fluttering my wings over the flowers, in reality I am gathering honey."

"Too much honey is bad for the digestion," said the priest, dryly: "But here," he continued, "here is a fruit that is excellent for the stomach, for the blood, and for the spirits."

He turned, as he spoke, to a couple of young girls who mounted the steps of the *lanai*, carrying a basket of mangoes.

"*Aloha*, my child; *Aloha-nui*! It is kind of you to think of Father Canonhurst this hot day. And your sister, I see, is returned from her visit. *Aloha*, daughter; you have grown since you left us, wiser, I trust, as well as taller."

The two girls, singularly unlike, for one bore all the marks of Hawaiian origin, while the other, though sunburnt and naturally dark, had not a characteristic of the race, received the holy father's blessing and retired, giggling.

"I should never have guessed them to be sisters," said Laurence, helping himself to a rosy-cheeked mango. "They do not look to be of the same blood."

"Nor are they," returned the priest; "though it would be an unpardonable offence to say so in their hearing. You know something, I presume, of the odd custom of adoption that prevails in all the islands of the South Seas. The elder of these two girls was adopted before her birth by the mother of the younger. The real mother was a Portuguese. It is a common practice, but generally confined to the native population."

A bell tinkled, and both men rose simultaneously.

"It is the hour for confession," said the priest. "I must bid you good-morning."

Laurence paused and looked about him as he pushed open the garden gate. The sunlight was bright, and hard, and hot, but a light breeze moved the air and lapped luxuriously upon his skin through his thin raiment. Blossoming trees and creepers flaunted their banners over garden walls, and from the flanks of houses, showering the street with their gaudy petals, while the frangipani, the gardenia, the heliotrope, the orange, and the golden-yellow ginger plant flung out their rich perfumes with tropical generosity. Gathered under the shortening shadows and about the doorways, groups of comely brown women clad in bright *holakus* lounged, chattering and laughing in sweet voices; some lay sleeping on the sidewalk like kittens, their heads pillowed on each other.

"Father Canonhurst is right," thought the young man; "I haven't the cheek to make verses here."

II

THE hour was far advanced toward nightfall when Laurence paused at the door of his lodgings, and looked eagerly up at the balcony of the adjoining house. What he evidently hoped, did not, however, occur. There were no signs of life, and the windows, festooned with wisteria, remained closed and silent.

In his chamber it was quite dark, and the air was close and heavy. He struck a match and looked about the room, as though a little uncertain of the position of things. Beside one of the windows a curious small instrument, the guitar of the Portuguese, hung dangling by a blue ribbon. This guitar, or "*tarepatch*," he took from its nail, and after tuning it softly threw open the window and stepped out on the balcony. Leaning against the wall in a studied attitude of graceful repose, he swept the strings with a sharp twang, and after an unnecessarily noisy prelude, sang very sweetly, with a correct and melodious tenor, a love song in native Hawaiian.

Before two bars of the song were finished, a glass door in the adjoining balcony was hesitatingly opened, a slim brown hand pushed back the clustering wisterias, and a lovely half-white girl leaned forward. Her long, heavily fringed eyes showed signs of recent weeping, her black hair was ruffled, and the red hibiscus blossoms stuck behind her ear, and fastened in her bosom, were crushed and broken.

"Sing no more; sing no more," she said, with a little, precise accent that was extremely engaging. "I must speak to you, Laurence; it is for the last time. What I have to say I must say quickly, or I lose my resolution quite."

The young man leaned over the narrow abyss that divided the two balconies.

"You have been crying, Lulani; what grieves you? Come closer; come to the balustrade and tell me. To think," he continued, as the girl obeyed him, "to think that I have never so much as touched your hand, and I have known and loved you so long."

"Only two weeks," murmured the girl.

"Two weeks! two years—two thousand years! always, since time began—since I first saw you."

"It is but a short while," interrupted the girl, sadly, "and you will soon forget; and I—will try."

"What do you mean, dearest child? You terrify me. Lean over, closer, and listen while I tell you something. The very best friend I have in the world said to me to-day, 'Laurence, you must marry.' Well, do you not see, my sweet? I shall obey him—he is my spiritual adviser—and marry you."

"Never! never!" cried the girl, in a tone of agony; "do not speak. While I have courage, let me go on. I dare not hesitate one moment lest I stop. To-day I went to confession, and I told the reverend father how we met, you and I, on the balcony, and talked, and I taught you to play on the tarepatch. Oh, he was angry; fearfully angry; and he was right to be angry. I—I have deceived you, Laurence. I did not think—I did mean to—at first."

"I swear there is no harm in your deceit, poor dove. Tell me what it is, if you like, and if you do not like I will not press you. Your secret doesn't frighten me, told or untold."

"Do not tempt me, do not," sobbed the girl. "I must tell—I must. Have you not sometimes wondered, Laurence, that you never saw me anywhere but on this balcony; that you never met me on the street, nor in the shops, nor in the houses of the neighbors? Did you not think it strange that I should be so much alone?"

"I wondered about nothing but your marvellous beauty," replied the young man; but the ring of his voice was not quite genuine.

"Listen, then," gasped the girl; "I am accursed; a pariah, an outcast from the homes of men. My mother and my brother died in Melokai."

"My God!" cried the young man. "Lepers!"

Before the words had left his lips the girl was gone, the window closed, and her light extinguished.

III.

FROM Father Canonhurst's open *lanai* the softly diffused radiance of a lamp fell over the lawn and shrubbery of the

garden. It was late, and the night was very dark, for rain clouds were driving down from the mountains. The house was silent as sleep or death, and when the voices of some passing revellers, garlanded and wreathed with royal yellow *leis*, echoed through the bare *lanai*, the effect was like profane speech in a church. In this ascetic apartment Father Canonhurst, the sole watcher, sat staring at the opposite wall. A neatly folded document lay on the table beside him; torn papers littered the floor. His face was very pale, and its fixed expression of deep thought intensified the marks of fatigue or illness that shadowed his hollow temples and thin cheeks.

Laurence Cathcart, hungering for sympathy—he would have said he could not live without sympathy—was, nevertheless, when he noted the worn and haggard aspect of the priest, on the point of turning away from the *lanai* to which the restless desire for a confidant had drawn his footsteps; but an awkward movement betrayed him. The priest, flushing crimson, sprang to his feet, and the moment for retreat was passed.

"I fear I am intruding; you are not well, Father," stammered the young man.

The priest looked at him vacantly. "No," he said, after a pause. "It is not well with me."

"I am grieved to have disturbed you," continued Laurence. "I was very selfish. I was so full of my own worries that I thought of nothing else."

"Worries?" said the priest, speculation slowly returning to his eyes. "What worries have you? And why do you come to me so late? It is late, is it not?"

"It is, indeed," answered Laurence. "And you are very tired. My affair will keep till to-morrow."

"No," said the priest, "come in. I may be gone to-morrow."

"Gone? gone where?" asked Laurence. "I trust you will not stay long. I can't think what I shall do without you."

"I shall stay a long time, Laurence," said the priest; "for I shall never come back."

"Never—never come back?" repeated Laurence, blankly.

"This evening," said the priest, "I

applied to my superior for a change. I gave my reasons without reserve, and he approved of my judgment. It so happened that a vacancy had just fallen in the Marquesas. I shall be sorry to leave you, Laurence; your society has been very pleasant to me. When you remember your old friend, try and think of him kindly, and do not forget his counsels. That reminds me—what is your errand to-night?”

“This is an unexpected calamity,” said the young man. “I am staggered by it. I shall not know where to turn; and I need you so bitterly.”

“Yes,” said the priest; “I think you will miss me. Let me help you while I may, my friend, for I shall soon be gone. What is it?”

“I only wanted—” replied the young man, “I only wished to clear my mind; I wished—I hoped—you might advise me to a rash course.”

“You need no persuasion to a rash course, I fear,” said the priest, with a wan smile. “Disburden your mind. Your hesitation makes me think it must be something very rash indeed.”

“Father,” said Laurence, “you advised me to-day to marry. I am sorry, now, I was not quite frank with you. But my thoughts were so vague; my plans—in fact I had no plans; and then I feared you would not approve, for the girl is a—half-white.”

The priest’s pale face turned ashen, and a strange light leaped into his eyes.

“When did you change your lodgings?” he asked, abruptly.

Laurence, in the embarrassment of his confession, had averted his gaze; he looked up now, quickly, for the change in the priest’s voice was curious and startling.

“That seems irrelevant,” he said; “but if you seriously wish to know, I moved into my present quarters in—Street a couple of weeks ago. Father Canonhurst,” he added, for the priest was staring at him with an unconcealed antagonism that confounded the young man, “Father Canonhurst, are you annoyed with me for so small a thing as having changed my room without informing you?”

“The name?” demanded the priest. “The name?”

“This is not the confessional, Father Canonhurst,” said Laurence. “I beg your pardon; but when you hear my story you will understand that mentioning names would be neither delicate nor generous. And, indeed, I think I had better go no further to-night. You are not yourself; you are not well. Surely there will be a spare moment somewhere for me before you go; and to-night I will leave you in peace.”

“In peace?” repeated the priest, with a ghastly smile; “in peace? No; what you have to say, say now. Name me no names unless you choose.” The effort he made for self-control was evident and painful to see. “It is possible,” he continued, “it is possible that you were about to speak of Lulani, the half-white child of a leprous mother?”

The young man winced. “You have guessed rightly,” he said. “Of course you will know her. I might have been sure of that.”

“Well?” said the priest.

“You—you mentioned her mother,” continued Laurence. “Will you tell me the exact truth concerning her? Stories become so exaggerated—”

“The truth—it is the truth you ask me for?” said the priest. “The truth is not always acceptable.”

Laurence had known Father Canonhurst for many years; it was he who led him to Rome. During their long intercourse the younger man had occasionally, to his after-shame, lapsed into small evasions and perversions of fact, sins on which the priest was specially severe. Once, when involved in a labyrinth of prevarication, Laurence caught his own reflection in an opposite mirror, and the sight was not a pleasing one. This incident was brought sharply to his remembrance by Father Canonhurst’s furtive, roving glance, which it gave him a shock to recognize.

“If you insist upon the truth,” the priest suddenly began, “have it, then, in its naked horror. The girl’s mother was a native woman who died of leprosy when Lulani was a child. The husband, the mate of an English merchantman, fled when he learned the nature of his wife’s complaint. At that time the administration of the law was lax, and the woman was living among her people.

Under the régime of the new king, however, she was removed to Molokai, soon to be followed by her son, stricken by the same terrible disease. The child Lulani, left in my guardianship, grew up, partly by means of her very isolation and partly by the grace of God, with a soul as pure as her body is foul."

"For God's sake," cried the young man, "don't use such words! Besides, is heredity so strong a factor, after all? I have heard it disputed. I have heard men of authority in their profession assert that, if after the lapse of seven years the disease has not declared itself, all danger is passed."

"Possibly; I doubt it myself," said the priest. "I, too, have heard different theories discussed. On one point all scientists are agreed. If leprosy, insanity, or phthisis pass over one generation, the probability is strong that the malady will attack the next with renewed vigor. Are you willing that for your sin of self-indulgence, the consequences shall pursue the innocent to the third and the fourth generations?"

"As for myself," said Laurence, "I am not a coward, I hope. And to take into consideration hypothetical, unborn generations is, it seems to me, fantastic. Don't turn against me in this, dear old friend. You don't understand; I have not put it strongly enough; I was too shame-faced. I love this woman as I can never love another. If I lose her, my life is ruined."

"Love!" exclaimed the priest, "love! The word falls lightly from your lips; but the very essence of love is self-sacrifice. From Christ on the cross to the mother dying that her child may live, it is the same. Everywhere love hangs bleeding on the crucifix."

Laurence, who had been wondering at Father Canonhurst's strange temper, was struck by the passion of this speech. He looked curiously at the priest, who flushed hotly under the scrutiny.

"Father Canonhurst," said Laurence, suddenly, "you were prepared for this. You are the priest to whom she confessed to-day."

The priest raised his hand. "Laurence Cathcart, you go too far! And yet," he added, "there is no reason why I should not concede to you so much; I

am the priest to whom she confessed; and I have just learned from your own lips that it was you against whom I warned her."

"But now, Father—now you know, you will not come between us?" demanded Laurence.

"The situation is not changed," said the priest. "I have no more to say than I have said already. I am weary, and the hour is late."

The sound of rain falling sharply on the roof of the *lanai* reverberated through the room, and the air became perceptibly cooler. The roysterers from the royal boat-house had taken refuge in a neighboring *lanai*, and the slapping of thighs, and the wild, barbarous notes of the hula-hula mingled with the clattering splash of the shower.

The priest shivered. The words, "It is not well with me," recurred to Laurence.

"Father," he said, with quick compunction, "do not let us part like this. Let me take your blessing with me."

The priest, in answer, pointed to the road whence Laurence had come; but his uplifted hands fell, and his eyes stared with wrath and surprise; for there, the lamp-light on her face, and the darkness behind her, stood Lulani, the half-white.

"Do not be angry with me, Father," she pleaded. "It is late, and I did not think you would be still awake. The rain came, and Kaloia begged me to remember that she was old; so I ventured here for shelter. You would not have me inhumane?"

At the sound of her name, Kaloia—the girl's friend, servant, and relative combined—crept from behind Lulani in the crouching gait assumed by natives before superiors, and compressed herself into a dark corner behind the table. Here, secure from detection, she noiselessly slapped her thighs and swayed her body, lifting alternate shoulders, as she delightedly followed the hula-hula.

"Stay till the shower is passed," said the priest, coldly.

Laurence, at first bewildered by the sudden appearance of the girl, now determined to take advantage of the opportunity chance so unexpectedly offered him.

"You must not stay here, Lulani," he said. "Leave your servant, and I will take you home. See, the rain is already lifting."

"No, Laurence," replied Lulani, "that cannot be. I have made my parting with you. Now, I must think only of the holy vocation that awaits me. To-day I said to you, 'I am one accursed.' That is not true; I am one chosen. Heaven has set me apart for some sacred mission, and I must not gainsay the will of God."

"Lulani, Lulani," exclaimed the young man, impatiently, "those are not your own words——"

"And if not," interrupted the priest, "if they are mine, they are true words, and wise. Say farewell, and go your way. To-morrow morning Lulani leaves Honolulu, in charge of Sister Augusta, for the convent where I mean to place her."

"So soon?" gasped the girl.

"You shall go to no convent!" cried Laurence. "You shall go with me, and Sister Augusta may go to the devil!"

The priest raised a reproving hand, and looked at Lulani.

"Such language," he said, "is not fitting for the ears of a young girl."

Laurence started forward with an impetuous movement of anger. A dramatic sweep of the arm, his favorite gesture, dislodged the lamp, already perilously near the edge of the table. But for Kaloia's adroitness, a catastrophe might have taken place. As it was, the chimney of the lamp rolled along the floor to Father Canonhurst's feet, and the acrid smell of burning kerosene blew about the room.

The priest stooped and took up the chimney, but his shapely hands trembled and bungled as he tried to fix it on the lamp.

"Give it to me," began Laurence.

He stopped, suddenly aware that he stood in the centre of a scene of strange emotion, but comprehending nothing. From the hand in which Father Canonhurst held the hot glass, a thin, white smoke of scorching flesh arose; upon this the eyes of the priest, of Lulani, of the servant were fixed, every face branded with horror, and white with fear.

The priest was the first to move. He

changed the chimney to the other hand, then back again; then slowly readjusted it to the lamp; opened the hand once more, and looked upon it; and then, as with a deadly faintness, sank into a chair.

Lulani threw herself on the floor and tried to clasp his knees. The priest recoiled.

"Back—back!" he cried. "Do not touch me."

But before she could lay a hand on him, the old woman had dragged her away by the skirts.

The priest arose and passed his hand over his eyes. "Let me have a moment alone with my God," he said, feeling his way out of the *lanai* like a blind man.

The consciousness that some unknown tragedy was being enacted before him filled the young man with deep anxiety. Whether it concerned the girl he loved, or the priest alone, he could not divine. He kissed the hand he now reverently touched for the first time; it left the taste of tears on his lips, and gave him no sweet responsive pressure, but dropped from his grasp like a thing lifeless, and he drew back abashed as the girl lifted up her voice and wept aloud. A dolorous accompaniment arose from Kaloia's corner—the keening of the death-wail. It passed Laurence's mind that the whole scene, so singular, and devoid of explanation, might be illusory, and but the vagary of a dream or madness. Perhaps at this very moment his body lay sleeping in San Francisco, and Lulani, Kaloia, all, were but the phantoms of a vision. Perhaps—but the return of Father Canonhurst startled him back to his senses.

The drenched cassock of the priest clung to his spare figure, exaggerating both its slenderness and its height. His hair, crisped by the dampness, and sparkling here and there as a raindrop caught the lamp-light, rose round his tansured head like an aureole. He looked like a mediæval saint.

The old woman lowered her voice to a dreary moaning. Lulani ceased weeping, and held out imploring hands.

"Father," she said, in a tone of tender entreaty, "whither thou goest I will go."

"My daughter," returned the priest,

"you will obey me still. Where I go you must not enter."

"It is my mission—it was for that I was born. I pray you do not deny me."

"I lay my commands on you," said the priest. His words were stern, but his voice was very gentle. "Lulani, before we part you must answer me one question. Do you love this man as a woman should love her husband?"

The girl made a sorrowful gesture of assent.

"Then so be it. You have been ever affectionate and obedient; I thank you more than I can tell. And now, farewell. May the blessed Mother of God watch over my ewe lamb. Receive my benediction."

Kaloia, at a sign from the priest, half led, half dragged Lulani away. Laurence started to follow them.

"Stay," said the priest, "I have a—a communication to make to you." Several times he moistened his lips and seemed about to speak, but no words came. From a shelf against the wall he took down a bottle of what Laurence knew to be sacramental wine, and poured out a glass with trembling hands. The draught brought a faint glow to his cheeks.

"Laurence," he began; "Laurence, you have often confessed to me; now the priest confesses to you. To-day you asked me for the mystery of Lulani's birth. What I told you was false. Under the circumstances I considered I was justified. I do not, now. Go to the house of the half-white, Mikili; look into her face, note the resemblance, and then ask what the blood bond is between her and Lulani. Say that you have my authority to ask the question. She will tell you that they are sisters born of the same mother. Lulani's reputed mother and the mother of Mikili made friends in the Hawaiian fashion; as girls they changed holokus, as mothers they secretly exchanged their new-born babes; secretly, because both were married to white men, and they dared not tell their husbands. When Lulani's adoptive mother was taken to Molokai, both her children fell into my hands, Lulani and the boy. The boy soon followed his mother. In any part of the

world a motherless, penniless young girl stands in imminent danger. How much more so in this city of refuge for the vicious of every country, where a half-white's very blood is supposed to mark her as the natural prey of the libertine. I determined to make use of the supposed leprous taint, and to rear and educate Lulani separate from the contaminating influences of the world, an offering, as it were, to the Church and to God. With difficulty I managed to graft and foster the fear of contagion in the minds of the simple Hawaiians. As for the whites, they fled at the word. To-day—to-day——"

The momentary flush of the wine had left his face, and he staggered as though about to fall. Laurence hastened to pour out another glass. The priest motioned him to put it down, and after a second's hesitation raised it to his lips.

"I must," he murmured, "for the flesh is weak." After a pause he continued. "To-day, in the confessional, my sin was revealed to me. I loved this girl, not as her spiritual father, but with the carnal love of man for woman. What is devilish in me would be holy in you. Did I believe you loved Lulani with one tithe of the strength I must and will destroy, I could see her your wife with relief and gladness. Of such love your nature is not capable. But her heart is set on you. I am strong; she is but a weak girl. Where I conquer she might fail. I shall soon be gone, my arm no longer ready to support her frailty. Into your keeping, therefore, I give her. Into your uncertain hands, to be led beside your uncertain footsteps I confide this pure young life; and as you deal with her, may God so deal with you and more also. It is the dead that speaketh."

He opened his hand, showing two white marks seared across the palm.

"What is it?" asked Laurence, in a hushed voice.

"Did you not see," replied the priest, "that the hot glass burned into my living flesh until smoke arose from it, and yet I felt no pain? That means—for seven years the poison has been working unsuspected in my veins. I am a leper."



The Athenæum, London.

LONDON AND AMERICAN CLUBS.

By E. S. Nadal.

I.

CLUBS in the United States may be fairly said to be the growth of the last fifteen or twenty years. There were clubs before that time, it is true, and some of them were in a good condition, but as a rule they were not strong and flourishing. Twenty years ago it was still a question whether it was possible to establish an American club on a secure basis. The difficulty, of course, was one of money. It was said that London clubs paid because one-half of the members were absent during the greater part of the year—which, by the way, is not now, and never has been, true—and that the clubs had the yearly dues of absent members with which to defray the expenses of those who remained. The French clubs, it was said, succeeded

ed because they were gambling-houses. But none of these conditions existed in the United States. American businessmen were not away half the year, although their wives were out of town for the summer months. Indeed, owing to the absence of their families and the shutting up of their houses at that season, they would use the club more in summer than at any other time. Respectable Americans, furthermore, did not make a pursuit of gambling, and our clubs were thus without the resources of the French clubs. Such was the explanation offered for what was then the fact, that American clubs did not flourish.

But what was so twenty years ago has now ceased to be so. In all the great cities of the United States there are now clubs as well established and secure of

the future as any in Europe. These are being constantly added to; nor is the growth confined to the great towns. The smaller cities have them; indeed, almost every town of three or four thousand people has, if not a club-house, at any rate a few rooms which are intended to answer the purpose of

men. In those days party feeling was exceedingly strong, and it was the custom for people to associate only with persons of their own party. It thus happened that the Whigs gathered at Brooks's. But Brooks's house was public, and free to anyone. The habitués naturally found it would be to



The Travellers', London.

one, and which are in many cases, no doubt, the beginnings of a club-house. It is interesting to compare these institutions with their English originals, and to notice what modifications have been made in adapting the English models to American needs.

English clubs may be classified in several ways. There is the distinction between the proprietary and non-proprietary clubs. The first English clubs were proprietary; that is, they were carried on at the risk and for the profit of the proprietor. White's, Brooks's, and Boodle's were of this class, and took their names from their first proprietors. In club evolution it was natural that this form of club should come first. Brooks kept a gambling-house, which was frequented by certain Whig gentle-

men. In those days party feeling was exceedingly strong, and it was the custom for people to associate only with persons of their own party. It thus happened that the Whigs gathered at Brooks's. But Brooks's house was public, and free to anyone. The habitués naturally found it would be to their advantage to control admission to it. Accordingly Brooks made an arrangement with them, by which he agreed, on condition of their paying him a certain sum, to admit nobody except with their consent. The institutions thus formed were found to be a great advance upon ordinary public-houses. These clubs, by the way, are still proprietary. I have not much knowledge of them. I remember once going to one of them and paying very high for a poor dinner. In some of them it is not possible for a person not a member to be admitted beyond the door. At any rate, this is the rule at Brooks's: No person not a member is allowed to enter the house. A member once described to me the cooking of this club as "very English, good, plain, dear;" these adjectives

have in some way always stuck in my head as expressive of England.

Clubs of the proprietary kind having been once established and found practicable, the next step was the formation of associations which were themselves proprietors of the houses in which they lived, and which altogether administered their own affairs. Far the greater number of English clubs now existing are non-proprietary. This distinction between proprietary and non-proprietary clubs it is necessary to have in mind in order to understand club development. But the distinction has little real significance. It merely concerns a detail of club administration. The life led in the two kinds of clubs is much the same. A more real distinction is that between upper- and middle-class clubs. And a still more significant one is that between the great clubs, which are meant to live in, and the smaller clubs, such as the Beefsteak, the Cosmopolitan, and the like, the intention of which is social enjoyment.

Of these two kinds of clubs the club to live in is incomparably the more important; it is, in fact, the English club. The English club is a place to live in. In one of these clubs a member lives for five hundred pounds a year about as well as he could live for five thousand a year in his own house. He, of course, wishes to make the club his own house, as far as may be. This fact explains the solitariness of these institutions. The member wishes to find in them the independence, the privacy, and, in a sense, the solitude of his own house. The great clubs are therefore designedly unsocial. Many of the features of the clubs accord with this intention. This is perhaps the reason of the plain decoration and the absence of pictures from the walls. It is thought that a club

should be prevented from looking like a drawing-room; the notion is, that rather than look like a drawing-room it should look like an hotel—the suggestion being perhaps that the members are strangers to one another as people who meet in an hotel are. But, of course, it should look like neither. There is no treating, the feeling of the member, perhaps, being that his liberty would be interfered with by being expected to drink, or even by being asked to drink. Those pleasant weekly or monthly suppers usual in American clubs are unknown.

Comfortable solitude rather than society being the object of these great London clubs, it is obvious that so-



"The Bow Window at White's," London.

ciety is not to be sought for in them. Social enjoyment and social position are to be sought elsewhere. Men do not acquire position by belonging to clubs. The intention, of course, is that only men of a certain position shall be

let into these clubs. If, as sometimes happens, a man of a different position gets in, the advantage he receives is slight.

It is also true that the fact of belonging to a good club is of little advantage in general society. Membership of a good club—whatever may have been for-

and has been active in society, he has, by the time he reaches middle age, an enormous acquaintance. To begin with, there are family connections and kin; then there are school and university friends; if he is a soldier, a barrister, or a civil servant, there are professional friends; there are the acquaintances



The Union, New York.

merly the case—nowadays confers no social position. The power to confer social position is in the hands of women. Society is to be sought at their entertainments. These entertainments are innumerable; there is no end to the balls, dinners, and luncheons. London is so vast; there is such an immense number of people ready to entertain, that a man who has good introductions and takes any pains may easily see all the society he has time and strength for. If he has been about London from his youth up,

made in fashionable life or in those numberless political, religious, literary, or commercial societies, into some of which he is certain at some time or other to have made excursions. An acquaintance once told me that he never accepted an invitation to a set dinner a month or three weeks ahead; he found such entertainments dull. When he wanted company, he took a turn in the Park and he was sure to meet somebody who would ask him to a quiet dinner that evening. This gives an idea of

the extent of the social resources of London.

The appearance of these great London institutions has been made pretty familiar by books and pictures. They scarcely change at all. This is one of their strongest points of contrast to American clubs. If you leave your American club for a few years' residence in Europe, you are likely to find, on your return, that it has been moved two miles away, having merely followed the movement of everything else. This is especially true of New York, which may be called a town on rollers. But it is true to some extent of all American cities. If by chance the club has not changed its place, its internal arrangements are sure to have been altered. The billiard-room has been turned into a smoking-room, and the bar is where the cloak-room formerly was. This is not at all the way in London. From age to age the same great houses dignify the same famous and familiar streets. The internal aspect of the clubs also is seldom altered. Prince Puckler Muskau, who visited London in 1826, has left a description of London clubs as they were then. In almost every particular his account

were so arranged on parallel rollers that one could be pulled out over the others. There is the same arrangement of maps to-day at this club, I daresay in precisely the same place. His remarks made in 1826 about manners in these clubs would be true to-day; as, for instance, that he was obliged, in order to be in the fashion, to sit with his hat on for some time after entering a club, no matter how uncomfortable it was. Members wear their hats everywhere but at dinner, and it is no uncommon thing to see them walking about with their hats on in the dining-room talking with men who are dining. You sometimes see them sitting at breakfast or luncheon with them on. This last custom is certainly affectation, since it cannot be natural for a man to sit at his meals with his hat on, unless for some such purpose as to avoid a draught. How often would it happen in the course of a year that anybody would sit at breakfast in his own rooms with his hat on? Men should not be compelled, as is done in some American clubs, to take off their hats, since in clubs every unnecessary interference with liberty is a mistake; if a man wishes to wear his hat, let him do it. But he should



Fifth Avenue Window of the Knickerbocker, New York.

would be true to-day. For instance, he was struck by an ingenious arrangement at a certain club, by which the maps

would not be compelled to wear his hat if he does not wish to do it. I can only discover one point of difference between

London clubs, as described by Puckler Muskau in 1826, and of those I knew sixty years later. He says that it was not the custom to read at dinner. Certainly custom does not now forbid men reading at dinner. I have, indeed, heard that objection was made to the practice at the Athenæum Club. A friend of mine told me that he had belonged for some time to that club but had not used it. He went there once to dine and took a book into the dining-room, when a servant came to him and told him that it was contrary to the rules of the club to read at dinner. He at once wrote his resignation, saying that he did not wish to belong to a club where he could not read at dinner. I do not know whether this rule is still enforced at the Athenæum, but I should be much surprised if it were. So far as my knowledge goes, reading at dinner is a common practice.

Puckler Muskau's account of the attractive qualities of these clubs would

I should like to describe one of the most famous of them. It was the only place in England, outside of private houses, where I could get good coffee. I therefore liked now and then to breakfast there. Few people did this, and at certain seasons of the year I was likely to be the only man in the club at that hour, and to have the place to myself. The many blazing hearths that made cheerful and luminous the gloom of the winter's morning; the great windows looking out on the humid gardens; the library full of good books of standard value, and full also of much amusing and picturesque rubbish to be found nowhere else; the little tables which at every point of this delightful solitude offered themselves, with neatly arranged writing materials and well-trimmed pens, and invited you to be quit of some half-forgotten trifling but imperative duty, or to fulfil some graver obligation of friendship; the morning papers, and the fresh smell of the uncut periodicals,



The Calumet.

be true to-day. He summed them up in the word "comfort." He thought it significant that the English should have invented this word, and that no other language should have its equivalent. The soul of these places still is comfort.

were all for me. If the coffee was the best to be had in England, the tea was the best I ever had. It was, I was told, got from China by members who had special communications with that country. I often stopped in the afternoon, on

the way from my office, for this refreshment. It was brought in a little service of red earthenware of a porous appear-

dinner was rather dear, but excellent. After dinner I liked the library best. There were three fires in this room, one



The University, New York.

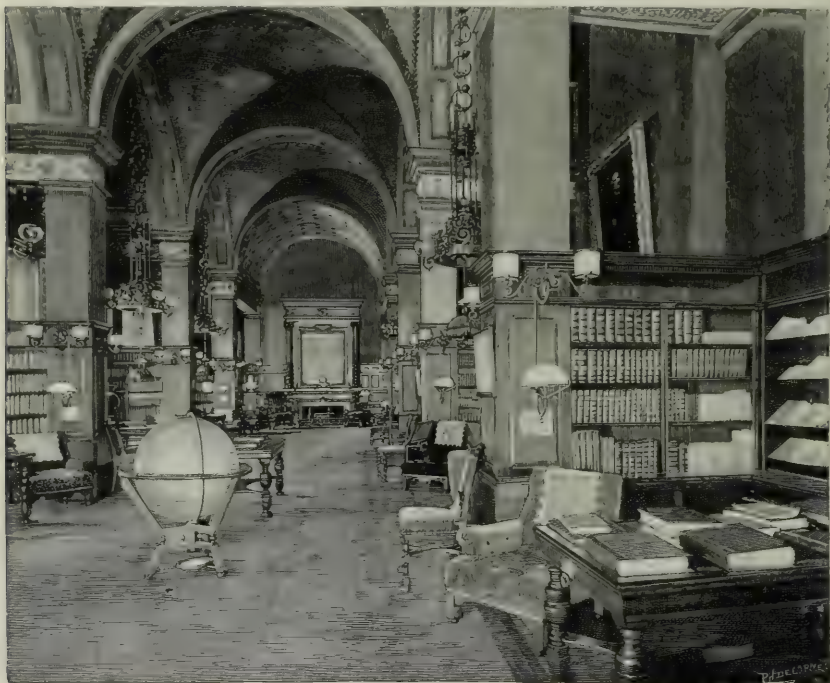
ance. The teapot and sugar-bowl, and, I think, even the tray were of this material; so were the little jug filled with thick cream, and the small plate which held three thin buttered slices of white or brown bread. You were waited upon by a good-looking, clean, young fellow in a bright-colored livery and white stockings—which are much more decorative than trousers—who placed the tray on a stand beside you; you had all this, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* and a big leathern arm-chair by a window looking out upon a famous thoroughfare for sixpence. I often dined there also; the

at each end and one at the side, and, as there was not likely to be more than three persons in the room at a time, one had a fireplace to one's self. A great red leathern chair of a prodigious depth was placed by the fender, the right arm of which had an attachment big enough to hold a book and a cup of coffee. Two candles were set beside you on a small stand; these were necessary, as the chandeliers were not lit with gas, but with candles or lamps and did not give much light. The lighting was perhaps a little sad to an American eye, but the arrangements were the perfection of ease

and comfort; and it was somewhat remarkable that these qualities should be consistent with the undeniably polite and stately air of the place. The highly respectable quiet which characterized this club was due in part to the fact that it was never inconveniently full.

It is perhaps true that there is something more of sociality in what may be called middle-class clubs than in clubs used entirely by the upper class. Thackeray's pictures, for instance, do not at all represent the clubs which I have been describing, although, no doubt, they represent certain clubs truthfully. Such a character as his inimitable extravagance, Spitfire, scarcely resembles anything to be found in the great London clubs. This gentleman was an authority upon the affairs of foreign countries.

I have at one time or another had the use of perhaps a dozen English clubs, and have been in many others, and they all took American papers. But I am not able at this moment to remember a single occasion on which I have seen an American newspaper in the hands of an Englishman. There is reading, however, for American magazines. They are to be found in all English clubs and are a good deal read. I used to dine at one of the clubs of which mention is made in this article with a very accomplished man, a Roumanian. This gentleman's income was derived from vineyards in Roumania, from which he made a *vin ordinaire* which he sold in Vienna—a situation sufficiently removed from America. And yet I remember that one evening we discussed at length the



The Library, Union League.

Thackeray represents that he was even interested in those of the United States. He read the President's message. This is scarcely credible. There is no interest in American politics in England. American newspapers are not read in English

clubs. I have at one time or another had the use of perhaps a dozen English clubs, and have been in many others, and they all took American papers.

But there are clubs in England other than those I have mentioned. There are clubs which are intended to be social, such as the *Cosmopolitan*, which is en-



The Union League, New York.

tirely social, or the Beefsteak, which is mainly so. The Cosmopolitan meets on two evenings of the week in some rooms near Berkeley Square, and is much frequented by people to whom tobacco-smoke, and society entirely male, and late hours, and the popping of soda-water bottles are not odious. This club is composed of the most distinguished men in England; indeed one should have distinguished himself in some way in order to be elected, and distinguished people

are likely to be brought there, whether they belong or not; you are pretty sure to meet there the hero of the hour, political or military. But I wish especially to speak of a club, which I shall not call by name, but which is one of the most charming places in the world. This club is composed of authors, actors, artists, and a certain proportion of men of no particular occupation. It is in the upper story of a house in one of those chill murky streets leading off the Strand,

which are, to my mind, so cheerful. The club is no doubt placed here in order to be in the midst of the theatres. It consists of two rooms—a kitchen and a dining-room. The dining-room is long, and has a large coal fire at each end—on a foggy evening in December there cannot be too many or too big fires. The ceiling is made to resemble rafters. In one end of the room there is a table for the newspapers and magazines, and a writing-desk or two. At the other end is the dining-table; this is opposite the kitchen. There is in the wall dividing the kitchen from the dining-room what might be called a large open window. You can thus sit at the table and see your dinner cooked. At such a place you would expect to have only chops and steaks; but you are not confined to these; the bloaters were particularly good, and an Italian cook made excellent macaroni. The circumstances of this club compelled sociality. There were no small dining-tables; at the one large table, which had room for perhaps a dozen people, the talk was, of course, general. The habitués were mostly literary men, artists, musicians, or actors, although there were a certain number of men of other callings, or of no calling at all. There was a particularly handsome man, who had been a magistrate in Ireland, and who told good stories of that country. Now and then a pair of young mashers would begin the evening's amusements by dining there. I found it pleasant to dine there, say, at half-past eight or nine, and remain till an hour or so later, when the actors would begin to come in, saying: "I've been killed, and now I am going to have some supper."

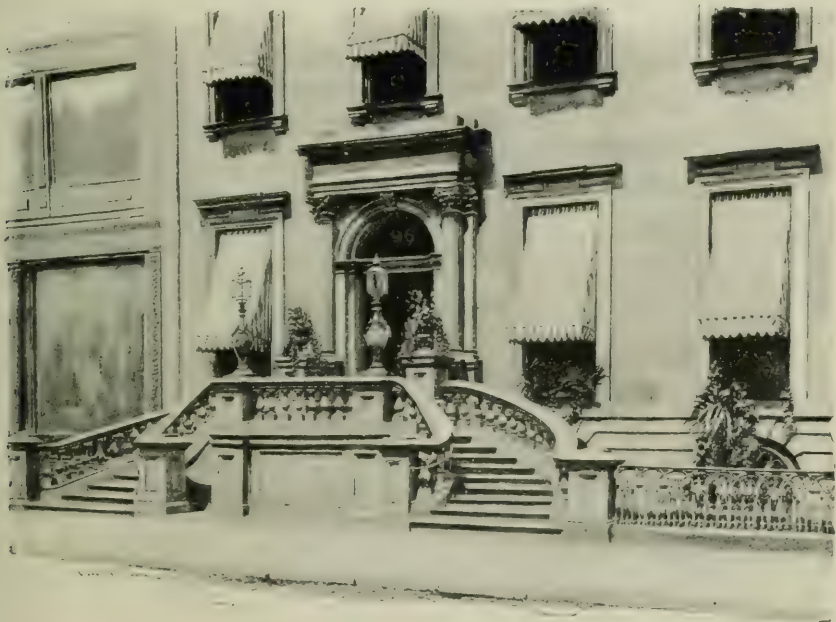
II.

It would be safe to say that scarcely any great American city has undergone in the last fifteen years so many changes as New York. Of these changes perhaps the most remarkable has been the multiplication of clubs. A simple enumeration of the clubs now existing in New York takes up several pages of the Directory. It would be impossible to do more in this article than to attempt a grouping of the more important clubs

and classes of clubs. In the same group might be mentioned the Union, the Knickerbocker, the University, the Calumet, the St. Nicholas, and the New York. These clubs do very nearly for New York what the English clubs I have been describing do for London. They are more expensive than English clubs—this remark, by the way, applies as well to other classes of New York clubs. The expense is not in the restaurant, which is not dearer than in clubs of the same sort in London, but in the initiation fees and annual dues. These high fees are explained by the high price of rent and service in New York. But there are other explanations. The appointments are usually smarter than in London clubs, and the food, as a rule, better. This is perhaps true of the clubs of several American cities. An English friend, who is an excellent judge in these matters, tells me that at the Somerset Club in Boston the food and wine are not only better than can be found at London clubs, but that they are as good as the best to be had at Paris cafés like the *Anglais* and the *Bignon*. Of the clubs above enumerated the most prominent is the Union. It is a very characteristic and substantial embodiment of the business and social life of New York. It is handsomely and comfortably appointed. It has an admirable library. It is famed for the excellence of its restaurant. "What good dinners I have had at that club," I have heard the grateful Briton exclaim. Nor is the living dear; for two men dining together it is very reasonable. The Knickerbocker is an offshoot of the Union. It is, to use an English phrase, the smartest of New York clubs. With its bright external appearance the public is familiar. The late Mr. Matthew Arnold said that within it was the prettiest club he had ever seen. The Knickerbocker from its name might be supposed to confine its membership mainly to old New York families. I imagine, however, that the club would repudiate such an intention. It would perhaps be more correct to say that the qualification for membership of the club is a recognized position in New York society. The St. Nicholas is a club that confines its membership to the descendants of old New

Yorkers. The candidate must have had an ancestor living here before 1785. The Calumet is the extremely attractive club on the corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, which has a southern exposure, full of windows through which the bright sunshine comes in upon a number of cheerful rooms. The University, a club composed of college graduates, is widely known as one of the most vigorous and successful social institutions in the country. It is a club of comparatively recent foundation, but it sprang almost immediately into a position of power and influence. For some years it occupied the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, now occupied by the New York Club, but later removed to the house in Madison Square formerly belonging to the Union League. The New York Club revives a name very dear to people who remember this city in the decade preceding the war. One of them was heard to say, a few days ago, "That was one of the pleasantest

don. London has, besides its Reform and Carlton—respectively the leading Liberal and Conservative clubs—numbers of subsidiary institutions like the Devonshire and the Junior Carlton, which perform a similar office. Brooks's is indeed a Liberal club. The only New York clubs that could be named with these are the Union League and the Manhattan. The Union League was the outcome of the war, and still preserves a pretty strict Republican character, although it contains a certain number of Mugwumps and Democrats. The Manhattan, the representative Democratic club, is scarcely as strictly political as the Union League. Roscoe Conkling was a member of the Manhattan; so is Mr. Clarence Seward, who is a Republican. The members elected Mr. Conkling because they liked him. Of course, men who belong to party clubs in the course of time sometimes change their opinions. This happens in England as it does here, and parties sometimes leave clubs. It is no uncommon



Entrance of the Old Manhattan, New York.

clubs that ever was. It contained everybody one wished to know."

Political clubs in New York have not the prominence which they have in Lon-

don. thing to hear in a London drawing-room, on a Sunday afternoon, such a conversation as the following:

LADY. Are you a Liberal?

GENTLEMAN (*causively and ironically*).
I belong to Brooks's.

LADY. That is not a satisfactory answer.

It is not necessary to speak at length of the Union League, or of the well-known building in which it is housed. The restaurant of this club has always been very highly considered. Then it has such a beautiful dining-room, with such a fine outlook. The Manhattan has always been distinguished for its kitchen and cellar. Since it has moved into its new house, it has one of the finest club-houses in the world. There is perhaps only one objection to be made to it, and that may be hypercritical; white marble does seem a little cold for a club-house.

The Century is a club which it would be difficult to class with other clubs. It has been a club by itself. Always original and natural, it has endeavored throughout its history to adapt itself to the needs of the higher life of New York. A club which gives picture exhibitions once a month, to which ladies are admitted, evidently does not follow the European models. The monthly receptions and weekly suppers are also a departure. The aim of this club has been high thinking, or, at any rate, social enjoyment rather than luxury and display, and a pretty steady resistance has been offered to all movements in the contrary direction. But a very little while ago only luncheon could be had there, and at this nothing was served hot. Members who wished anything cooked were required to do the cooking themselves. A chafing-dish was given them in which to cook oysters or eggs, or to grill a piece of cold roast beef. Very agreeable were those symposiums in which the mind was bent half upon the conversation and half upon the contents of the chafing-dish. Later more elaborate luncheons, dinners, and even breakfasts were permitted. The old members, and for that matter the young ones, too, hope that in the new house the ancient character of the club will be preserved. It is the intention that the new building, while being comfortable and even elegant, shall secure as far as possible the especial objects of the club. The monthly exhibitions will continue, but

the entrance to the gallery will be from without, and the club will thus be in no-wise incommoded by them. There are to be well-lighted reading- and writing-, dining- and billiard-rooms, and fine rooms for the library and the meetings of the club. The walls of the building are now high enough to give a view of the front, and there are good judges who say that it is as beautiful as an Italian palace, or, at any rate, as a perfectly new Italian palace can be made in New York.

The Century is assisted by other clubs in looking after the literary and artistic needs of New York. Among these may be mentioned the Lotos, the Players', the Fellowship, the Authors', and the Aldine. The Lotos has long been familiar to the public, and a great deal has been said of the brilliant gift which Mr. Booth has made to New York in the handsome house of the Players' in Gramercy Park. The complaint is indeed made that in these two clubs the non-professional element tends to strengthen itself at the expense of the professional. The complaint is not an unusual one; it has been made with regard to the Garrick in London. The Fellowship is composed of writers and artists connected with the press. The Authors' Club is, as its name indicates, made up of men who have written books. It has rooms, but no club-house. The Aldine, founded by publishers and artists, has within two years taken possession of a house in Lafayette Place.

What strikes one about all these clubs is that they are sound, natural, and national. American clubs of thirty years ago were, to some extent, exotics. But the modern clubs are thoroughly united with the national life. They are changed to suit our conditions. Clubs are constantly appearing in which the English original is modified in all sorts of ways to suit the needs of the projectors. This is especially observable in the German clubs. If the origin of the English and of most American clubs was the coffee-room of a tavern, the origin of the wonderful institutions which the Germans have put up in New York is evidently a German beer-garden. The Englishman was happy in his tavern chair, unrestrained by the presence of female soci-



The New Century Club.

ety. The German liked to drink beer in company of his sweetheart, or surrounded by his family. Such clubs as the *Freundschaft*, *Arion*, the *Liederkrans*, and the *Central Turnverein* are evidently only splendid developments of the charming gardens of the Fatherland. This fact to me is wonderfully interesting as showing the composite character of this country, and the readiness with which the people of every nationality proceed to make themselves at home

here. The new *Progress Club*, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third Street, the handsomest of several handsome Hebrew clubs, is another illustration of the freedom with which the English model is altered at will. This club has a superb ball-room. The ball-room of the *Central Turnverein*, by the way, is nearly as large as the Metropolitan Opera House.

There are besides many purely American modifications. In the business

part of the town there are clubs for mid-day luncheon and recreation. The Down-Town Club is a very fortunate organization. The appointments of this club-house are handsome yet simple, the restaurant excellent and dining-rooms comfortable. It is a very pleasant, sensible place. The Lawyers' Club

stabling for horses of the members, a good-sized ring for exercise, dining-rooms, and (of which there can hardly be too many) bath-rooms, and dressing-rooms. The bath and dressing-room is perhaps the most important element of these clubs. The man who has had an hour's exercise in the Park and has



The Hall of the Rockaway Hunt Club.

in the Equitable Building performs a similar office.

I have only time to glance at another native American modification; I mean the country clubs, such as Tuxedo and the Country Clubs at Pelham and Cedarhurst on Long Island. Tuxedo has been pronounced by many good judges to be the most beautiful thing of its kind in the world, and the other clubs are very successful. Of these clubs, ladies, although they may not belong, are nevertheless part and parcel. The *raison d'être* of most of these clubs is the horse. The New York riding clubs should not be overlooked. The principal one of these clubs, that in Fifty-eighth Street, has

got in a perspiration, if he keeps his horse near Fifty-ninth Street—which he is likely to do in order to save walking him over the cobble-stones—is in danger of taking cold before he gets home. Hence the advantage of being able to dress and have a bath where his horse is kept.

There are also the Aquatic and Athletic clubs, which are very important and are growing in number and in splendor at a great rate. Colleges and college fraternities have clubs. The Harvard Club has a house of its own. D, K, E, and Psi Upsilon occupy houses, and the Delta Psi fraternity, under the name of the St. Anthony Club, owns its

house. There are religious clubs. The Catholic Club is putting up a great club-house on Fifty-ninth Street, and there are associations, such as the Congregational, the Clergy, and the Universalist clubs. There are clubs for the ladies. Sorosis is of course a famous institution. A new club-house for ladies has recently been started, with every augury of success, in Lexington Avenue. There are purely social clubs for men and women, such as the Thursday Evening and Nineteenth Century Clubs. One of these, the Drawing-room Club, has recently taken a house. The Fencers' Club, an institution which enjoys itself very much, has recently moved into very pretty rooms. To show how impossible it would be in the course of an article of this sort to notice all these special institutions, I may say that not only are there clubs for dogs, but there are clubs for varieties of dogs, such as the spaniel and the mastiff.

the better, the English solitude or the American sociality? Speaking for myself, I may be allowed to say that I have never had as much pleasure at any club as at one I belong to in this country. The keenest social pleasure, by the way, you can, as a rule, only have with your own country people. In one London club, composed largely of foreigners living there, I used to observe that people of the same nationality almost invariably dined together. Frenchmen dined with Frenchmen and Austrians with Austrians. It might be thought that men who have been together all day long would at the end of the day rather dine apart. But it was not so. Not long ago I was at a club of a similar kind at Washington and noticed the same thing; people of the same nationality dined together. The reason of the necessity of a common nationality is that intimacy is necessary to social happiness, and you cannot easily



The Rockaway Hunt Club, Cedarhurst, Long Island.

III.

MUCH has been said in the course of this paper about sociability; that is, indeed, the characteristic difference between English and American clubs. Which is

have intimacy without a common nationality. The fact that we know each other very well is the reason of the charm of the American club just spoken of. It gives an idea of this place to say that people find themselves neglecting their business



The Country Club, Westchester, New York.

in order to get there in time for luncheon. It is not that the company is so unusual. There are, no doubt, attractive men, full of interesting knowledge; there is plenty of good talk. But it is not enough that the talk should be good; the men must be seen and heard through an atmosphere of friendship. Some of the nicest men choose to say very little; but these are men in whom in the course of daily acquaintance you learn to discover very charming qualities and friendly dispositions. Possibly everybody is not charming. Perhaps there is even a bore or two; but bores are very human, and, to my thinking, rather cosy. There is a gentleman who tells over the same story, but nobody

minds it as much as he would if he knew, and he doesn't. Even the gentleman who is always talking about his health performs a beneficent office; he insinuates into the minds of his auditors an impression that life is valuable.

Such are the possibilities of social enjoyment in an American club. Can this be made to consist with that independence which is characteristic of English clubs? This may be done, I hope, by the simple device of making the clubs large enough. A slight examination of the enormous club-houses now building in New York leaves little doubt of the possibility of the coexistence of these qualities.

MY FRIEND.

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

I HAVE a friend who came—I know not how,
Nor he. Among the crowd, apart,
I feel the pressure of his hand, and hear
In very truth the beating of his heart.

My soul had shut the door of her abode,
So poor it seemed for any guest
To tarry there a night—until he came
Asking, not entertainment, only rest.

Our hands were empty—his and mine alike,
He says—until they joined. I see
The gifts he brought; but where were mine
That he should say "I, too, have need of thee"?

Without the threshold of his heart I wait
Abashed, afraid to enter where
So radiant a company do meet—
Yet enter boldly, knowing I am there.

Whether his hand shall press my latch to-night,
To-morrow, matters not. He came
Unsummoned, he will come again, and I,
Though dead, shall answer to my name.

And yet, dear friend, in whom I rest content,
Speak to me *now*—lest when we meet
Where tears and hunger have no grace,
A little word of friendship be less sweet.



JERRY.

PART THIRD (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER XI.

"For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon,
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon."



DURDEN'S was in a stir, and pulsed and throbbed under its ugly covering of slush and grimy snow; Durden's had never seen such times, and in its wildest dreams had never pictured such excitement.

A shanty had been put up in Eureka and called the "Depot," and one small locomotive had made the run over the road that was barely laid, and entirely unsafe. Still, the directors could not come at any other time, and they had made it quite plain that the salvation of the two towns, the mines, and the railway depended on their coming to see and to advertise things. So the track was laid, not built, to Eureka and on to Durden's, that the imaginary last spike might be driven by some portly director, or his wife, or his daughter; that the reporters might be there to telegraph this wonderful town-growth to all the important daily papers; that the artists in the great cities might make the pictures of the event so that the people in the provinces might see it all in their illustrated journals before it had really occurred! All this was necessary to the success of the towns, and to the welfare of the railway: things must be advertised, else they would die. Everyone having been convinced of these

facts, a great excursion at half-rates was advertised, and a suitable number of the moneyed elect invited to go out and patronize this new town of Durden's, that was different from any other town in that it was founded and organized on the newest theories, and worked on the plan of pure equality, that had been the problem of philanthropists and philosophers through all the ages! So the newspapers said.

Alas! a town that had become a dreadful burden and puzzle to its author!

And Durden's, reading all this in Dan Burk's paper, felt very proud and important; and was fully prepared to patronize these "city folks" who were coming out to see this remarkable town. And Jerry was glad, for the people were much more willing to help in his preparations and plans.

The paths that answered for sidewalks were put in order, the houses were thoroughly cleaned, a new path was made to the mine, and on the few sunshiny days everything in Durden's seemed to be washed and hung out to dry.

All was moving smoothly, when suddenly the temper of the people seemed to change, and Jerry heard murmurs about spending so much money and about the dividend that had not been declared.

"Paul is at work," he said to himself; and the clew was put into his hands by Mrs. Milton.

"An' youuns hed better know, Jerry Wilkerson," she said, while putting his supper on the table with more than usual

emphasis, "thet if these city folks is rich, an' is youuns's frien's, they ain't agoin' to stomp on noner us, ner change nothin' in this town, they ain't, if Mr. Henley as knows 'em do say it; an' youuns had better tell 'em so, Jerry Wilkerson, or Durden's will."

It was after a hard day's work that this revelation, for it was a revelation, came to Jerry; and he did not answer the old woman—he did not wish to until he had collected his thoughts somewhat, so went on with his supper diligently, as if this were his reason for not talking.

"Paul Henley, thet were borned rich,"

Mrs. Milton began again, "he don't take on like he were too good, he don't; he jes' goes roun' alonger orl the boys, jes' fur orl the worl' like he were a pore boy too, he does."

And now Jerry did not answer, because he saw that it would do no good. Paul Henley had made his impression, and these people were not capable of receiving more than one impression at a time; and this silence was so often his way with Mrs. Milton that she scarcely noticed it.

It was her method to give her opinions and advice while Jerry was busy with his dinner or his supper, because, as she would explain—

"It's a good time to say youuns's say, 'cause thar ain't the man livin' as'll stop eatin' to jaw back; jest you bet on that," and Jerry often verified her theory, and was glad to do it on this occasion; and without reply went away to the issuing of rations, and the doing of numberless odd jobs that were crowding on him more and more as the time drew near for the great excursion.

He could not stop to think now, it was impossible to pause long enough to gather together his thoughts; his thoughts that, notwithstanding his preparation and expectation of Paul's attack, were scattered wildly by the strangeness of the quarter from whence it came. He held the clew, however, to Paul's course of action, and to that extent was more safe; and while he worked, even though with both mind and body, directing, measuring, counting, weighing, his scattered forces gathered themselves about this new centre and worked out counter-plans.

Mrs. Milton's words had revealed much; had connected much for him; had given him the key to Paul's intentions. Paul was trying to undermine him in the eyes of the people by telling them that the laws of the town would bind them, but not Mr. Wilkerson's rich friends. Not a very clever plan, Jerry thought, and one easily foiled. Next day, at the meeting of the town committee, he would move that all the laws of the Commune should be strictly enforced during the stay of the strangers. This would open the people's eyes; and the ease of his counter-move made him suspect that this was a ruse to throw him off his guard; Paul's plans must be deeper than this.

On the morning of this same day Greg had told him that his mother and sister would stay with Henley; that the arrangement had been made before Henley left New York; and Jerry had answered that they would be more comfortable there; but that he would not be able to see anything of them; then had gone on with his work in so undisturbed a way that Greg—though to some extent he had expected just this action—felt a little angry.

His people had been very kind to Jerry, he remembered, and Jerry ought to be more troubled about not seeing them; still, if he were not, it was not Greg's place to remonstrate.

Then Jerry had heard of Paul and Engineer Mills putting in order many of the empty houses in Eureka, and arranging them as lodgings for the excursionists. Paul was unusually energetic and interested; and Jerry listened and watched closely.

His move in the committee, that the laws be strictly enforced during the stay of the strangers, was warmly seconded and carried; no drink was to be allowed except beer, and men who got drunk over in Eureka must stay there until they recovered. No drunkenness nor rioting was to be tolerated in Durden's.

And Jerry walked home wondering what he would hear next—and he had not long to wait. The next day the news came to him that Paul had repaired and improved Dave Morris's old shop in Eureka, and had stocked and opened it

as a "Bar-room and Eating Saloon." Dan Burk told him of it, and had added that his wife was to attend the eating-room, and a new man from the East was to keep the bar.

"It's to be fine," Dan added, "and good vittles for mighty little."

"That is economical at least," Jerry had answered, while his mind began to follow Paul's plans.

A very sure game for a man whom Greg had described as unscrupulous. And to put Mrs. Burk in the front of his venture was a clever move. As the standard of Durden's went, Mrs. Burk was a society leader; she could read and write, and took much to herself from the fact of her superior education, and the people regarded her as a person of some importance.

In the course Paul was pursuing a woman was the best tool. Mrs. Burk's tongue was endless, which was one good way of advertising the "saloon," besides being most admirable for the spreading of any reports Paul might wish to have scattered abroad; added to this, she would make the place attractive for women, and the men would soon follow.

Jerry pushed the fire a little uneasily as he sat thinking; he had been such a fool; such a fool to banish so great a power as drink; such a wonderful factor as it was in keeping the people satisfied and unquestioning; such a wretched fool! Joe had warned him of this—wise old Joe had said that these people wanted nothing so much as corn bread, and dirt, and whiskey, and that they would have it. And in the silence words came back to him, words he had heard that day, but that he had not heeded properly until now. A man had said, "Mr. Henley ain't above ownin' a shop nor sellin' whiskey," and Jerry had passed on, not seeming to hear.

And he understood it all, and could see the poison working in the minds of the people.

If only this wretched excursion were over, and he left free to countermine, he could play the same game: he would work things round until the people would not be able to understand anything but that things had changed; he would do anything, he would put half

he owned into the town in order to win the game against Paul.

He paused suddenly in his thinking, and pushed the fire until it blazed and roared up the chimney. There was one easy way out of it all; and he leaned back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head.

Run the Durden's stock up as high as possible, then sell out quietly from the whole affair. He could retain power long enough to accomplish this; and do it while Paul was involving himself in new ventures and expenses in order to undermine him: sell out quickly and leave Paul neck-deep in a troublesome speculation.

He laughed a little, and turned the thought over in his mind; it did not seem so black now as it had done. The people no longer cared for him; already they were becoming adherents of Paul Henley's; and they were not worth that he should sacrifice anything for them. For years and years the doctor had been their friend, and in a week they had all turned away from him; why should he think of them? True, they had invested in the town and in the mine because he had told them to do it; but in return he had kept them sober for months, had given them more comfortable homes and more decent habits than they had ever known; and besides, there was no reason why either the town or the mine should fail because he withdrew.

Give up the mine and Durden's—give up his millions that lay hidden down there under the earth where Joe's patient feet had trod day after day to amass the gold that now, strangely enough, had gone back into the mine—had all gone back to try to bring out more!

Strange, very strange! If he had thought of this he would not have invested all in the mine—Joe had warned him.

He got up and walked up and down the room once or twice; his pulse was beating faster, and he felt the blood burning in his face.

Give up Durden's and not make his millions—give up Durden's and his power and position; go away from the only place and people he had ever

known ; give up his individual glory and his little kingdom ; admit himself foiled, and his scheme a failure—leave Paul victorious even though the victory should be death !

He shook his clinched fist.

Never !

He would rather be buried under the ruins of the fabric he had created than lay down his arms !

How foolish this was ! Who would care if he failed and died ; who would count him a hero for standing by his venture ; who would mourn his loss ?

To die now would be like dropping a stone into the water—one little swirl of the tide, then gone ! And why should he hate Paul—Paul who had been the spur and power of his life ? If he had never known Paul as a rival, as an enemy, as a creature who took and held the love and place he had longed for, he would have been an idle dreamer still, planning impossible schemes for the regeneration of his class ; he would never have gone East ; never have compelled the doctor to go there, and so to wrench the hope out of two lives.

Never have left Joe to go on that wild adventure, whatever it might have been ; that cost him his life.

Never have found the money, nor invested it so wildly.

Not have lost his only friend and protector, nor involved himself in this net that was closing about him—binding him until he writhed and bled. Never have lost the peace and quiet of his days. Never have fallen so low as he was now—now when he was willing to stoop to anything—to sacrifice anything to make and save money !

But for Paul he would have still retained his self-respect.

He laughed.

Now he was a fool. He was not obliged to make a decision at this moment ; he could run up Durden's stock, and the manipulation would help him in any case ; and he would write to his broker immediately.

It was a relief to have something to do, and he sat down and wrote rapidly. A peremptory letter it was, directing that every known mode should be pursued that could force the stock up ; that his name and his credit should be used

in any way and to any extent to further this end, and after this Mr. Glendale was to stand ready to sell at a moment's notice—he would telegraph his orders.

And the broker read the letter with a satisfied feeling when he remembered that he had sold his Durden's stock to his client ; and being uninterested calmly began to make preparations to execute these very doubtfully wise orders.

CHAPTER XII.

"We talked on fast, while every common word
Seemed tangled with the thunder at one end,
And ready to pull down upon our heads
A terror out of sight."

DURDEN'S stood on tiptoe !

Preparations had been made that seemed grand and luxurious in the eyes of the town : the Town Committee had met and elected a "Committee of Arrangements," while the whole population turned out as a committee of reception.

As there was not even a shanty in Durden's which could be used as a station, Durden's had built a shed ; a shed that meant money, as labor and lumber were expensive ; a shed that, Durden's magnanimously announced, would not cost the railway company anything ! a shed that Durden's was proud of in a reckless, careless, bountiful sort of way. When they did things in Durden's, they did them "rale han'some !"

Many had gone to Eureka to see the entrance of the grand train—the grand train that was obliged to come in very slowly on account of the insecurity of the track ; these people intended to board the train, if possible, and come back as an escort of honor, and receive the guests in grand style under the Durden's shed, where the great body of the towns-people waited in hungry excitement for this greatest event of their lives.

Two nights before, a light snow had fallen, which melting within twelve hours had reduced the partially dried roads to the consistency of soft-soap, and had caused every small stream and rivulet to double its size instantly. Jerry and Mr. Henshaw were anxious,

miserably anxious, though Jerry gave no sign; but his heart was quaking and his pockets felt empty, for the main stream was as full as could be esteemed safe, and too full to let the shareholders think of the mine as an entirely trustworthy investment.

"They will not know that this has been an unusual winter," Mr. Henshaw said, despondingly; "they will judge of things only as they see them," and he looked at Jerry mournfully over his spectacles.

"Very true," Jerry answered, quietly, "and we can only hope that the stream will subside a little before to-morrow; they will not have time to go to the dam to-day."

"So!" and Mr. Henshaw looked admiringly at Jerry, who seemed always to find the right way out of a difficulty. "I had not thought of that; of course they cannot go up to-day—of course not," and he took his way down to the reception-shed in a calm and peaceful frame of mind.

All the town was there; everybody in their best; everybody eager to see and to hear; everybody full of importance as to the guests consigned to them.

Jerry had told them that, with the exception of a few ladies who would go to Mr. Henley's, the people would live in the train probably, and only would have to be provided with food; he had made a point of telling them this, fearing dissatisfaction or misunderstanding. Also, he had spent much thought on his dress; should he wear his usual Durden's suit, with his rough trousers tucked inside his boots, and his pistols in his belt; or should he put on the clothes he had brought from the East?

He felt foolish because he could not decide instantly, and angry with humanity that such a trivial thing should be of importance, and he knew it. Would the people prefer that their representative should dress as they dressed; or that he should look on an equality with the people who were coming?

He spent much thought on it, at last deciding in favor of his usual costume; there was a fitness in it to the environment that would be missing entirely in his tailor-made clothes. He dressed

most carefully, with an unacknowledged feeling that he would like to look well in Isabel Greg's eyes, and wondered if she would recognize him in this Western guise. Pshaw! if she did or did not, what matter? she would stay at Paul Henley's house, so that he could see nothing of her—what matter how he looked? Besides, she would have eyes for her brother only, whom she had not seen in a great length of time. So he hurried down to the station, being a little late, to find the town waiting and fuming over the delay in Eureka. The train had been heard and seen to stop in Eureka, at least twenty minutes before Jerry joined the waiting town.

Dan Burk and Dave Morris had gone over there, the people said, to see that things were properly managed, and the train properly welcomed. Twenty minutes ago the train had stopped, and since then there had been no sign of its moving on; and yet there was nothing to keep them in Eureka.

Jerry listened but made no comment, even though he was surprised; he had expected them to pause in Eureka simply because it was Eureka, but only for five or ten minutes!

Gradually the grumbling grew louder and more impatient, as with strained eyes the people watched the train, announcing at short intervals that the smoke from the engine was rapidly lessening. Had any accident happened?

Thirty minutes passed, and many more in their wake, when a voice in the rear of the crowd said, in a smothered tone—

"Hullo!"

The murmurs had been loud and continuous, and this exclamation was scarcely above a whisper, yet every man, woman, and child turned, for there was something in the tone that defied indifference.

Jerry drew a sharp breath between his teeth: driving by as rapidly as the road would permit, was Paul Henley with a large wagon full of ladies going to the doctor's house, and behind him another wagon full of gentlemen, and driven by Greg!

Jerry's heart seemed to stop its beating: Paul had outwitted him!

It was a stupidly simple plot ; so stupidly simple that Jerry had not suspected it ; and now, though he understood it all in a moment, he dared not act on his intuitions. These people could not understand anything but a plainly demonstrated fact ; and if he showed that he understood with so little explanation as two wagons full of people, the town would accuse him of being in the plot to give Mr. Henley all the great guests. He must wait always as they did, and understand as they did when ill was about to befall them ; but good fortune he could predict as far ahead as he pleased, and be esteemed a prophet !

The people watched until the wagons stopped and the travellers were lost to sight in the house, then once more they turned their attention to the train, over which only the thinnest cloud of smoke was visible : what did it mean ?

Jerry knew, and as the murmurs grew loud about him, he cursed himself bitterly under his breath ; cursed himself as the blindest of fools, and Paul as the most wily of villains.

He could read it as plainly as a book spread open before him ; two days ago Greg had gone to meet his mother and sister across the divide, and Paul had gone with him to meet his guests ! And now the train had stopped in Eureka, and Paul had driven over a wagon full of ladies, and Greg a wagon full of gentlemen to Paul Henley's house ; had the rest of the excursionists taken up their abode in Eureka ?

The surmise struck him like a blow, and with it came the memory that the railway company had most of its interests centred in Eureka. They owned all the land and houses in Eureka ; of course it was to their interest that Eureka should advance. Had all stopped there ?

Louder and more discontented grew the words about him ; the people were becoming more and more angry ; it was cold and uncomfortable even under the wonderful shed, and the waiting crowd were hungry. But not even one of the advance-guard who had gone to meet the train had come back ; nothing had happened since the thrill that went through the populace when the whistle

of the engine was first heard, and now they were weary.

Curses were growing plentiful, and sarcastic remarks as to great public festivities, when a cloud of smoke was seen to issue from the engine, and a sound like a faint shout was borne on the air !

"She's a-comin' !" went from lip to lip, and a breathless, strained silence ensued ; surely the train was in motion, very slow on account of the insecure track, but still it *was* moving ! Once more the excitement rose to fever heat, and the people ceased their cursing and grumbling, and every eye watched eagerly.

Every eye save Jerry's.

He knew that the day and its triumph had been stolen from him ; he knew that the end he worked for would never be accomplished through any good he would reap from this excursion : Paul Henley had undermined him. He was certain of this fact, but to what extent Paul had cheated him he could not know until the train arrived.

How many had gone with Paul did not matter so much, as the standing of the men ; the people in Durden's knew the names of all these magnates who were coming, and from the new settlers, many of them sent out by these great directors, they had gathered some knowledge of the moneyed worth and standing of these men, and had contested as to the entertaining of them ; a man's millions making him great or small.

More than once Jerry had turned away from the boasting of the Durdenites over the man "who was agoin' to eat with them !" And now he knew that all these triumphs were gone hopelessly ; he knew that all the great men had gone to Paul Henley's ; and what would be the upshot ?

Slowly the train came on, crawling like a great worm, the more slowly when it felt the upward grade as it neared Durden's, and the excitement had time to grow intense : Jerry caught it, and his fears added to it made him angry—what would the result be ?

Nearer and nearer ; the buzz of excitement growing into a cheer as the engine gave a last scream and stopped.

Instinctively Jerry turned and looked

toward the doctor's house—what made him he could not tell, but he turned back quickly with a smothered oath, for on the distant piazza he could distinguish Paul and his guests watching the arrival!

"I'm blessed if it ain't plum empty!" and Jerry, hurried on by the crowd that hustled and pressed the more eagerly after this exclamation, found himself pushed into the first car, that but for one or two men, well-known inhabitants of Durden's, was empty!

For a moment the crowd paused, too surprised to ask any questions; then pushed on toward the next car, only to find it locked and a guard at the door.

"The provision car, sir," he said, touching his hat respectfully to Mr. Henshaw, who, like Jerry, had been hurried along by the eagerness of the crowd; "to go back to the other town, sir," the guard went on; "Mr. Henley has a lunch-room there, sir, for the gentlemen."

Mr. Henshaw looked at Jerry in mute wonder, and the people crowded nearer to hear.

"It must be a mistake," Jerry said, quickly; "Mr. Henley does not know that preparations have been made in this town to entertain all the guests."

"I have it in writing, sir," now addressing Jerry, and handing him a card; "as soon as the back cars are emptied the train is to push back to Eureka, and unload the provision car there, sir," again touching his hat; "this is Mr. Henley's card, sir, and Mr. Redwood wrote the orders on it."

Durden's stood open-mouthed, and Jerry felt as if he were in a dream!

"This provision car belongs to Mr. Henley's guests, then?" he asked, as calmly as possible.

"No, sir, to the directors, all the directors, sir; they are to have rooms in Eureka, and their meals are to be provided for them at an eating-room of Mr. Henley's, sir."

"And these other people whom you have brought here," Jerry went on, striving to steady his voice that was shaken sorely with anger, "who are they?"

The guard shrugged his shoulders.

"Paying passengers," he answered, almost contemptuously, "people who wanted a cheap trip."

Jerry turned away; he had been foolish to push this explanation that was now almost irretrievable, and he could only hope that the people had not understood it.

He could not afford to stop and think now, and he pushed his way hastily through the questioning crowd to the last cars, that were disgorging rapidly a motley, tawdry crowd of men, women, and children; flashy, loud-talking creatures that even to Jerry's untutored eyes seemed far below the inhabitants of Durden's. Involuntarily he recoiled for a moment, and asked sharply for Dan Burk and Dave Morris; they should be there to help him; but they could not be found, and one of the men who had gone to meet the train explained that Mr. Henley had asked them to stay and see after the strangers who had stopped in Eureka.

There was a vow of vengeance uttered under Jerry's breath, then he turned manfully to his task. He had expected people like these to stop in Eureka, and be fed from the lunch-room; and only that morning had been anxious lest this class should prove more attractive to the Durden's people, and so entice them away to the aiding and abetting of this new scheme of Paul's. Now things were completely reversed, and all his plans with them.

Hurriedly these thoughts streamed through his heated brain, as, calling up man after man of those who had promised to provide for the visitors, he parceled off to each his guests. Rapidly the crowd dwindled, and the spirits of the Durdenites seemed to rise as they led away the strangers to be fed and warmed; and Jerry, watching and listening, had a faint hope that Durden's would be satisfied, and not fully realize the slight put upon her.

Very weary he was when he reached Mrs. Milton's with the three men she had agreed to receive; very weary, and possessed by an undying hatred and anger. An honorable death by shooting was far too good for Paul; he would ruin him first; would cause him to waste his substance—then he would stand and

watch his life fade into a colorless failure!

If only he could compass this.

It was one o'clock—late for dinner in Durden's—and Mrs. Milton was more brusque in her ways than usual, in order to show that she was perfectly at her ease with these "puln' townfolks."

"An' har's some writin' as come fur youuns, Jerry Wilkerson," she said, putting down by his plate a carelessly folded note; "Jim Short he brung it from Paul Henley's house;" then, with a chuckle that was more angry than amused, "Jim he 'llows thet Paul Henley's done crawled youuns's log to-day," she said.

Jerry's eyes flashed, and the color surged up into his face; but it would not do to contest Mrs. Milton's words, especially before these strangers; and an effort at explanation would be ruination. Paul had over-reached him, and the more clear he made it to the people the higher would be their respect for Paul, and the more faith they would have in him. He knew full well that the first claim he had on their regard was the fact that he had outwitted both the doctor and Paul, and now his safety lay in not acknowledging himself as worsted; so he answered with a laugh:

"My log is a slippery log, Mrs. Milton."

"Thet's so!" came heartily from the old woman, "an' I tole Jim Short thet Paul Henley'd better scratch mighty easy roun' youuns, 'cause thar worn't no sicher thing as raisin' dust enough to make you shoot crooked; but keep the wittles a-stirrin', boys," she went on, more hospitably than she had done before, "I guess you all is rale hongry."

Then Jerry opened his note: a little scrap of paper from Mr. Redwood, who stood in Mr. Greg's place as chief officer of the expedition, telling Jerry that there would be a supper that night at the lunch-room in Eureka, to which he was most cordially invited; and that the next day the "Directors" would take great pleasure in going over the mines and the towns.

They had reversed the order of things, and intended entertaining him!

And he realized to the fullest extent

that he stood in a most difficult and dangerous position.

"Did Jim say there was any answer to this, Mrs. Milton?" he asked.

"Nary," emphatically. "Jim's a plum fool anyhow."

So Jerry returned to his dinner, and to the entertaining of these three non-descript guests who had fallen to Mrs. Milton's share, while his mind followed an undercurrent of reasoning.

If he went to this supper from which the people were shut out, what would the people say? If he refused to go, what could not Paul say? Either way he was sure to be misjudged, for Paul would be ready to give either side reasons and motives unfavorable to him. He thought diligently while he talked to the men and to Mrs. Milton, who in her various journeys from the fireplace to the table made many telling remarks on the place and people; but she was stanch to Durden's, and told the most entrancing stories of the fortunes that had been made, and that could be made still.

"Sakes-alive, when 'Lije Milton come har, I'll be drat if he hed a livin' thing ceppen the cloze on hisn's back; an' when 'Lije Milton were buried he owned the whole thing, he did," putting down some biscuits that were golden-green with soda.

The men looked at each other, and then at Jerry, incredulously, so that Jerry added:

"Yes, and the town bought the mine from Mrs. Milton," and the men rose from the table much impressed, and Mrs. Milton swore a secret oath that she would stand by Jerry as long as she could "worry out one breath."

One strong adherent, and Jerry would need many. Still undecided as to the supper, he took the men out after dinner to where he had agreed to meet several householders, who would assist him in showing the guests the wonders of the mine, and the advantages of the town. They met many groups on the road who joined them, until quite a crowd took their way to the meeting-place. But there he found neither Dan Burk nor Dave Morris, nor was Mr. Henshaw anywhere to be seen. Added to this it was cold, and had clouded up

as if for another snow-fall; and Jerry's own spirit being at a low ebb, there was not much enthusiasm to spare.

But Jerry did not falter; he could not falter; he had been obliged to change the base of his operations entirely, and from intending to push and advance the interests of Durden's, he had to retreat to the position of saving himself and his venture.

So quietly, so cleverly the thing had been done, that he had scarcely had time to realize it; and the only hope left him was to impress everybody with his past successes, and the future of the place.

Instead of taking the grandees about, and strengthening his position in the eyes of the people by the way in which these great men listened to him; and instead of securing himself in the estimation of the stockholders by the sight of his power in the town, he was reduced to the necessity of keeping this motley mob in order, and also in a good humor, that the Durden's people might be deceived into esteeming these creatures as guests who were worth pleasing, and to think of themselves as gaining importance by entertaining them.

This was necessary for to-day, and to-morrow he would take the real guests about, and have all Durden's out to escort them; if only he could tide over this one bewildering day, he hoped that the occasion might yet be retrieved.

And after?

He put his hand back on his pistol for comfort, as he led the way over the carefully prepared pathway that he had intended should be trod first by the great directors! Alas! the rabble tramped over it carelessly and unappreciatingly, and Jerry thought with much impatience how impossible it would be for him to repair it before the next day! The whole thing seemed like a nightmare that he could not shake off. Why could not he rise and denounce the whole transaction? why could not he explain the whole affair, and demonstrate the great mistake that had been made? Explain to whom? Only to himself could the explanation be made, and the mistake be demonstrated. Mr. Henshaw had acquiesced in the whole arrangement, though somewhat sur-

prised, and had been seen to go from the car-shed to Paul Henley's, where, doubtlessly, he took his lunch. Dan Burk and Dave Morris had never returned from Eureka; Greg's mother and sister were Paul Henley's guests; so who was there to listen to his explanation, or to agree that he had been badly treated, when he was the only dissatisfied person? All he could do was to cover as well as possible his defeat, and bide his time.

At last his task was finished. The mine had been explained and explored, the town talked about glowingly; then, a light snow beginning to fall, the people hurried off in groups, and Mrs. Milton's three guests having gone to Eureka to look at that mine, Jerry felt at last that he was free to examine his position and arrange his plans.

Stock-still he stood in front of his fire, with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes fixed on the dancing flames; feeling too much to rest or to think connectedly; only realizing a hatred for Paul, and a desire for revenge that seemed almost to consume him; while a cold resentment against all humanity took possession of him.

Over this foundation of feeling a confused cloud of ideas floated: how had Greg explained his absence to Mrs. Greg and Isabel? in what light had Paul represented him to these people? how would he be received that night? and should he go?

Over and over again these thoughts drifted through his mind; over and over again he decided in one way, only to change to the opposite extreme.

Try as he would, he could not realize his position; he could not control the feeling that the whole fabric was melting before his eyes as suddenly as it had sprung up; there was magic in the whole thing—magic that would destroy him! He was doomed—he had taken the wrong turn that lies in every path—the one wrong turn which there is no recovering, and now he seemed to be travelling fast away from all success.

Whichever course he took now could be misconstrued, and would be misconstrued; but he must decide on something, and take a firm hold somewhere; to drift would be inevitable ruin. He

might make a mistake in his action—still it would be action; and he must act if action meant financial suicide. He must play Paul's game, and stop at nothing; let no tool nor thing be too low for use; and if he found that he could not hurt Paul in any more lasting way, he would kill him. And he laughed bitterly at the thought that death would not last as a punishment for Paul Henley! If there were any judgment or punishment hereafter, death should take Paul Henley to both: the doctor's love should shield him no longer.

Then the door opened and Greg came in.

"Not ready yet?" he began, with a gayety that had something of nervousness in it; "the supper will be early, so that we can sit long," he went on, rubbing his hands and holding them to the fire, "and of course you are coming."

"Yes," Jerry answered quietly, rising and standing in front of the fire, with his hands behind him; "but I will not change my clothes. How is your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you, and wishes to see you very much; so does Isabel; and Miss Henley asked after you most especially."

"They are very kind; I hope I shall see them to-morrow. Are you ready to go to Eureka now?"

The color flashed hotly into Greg's face.

"Not immediately," he answered, hesitatingly; "I told my mother I should stop there a moment on my way over."

"And will go over in Henley's wagon," Jerry added, in a matter-of-course way; then looking at his pistols carefully before putting them in his belt, he asked, "How are your visitors impressed with Durden's?"

"They seem to be immensely surprised," Greg answered, "especially at the government of the town; it seems that they did not believe what the papers said about us."

"I suppose it seems rather foolish to them," Jerry said; "rather whimsical."

"Well, yes," doubtfully, "rather impracticable for a speculation, they say; but I think they scarcely understand it yet."

"And would not, probably, after a week's talk," laughing. "To a capitalist and a speculator the scheme does not look so captivating as it does to the class I have been entertaining to-day; people looking down and people looking up cannot, of course, get the same view of a thing; and when I began, I was one of those who looked up."

"But now you look down, so can agree with the capitalists," Greg suggested.

"Do they propose to try any changes?" and involuntarily Jerry's voice sharpened.

"No, no; they cannot, you know; but I believe they have some suggestions to offer."

"To-night?" tersely.

"No, to-morrow; they intend to enjoy themselves to-night, and talk and explore to-morrow; there is to be a public meeting in Eureka, and speeches."

"In Eureka?" Jerry asked, quietly, although for a moment the ground seemed to slip from under his feet.

"Yes, the railway men, you know; they bought all the land at the doctor's suggestion, you remember; and now they are very anxious that the land values should rise, and think this is a good opportunity to capture settlers."

"And it is," Jerry answered, looking down into the fire, while there seemed a singing in his ears.

"And to-morrow Henshaw goes with Mills to inspect the Eureka Mine; of course the growth of one town will react on the other," he went on, as if to comfort Jerry; "a sort of double-barrelled affair that will help all."

"And I suppose I shall have to speak," Jerry said.

"Of course," quickly; "I shall call on you myself."

Jerry laughed.

"Scarcely," he said, "I do not think that would quite do;" then drawing a heavy pea-jacket over his flannel shirt, and taking up his hat, he turned to the door. "Of course I shall be called on to render an account, and I shall do it; but now we must go," and he led the way from the room.

At the foot of the steep, blind descent of the stairway, Mrs. Milton opened a door and let a stream of light out on them.

"I wants to set eyes on youuns, Jerry Wilkerson," she said, "'cause you looks rale jimpsey in sto' cloze, you do ; come in, come in."

Jerry laughed.

"I did not put on my store clothes, Mrs. Milton," he said ; "I prefer to look like a Durden's man," stepping into the light.

"Great-day-in-the-mornin' !" Then Mrs. Milton stood in silent disappointment.

"You are the best friend I have in the world, Mrs. Milton," and Jerry's eyes seemed to glow as he laid his hand on the old woman's shoulder, "and what is good enough for you is good enough for anyone."

"An' nothin' but youuns's ole blue shirt an' jeans breeches—Golly !"

"A bran-new shirt," Jerry answered, "and of the very best flannel, and my pistols are cleaned and my boots freshly greased to keep the wet out ; what more should a man want ?"

Mrs. Milton turned away.

"Youuns is a good figger of a man, Jerry Wilkerson, whatever yer cloze is," she said, slowly, "an' allers looks rale nice ; but them thar sto' cloze does look pisen fine, you bet ; an' Mr. Greg," scanning him over the top of her glasses, "looks a rale buster, he do ;" and without more words she ushered them out of the door, closing it after them.

"She is an extraordinary character," Greg said, laughing.

"The most extraordinary I ever met," Jerry assented ; "she is perfectly true and honest."

"Whew-w-w !" Greg whistled. "You are hard on humanity."

"Only another case of people looking from different stand-points," Jerry answered.

Then they plodded on in silence for a time.

"It will be deucedly cold by morning," Greg said, at length, almost repenting the friendliness that had caused him to come and warn Jerry of the plans on foot, so that he would be somewhat prepared. Jerry had not seemed surprised, nor in the least thankful to him for the trouble he had taken, nor did he seem much upset by the day's doings ; indeed, Greg felt defrauded of the sympathy

that he had been spending on Jerry all day.

"And the snow is increasing every moment," Jerry answered ; "if the worst comes, we shall have to illuminate one of the mines and have the meeting there ; it will be warm, and have plenty of echo, so that their words can come back again and again, and so impress themselves on our minds." Then suddenly, "Why did not your father come ?"

"My father ?" Greg repeated, in some surprise ; "he could not leave his business."

"And Mr. Glendale ?" mentioning the name of his own broker, who was also a director of the railway, "he could not leave his business either ?"

"I suppose not, though I have not asked ;" then Greg turned down the road to Paul Henley's, and Jerry went on to Eureka.

It had not occurred to Jerry before that the absence of these two men might mean something more than accident ; but now, although he did not know that Glendale was Henley's adviser also, the fact of both staying away seemed ominous. They were the only directors who were in any way bound to him, and knowing that there were possible disagreements ahead, they felt that in Durden's they would have to take sides, while in New York they could remain neutral. It was a hard conclusion to come to, and it was harder still to bear, but fortunately for Jerry, it brought its own strength in the shape of anger ; a strength that upheld him as no rest nor sympathy could have done.

So they were to have a public meeting in Eureka ; and the thing he had looked on as his greatest triumph, the compelling the company to buy the lots in Eureka in order to save what they had invested there already, this act that had been more than anything else the badge of his success, this had turned out to be the salvation of the rival town.

At the time of the transaction he had realized that this would be the case, but not so soon as this. It was a cruel misfortune that it should come now, and through the machinations of Paul Henley. And yet, was it any more than he had done to Eureka ? He walked a little faster.

He had been working for the public good when he did that; his motive had been the raising and bettering of a whole class!

He laughed a little as he thought this, a scornful, ill-sounding laugh; what a complete fool he had been! The only difference between him and Paul Henley was that Paul had had sense enough to have but one end in view—the destruction of an enemy; while he, though thirsting for this same thing, had covered it over with a philanthropic cloak. He had not realized his hypocrisy at the time, perhaps, but this proved him only the greater fool. And now Paul was reaping the benefit of his unscrupulous honesty in working openly and unblushingly for a low end. The people could understand him and his scheme, and were forced into belief in him by the unveiled selfishness of his motives. All along he had known that Paul laughed at his venture, and the laws of the town that held these men to a decent way of living, and took care of them and their money by force.

And well might Paul laugh; laugh at a man who, with the experience of generations before him to show and prove the folly of forcing people into a right and just way of doing things, still made the experiment. Old Joe, even, had seen his folly. The Almighty Himself had left humanity free for good or ill!

The world would grumble at its condition always—always it would cry frantically for honesty and reform; but it had only laughter for the honest man—and woe for the reformer. All that the world wanted was money, and only the poor found the times evil; it was only the poor who could not hold their place in the battle of life; and no man could help them; weakness must fall.

And yet Almighty Strength gave itself to death for the weak. He looked up to the sullen sky—if only he had been strong enough for that kind of success.

And the doctor? Jerry paused a moment in his going; had the doctor believed in that grand atonement of love—the doctor whose whole life had been spent in trying to strike a balance of good works against his sins?

If only this man had given him a little love, how his life had been glorified!

Even now it was not too late for him to make a grand sacrifice!

He walked on slowly; suddenly he turned into the one muddy street of Eureka, and stopped to take in the novelty of its appearance.

In front of every house, up and down the road, were hung lanterns, making quite an illumination, and in front of Dave Morris's old shop there was a long row of them; and boards laid down before the door; and an awning stretched overhead!

Jerry walked down to the shop, and found that inside things were as different as possible from the time when, in his youthful scorn and folly, he had knocked down Dave Morris. It had not been a year yet, since he struck that first blow of his career.

Dan Burk and Dave Morris were both in the shop, and Mrs. Burk, in all the finery she could buy or borrow in both towns, was sailing importantly, but condescendingly, about a table spread at the far end of the room. There were one or two women, faint copies of Mrs. Burk, who followed her obediently; and, in *blasé* and amused silence, the cook brought from New York was carving at a side-table; while a group of well-dressed imported waiters stood laughing near the stove.

And Jerry, in his rough dress, walked in unheeded by them. Dave Morris and Dan Burk were charged with the admitting of people, and now they hurried forward.

"Good-evenin', Mr. Wilkerson," looking anxiously in his cold face, for as yet they had not won their way with the new party sufficiently to be regardless of the censure of the old; "a paper, Mr. Wilkerson, and a chair?" and Jerry, accepting both things, sat down near a lamp.

The imported servants looked at him curiously; but he had given Dan Burk his coat and his hat with the air of a master, and wisely surmising that he was not made by his clothes, their mirth subsided into respectful silence.

Jerry opened the paper that already was rather soiled, and behind its protecting pages watched and listened and drew his conclusions.

Paul had worked well; for, as the conversation of the waiters and the women

drifted to him, and as he listened to the talk of a group of natives eating at the lunch counter near the door, and caught the remarks from Burk and Morris, he could hear "Mr. Henley" referred to as an authority for everything; a stranger would have thought Paul the great man of the towns; and the anger and the revenge, that out in the darkness he had subdued a little, seemed to take fresh hold on him, and to grow more quiet and more determined within him; it seemed now to reveal itself as the substratum of his whole being, over which all lighter emotions passed like the shadows of the clouds over the plain!

It would never leave him, this hatred—it should lie still for a while yet, but it should grow and strengthen by day and by night until the right time should come. His thoughts and emotions as he walked over had been only another phase of his lunacy.

There was a sound of wheels and of laughter outside, then an influx of men in every shape and size of overcoat and wrap that could be thought of, and out of the crowd Greg approached Jerry.

"Here you are," he said, heartily, "safe out of this beastly weather;" then to the party, who were most of them out of their wrappings by this time, "Here is Mr. Wilkerson, Mr. Redwood; of course you know him, Granger, and you, Van Dusen," and Jerry's hand was shaken by one man after another, and he was looked at from head to foot in a well-bred way. This the Wilkerson, the exceedingly gentlemanly young man they remembered in New York? What possessed him to clothe himself in this way?

Then Paul came forward, and a bow and a few words of greeting passed between them; Jerry's hatred must keep; and Paul's rôle was to make these people believe Jerry to be a rash, hot-headed philanthropist; and he the much-enduring friend whose advice and warnings had been scoffed at and disregarded; so their greeting was strictly unremarkable.

It seemed like a dream, to Jerry; a bad dream from which he could not waken; all the talk seemed to be against him, yet in a covert fashion that he could not take hold of; he talked busily enough himself, and was the recipient

of many toasts and many fine speeches, so that the people and the waiters standing about looked on him with very different eyes from what they had done when the semiroyal feast eaten in public began. Yet under all he detected with unerring instinct an effort to keep him in a good humor; he was an amiable visionary who had no harm in him, and who had succeeded after a manner, but whose success could not last.

But Jerry made no sign: he would "bide his time"—wait until the moment came when his blow would crush some thing or person—then he would strike—strike if the same blow destroyed himself.

He had ruined Eureka once, why not again? He had brought these men to terms once, why not again? No reason that he could see, save one, that sickened him with dread of failure; in his first struggle he had had a noble foe to deal with; now—and his blood tingled as he remembered who opposed him now!

And while he talked and listened he found himself revolving in an idle fashion the question whether it would be wiser to fight Paul with Paul's own weapons—"fight the devil with fire;" but surely this would give the devil the advantage to fight him with his own weapons; and yet to fight a lie with truth seemed a losing thing. If he had but stood to the first principles he had laid down for his life, how idle this present strife would have seemed to him! How pityingly he would have looked down on the fray, and the poor squabblers wasting lives and souls on the idle dross of gain! What difference if one or the other won?—a little while, and their graves would lie rain-washed and forgotten out there on the hill-side.

"Eureka is bound to succeed!" and Paul put his glass down with a clash.

"Of course," Mr. Redwood answered, tucking his napkin more carefully under his chin; "too many capitalists own land here for it to fail; we have only been waiting on the railway, knowing there was no need for any haste."

Jerry rallied his thoughts as Greg answered, quickly—

"And Durden's is a success."

"Except that damned stream," Van Dusen answered; "it makes everything so confoundedly unsafe."

"What do you say, Mr. Henshaw?" and Paul held his glass up to the light.

Mr. Henshaw cleared his throat and glanced at Jerry. "The dam is safe now," he said.

"And has been for more than twenty-five years," Jerry added.

"But the twenty-sixth might smash it," and Granger shook his head gravely.

"I am willing to risk it," Greg struck in sharply, seeing some of the natives drawing near and listening intently.

Paul laughed lightly.

"So you may be, Greg," he said, "for you have no one dependent on you; neither has Wilkerson; besides," looking Jerry straight in the face, then beyond him to the natives who were listening, "besides, Wilkerson has enough to carry him over any failure."

"Of course," Van Dusen answered, innocent of the part he was playing, "every man on Wall Street knows that Wilkerson can afford to play with dangerous investments; but I have no fortune, and I have a wife and four children."

"I am sorry for you," Jerry said, dryly, filling his glass, while a laugh ran round the table; "I have only been imprudent enough to invest all that Mr. Gilliam left me in the interest of his town, Durden's," returning Paul's look, "and with Durden's I stand or fall."

There was a little sound from the shop as of applause, while Greg clapped his hands openly, and the color rushed into Paul's face.

"By the way," and Paul put down his knife and fork, "we are old friends enough for a home question—how much did old Gilliam leave you anyhow?"

"Enough," Jerry answered, while he skillfully jointed the shapelessly fat ducks put down before him, "to run Durden's stock up above par in the market, and to keep it there," and his eyes flashed dangerously.

"And where did he get it?" Paul went on, feeling safe in the crowd, and too angry to restrain his venom.

Jerry's face grew very white in the moment's silence that followed Paul's words, but his voice was steady enough as he answered, slowly:

"He did not tell me, nor any living man; the secret of Joe Gilliam's find

died with him," and Jerry paused in his carving to lay his pistols on the table.

"He refused to tell it even on his death-bed," Greg said, looking angrily in Paul's face, "for I was there and heard him."

Then a silence fell on the company that was not comfortable, until Van Dusen said, with an uneasiness born as much of the look of Jerry's pistols as of Jerry, as he silently and ruthlessly dissected the tender round ducks, as of the subject he was reintroducing:

"But that dam?"

"Perfectly safe," Greg answered, firmly; then went on to tell the story of old Durden who had first turned the stream from its course; a story well known to all present, as it had been most carefully published in the pamphlet advertising the place, but which now was listened to with undivided interest, while the company, each in the silence of his own heart, tried to decide whether Jerry had pulled out his pistols as a warning to Paul, or because they made his belt too tight as the feast progressed. They had heard many well-authenticated stories of the Western mode of dealing with the slightest impertinence, and they were uneasy lest they should be treated to a specimen. Henley had been confoundedly prying, and Wilkerson was not a person who looked entirely safe; and he was not drinking much.

Meanwhile they listened to Greg's old story, making vague comments, and looking steadfastly away from the daintily mounted pistols that seemed to grow larger as they lay on the table-cloth. And when Greg finished, Mr. Henshaw, who was accustomed to seeing every man in the town armed always, and who did not take in the situation, went into a long disquisition on the present safety of the dam, and the work that had been put on it to make it perfectly secure. Then someone followed with a story of some recent flood, and the talk floated away from all dangerous topics; and the wine flowed freely, and the stories grew more witty and less decent, and songs from the younger men waked up the nearest inhabitants; and in the midst of it Jerry left, taking his ghastly pistols, judging rightly that no one could harm him now.

And through the crowd gathered about the door he found a respectful path opened, and the next day everybody knew that "Mr. Wilkerson had struck up to Durden's, and hadn't drunk but mighty little."

Steadily on through the dreary night, tramping heedlessly through mud and slush, breaking with sharp cracking the ice formed since nightfall on the roadway pools; unconscious of the driving snow, and the wind that cut like a knife; regardless of everything save the one great hatred; grasping with his fevered hands the pistols in his jacket pockets until the cold metal grew warm, and seemed almost to answer to his grasp. The one mad longing to crush and strangle the life and beauty out of the false face that had mocked him that night: he had read a book once, where a man, after long waiting, strangles his enemy. A slow, great agony of death, that he could watch growing in his victim's eyes; no sudden, merciful blow nor shot, but an awful creeping horror that would grant time for the realization of illimitable suffering—for the anguish of regret and failure to work its most dreadful pain. This man might undermine him; might in his crafty, snake-like fashion, compass his ruin; might stand and smile triumphantly over his fall; he would bear it, he would wait and watch, and when the hour of greatest success stood ready to this man's hand he would murder him.

He drew a long, sharp breath; he longed to cry aloud, that the awful excitement might find vent.

The wind came tearing down the mountains and out across the plain, driving the snow in great clouds before it, crying and shrieking as it went, and far off he heard the roar of falling water!

He stood still in the darkness—and in the lull of the storm he listened: often in the night he heard this roar. How easily an enemy might ruin him: one loosened stone—one little blast of powder unheard in the stormy night, and the wild water would rush like a mad creature back to its old haunts; dash in wild ecstasy down the black abyss where old Durden's bones lay crumbling; lash with its fierce caresses the stones that in the long ago it had worn down to patient smoothness! Would it know that it had got home again, this water that fell so far, and cried so piteously as it fled away to the thirsty plain? would it know that it had conquered one man who stood without one friend to love in all his life?

He started on hurriedly.

No friend, no friend; but, ah, one enemy! one merciless enemy whose dead body should be cast down the abyss with the wild white water as its only winding-sheet, and find no rest down among the black, bruising rocks! That would be better than fortune or fame—better than any success!

A sudden memory came to him like a voice speaking in his ear: he must burn that little scrap of paper; no man must know that the same water would ruin both! It would be a sweet revenge to let Paul ruin himself. For the paper said—"What goes in at Durden's, comes out at Eureka."

And he laughed aloud in the darkness.

Paul would laugh as the water roared in at Durden's mine—he would laugh as the stream flashed into the sunlight again from the mouth of the Eureka mine!

Joe had been wise and faithful and silent.

(To be continued.)



The Last Glimpse of Japan.

JAPONICA.

FOURTH PAPER.—JAPANESE WAYS AND THOUGHTS.

By Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT BLUM.



T. FRANCIS XAVIER, writing about the Japanese people in the middle of the sixteenth century, said : " This nation is the delight of my soul ! " Will Adams, the English pilot-major, sending home an account of the land where he was at that time a prisoner, although soon to be released and raised to great favor, delivered it gravely as his opinion that " the people of the Iland of Iapan are good of nature, curteous aboue measure and valiant in warre : their iustice is seuerely executed without any partialitie vpon transgressors of the law. They are gouerned in great ciuilitie. I meane, not a land better gouerned in the world by ciuill policie. The people be verie superstitious in their religion, and of diuers opinions : alsoe veri subiect to thear gouernours and superiores."

Kaempfer, at the end of the seventeenth century, describes the Japanese as " bold, . . . heroic, . . . revengeful, . . . desirous of fame, . . . very industrious and enured to hardships ; . . . great lovers of civility and good manners, and very nice in keeping themselves, their cloaths and houses, clean and neat. . . .

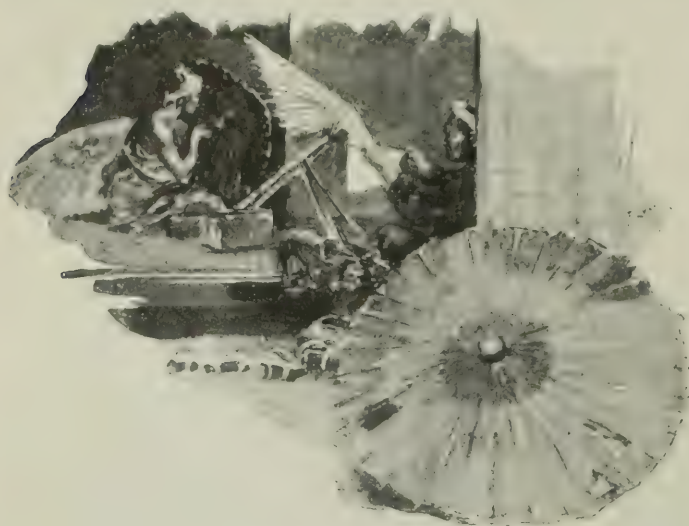
As to all sorts of handicrafts, either curious or useful, they are wanting neither proper materials, nor industry and application, and so far is it that they should have any occasion to send for masters from abroad, that they rather exceed all other nations in ingenuity and neatness of workmanship, particularly in brass, gold, silver, and copper."

Modern authorities, endeavoring to summarize the character of the inhabitants of " Dai Nippon," appear fairly unanimous with regard to the fine manners, the high spirit, the docility, the loyalty, industry, neatness, and artistic genius of this race ; but one complains of their secretiveness and disregard of truth : another of their lack of " chastity and sobriety ; " and others, like M. Pierre Loti, in his " Madame Chrysanthème," seem to take Japan as a bright and fascinating freak of geography and ethnology : too *petit, bizarre, grotesque, minuscule, manière* to love ; too *drôle, mignon, amusant, aimable* to speak very ill of. Merchants inveigh against the unbusiness-like qualities of the Japanese, and compare them disadvantageously with the natives of China ; finding them petty, shilly-shallying, and

untrustworthy. Scientific and serious natures lament the lack of idealism in the Japanese mind. Metaphysical, psychological, ethical questions and problems—say these—have no interest for

propriety of conduct. All seem to conclude that the Japanese have less highly strung nerves than Europeans, bearing pain with admirable calm, and meeting death with comparative indifference.

Mr. Chamberlain justly attributes this, in a large degree, to the silent and benign influence of Buddhism, as being "a tolerant and hopeful creed, promising rest at last to all." It is, however, a fact well known to doctors in Japan, that a vast number of maladies there are hysterical; and it is doubtful to my mind whether any nation possesses a



An Umbrella Store in Tokio.

their practical and superficial natures. Good-hearted they are, artistic, delightfully polite, nice in persons and ways; yet—declare other judges—"deceitful, insincere, vain, frivolous," and as regards their women, tyrannical, one-sided, and semi-barbarous. Medical works, portraying them physically, tell us that the Japanese are Mongols, distinguished by a yellowish skin, straight black hair, scanty beard, almost total absence of hair on the arms, legs, and chest, broadish prominent cheek-bones, and more or less obliquely set eyes. Compared with people of European race the average Japanese has a long body and short legs, a large skull, with a tendency to prognathism, a flat nose, coarse hair, scanty eyelashes, prominent eyelids, a sallow complexion, and a low stature. The average height of Japanese men is about the same as that of European women. The women are proportionately smaller and better-looking than the men, with pretty manners and charming voices. Japanese children they allow to be most taking, with their grave, little, demure ways, their old-fashioned airs, their almost preternatural

more finely developed nervous organization than its people. Their love of light and delicate pleasures; their keen appreciation of the tea-cup, of the spray of cherry-blossom, or of the maple-branch, whose leaves are green stars, of the tiny pipe, of the deliciously mingled landscapes of their country, go to show their extreme impressionability. I should be the last to depreciate the indubitable effect of the gentle and lofty teachings of Buddhism in fortifying and elevating the national nature, but my own opinion is, that the central characteristic of the Japanese is self-respect, and that their patience, their fearlessness, their quietism, their resignation, and a large proportion of their other virtues, have root in this deep and universal quality.

As for the people, I am, and always shall be, of good St. Francis Xavier's feeling: "This nation is the delight of my soul!" Never have I passed days more happy, tranquil, or restorative than among Japanese of all classes, in the cities, towns, and villages of Japan. Possibly that is because I have had no business relations with my kind and pleas-

ant Niponese friends, and have never talked very much metaphysics ; but it seems certainly an easy way to keep on the right side of folks, to let philosophy and theology alone. Moreover, it is, no doubt, necessary for such experiences to go a little behind that sort of Japan which you find on the *Hatobas* of Yokohama or Kobe ; in the *Yoshiwaras* of those and the other open ports. At very little distance from the surface, which we civilizing westerns have done our best to spoil, will be still discovered the old, changeless, high-tempered, generous, simple, and sweet-mannered Japan which charmed so much and so natur-

a lover. But where else in the world does there exist such a conspiracy to be agreeable ; such a wide-spread compact to render the difficult affairs of life as smooth and graceful as circumstances admit ; such fair decrees of fine behavior fixed and accepted for all ; such universal restraint of the coarser impulses of speech and act ; such pretty picturesqueness of daily existence ; such lively love of nature as the embellisher of that existence ; such sincere delight in beautiful artistic things ; such frank enjoyment of the enjoyable ; such tenderness to little children ; such reverence for parents and old persons ; such wide-spread re-



Tsuru-Kame Dance,

ally the Lusitanian saint and the Dutch surgeon. I frankly confess it has entirely charmed me too ; and therefore what I say of this Japanese nation, and their manners and customs, must be received with the proper caution attaching to the language of a friend, and even

finement of taste and habits ; such courtesy to strangers ; such willingness to please and to be pleased ? The eye is not less delighted perpetually in Japan by graceful and varied costumes, than the hearing is gratified by those phrases of soft, old-world deference and con-

sideration which fill the air like plum and cherry blossoms falling. It stands an absolute fact that there is no oath, or foul interjectionary word in Japanese, and when common coolies quarrel, or when a stubborn Chinese pony jibs, the

da, bringing down some tiles. Out he comes, deeply agitated, to expostulate; and because the *ninsoku* stands bowing with covered head, endeavoring to explain, the shopkeeper tries to snatch off the coolie's reed hat, crying, "Do you



"Fuji Musmee"—Japanese Dance.—Page 336.

worst you catch is sore! "that! that!"—or *koitsu*! "the fellow." On one day passed in England or the United States you could inhale more mephitic atmosphere publicly poisoned with vile, angry epithets, than in a month of the lowest slums of Tokio, or Kyôto. They are as clean a people, as to their tongues, as in their persons; and he who is *kuchi-gitanai*, "evil-mouthed," becomes shunned by all alike, and utterly despised. A good tempered word will oftentimes put aside the most threatening passion. A timber-barrow was being wheeled along in a narrow road, and swept away the corner bamboo-pole of a citizen's veran-

dare to say, *go men nasai*, to me, with your hat upon your head?" This infuriates the coolie, who ceases struggling to get out the promise that they will come back in an hour to repair damages, and to explain that it was all an accident due to a fault in the road. Suddenly the shopkeeper sees for himself that they too have broken a wheel and a lantern, and realizes his over-impatience as to the hat, which, being tied under the chin and ears, could not be easily doffed. A sense of equity returns; he bows low and says: "*O tagai de gozarimas!*" "It was the honorable mutuality!" "Yes, *Danna*," responds the immediately mol-

lified cartman, "truly it was the honorable mutuality!" and with a profusion of bows the quarrel is accommodated. "*O tagai*" has made them reasonable again.

But, if a foreign sojourner must speak so favorably of the men, how shall he avoid an apparent extravagance of praise in qualifying these sweet, these patient, these graceful, these high-bred, these soft-voiced, gentle, kind, quiet, unselfish women of Japan? They seem, taken all together, so amazingly superior to their men-folk, as almost to belong morally and socially to a higher race. In a sense that is the case, for though, of course, identical in blood and breeding, Japanese women have been reared for centuries in a separate school from the men. It was the hard school of obedience, of submission, of resignation, with no pretensions to justify the view. The Japanese male has considered himself, all through his history, the superior of the graceful and gentle companion of his life, who is taught, from the hour when she disappoints her mother by arriving in this world, to humble herself, first to her parents, next to her husband, and lastly to her children. But it is characteristic of women, in all ages and countries, to make the best of bad laws and customs, and even to turn them to the advantage of themselves and of the men. Thus I know not by what soft magic of content, by what subtle elasticity of nature the Japanese woman—in theory a slave—in practice has gained very much her own way everywhere; and obtains, without exacting, far more consideration and deference than might be expected. It is an unsolved mystery in what proportion the Mongol, the Malay, and the South Sea Islander, with perhaps Arabs and Semitic peoples, have blended to constitute this unique, gifted, impressionable race. Yet it is a still greater mystery to me how the Japanese woman has developed her gracious sweetness and bright serenity in the atmosphere of unchivalrous mal-estimation surrounding her from early times. The story of those early times proves abundantly that she was always what she is now—*otonashii shinsetsu na*—tender, gentle,

and devoted. It is full of legends and records creditable to the sex, from the time of the great queen who conquered Corea, and of the lovely Oto Tachibani Himé, who died by leaping into the sea to appease the tempest and save her husband, the Emperor, down to Gompachi and Komurasaki, the Romeo and Juliet of Tokio, at whose grave I, reverently, burned a bundle of incense sticks. The spot is a quiet nook in a bamboo garden, near the temple of Fudô Sama at Meguro, where a tiny pent-house has been raised over the ancient stones marking the resting-place of the ill-starred Japanese lovers. Their story is told in Mitford's "*Tales of Old Japan*," nor can you peruse it, or hear any native relate it, without feeling how immeasurably superior Komurasaki—"Little Purple"—was to Gompachi. And another strange thing is, that though the national morality, from our point of view, would be called "low," and the position accorded to women has assuredly not been such as to make them heroic, nowhere in the world were wives more faithful; and nowhere have there been more moving love-stories than in Japan. I recall a tale—whether already published I know not—of a beautiful Japanese girl, beloved and sought in marriage by a handsome but worthless young Samurai. For family reasons she was wedded to another young nobleman who treated her very well, and to whom she became fondly attached, although she had originally returned the passion of her good-for-nothing lover. This latter held some family secret, the disclosure of which would have been fatal to the fortunes and reputation of her house.

A year or two after her marriage he met her walking abroad in Tokio, and felt so violent a renewal of admiration for her beauty that he determined to stick at nothing to gain her. The guilty propo-



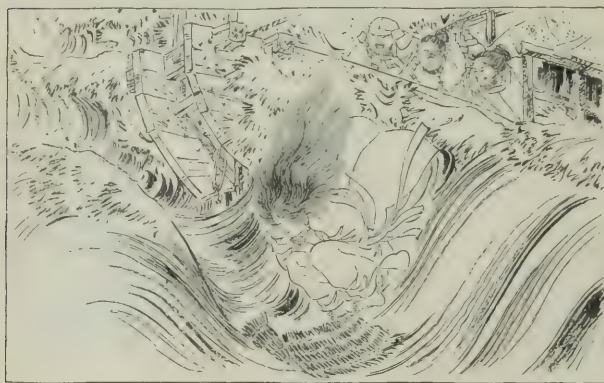
Impression of the Palm of the Emperor Goshirakawa, used by him as a Seal.—Page 339. (Reigned A.D. 1156-58.)

sals which he managed to convey to her being indignantly rejected, he decided to bring to bear upon her mother the knowledge which he possessed of the family secret. It happened that one day, while visiting at her mother's house, she overheard her desperate suitor threatening the aged lady with death, and the publication of the household disgrace, if she did not obtain for him possession of his beautiful lost mistress. Her mother's distress and danger, and the sound of the worthless lover's sword-blade ringing as it left the scabbard, caused her to form an instant resolution. Breaking into the room, she said, "I have heard you, and know how cruel and dangerous you are; but for the sake of our former attachment, and for my mother's peace, and the family honor, I consent to what you demand; on condition that you first kill my husband. He lies at night surrounded by trustworthy and fearless retainers. I will give them sleeping draughts, and you must come in the dark with your sword and slay him. But in order that you may perceive which is my husband's head, I will wet it with water after he has fallen asleep." The wicked lover eagerly agreed; the mother was too terrified to intervene.

felt head after head among those of the sleepers, and came at last upon one saturated with water. With a quick stroke of his razor-like blade he severed the head, and, rolling it in his cloth, hurried forth into the street again, that he might thereafter show it and claim fulfilment of her promise. Arrived at his own house, he proceeded to unfold his dreadful burden, and when the light of the *andou* fell upon the features, it was no man's head at all, but the lovely face of the woman whose peace he had ruined met his affrighted gaze. To save her mother's life, the family name, and her husband's honor, she had cut close her own long hair, soaked her head in water and laid it upon the pillow, to await there with splendid fortitude and self-abnegation the certain visit of the murderer. Beside her pillow was found a letter explaining the motives and circumstances of her deed, and the guilty lover himself became so overwhelmed with shame and remorse that, though he escaped with life, he turned monk at a lonely temple in the mountains, performing daily penances there until he died.

What has been said about the superior virtue and elevation of character among Japanese women, as compared

with Japanese men, finds a simple but solid illustration in the subjoined paragraph, taken from a local Tokio newspaper. The date is recent, but any similar return, at any date in the year, and in almost any part of Japan, would probably manifest the same extraordinary preponderance of male offenders over female. These figures speak for themselves! When we find only one woman under arrest for illegal behavior to every thirty men,



Queen Oto Tachibani Himé Leaping into the Sea.—Page 325.

At the appointed hour of the night, when all was still, he made his way into the *yashiki*, and advanced unhindered, amid the slumbering retainers, into the darkened chamber of the betrayed lord. Kneeling down, he lightly

it may be judged how law-abiding, self-controlled, and gentle in act and word and thought, are these patient and graceful "daughters of the Rising Sun." Here is the paragraph, from the *Japan Mail* of March 13, 1890 :



The Tsuru-Kame Dance.

"The number of prisoners in various Tokio prisons on the 15th instant, were :

	Males.	Females.
Under examination.	696	19
Under punishment.	2,966	111
In special rooms.	242	8
In corrective house.	38	..
Total.	3,942	138

96 arrests and 83 releases being made on the same day."

Such as they are to-day, moreover, these Japanese women have always been. I picked up in Yokohama an old Latin book by one Bernhardus Varenius, dated 1673, and entitled "Descriptio Regni Japoniæ et Siam," dedicated to "Her most Serene and Puissant Princess Christina, by the grace of God Queen of the Swedes, Goths, and Vandals." This quaint old volume was printed at Cambridge, "in the shop of John Hayes," and would well repay translation, as it contains many interesting particulars about old Japan, and innumerable anecdotes illustrating the fidelity, the gentleness, and the virtue of the women of Japan. The ancient author says that when Japanese have been asked why they keep their women so subordinate, the answer was that "in old times, when they had more liberty and authority, deplorable results ensued, recorded in history, and that the true place of woman in this life is to serve the man, to amuse him when tired with cares and labors, and to bear and bring up his children." Buddhism—badly understood—has added, it is to be feared, to this spirit of disregard, teaching that a woman's soul could with difficulty be saved. But such, of course, was never the real Indian doctrine. It was and is characteristic of the inequitable views thus entertained, that infidelity in the wife was made a capital offence, while it was regarded as hardly so much as a fault in the husband. The Japanese women, being taught obedience and silence from their birth, accepted the hard laws made by the men, and have moulded their natures in accordance. My Swedish doctor has an entire chapter headed "*De fidelitate et pudore fœminarum*," in which he recites many noble instances of their self-respect and high sense of honor. He tells the story of

a lady of rank with whom the Tycoon once fell in love, and, in order that he might possess her, played the part of David with Uriah, causing the husband to be killed in battle. Afterward he commanded that she should come to the palace, whereupon her answer, given in the Latin, was this: "Most potent Lord ! if I had not been a wife, and did not now very well know how I have been made a widow, it would behoove me silently and with reverence to rejoice that I had been held worthy to serve and please your Majesty. But now, if you oblige me to comply, I will bite out my own tongue and die. Yet, if your Majesty will grant me this one request, namely, to pass thirty days in mourning while making a sepulchre for my lord, and paying him due honors, I shall obey your Majesty's will. I would further pray that at the end of this period I may hold a feast of farewell with my friends and relations in the highest apartment of the tower of the palace, where I will take my leave of them, and be finally done with tears and sorrows." The Tycoon consented, the feast was held, and at its close the lady rose, and pretending to go out upon the roof to breathe the fresh air, threw herself down upon the stones below, and was instantly killed. Again, my doctor gives an ancient example of the family pride and the singular absence of selfishness or greed which marks these Japanese women still. A certain Daimio had in his palace a very beautiful mistress, of whom he was needlessly jealous. Her mother, an extremely poor widow, used to send her letters begging for clothes and money, and whatever the daughter had she would send, but was far too self-respectful to ask special assistance for her mother, or to reveal her indigence. One day the Daimio entering, found her reading a letter which she endeavored to conceal from him. Furious with suspicion, he demanded to see it, and she, overwhelmed with shame, thrust the thin paper into her mouth and attempted to swallow the evidence of her mother's poverty. But it stuck in her throat and suffocated her. The savage husband, more than ever persuaded that she was concealing some love-epistle, drew his sword, cut open

her throat, and took out the document, reading which he became full of shame and remorse; and to the end of her days, the story says, kept the widow in his palace in the greatest honor and comfort.

What renders the semi-angelic sweetness of Japanese wives, and women generally, more remarkable, though practically perhaps it really goes far to explain it, is the fact that marriage, as we know it, can scarcely be said to exist for them. It is true that ceremonies are observed at a nuptial union, especi-

prieties." There one may learn all about the presents of white silk and wine and condiments; the sword of dignity for the father-in-law; the silk robes stitched together for the marriage night; the bucket containing clams to make the wedding-soup; the garden-torches; the mixing of the rice-meal (curiously like the Roman *confarreatio*); the two candles lighted and extinguished together; the table with two carved wag-tails; the dried fish, seaweed, and chestnuts, and the two wine bottles, with the male



Endo Morito's Remorse.—Page 326.

ally among the upper classes, which are elaborate, and very formally prescribed in the *Sho-rei-Hikke*, or "Book of Pro-

and female butterfly. But all these are for very great people. For ordinary folk little more is observed than that the

bride and bridegroom should drink together nine tiny cups of *saké*, after which the bride changes her white dress for a *kimono*, presented by the bridegroom, and the union is registered

do this if you can easily help it, but the discontented husband finds easy consolation from other arms without much reproach from his discarded spouse, who early learns that watchword of a Japanese woman's existence, "*damaite*." To be silent, under whatever neglect or unkindness, is her chief resource, forced upon her not less by tradition than by prudence. That deplorable old opportunist Konfutze, or Confucius, wrote: "The man stands in importance above the woman; he has the right of the strong over the weak. Heaven ranks before earth, and a prince before his minister." Again he says, "The hen that crows in the morning brings misfortune." In the Japanese *Jushô* there is a passage which runs—"When the goddesses saw the gods for the first time, they were the first to cry out, 'Oh! what beautiful males!' But the gods were greatly displeased, and said: 'We, who are so strong and powerful, should by rights have been the first to speak; how is it that,



Some Types of Japanese Babies.

at the office of the *Chô*. Nevertheless, as far as the man is concerned, it is a union dependent only upon his good pleasure. He can and does divorce his wife on any of seven grounds, among which are "disobedience," "talking too much," and "jealousy." Practically he can at any time send her away, and in proof of this the statistics of 1888 show that one marriage out of every three in Japan ended in divorce. A very amiable friend of mine, an officer of the Imperial Household, told me, without much self-blame or hesitation, that he had sent a wife away, to whom he was much attached, and who was of faultless character, because she did not get on well with her mother-in-law! In the upper classes it is doubtless not good form to

on the contrary, these females speak first? This is indeed vulgar." The Japanese wife, therefore, in too many cases, has nothing whatever intervening between her gentle head and this suspended Damocles' sword of easy divorce, except the good-will of her lord, a certain social sentiment, and her daily power to please. Where unions endure the husband was a good fellow, and as for the wife, *elle a su plaire*! I am, by my inquiries, inclined to believe that it was really for this reason that blackening the teeth and shaving the eyebrows—still a quite common custom in Japan—was adopted, if not invented, by married women, in order definitely to declare themselves a class apart from concubines and prostitutes, the *iro-onna*, the *joru*,

and the *o-mekake*. It is, of course, the very death of beauty to put a black lacquer on the teeth, which are generally so regular and so brilliant; and to shave away the eyebrows, usually so arched and silken. But from the time of Murasaki Shikibu in A.D. 1008, wives have actually made this sacrifice, to give themselves the unmistakable *cachet* of married dignity, even at the cost of personal charms and also of physical attractiveness. Of late the custom is largely dying out, and naturally, for it is a great trouble, as well as a hideous disfigurement, to paint the teeth every other day with a sticky mixture of iron-oxide and gall-nuts, and to keep the eyebrows closely shaved. Thousands of women may, however, still be seen, with mouths which would have been pretty, darkened into the appearance of toothless cavities; and, perhaps, latterly, it was rather for fashion or tradition than for social reasons that the habit was maintained. But I do not think it is an error to say that the strange sacrifice originated, or was at any rate long continued, from the desire of married Japanese women to establish, at any expense of personal vanity, a distinction which registration at the local office poorly confirmed, and which the husband's affection and equity could not be trusted to sustain.

The preliminaries of a marriage—if such insecure unions can so be designated—are as follows: When a boy or girl has reached a marriageable age, the parents secure a suitable partner. Custom rules that the conduct

of the affair must be entrusted to a middleman (*nakōdo*)—some discreet married friend, who not only negotiates the marriage, but remains through life a sort of god-father to the young couple, a referee to whom disputes may be submitted for arbitration. Having fixed on an eligible *parti*, the middleman arranges for what is termed the *mi-ai*, the “mutual viewing”—a meeting at which the pair are allowed to see, sometimes even to speak to, each other. The interview should take place either at the middleman's own residence, or at some private house designated by the parents on both sides. But among the middle and lower classes a picnic, a party to the theatre, or a visit to a temple, often serves the purpose. If the man objects to the girl, or the girl to the man, after the “mutual



Danjuro, the First Actor in Japan.—Page 337.
In the “Forty-seven Ronins” and other characters.

inspection,” there is an end of the matter, in theory at least. But in practice



The "No" Dance.—Page 336.

the young people are in their parents' hands, to do as their parents may ordain. The girl, in particular, is a nobody in the matter. It is not for girls to have opinions. And W. Chamberlain, who is the high authority for the above particulars, observes, on the general subject, in his admirable little book "Things Japanese:"

"When it is added that a Japanese bride has no bridesmaids, that the young couple go off on no honeymoon, that a Japanese wife is not only supposed to obey her husband, but actually does

so; that the husband, if well enough off, probably has a concubine besides, and makes no secret of it, indeed often keeps her in the same house with his wife, and that the mother-in-law, with us a terror to the man, is not only a terror but a daily and hourly cross to the girl—for in nine cases out of ten the girl has to live with her husband's family and be at the beck and call of his relations—when due consideration is given to all these circumstances, it will be seen that marriage in Japan is a vastly different thing, socially as well as legally,

from marriage in England or the United States. In this part of the world it is, in truth, a case, not of *place aux dames*, but *place aux messieurs*."

The outcome of it all is a different standard of morality from ours, which has, perhaps, its own excellences and advantages, but admits ideas strange and unacceptable to Western propriety. Christianity and chivalry combining in the West and North have made a sacrament of love. In Japan Buddhism has sternly disparaged human affection, Confucianism has degraded it, and the unimaginative nature of the Japanese male has made it a pastime and amusement merely. Japanese women generally have accepted, in theory, this inadequate view of the sexual relations, and for many ages have placed fidelity of mind higher than chastity of body. No doubt in the upper and richer classes the rule is that a girl should be very carefully reared and guarded until she marries, and should then live a most exemplary and dutiful life, innocent of even the desire to stray from virtue, till the day when the fire is lighted to consume her faithful flesh. But that very lady would talk about her less fortunate sisters, the *musmees* of the *Yoshiwara*, the *geishas*, and the more or less permanent concubines who everywhere abound, in a way which would quickly show how different from English or American views is that of Japanese society about the relations of the sexes. This is a country where it is not only common for a girl to sell herself to public use for the sake of her parents, but also where she will be rather admired and praised than blamed for it, and her parents pitied more than—as they should be—execrated. This is a country where prostitutes are, by no chance, seen in the streets, and where such evil displays as are exhibited in London or San Francisco would shock the taste and shame the modesty of everybody; yet where, every nightfall, thousands of gayly-attired damsels sit in long rows behind the grille of the houses in countless *Yoshiwaras*. Not once in a thousand instances do even these poor *yorô* lose their self-respect, or that sustained propriety and *savoir faire* which makes one say that all Japanese women alike are ladies born. In

the same mood and mode temporary alliances are formed (as everybody may know who has read that brilliantly offensive book "*Madame Chrysanthème*"), where the Japanese mistress generally shows herself as gentle, as attached, as faithful as if she were mated for life. Yet even by the light of M. Pierre Loti's glittering egotism the most casual reader may perceive how infinitely superior, morally and socially, O Kiku San was to her French satirist; and if only she could write a book in the same language entitled, "*M. Loti*," by *Madame Chrysanthème*, it would be seen what a poor creature the cultured French naval officer and flaneur of the boulevards must appear beside the gentle-hearted Asiatic girl, whose immoralities belonged to Confucianism, and her virtues to herself. The subject, although perhaps the most interesting which Japan presents, cannot, of course, be discussed here. Suffice it to say that hasty judgments are almost sure to entail injustice both to the nation and the individual.

The principal Japanese good qualities, according to a high educational authority here, Mr. Nose Ei, are "loyalty, filial piety, benevolence, personal cleanliness; and"—he very boldly adds—"chastity." These, he mentions, are strictly indigenous, being due neither to Buddhism nor Confucianism. The code of honor, called *Memboku*, that governed the actions of all the well-born, and constrained them to the highest punctilio and strictest chivalry of speech and action, was purely Japanese in source and inspiration. Mr. Nose Ei sees with me the fundamental characteristic of Japanese life in an extreme aversion to disgrace, which implies self-respect and the passion to be well thought of, leading to the constant desire to please, and this to perfect manners.

"In other countries," says Mr. Nose Ei, "ethical diction is derived from sacred writings. The terms in vogue in China came from the classics; those of Europe from the Bible; those of India and Turkey from the Koran or Buddhist scriptures; but in Japan the words which are best known as expressive of moral states, actions, and feelings are, with few exceptions, purely native, and have no con-

nection with any religious creed whatever. Mr. Nose Ei gives the following specimens of such words: "*ai-sumanu* (mexcusable, improper, wrong); *membo-kunai* (ashamed, crestfallen); *juto-dokisen-ban* (audacious, insolent); *mottainai* (wrong, improper); *kinodoku*, 'poison of the spirit' (concern for others, regret); *appare* (splendid, admirable); *furachi* (unprincipled, lawless, wicked); *kawai* (lovable, dear, pretty); *otonashi* (quiet, obedient, meek); *muri-no-nai* (just, reasonable, right); *fugyōseki* (wicked or immoral conduct); *taietsu shigoku* (of the greatest consequence, of the highest value); *ikiji* (obstinacy, an unyielding temper); *ritsugisha* (an upright, straightforward person); *buchōhō* (ignorant, awkward, bungling); and *kuchioshii* (a thing to be deplored or regretted)."

This is as true as it is striking, and goes far to prove that the Japanese really did invent an elaborate morality for themselves; and that when an ancient Samurai said "*sumanu koto!*" about something wrong, and preferred to disembowel himself rather than do it, he referred his conscience to "the eternal fitness of things," and proved by example that "revelations" are not necessary to teach men to love the right and hate the wrong. Nay, the poets of Japan have, again and again, enforced the doctrine that the clean spirit makes the clean body, and that good deeds are better than long prayers. Sugawara Michizane wrote:

"*Kokoro dani makoto no
Michi ni kanainaba
Inorazu totemo kami wa
Manoranu,*"

which is, being freely interpreted:

"So long as a man's heart stray
No step from his road of right,
He may pray, or forbear to pray,
But is dear in the Kami's* sight."

The objection to second marriages, which was so strongly felt by the Japanese women of former days; the Samurai's disregard of death when clan obligations had to be fulfilled, which was so conspicuous in the old days, these find no parallel in Chinese morals. After the manner of most Japanese writers on this

* *I.e.*, God's.

subject, Mr. Nose Ei dwells on the loyalty to the throne manifested in Japan as something entirely unique, and certainly the Emperor's name and person are still "things to conjure with" in the land. I stood lately all day near His Imperial Majesty, at the great military review of Nagoya, and studied with natural and respectful interest the form and bearing of the man most representative in all this world of the principle of hereditary monarchy. The dark, middle-sized, silent, absorbed potentate, upon whom I gazed, wearing the golden-peaked *kepi*, buckskin breeches, and dark blue general's coat with the golden-flowered chrysanthemum, was the lineal descendant, through an unbroken line of Japanese emperors, from Jimmu Tenno, who reigned two thousand five hundred years ago. Nay, more, of the divine generations ending with Tzanagi and Tzanami, who, being taught the art of love by water-wagtails, married and gave birth to the various islands of the Japanese Archipelago, as well as to innumerable gods and goddesses. During the utmost power of the Shoguns, the Mikado always remained the divine head of the state, the fountain of honor, although the Hojō dynasty, while they ruled, and during whose sway, by the by, the invading fleet of Kublai-Kan was repulsed, thought nothing of removing Mikados to distant islands. The cannon-shots fired by the combined fleets at *Shimonoshiki* brought about the end of the Shōgunate, and in 1867-68 the dreams of those who had studied and loved ancient Japanese history were realized; things went back to the primitive times so far as to make the Emperor actual sovereign again, as well as Mikado. This year is to witness the opening of the first parliament, for which the elections have just been completed, amid a quietude which may, and it is hoped will, prove permanent. It would task volumes to describe the immense changes which have taken place in Japan since what is often called the *O Jishin*, the "great political earthquake." Of all these changes the still youthful Emperor, standing in the artillery smoke upon the hill near Nagoya, amid the wild purple azaleas, was at once the monument and the symbol.

No change was greater in its effect upon Japanese life than the edict of January 1, 1877, which forever took his two swords out of the girdle of the Samurai. These high-born gentlemen had been accustomed to regard the sword as the life and soul of their order, and yet in a single day they laid them finally and silently aside. Thucydides justly says that "to carry iron (*σίδηροφορεῖν*) is the mark of barbarism;" and although the sword taught noble manners it led to cruel deeds and bitter tyranny. There were swashbucklers, who would try their new blades upon the bodies of beggars, and even of women sleeping by the wells. An absolute worship, social and artistic, arose for the sword. The Daimio and Samurai made the manners and customs of the time centre around it. It had its special etiquettes; it grew to be at once the terror and the safeguard of society; and, no doubt, modern Japanese politeness is largely traceable to those punctilious days, when to turn the point of a sheathed *katana* toward anybody was a challenge, and when the weapon could not be replaced in the sheath—if once drawn—without somebody's blood. Craftsmanship and art naturally lavished their best skill upon this national symbol of the *Yamato-Damashii* (the "spirit of Japan"). Blades were brought to such perfection of temper that almost miraculous feats are recorded of them, and the swordsmith's profession was held chief of all. The forging of a great blade was conducted with ceremonies as solemn as those attending the birth of a nobleman's child. Daimios often gave away whole estates for a famous weapon, or for the pair of swords, the long *katana*, and the shorter *wakizashi*, which they placed in the *obi* of the eldest son, when he attained the age of fifteen years. The metal-workers spent all the resources of their taste and skill in ornamenting the guard, *tsuba*; the *menuki*, or hilt-studs; the pommel of the handle, *kashira*; the blade-ring, *fuchi*; the cord-cleat, *kuri-kata*, and the scabbard-tip, *kojiri*. Daintier or more delightful things cannot be found in gold, silver, bronze, and inlaid work than many of these exhibit, and beautiful and wonderful toil was also given to the *kodzuka*, a short dag-

ger kept on one side of the large sword, and to the *kozai*, a sort of sharp skewer, bearing the warrior's *mon*, which used to be left stuck in the corpse of the slain enemy, as a species of card of ownership. How much the pride felt in these exquisite instruments of rage or revenge, and the fierce punctilio attaching to their carriage, bred and fostered violence was acknowledged by the old governments, which would frequently issue edicts forbidding such and such a lord even to bear abroad a certain weapon, as being too notoriously famous and deadly to be kept unused. The two-sworded men were, besides, marked for an aristocracy by the mere sight of the twofold lethal implements projecting from their girdle. In one day, nevertheless, the ancient and bloody distinction disappeared! The swords vanished, and the old order passed away with them. You may now buy in a curio-shop the gold-hilted blade which kept a province in fear, and as likely as not your boy, and your daughter's *musmee* are children of a Samurai, who has gone into business, and has quite forgotten even the rules and regulations of the *seppuku*.

This *seppuku*—more vulgarly styled *hara-kiri*, or "belly-cutting"—was the offspring and crown of the Japanese cult of the sword, and a most solemn and dignified ceremony. If his crime were not *per se* very heinous or disgraceful, the Samurai was allowed to die voluntarily, by his beloved steel; but the mode of death rendered it almost the highest distinction. The warrior notified to die was placed in charge of a great nobleman. New mats with white binding, covered with white silk, were stretched for his seat; flags with quotations from the sacred books were placed at the four corners; and the candles in bamboo-stands were also wrapped in the same mourning badges. An excessive illumination was, however, thought not decorous. Two screens of white paper shut from sight the short, sharp dirk, laid reverently upon a lacquered tray, the new white bucket to hold the head, the incense-burner, the pail of water, and the copper basin. The honored criminal dines, bathes, puts on his dress of ceremony, and takes his seat on the

mats at the "hour of the monkey," about four in the afternoon. Censors attend from the government to witness the proceedings, and the doomed but dignified Samurai is accompanied by six gentlemen, of whom two are his especial seconds, *kaishi-ku*, who may be his close friends, and must be persons of rank, well acquainted with the use of the sword. It was high etiquette to borrow from the criminal his own weapon, which the chief *kaishi-ku* would hold behind him, ready to employ at the proper moment. That moment arrived when the tray, covered with white embroidered silk, bearing the dirk, was most respectfully presented to the victim, who reaching out to take it, and to raise it to his forehead, first hitched his sleeves under his knees, in order that he might fall forward, and not backward, for that would be dishonorable. Actual disembowelling was seldom or never performed. The Samurai plunged the dirk, more or less deeply, into the left side of his abdomen, and at that instant, or sometimes even while he reached out for the weapon, his chief second struck off his head. Afterward, while he knelt and wiped the blade with white paper, the junior *kaishi-ku* took up the head and presented it to the censors for identification, carrying it by the top-knot upon thick paper laid on the palm of his hand.

I must forbid myself altogether to dwell upon Japanese art, although it forms so large a part of the life of the people, who are, as the Greeks were, a nation of artists; greatest, no doubt, in little things. What the Japanese painter and designer loves most is line; and never have there been such masters in this respect. The great exhibition of the present year in Tokio shows the chief draughtsmen and painters passing into a new style, where they will employ modern methods and try to adopt the European technique. Nobody can yet tell what is to come of this; at present the results are not very promising. But they have nothing to learn as carvers of ivory and wood and metal, as workmen in bronze, and at the exquisite cloisonné enamel, the latest specimens of which are the very finest. In porcelain again, though Japan seems to have

learned it from Corea, she has done, as everybody knows, wonderful things since 1600 A.D. In the art of lacquer the Japanese surpass the whole world, but it needs an education to recognize and appreciate really first-class specimens of this. As for Japanese music, there is not much to praise in it. The *samisen* twangles everywhere; but its effects are terribly meagre, the airs played are sadly monotonous; the only time is common time; there is no harmony, and though Japanese women have delightful voices, rendering their language always musical, the style of singing which they adopt is forced, nasal, and unnatural. But of their dancing—which is Javanese rather than Japanese in origin—I confess myself a confirmed votary and admirer. It has not indeed the measured grace of the Indian nautch-girl, and quite ignores, of course—being Japanese, and therefore sober, restrained, and, in an Asiatic way, Greek—the vigorous gymnastics of the European ballet, or the violent exercises of a London ballroom. But if you love charm of changing line, rhythmical movement so conceived and executed that picture passes into picture conveying unbroken and delicate ideas; if you know how to appreciate in the really accomplished *geisha* that which she can show you, a nameless, fleeting, subtle delight of fluttering robes and glancing feet, gliding and combining grace, music, and motion as the figures of Chœphori do on the friezes of Phidias, then you will be pleased, as you sit among the lacquered dishes of your Japanese dinner, to watch the *maiko* dressed like flowers and waving like flowers in the wind to the strings of the *koto*, *samisen*, and the throbs of the drum. These dances are all more or less dramatic, but there are others, including the religious, historical, and idyllic dances of the *No*, which are entirely classical, traditional, and complicated by allusion, being consequently very difficult to understand without a key. A most beautiful performance witnessed in the grounds of the governor of Tokio would have been in any case charming, but perfectly unintelligible without the programmes distributed by his Excellency among the guests. By the help of these we com-

prehended that the skilful *danseuse* in gold and blue, gliding hither and thither, was Fujimusmee, a "Wisteria Maiden," disappointed in love. She laments over the fickleness of her lover. She sends him many love-letters, but they are never answered. So she believes that he must have fallen in love with some other maiden. She dances eloquently to a song expressing her constant but despairing affection for him. "Beauteous as are the many-colored clusters, none is as fair as thou. For the butterfly that I have left behind, it doubtless blooms and smiles forgetting me." We also learned to follow with informed interest the twinkling steps and wandering evolutions of O Kofuji, in the dance of a damsel styled "The Pine Breeze on the Beach." Her light feet expounded how, in very ancient days, a noble of high rank, by name Yukihiro, during his short sojourn at a seaside village named Sumanoura (Beach of Suma), fell in love with a maiden of low birth named Matsukaze (Pine-breeze). The maiden's love for him was ten times as great. But on account of the difference of their ranks they loved in vain and were soon parted. Long after the deaths of these lovers there lived at Sumanoura a girl called Kofuji, a salt-maker's daughter. The unsatisfied and longing spirit of Matsukaze fills this girl. Kofuji thinks that everything she sees is Yukihiro, who was Matsukaze's love. She fixes on a pine-tree which she believes to be her lover, and, believing that she is called by him, runs up to it. Another character, Konobei, is in love with Kofuji, and as she utters words of passion, he, imagining that they are addressed to him, expresses his willingness to return her love. It is simply a dance of a love-lorn girl in company with a rural swain, but full of such grace, such artistic spirit, such measured marriage of foot and heart, that a Parisian or Viennese *pas-seul* became a clumsy athleticism matched with it.

Japanese names well deserve a paragraph to themselves. The men, if of good descent, have the *Kabane*, a sort of clan or house-name like "Akimoto," "Tachibane," "Fukuzawa." The *Myoji* is the surname, very frequently derived

from localities, the birthplaces of the family, as *Amenomori*, "the grove where it rains;" *Tanaka*, "amid the rice-fields;" *Yama-moto*, "at the mountain's foot." Then there is the personal appellation, like *Gentaro*, *Tsunejiro*, often answering to our "Septimus," "Decimus," and describing the order of a boy's birth in the family; but the *jitsanyo*, or true name, is more frequently employed in lieu of this, and corresponds to our Christian name, such as *Marashige*, *Yoshisada*, *Tamotsu*, *Takeji*, *Mano*. Then there is the *Azana*, a kind of title, much affected by Chinese scholars, and the *nom de plume* or *de pinceau* taken by literary or artistic Japanese—persons being not uncommonly called after the style of their residences. Mr. Chamberlain adduces, as examples, *Bashô-an*, "banana-hermitage-man," and *Suzanoya-no-Aruji*, "the master of the abode with the bell." This is termed the *go*. And there is also the *Geimyô*, another fashion of name adopted by actors, singing-girls, dancers, and professional story-tellers, who never go by their proper appellations, but bear one to which they have succeeded at a tea-house, or theatre, or yadoya. Thus the most celebrated of living Japanese dramatic performers, who can melt the hardest hearts in the "Forty-seven Rôbins" and fill a theatre with fluttering paper handkerchiefs, drawn from the sleeve to wipe away the tears of sympathy or blow the nose of admiration, is not really *Tchikawa Danjûrô*, but Mr. Horikoshi Shu. Great people, when they die, receive a brand new cognomen, as, for instance, do all the Mikados—this is called the *Okarina*, or "going-away name." Indeed, every Buddhist of Japan, at his or her demise, gets, in the same way, the *Kaimyô* or posthumous appellation, ending with *in*, *koji*, *shinshi*, *shinjo*, or *doji*, according to the age, sex, rank, and sect of the departed. But by some happy chance the names of the women are almost always pretty and poetical, being conferred after some flower, tree, natural object, cardinal virtue, or word of good luck. Thus very usual appellatives are *O Yuki San*, *O Tatsu San*, *O Kiku San*, *O Kin San*, *O Haru San*, *O Shika San*, *O Take San*, and *O Tori San*, which may be translated "The Honorable Ladies"

"Snow," "Dragon," "Chrysanthemum," "Gold," "Spring," "Antelope," "Bamboo," and "Bird." Among the names registered on the books of the Goshiwara, given in a recent official guide, were: "Little Pine," "Little Butterfly," "Brightness of the Flowers," "The Jewel River," "Gold Mountain," "Pearl Harp," "The Stork that Lives a Thousand Years," "Village of Flowers," "Sea Beach," "The Little Dragon," "Little Purple," "Silver," "Chrysanthemum," "Waterfall," "White Brightness," and "Forest of Cherries."

Lightly as religion sits on the minds of these charming people they are still, like Westerns, for the matter of that, full of superstitions. In point of fact all races are vastly alike in this respect, illustrating the pernicious consequence of bad theologies; "*Doko no kuni demo hito no kokoro wa chingawanai*," says the Japanese proverb, meaning, "The hearts of men are of the same sort everywhere." Thus you find the Japanese immense believers in dreams and divination. The night of January 2d is the great time for noting visions. Everybody must then notice and record what he or she dreams. There are thirty-eight varieties of vision perfectly catalogued and provided for. The first four are simply of splendid augury, namely, to see in slumber Fuji-San, a falcon, egg-fruit, i.e., the dark purple apple of the *nasubi*, or the upper sky. To dream of the dawn signifies recovery from illness. To dream of the sun and moon falling signifies the loss of one's parents, and of swallowing the sun and moon, to have a distinguished child. To dream of being struck by lightning means to be visited by a signal stroke of prosperity, and of hearing thunder to obtain promotion. To dream of being surrounded by clouds means to prosper in business, but a black cloud whirling downward portends illness. To dream of frost is a bad omen generally. To dream of being caught in rain presages a good and gratuitous feed of rice and *saké*. To dream of wind blowing means to become sick. To dream of sunrise signifies marked promotion; of the stars coming out, of great fortune; of an earthquake, to obtain advancement. To dream of a big stone signifies to ac-

quire wealth; and of a big stone placed in a garden, or of mounting on a rock, is also fortunate, though in a more general way. To dream of having a drain dug is a happy presage, but the vision of a land-slide is a bad business. To dream of planting trees or smelling the perfume of flowers is good, but to dream of entering a room is bad. To dream of eating a pear presages divorce, and of eating a persimmon sickness to one's self, while a vision of a mulberry tree means sickness for one's child. The hair plays an important part in dreams. If one sees it whitening, or dreams of getting it dressed or washed, the omen is excellent; whereas, to dream of its falling out signifies an evil fate for one's child. To lose one's teeth in a dream presages separation from relatives. It is good to dream of getting an eruption on one's face, but bad to dream of perspiration. It is also an excellent thing to dream of gold and silver coming out of one's mouth, or of drinking milk; but if one dreams of getting promotion, misfortune is in the air. A vision of being wounded by a burglar portends the receipt of a favor from some unexpected quarter, and, strange to say, to dream of wearing mourning points to speedy promotion, while to see a funeral in sleep is a sign of coming joy. Then there is a series of dreams to which the interpretation of general good fortune attaches: they are to dream of being introduced to a distinguished personage; of being in a lofty upper story; of a light breaking from one's body; of moving into a new house; of putting on a winter garment; and of looking into a mirror. On the other hand, it is extremely bad to dream of breaking a mirror, while to dream of receiving a mirror or a wine-cup presages the birth of a fine child. Finally, to dream of breaking a door means that one's servants will run away.

It will be noticed the Japanese seers, or vision-readers, follow the Irish maxim of "*dhrames going by contrairies*," and interpret the most melancholy visions in the happiest spirit. I myself happened to caution some Japanese ladies, at a railway crossing, mentioning that I had dreamed recently we were all cut to pieces by a passing train.

"Oh! *shi awase! naruodo!*" one exclaimed. "Really, how very fortunate! Nothing could be of better omen," and she appeared truly radiant at what had seemed to me a very ill-starred thing. Perhaps it is part of the national habit of taking all untoward things lightly. The universal silent social compact to make existence as agreeable for everybody as possible, includes in Japan the custom of never seeming to take personal woes to heart, above all, of never saddening other people with them. You may generally tell if some disaster has occurred to a friend or servant, by their extreme cheerfulness of demeanor at the time. Yet they are really very sensitive and impressionable, and like the Athenians, "in all things *δευδαίμονιοι*," so that the priests make most of their slender revenues out of copper coins given for charms; the wire netting of the temple-gates are covered with paper prayers, chewed into pellets, and spat at the guardian gods; and I have seen an intelligent lady, who was sick, while the doctor was being sent for, swallow devoutly a little paper picture of Buddha, and afterward ascribe her recovery more to that rude illustration of "the unspeakable" than to the hypodermic injection of morphia, which really gave the gentle patient sleep and restoration. Plenty of the common folk still believe that there lives a hare in the moon who pestles rice; and that the moon turns red in autumn because a great maple-tree there changes the color of its foliage at that season to scarlet; as also that two stars, Vega and the brightest orb of Aquila, were formerly a herdsman and a weaving girl, who now live on opposite sides of the "Milky River," and cross it to meet and make love once every seven years. At the graves of Shirai Gompachi and Komurasaki, the typical lovers of Tokio in old times, there is a waterfall by a temple, which is led through the mouth of a brazen dragon and falls in a thick stream with considerable force. It is considered that to stand under this for three hours will wash away a whole twelvemonth's peccadilloes, and accordingly you may see, not only in summer time, when such a penance is rather agreeable, but in the depth of winter, a credulous sinner

meekly taking the full stream of the *taki* upon his repentant head.

You will notice on every fan, picture, and document emanating from Japan a stamp affixed. It is the *mon mis eban* or *jitsuin*, and all shops, banks, artists, establishments, individuals, possess this special seal for the purposes of signature and receipts. In old times the sovereign used to sign treaties with his palm dipped in blood or vermilion, and even to-day a prisoner seals his statement before justice with the tip of his thumb. Practically everybody uses an engraved stamp every day for all sorts of purposes. The business of stamp-engraving is quite an industry, there being an engraver's shop in almost every street. When a student joins a school, he must have his stamp; when money is paid to any government office, the payer has to hand in the sum with a paper stamped with his *jitsuin*; when an heir succeeds to a family estate, it is the custom for him to provide himself with a new stamp. When a company is started, however small may be its capital, and however slight its credit, its stamp at least will be more or less a work of art and a thing of beauty. You choose a monogram, a Chinese character, a word, or a motto for your seal, which may be registered. Mine bears the Japanese proverb, *Wataru sekai ni, oni wa nashi*, "I have wandered all over the world without meeting one devil!"

There remain a thousand things more to say about this delightful, fair, and friendly land, from my own point of view as a superficial and uninformed observer, but I have now filled the measure of your hospitable pages. I hope I have not spoken unjustly about the Japanese man. He is full of good qualities, and does well to be proud of himself and his country, a poet whereof has well written:

*Shikishima no
Yamato-gokoro wo
Hito torebaba
Asa-hi ni niou
Yama-zakuru-bana!*

Which may be translated:

"If it shall happen that one
Ask'd the Japanese heart,

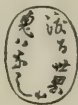
'How may we know it apart?'
 Point where the cherry-blooms wave,
 Lightsome and bright and brave,
 In the gold of the morning sun,
 There is the Japanese heart!"

A great future awaits Japan and the Japanese man, I believe, but he will have to be better aware of the goodness of his gods in bestowing such women upon the country. In the ever-extending education of the gentler sex resides, I think, the chief condition for the happy development of the land. At present there exists too much of the spirit expressed in the native proverb, *Shichinin no ko wo nasu to mo, onna ni kokoro wo yurusu-na*, meaning, "Though a woman has borne you seven children, never trust her!" It is still true, as Mr. Chamberlain writes:

"Japanese women are most womanly—kind, gentle, pretty. But the way in which they are treated by the men has hitherto been such as might cause a pang to any generous European heart. No wonder that some of them are at last endeavoring to emancipate themselves. A woman's lot is summed up in what are termed, 'the three obediences'—obedience, while yet unmarried, to a father; obedience, when married, to a husband and that husband's parents; obedience, when widowed, to a son. At the present moment the greatest duchess or marchioness in the land is still her husband's drudge. She fetches and carries for him, bows down humbly in the hall when my lord sallies forth on

his walks abroad, waits upon him at meals, may be divorced at his good pleasure. Two grotesquely different influences are at work to undermine this state of slavery—one, European theories concerning the relation of the sexes; the other, European clothes! The same individual who struts into a room before his wife when she is dressed *à la Japonaise*, lets her go in first when she is dressed *à la Européenne*. It is to be feared, however, that such acts of courtesy do not extend to the home where there is no one by to see; for most Japanese men, even in this very year of grace 1890, make no secret of their disdain for the female sex. Still, it is a first step that even on some occasions consideration for women should at least be simulated."

Perhaps the new civil code and the opening parliament will introduce nobler laws and new recognition of the debt which Japan owes to her gentle, patient, bright, and soft-souled woman-kind. Perhaps, on the other hand, in meddling with her old-world Asiatic grace and status, modern ideas will spoil this sweetest Daughter of the Sun! At all events, in bidding farewell to Japan, every visitor's last and most grateful *sayonaras* will be addressed in thought to her, more than to anybody or anything else in the *Kami-no-kuni*, the "country of the gods;" and the sound lingering longest in his ears will assuredly be her musical *Mata, dozo, irashai!* "Be pleased to come again!"

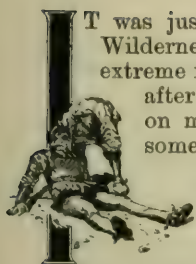


Sir Edwin Arnold's Seal.



A BLUE-GRASS PURITAN.

By *W. H. Woods.*



IT was just after the battle of the Wilderness. I had gone out to the extreme right of the lines to look after a wounded friend, and on my return, after riding for some time through the dense thickets with which the country was covered without striking any familiar bridle-path, I began to have an uncomfortable suspicion that I was lost. This suspicion was fast growing into certainty, when a shot was fired directly in front of me, followed by another in the same direction, but evidently near at hand. The shots increased my quandary. I knew that the country was filled with scouts and stragglers from both armies, and in that blind wood there was almost as much danger in coming suddenly upon friends as upon enemies. But I had to get out of there, and, as nearly as I could tell, camp lay in that direction. So, dismounting, and taking the bridle-rein over my arm, I went cautiously forward. Moving noiselessly over the pine needles a hundred yards or so, I approached what proved to be a small clearing, and on the near side of it, just within the pines, was a Confederate soldier. He did not see me. He was stooping over a gray horse which lay on the ground, and seemed to be undoing the saddle-girths. But presently he drew from under the horse a small blackened chunk on which he was lying. One of the horse's legs was twisted under him. This, too, the soldier gently straightened out. Then he stood up, straight and still, and looked down at the prostrate gray. How long he might have stood there, or what he might have done next, I do not know, for here my horse took a notion to shake himself; and the

next instant I was looking straight into the muzzle of that soldier's pistol. It looked very large.

"Don't shoot, friend!" I shouted promptly.

"Advance, friend," was the curt reply.

As I did so, the soldier lowered his weapon.

"I beg your pardon, Chaplain," said he, with a grave salute. "At first I did not know you, and the woods are full of Yankees."

"I am afraid I do not know you yet," I said, "though I have been watching you for five minutes."

"I am Hugh McLeod," said he, simply, "of General B——'s staff. I have heard you preach at headquarters. You say you were watching me?"

"Yes. I came up while you were busy over that horse. What's the matter with him? Is he hurt?"

"He is dead, I think," said McLeod, laying his hand on the horse's neck. "Yes: he was shot a few minutes ago."

"That was well placed for a chance shot," I said, as I saw the small, round hole in the very centre of the gray's forehead.

"It was not a chance shot," was the answer. "It was aimed at him. I was not on him."

He offered no further explanation. Indeed, in spite of the courtesy of his manner, my new acquaintance was evidently not disposed to talk. He directed me how to get to camp, but, to my surprise, declined my offer to take his horse's equipments with me; and presently I rode off.

The man puzzled me—then and afterward. He looked a soldier—tall and strong, with a great brown beard curling down on his breast—and he was quick

enough with his pistol. I had a grim confidence that he would surely have killed me had I not cried out as I did. And yet a moment before he was looking down on that horse as few men, in those bloody days, would have looked on a dying comrade. He could not be a recruit. When had the Army of Northern Virginia any recruits? Besides, there was in this man a steadiness which does not belong to inexperience. And yet, that one of Lee's rugged veterans, with all the Wilderness horrors fresh in mind, should give a second thought to a dying horse was almost past belief. I could not make him out.

Meanwhile the grim game went on. Hot fighting and hard marching followed each other in swift succession. The man who led the Northern armies was of different temper from those who had been before him. Blow on blow he struck on the fast lessening lines of gray, seemingly unconscious of the fact that each stroke was delivered at a terrible cost. It was Grant the hammerer now, against Lee the swordsman; but though the Confederate leader displayed an undiminished skill, there was hardly a ragged soldier in his lines who did not know that the march to Appomattox was begun.

In the hurry of these great events I had almost forgotten my encounter with McLeod, although it was so nearly my last. But I was soon reminded of it. It was at the end of a long and hurried march. The army had passed before me. Even the stragglers were in front. I had stopped to let my jaded horse drink at a small stream which crossed the road; and as he nosed about in the muddy water, churned by many passing feet, Colonel Kelso, of the rear-guard, overtook me.

"Well, Mr. Gray," said he, "this has been a tough march."

"Yes," I answered, "even for an old circuit-rider."

"You are used to it, then," said the colonel.

"Oh, yes. I rode on a circuit for ten years up in the Valley, though I am not a Methodist. But I did not often ride so far in one day; and," I added with some emphasis, as my poor old beast stumbled and nearly went down in the

road, "we had horses up there that could stand up."

"That's more than ours can do," said my companion, laughing. "I know of but two good horses in the whole army."

"And I thought old Traveller looked pretty thin as the general rode by this morning," said I.

"Traveller is not one of them," said he, "although the old fellow generally looks about as spruce as his master. The horses I speak of belong to a man on General B——'s staff."

"What!" I cried; "a staff officer with two good horses when many a general has hardly one!"

"Yes," said he, with a smile; "but there are pretty good reasons for it. One of the two is a thoroughbred mare this young fellow—Hughes, I think, his name is—brought from Kentucky with him. He makes a pet of her—takes better care of her than he does of himself—and she's as gentle as a lamb with him. But with anybody else she's a regular devil. You know Hawkins, that crack rider in the Fourth Texas? Well, he undertook to ride her once, when Hughes was out of the way, and she crippled him before he got his foot in the stirrup. They say nobody but Hughes ever has been able to ride her. But she's a beauty! shows blood in every hair, and she's got as much sense as a man. Old General Aiken, who is as fond of horse-flesh as he is of fighting, saw her once as Hughes rode up to headquarters with a despatch. He walked all around her, grunting to himself. Then he said to Hughes, 'I want this mare. Name your own price.' 'She is not for sale,' said Hughes. 'Not for sale,' spluttered the old general, 'not for sale! But I tell you, man, I must have her. Come now, what'll you take for her?' There were several officers standing near, said McGowan, who told me of it. Hughes drew himself up—he's as tall as General Lee—and said: 'My old father, out yonder in Kentucky, is a Union man. When I joined John Morgan he refused me his blessing. This mare was the only thing I took from my old home. She has carried me through many battles. She has never carried another man; and until I am killed she never shall!' McGowan says

Aiken touched his hat as he would have done to his general, and as Hughes galloped off the old fellow turned to the others and said, with a nod, 'There goes a couple of thoroughbreds.'

The colonel's story set my memory to work. "You say this man is on General B——'s staff?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Kelso; "a lieutenant, I think."

"Well," said I, "I had an encounter with one of General B——'s staff myself not long ago, by no means a pleasant one either;" and I told him of my meeting with McLeod.

"McLeod, McLeod," said he, repeating the name; and then, "by George, that's the man. His name is McLeod, Hugh McLeod."

"But McLeod had just had his horse killed," I objected.

"Yes, and he killed the man who did it," rejoined the colonel. "He did not say he did, it's true—he's rather a silent fellow—but he brought another man's horse and arms into camp that night."

"Sure enough," I said, "there were two shots. So that was the reason why he refused my help."

But I never heard the story of the other horse; for here came a singular interruption. We had been riding through the woods. Now we came out into the open. From the edge of the wood the fields fell away for three or four hundred yards to a narrow swale through which dawdled a small stream. For a mile straight away in front the land was clear, gradually rising on the western side into a low ridge, where began again the dark green border of the pines. On the right a single field separated the road from the woods. Out to the left it was not so open. The cleared land here was broken by the encroaching pines, which pushed out in irregular points from the adjacent woodland, or stood in scattered clumps about the field. These last, however, were not parts of the original forest, but a second growth which had sprung up on neglected land, and many of the trees, therefore, were little more than bushes. The look of the landscape was characteristic. The stalks of last year's corn still stood, black and stiff, amid the summer's growth, with here and there among

them a shapeless heap of mouldering fodder. Everywhere were the tufts of wiry broomsedge, thickest in the small hollows which crept down to the stream; and stretching out on all sides, like the lines in a deeply furrowed hand, went the long gullies with their banks of dull red clay. As the road entered the open it turned a little to the right and passed through a deep cut. Riding slowly along between the banks of the cut, in the pauses in our talk, we heard some one singing far away. We paid no attention to it, supposing it to be some one in the rear-guard behind us. But when we came out on the level we found that the singer was not behind us, but among the broken thickets off to the left, though we could see nothing of him. We pulled up. The air was moist with coming rain, and the breeze blew in our faces as we turned to hear; and marvellously clear and sweet was the song which floated down to us across the slopes. It was not such a song as was common in the camps, we soon discovered, but slow and plaintive as a hymn; and I wondered that though the words seemed distinctly spoken, I could not understand them. The colonel looked grave.

"I do not half like that," said he. "That's none of my men. What's the fellow singing, anyway?" turning to me.

I shook my head. "Nothing I ever heard," I answered.

"Then," said he, "we will wait here until my men come up, and look into this thing."

While we sat waiting we heard the sound of a muffled hoof-beat, and, looking up, saw a horseman coming down the western slope. He had left the road, which here wound far away to his right, and was coming straight across country, taking the gullies as they came; and as I noted the man's superb seat, and the perfect unison between the horse's body and his own, swaying as lithe and free, and yet as firmly placed as the head of a stag, I began to believe the story of the Centaur. He quickly came up to us, and the colonel and I exclaimed together as we saw that it was McLeod himself. He, too, had heard the song, and when his message was delivered—some instructions to Kelso

about the camp for that night—he turned to listen. At first I did not notice him particularly. I was admiring the beautiful creature he bestrode, for I saw at once that she was worthy of all the colonel's praise. But by and by I glanced at McLeod, and was struck with the look on his face. He sat perfectly still—as still as a dead snag in summer woods. Not a hair of his great beard stirred. He did not seem to breathe. But the veins in his temples were swollen and throbbing fast, and his look, at first simply curious, became set and eager. The song had touched him nearly. But now it was done; and as the last notes died away a soldier in blue rode out into the open. He looked at us steadily for a few moments, and then suddenly raising his carbine, fired, sending his bullet uncomfortably near. Then, with a boyish gesture of farewell, he turned and disappeared among the pines. Hardly had he gone when the rear-guard came up at a swinging trot. Ross, the captain in command, rode forward and asked permission to scour the thickets on the left.

"We have heard some one singing, and just now a shot fired out there," said he, "and my men say it is a Yankee sharpshooter who has been dogging our heels all day, and has done us mischief before."

"Very good," said Kelso, "we have just seen him ourselves. Send a lieutenant and four or five men, but do not let them go very far."

As the squad rode off I heard a grizzled mountaineer among them say:

"Now, fellers, you jes' natchully got to look out. Thet's the durn squinch-owl that killed Jim Gowdy, and them two fellers in Company K. I've heerd him before, and ev'ry time he comes screech-in' roun' somebody gits hurt, shore."

As we drew near to camp that night I rode up to McLeod. "That was a queer performance back there in the pines," I said. "What was that Yankee singing?"

He hesitated a little. "It was an old Latin hymn to the Virgin," said he.

"Why," I said, "did you hear the words so plainly? I could not catch them."

"I have heard them before," he an-

swered; "often," with a sigh. And then turning a serious face on me he added gently, "that was my brother."

Two hours later the lieutenant came in, grim and silent, with his squad. He had not caught the songster; but he carried his own arm in a sling, and one of his men for six weeks afterward nursed a desperate wound.

The last great campaign of the long struggle drew to a close. Behind the earthworks at Petersburg the mighty war which for four years had thundered in and out Virginia's pines dwindled away to a sharpshooters' skirmish. There, from midsummer to early spring, the two armies lay, like wild beasts, snarling at each other before the last deadly grapple. It was a hard winter for the Southern soldiers, not for lack of supplies, for they were more plentiful than usual; but because now for the first time the Southern heart began to accept defeat. There was much sickness in the camp, and the hands of surgeons and chaplains alike were full. My own duties—which often combined the two offices—demanded my whole attention. So engrossed was I that it was some time before I began to be aware of McLeod in a new rôle. But by and by I found myself watching him. He had long been known as one of the best soldiers in his brigade. Now he developed an equal aptness as a nurse. Nobody called him that. I do not think many were able to associate such an idea with his known character. There was an obvious incongruity in connecting an occupation so tame with one who was in every respect the ideal *beau sabreur*. And yet I, who knew him in both characters, could never tell which most became him. There was in him none of that loud cheerfulness which often serves only to advertise the sick man of his danger. He was as shy and quiet as a girl. But he was full of help, and his strong hands were servants to such kindly eyes and friendly, simple speech that his presence was itself a tonic. He was such a big fellow that unconsciously he seemed to dominate any company in which he mingled. He did not enter a tent like other men. He took possession of it. While he was in it, it was his tent, not because of any self-assertion, but

by virtue of a personality which could not be hid. It used to amuse me to see him sit down—he was always afraid of breaking something. And yet, when stooping over the blankets, as I often saw him, he would lift some bag of aching bones as though they were made of glass, he had the same manner, and it suited him well. He told me once that he was reading medicine when the war began; and I thought it exceedingly fit. Nothing could have so become him as the physician's art, except, indeed, its deadly opposite, the art of the soldier. But McLeod was not a soldier by instinct. He did not love fighting for its own sake. He had the tenacity of the mastiff, but none of his ferocity. He went to war simply as a matter of duty—being the better soldier therefore—and at any time would have quit it gladly. Nevertheless he had in him much of the iron of which great deeds are wrought. Two soldierly qualities he had in high degree; he received his orders without question, and brought to their fulfilment a massive courage which was seldom foiled. These were qualities for which he had long been noted, and, but for his own refusal, would have advanced him much above the rank he held. This was the man who through weeks of forced inactivity was the valued assistant of the surgeon and myself. Veteran of many battles as he was, he helped to heal more men in those two months than he had ever hurt, and, I know, had far more pleasure in the work.

But all this was merely an episode. We soon had stern reminder that the war was not over; and the true business of war is killing men.

The earthworks of the two armies at Petersburg were, in many places, within range of each other, and at these points the sharpshooters kept up a perpetual duel. It was a different sort of fighting from that usually done by sharpshooters in open battle or on the march. For that many a good soldier had no liking. But here was no skulking and sneaking about to strike an unsuspecting foe. Men went down into the trenches to face a foe as wholly alert as themselves. Every man looked out for himself, knowing that his enemy was equally wide-

awake, and usually the keenest eye and the quickest hand won. One point, especially, soon became noted for this sort of encounter. On our side of the lines was nothing unusual. The place took its name, Pine Hollow, from the enemy's side. It was a narrow ravine, through which ran a deep-worn gully, hid in its upper part by a thicket of brush and undergrowth, and lower down abounding in deep, dry holes. From the midst of the thicket shot up a single tall pine, which had been killed by lightning early in the summer, but still bore the withered leaves it could not shed. Just under this tree the enemy's line crossed the ravine, and in the thicket here were posted the best marksmen in all Grant's army. Gradually this came to be known. Pine Hollow became a familiar name, and its sombre record grew daily. Not all the casualties were on our side, it is true. Our boys did their best, and by and by none but picked men were placed there. But the Federals had much the best of us in position, and they made the most of it. Our position was much more exposed, and so difficult to reach from the rear that many a poor fellow was hit before he got to the trenches. But the place was thought to be of great strategic importance, and so was usually held in force.

One morning, when the firing in Pine Hollow had been both sharp and prolonged, word came to me that Will Cabell was fatally hit, down there in the trenches, and wanted to see me. He was too badly hurt to be moved, even if it had been possible to bring him out of there under fire, and I started with the messenger to go to him. When we reached the wounded man, which we did by making a long detour, I saw at once that he would soon be beyond all help, and gave my whole attention to my solemn office. But in a little while all was over, and gently laying the battered cap above the staring eyes, I turned for the first time to look about me. The firing had ceased some time before. The men lay at ease behind the works, smoking, talking, and laughing, more like harvesters at noon than men whose trade was war. I was anxious to see what was going on across the way, and was just about to look out of a port-hole when a lank

North Carolinian, with no gentle hand, quickly pulled me back.

"Ef you want to git yourself killed, Parson," drawled he, "thet's a mighty good way to do it. I was sort o' pintin' my ole gun outen thet hole a while ago, and look thar," and turning his head he showed me a bullet swath cut through his long locks above the ear. "But ef you jes' have obleeged to see them folks over thar, I reckon I kin fix you;" and he pointed to a crack in one of the logs of the embankment. The earth had fallen away from the log on the other side, and pressing my face close to the crevice, I could see the deadly works across the way. But that was all. Not the glint of a musket could I see. A September sun flooded the scene with light. The little valley lay in perfect peace; and but for those opposing walls of earth and certain ragged clouds, no higher yet than the tree-tops, it might have been some quiet vale where the sheep browsed by day and the rabbits played by night. Even while I looked, a black snake lazily crawled to the top of a log fifty yards in front, and sprawled himself out in the sun. Then suddenly somebody began to sing in the thicket over there. It was a single voice, fresh and buoyant, and full of music, and I was surprised to see my Carolinian, as the resonant notes rolled over us, duck his head and crouch low behind the logs of the pit.

"Lay down! lay down!" he said to me sharply.

I did.

At another time I might have debated the matter first and then refused to lie down, but not in that death-trap; and, sure enough, hardly was I down when "bang!" and a bullet thumped into the bank behind us. It had come through our port-hole.

"Thet's him! thet's him!" said my friend, excitedly.

"That's who?" I asked.

"Jes' about the best sharpshooter in the Yankee army, thet's who," was the terse reply.

And then, still crouching low, my companion went on:

"Yes, *suh*! He suddenly kin shoot. You heerd him singin' jes' now," turning to me with great interest. "You

heerd how nice and easy it bubbled out-en him? Why, Parson, that fellow jes' *leaks* music. But shucks! that ain't nothin' to the way he kin shoot. I lay he's kicked up more devilment with that gun o' his'n than any two men in this yere hollow. But," he concluded, with quiet fatalism, as he loaded his own gun, "they's folks watchin' for him all along this ditch, and some o' these odd-come-shorts they'll plunk him yit."

They were trying to "plunk" him, or somebody else, then, I thought. Beginning with that single shot, the fire had increased until it had become general again. For half an hour it raged, almost by volleys, and then ceased as suddenly as it had begun; and I seized the opportunity to get back into camp.

That day five men were killed or mortally wounded in Pine Hollow; the next day, three; and at the end of the week the death-list footed up thirteen killed at that one point, and, strange to say, much of this mischief was attributed to one man. My Carolinian, I found, had many supporters in his estimate of the singer's prowess; for it was the singer to whose marksmanship these grim results were, in large part, credited. This state of affairs was, of course, intolerable, and earnest efforts were made to put a stop to it. The keenest marksmen in the army were sought out and placed here, with special instructions to silence this one man. But to no purpose. Day after day the same story came up out of the trenches. They had had a song? Yes; two or three of them. Well, anybody hurt? Yes, again. Always the answer was yes.

I had long suspected who this man might be whose deadly work was beginning to shake the nerves of even brave men. The incident that occurred that day on the march, together with McLeod's disclosure, came back to me; and my suspicions were confirmed by McLeod's behavior now. Although we were now messmates and close friends, he never mentioned Pine Hollow in my presence; but his blue eyes would darken—the sign of a rare excitement in him—whenever the place was named. Thus his very silence assured me that he believed the wandering soldier we

had seen in the pine thickets and this dreaded marksman to be one.

After this fashion affairs proceeded until a new story was told in the camp. There had been a duel on the line—a genuine duel. A Northern rifleman had leaped upon the breastworks, waving a handkerchief; had challenged our men to single combat; and had killed the keen-eyed old deer-hunter who had stood up against him; and the men declared that the challenger was this same songster against whom was already laid so heavy a score. "Jes' a boy too," said a disgusted skirmisher, "whar ought to be at school, somers long in the Fo'th Reader, stid o' rampin' round here shootin' folks so durn permiskyus."

That night an orderly stood in the tent-door asking for McLeod—he was wanted at headquarters. When he came back I did not notice anything strange about him. He told me, in reply to some careless question of mine, that he was detailed for special duty on the next day—an occurrence so frequent that I gave it no further attention. To-night, however, for the first time he did mention Pine Hollow. Knowing that I had been down there he asked me "how far the lines were apart at that place?" "A hundred and fifty or two hundred yards I should say," was my reply.

"Near enough, then," said he "to recognize a man on the opposite breastworks."

"Yes," I replied; "but why do you ask?"

"Oh, I have not been down there yet," said he, "and I was wondering if the lines were as close as the boys pretend."

"They are a great deal too close together for comfort, I can tell you," said I. "The day I was down there it was the hottest place I was ever in."

"Yes," said he, "if all they say be true it must be a dangerous place."

He sat thereafter silent until the full moon rose above the horizon. Then he got up and went to the door. "It will be very light to-night," said he. "I think I must have one more ride."

"Nonsense!" said I, "after all the riding you have done to day?"

"Nell is not tired," he replied, as if that were the only consideration. "And besides," he added slowly, "I shall not

ride to-morrow," and he walked away to the stable where he kept his horse.

I must have been asleep when he came back; but when I awoke the next morning I heard him talking outside. He had haltered his mare near by the night before. When I went out he had just finished grooming her—an office neither he nor she would ever permit another to perform, and the mahogany-colored hair glistened like burnished copper. McLeod stood with one hand in the creature's mane. The bonny wild thing had turned away from her food to rub her nose against his breast. "We have been good friends," I heard him say, in his deep, slow tones, "we two." And then with sudden earnestness he added, "Girl, I wish we could go together."

"What's the matter, Hugh?" said I, behind him.

"Nothing," he replied, turning a red face toward me. "I was just talking to Nell. She stands better when I talk to her."

Nevertheless there was much the matter, as I was soon to learn.

He took his horse back to her stable, and went off to report for duty, I supposed, as I did not see him again.

Late that morning I went up to headquarters to get a furlough for a man just recovering from a long spell of fever. The general was busy; and while I waited I overheard part of a conversation between some officers who had gathered about the door. It seemed they were quizzing Colonel Scott, in command of the skirmish line, about something.

"Gad! I don't know what you mean by it," said Colonel Saunders, a fierce old Georgian. "Can't you find men enough for this murderous sharpshooting without detailing staff officers? The next thing I know, you will be sending me down to Pine Hollow."

"I would send you fast enough," was the cool reply, "if you knew anything about a gun. But Pine Hollow is no place for amateur marksmen."

"But that is exactly what McLeod is," said some one else. "He was never in the skirmish corps."

"Perhaps not," was Scott's reply, "but he ought to have been. They say he is a crack shot. Anyhow, sharpshooter or

not, if there's any possible way of killing that Yankee down there, he'll do it."

"I beg your pardon, colonel," said I; "do I understand that Lieutenant McLeod has been detailed for duty in Pine Hollow?"

"Yes," said he. "But what's the matter, Mr. Gray? I'm afraid you are not well."

"May I see you a few moments privately?" I stammered.

"Certainly," said he, "come over to my tent."

"There is not time for that," said I, as we stepped aside; and all the while we were talking I was listening for the sound of firing on the lines.

"Colonel," said I, as soon as I could speak, "you have sent McLeod down to the trenches to kill his only brother."

He stared at me, astonished.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

I told him, hurriedly, why I thought so.

"Does McLeod know it?" he asked again.

"Yes, I am sure he does," I replied.

He looked at me keenly for a moment.

"Ah! then that explains it," said he.

"Explains what?" I asked.

"Why," he answered, "when I told McLeod what I wanted, I thought he changed color; but he did not say anything. Is it possible he will flinch?"

"I wish to heaven he would," I exclaimed. "You do not know the man. But I am wasting time. Colonel, let me go down before it is too late, and countermand this order."

Scott was a kind man, though somewhat of a martinet, and I could see that he was troubled.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Gray," said he, "but this is merely the fortune of war."

"Oh, no, no!" I answered, eagerly; "if they had met by chance in open battle it would have been bad enough; but to set one brother knowingly and deliberately to spy out and kill the other is inhuman, it is monstrous."

"I decline to interfere, sir," said Scott, firmly. "I knew nothing of all this when the orders were given; and if I had, I do not know that it ought to have made any difference."

Sick at heart I turned away. There was nothing more to be done. McLeod had his orders, to him the end of all controversy. Infinitely hateful as I knew the thing was to him, he was, nevertheless, of just such stuff as would attempt it because it wore the name of duty.

The one thought in me now was to get down to Pine Hollow before the tragedy was done. There had been but little firing in front that morning. My strained senses awaited the dread sound each moment as I ran. But I reached the lines, and hot and breathless, threw myself into the pits, and still not a gun had cracked. As soon as I got my breath I asked for McLeod. He was a little farther along the line, the men told me, and I had just risen to go to him when, once more, out of the thickets across the way arose that fateful voice, and the plaintive music of the "Ave, Maria," swelled on the air again. As before, but now with muttered curses, the men in the pits crouched down clear of the port-holes. All at once the song stopped—stopped in the middle of a line—and then burst into a ringing shout the fox-hunter's view-halloo. There was an exclamation and an excited stir among the men.

"Look there! Who's that? Who's that?"

I heard and looked up; and there, erect upon the breastworks, not twenty rods away, stood Hugh McLeod. In his left hand he held a rifle, and with his right waved a handkerchief toward the Union lines. Instantly his challenge was accepted; and while on both sides the men in tacit truce stood up to watch the issue of this single combat, his antagonist leaped upon the opposing works. It was a mere lad who stood there, tall and slender, and with cheeks yet innocent of beard; and as with youthful grace he gravely saluted his opponent, a murmur of recognition ran down our lines. It was indeed the man McLeod was sent to meet. The salute was returned as gravely as it was given, and the men fell to loading their rifles. There was no nervousness, no haste. Each went about his deadly work with the same deliberation and the same dexterity. McLeod's face, I noticed, was a trifle pale, and once I saw the other man for

an instant stop and look keenly at McLeod. They finished loading at the same time.

"Ready?" was the question.

"Ready!" the answer; and then, amid tensest silence, the two guns were raised and aimed. One instant they hung poised. Then a single report rang out. McLeod's gun had missed fire. But he himself, it seemed, was, by some happy chance, unhurt; and amid the mingled yells and cheers with which the equal issue of the duel was received, turned and asked for another gun. It was quickly handed up to him, and again he faced his foe. The Yankee had meanwhile reloaded his own weapon, and once more the antagonists stood ready. Again they looked hard at each other for a moment, and again together raised their guns and fired. At first the result seemed the same as before. Neither man fell. But presently the boyish figure on the Union works reeled a little and the rifle fell out of his hands. And then a strange thing happened. McLeod, who still stood erect, flung his own gun far away, and stretching out both arms toward his enemy:

"Charley, Charley!" he cried, and the next instant himself fell heavily into the trenches.

We got him out of there as soon as we could for the firing. He was not dead. Some kindly breeze had turned the bullet a little aside, or this story would have been done already. As it was, the end was in sight. With the help of two or three others, I carried him back to camp, and sent for Bingham, the brigade surgeon, a man rough and wicked of speech, but with hands both gentle and skilful, and, withal, McLeod's good friend. While Bingham was examining the wound, McLeod opened his eyes for the first time. "Will it do, doctor?" he said with a faint smile. The surgeon glanced at him keenly and then arose, and bending over the wounded man, with a gentle gravity all new to me, "Hugh," he said, "this wound is not necessarily fatal. You may get up again if you want to." McLeod shook his head. "This is what I want," he said, with a slight gesture toward his breast; and then, with a sigh of relief, he continued, "and I

think it will do," and again fell into unconsciousness or sleep.

Late that day I went over to look after Nell, McLeod's mare. She had become somewhat used to me of late, and I could make shift to feed her or lead her to water. But to-day I heard her whinnying before I came in sight of the stable. She was so nervous and excited I could do nothing with her. I placed her food in the trough, but she ate only by snatches. The shapely head, with its great brown eyes, kept turning toward the door, and the slender ears moved restlessly to and fro, listening in vain for the familiar feet. As I walked sadly away with that low whinny still in my ears, her master's strange speech came into my mind, "Girl, I wish we could go together." I knew now what it meant. And I knew he was going soon.

He did. For hours he lay in the same profound stupor. Midnight came—midnight, whose moon was hid behind thick clouds. The camp had long since sunk into silence. As I sat by McLeod's side alone, watching his heavy breathing, I heard far off a faint sound break the stillness. I listened. It grew apace upon the ear, each moment louder and more distinct, and by and by I knew it to be the hoof-beat of a galloping horse. McLeod stirred a little in his sleep, and lay still again. Then, all at once, he sat bolt upright in his bunk, with wide eyes staring intently into vacancy. As I threw my arms about him he turned to me with his rare smile and said, as simply as a child, "I thought I heard Charley singing." He turned away again with a listening look in his eyes. The hoof-beats came thundering on, now close at hand. It was not them he heard. "Hear him? hear him?" he said exultingly. "He is singing, far along the road toward home; but we will overtake him yet." "We?" Who was that other, then? and a strange thrill shot through me when, as if in answer to my thought, the hurrying feet stopped short before our tent and a shrill neigh rang out upon the night. I felt the dying man stir in my arms. "Whoa, Nell," he whispered. "Steady, girl, steady." The left hand groped among the blankets for the bridle reins. The left foot was lifted toward the stir-

rup. "Now, Nell," he said, and with one great bound the swift feet sprung on again into the dark; and the man I loved most in all the world lay dead in my arms. . . .

And down the road the hoof-beats My friend had his wish: and they two
 together went away out of all wars.

PARAPHRASE OF HORACE IV., 7.—TO TORQUATUS.

By Donald G. Mitchell.

THE snows are gone, the grass is seen,
 The woods wear waving robes of green.
 'Tis Spring again; she wakes—she wakes!
 The icy fetters all, she breaks;
 And every brooklet, wanton, free,
 Goes singing sweetly down the lea.
 The Graces three, with zones unbound,
 Trip lightly o'er the teeming ground;
 Yet grace and greenness flee apace,
 And change on change besets our race.
 Frosts melt away what time the Spring
 Puts balmy breezes on the wing;
 Hot Summer next, foredoomed to die,
 Drives away Spring; while hovering nigh
 Autumn brings fruits and golden grain,
 Forerunners both of Winter's reign.
 But as the seasons swiftly wane,
 New seasons swiftly come again;
 Whilst we, poor souls, our courses run,
 Will never see another sun;
 Alike the wicked and the just—
 Die where we may, and when we must,
 Are only shadows—only dust!
 And who can know the days in store,
 Or when, for us, they'll come no more?
 Yet this we know—that what we spend,
 And what of ours to good works lend
 More wisely is bestowed than theirs
 Who hoard, for greediness of heirs.
 And thou, O friend! when death shall call,
 And the dread Judge, who judgeth all,
 Declare thy fate—never again
 Can'st thou return to haunts of men;
 Nor family, nor pious lore,
 Nor wingéd words can help thee more.
 'Tis so with all: nor queen, nor king,
 Can stay or change what Death may bring.
 The fabled goddesses of old,
 As heathen stories quaintly told,
 Could never to that nether land
 Stretch forth to friend a guiding hand;
 And we no more: for Dead is Dead.
 Our hopes, our cries, the tears we shed
 Can never call—alack, alack!
 From out the grave, our dear ones back!



THE ORNAMENTATION OF PONDS AND LAKES.

By Samuel Parsons, Jr.



DID the reader ever have a place in the country? If he has and does not want to grow sick of it, or if he has none, but hopes to have one, and does not want to be forced to give it up in disgust, let me give him a piece of advice. Don't undertake too much. Have only five hundred square feet of grass and one tree or half a dozen shrubs, but have all of the best. Dig deep, fertilize liberally, plant the best grass-seed and plenty of it, set out the largest trees and shrubs that will be likely to grow, and care for them tenderly, year after year. Dig about them and prune them and spare no pains to make them the best of their kind; or, let me say at once, that the reader's delight in nature and his desire to imitate her effects will not prevent the failure of his lawn-planting. All this is said in advance, because it applies as well to water-plants as to ordinary lawn-plants.

I am now, in a few words, going to tell the reader how I came to attempt to grow, and to succeed, after much tribulation, in growing a good collection of water-plants, and how I contrived to get reasonably satisfactory water-effects upon the lawns. At a comparatively early period in my life, having a comfortable fortune, the desire took possession of me to have a country-place.

With my country-place I had the usual failures and successes that are incident to the construction of lawns and gardens in the hands of amateurs. The failures, I am frank enough to confess, much outnumbered the successes. I propose, however, to confine myself to a brief account of my lily-pond work. The soil on my place, of one hundred acres, was gravel and sand, and a stream or pond on one side of it had a clean pebbly bottom and water that flowed rapidly down a decline. The water was only a few inches deep in many places. I thought it would be a good plan to

dig out the bottom a bit, and thus cleaned out considerable valuable peaty material. However, I did not mind that, as I expected to dig a hole for each water-plant and to fill it up with good soil from the neighboring field. At this early period of my lawn-planting I unfortunately gave little thought to the quality of the soil. A charming magazine article had fallen into my hands and completely fascinated me with its dainty, fanciful description of lilies grown in a pond-hole or ditch. It all seemed so easy: just a few water-plants set out in what appeared the easiest and simplest fashion, and lo! you had a feast of lilies and lily-pads. The plants seemed to have just grown themselves, like Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At this time I was greatly impressed with the idea of planting the lawn with trees and shrubs from the woods, sweet fern, sumach, sassafras, dogwood, red cedar, pepperidge, hickory, etc. Of course, such plants frequently died, and if they did live assumed a stunted form. As an old farmer of the neighborhood subsequently expressed it: "Well, I knowed them things you set out would die. I could have told you beforehand that crowded woods plants have poor roots. But there, you wouldn't have believed me if I had. Your plants just up and died because a full dose of sunshine didn't suit their shady constitutions." Considering this mania, you will not be surprised to hear that I visited a pond in the woods near by and dug up and transplanted to my own pond a large number of roots of white water-lilies. Other water-plants were naturally secured subsequently in the same way. I need hardly say, after the above remarks of the farmer, that my water-lilies did not specially thrive. The lily-roots had not been grown for transplanting and were not, in most cases, young and thrifty, and the soil of the bottom of the stream or pond was not rich and suited to water-plants. However, among the numerous water-plants I set out

many lived. They were strung along a straight, monotonous shore that I had dug out to a line to secure a neat appearance. I learned in after days that this arrangement was about as bad as could be imagined from a good lawn-planter's stand-point. The lilies and other water-plants grew slowly and the flowers were small. I had finally to acknowledge that my lily-pond and stream was not a success. As a result my interest in the plantation soon flagged, and except to gather a few lilies I seldom visited it. Weeds sprung up to its surface and drifted material made it untidy and unhealthy-looking. Besides, about this time I sold this country-place and so cannot say what the lily-pond finally became, as I never revisited it. Much like any natural lily-pond in the woods, I fancy. Returning to the city, I continued to live there most of the time for several years. Yet I never at any time wholly lost my interest in lawn-planting. Now that I had no country-place to absorb my attention, I went about at home and abroad and saw how other people succeeded and failed in their landscape-gardening efforts. An important source of information existed, I found, in the different nurseries. I did not take so much to the woods now as I did aforetime. Concerning the construction of ponds and streams and the ornamentation of their surface with aquatic plants, I did not, however, secure as much information as I had hoped. At last, one day, I again met my fate and bought another country-place, only instead of a hundred acres as before it now contained less than ten. The soil was of excellent quality and there were on either side of the house some grand old native oak, elm, and tulip trees, and I planted a few large shrubs on the outer boundaries. Paths and roads there were none, except one short carriage-sweep leading directly from the house to the highway. Off to the west of the house sloped a half-dozen acres of meadow-land, the rich velvety turf of which had known no plough for half a century. Sheep and cows had pastured it, and sometimes it had been mown. I mowed it and manured it too, and prided myself on the finest lawn to be seen in the county.

At the foot of the slope came the feature which had chiefly induced me to buy the place. It was a broad placid stream fifty to one hundred feet wide, moving quietly down to a small neglected mill-pond that partially abutted my property. Across this stream I owned a narrow strip of land only an acre or two in extent, but enough to enable me to control the treatment of both shores of the stream. A rustic bridge joined these acres. The water was shallow, not more than, for the most part, two or three feet deep, and the grassy slope extended to the very edge. It was a brimming sheet of water, sometimes overflowing its banks several feet up the steep lawn-side. Here was my chance, I believed, to grow aquatic plants in perfection. I proceeded at once to study the natural conditions of the spot, and tried to work on the same lines as nature had employed in this small territory ever since the dam had been built. Where the force of the stream had already managed to scoop out a small bay, I dug it still farther inland. In other words, I analyzed the forces in action and aided and abetted their inclinations. If grasses and twigs had caught on a small projection of the shore and a little vegetation had sprung up and soil thus collected, I lengthened and broadened the projection and planted it with clumps of grasses, such as flag, bamboo, pampas grass, and the hardy *Eulalia japonica*. Back of these, on more solid ground, I planted a willow and an alder with some irises, and tender cannas and caladiums or elephant ears. I was careful, moreover, to be conservative even in this natural treatment of my shores. There was no frequent repetition of the promontory and bay idea. At only a few points was any change made in the original line of the shore. Such changes as I did make, however, were forcible and marked and carefully adjusted in the exact direction and angle that the stream would be likely to take when it worked its fantastic way before a rapid current or overflow. Grasses and shrubs suited to low grounds, of the kinds I have named, were scattered in small groups about the points running back, sometimes quite a distance, up the bank. In the



ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

The Stream Effect.
Lombardy poplars and birches for emphasis.

DRAWN BY J. H. TWACHTMAN.

midst of these groups grew some higher shrubs or small trees like the birch, for the sake of emphasizing the effect and giving variety of sky-line. I don't wish

direction will touch them. Even the tendency to lose their leaves early in the season would not induce me to use the axe, for their lofty spire-like forms



A Corner of the Lily Pond.

to be needlessly technical, but if you could see the two great Lombardy poplars, forty feet high, bordering and making a frame, as it were, for my place, you would understand what I mean by emphasis. Great towers of green, these poplars seem to be mounting guard over my small domain, and their long shadows at sundown reach far across the stream and the grass of the meadow beyond. I am not going to apologize for my poplars. They were and are grand, and I am proud of them. Tree-experts may warn me that they are liable to borers and tree-lice and that they lose their leaves early in the season, and in many ways invite the use of the axe. It may be so. I have enjoyed them, however, for a number of years and they are entirely healthy yet, although surely a score of years in age. It will be a long time, therefore, before an axe under my

dominate everything and establish that variety of sky-line so much to be desired by the lawn-planter. Let the limbs be bare and the trunk scarred and seamed with borers, the noble outline is there, and shrubs and small trees can be made to screen the lower and generally uglier portions. It should be remembered, also, that an occasional pruning, as the years go on, tends greatly to renew and perpetuate the poplar's health and vigor.

But, the reader will say, where is the lily-pond? You have told us about your lawns with its stream and old mill-pond, but where are your lilies? Well, I answer, don't be in a hurry. I assure you if I had not selected and arranged my lawn and water properties as I did, the lilies I might have set out would have been of much less account than they are. Remember the lilies on my former place. In truth, without some

of the characteristics of my present lawn the proper setting for the clustering water-lily gems would have been absent. And think what a setting they had now—great poplars, drooping willows, alders, waving grasses, purple irises, red marsh-mallows growing on promontories of a brimming river backed by a sloping bank of rich greensward. In the coves, chiefly, of my stream and pond were set my lily-jewels. The bottom of the water was deepened and a foot of soil, not in spots but along the entire front, was replaced by the richest mixture I could make of mould and manure. Pond-lilies are great feeders, and I intended to give them the best chance I could to look their prettiest. For the nelumbiums or lotuses considerable clay is needed. Fortunately, my soil had naturally plenty of clay. I used, moreover, other kinds of water-plants besides lilies, and some of them, as well as certain lilies, were

dred and even one hundred and fifty dollars, but it was a small sum compared with the amount necessary to keep up a greenhouse fitted with suitable tanks. Water-lilies and aquatic plants winter badly in cellars. They are easily excited to grow by a little excess of light and heat, and as easily checked and injured by an excess of cold. Except a few kinds, such as the wonderful blue and purple water-lilies of Zanzibar, which I bought yearly, I have therefore managed to content myself with a number of perfectly hardy aquatics, including some of the best water-lilies and lotuses. Doubtless the biggest, grandest, and most effective of these was the lotus *Nelumbium speciosum*. This plant is the greatest feeder of all, and will thrive prodigiously in the richest, rankest mud that can be concocted. It will, in fact, crowd out most other plants, and should be thinned every year so as to



Border of the Fountain, Union Square, New York—Lotus and Water Lilies.

tender, coming as they do originally from the tropics.

The tender ones I bought anew every year, at a moderate expense, from one of the few growers in America. I may have expended during some years one hun-

appear in clusters and not in monotonous masses extending from shore to shore. This nelumbium is widely known in India and Japan as the lotus, and is there considered sacred and is freely copied in their decorative designs.

It is also probably the lotus of ancient Egypt.

Picture for yourself a pumpkin-leaf erected three or four feet high on a stem, and great buds that look, for all the world, like gigantic tea-rose buds, and you will have a fair idea of the general appearance of the lotus. Of course, the leaves of the lotus are more finely

my Lombardy poplar idea of emphasis, I used many lotuses in front of my brook and pond promontories. But in all my experiments with aquatic plants I never chanced on any pond-effects quite equal to that of my coves of nymphæas in midsummer. Fancy a quiet, mirror-like surface of water, studded with clustering masses of lily-

pads, enfolding half-open flowers, nestling yet buoyant. Everyone is familiar with scenes in woodland nooks resembling this in kind. The remarkable difference on my place was that my trees and shrubs, grasses and flowers, came to the water's edge and were mirrored there, and that in front and about them floated and were reflected lily-pads of excellent size and coloring. The flowers also of these great tropical lilies were especially large and richly hued, some species being pure white, others red, and still others purple and deep

blue. I have had these water-lilies and other water-plants growing on my place now for several years, but I confess that, even at the present time, familiar as they are to me, when I look at one of these blue lilies on an early summer morning I am impressed with the scene as an absolute revelation of beauty, a landscape feature positively unique.

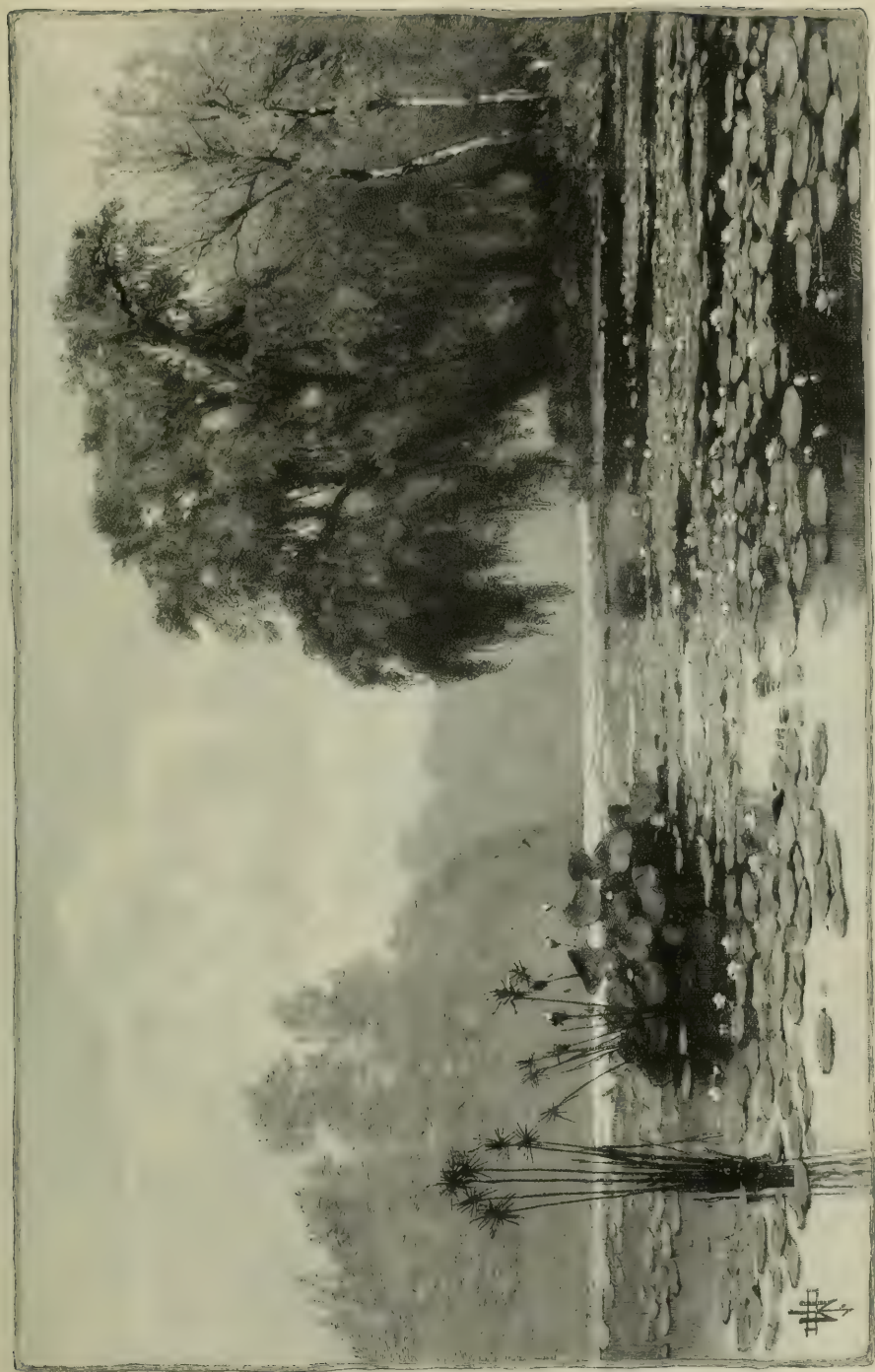
I am not going, on this occasion, to give an account of all the aquatic plants I grow. I have the tender *pondetaria crassipes*, a floating plant with curious orchid-like purple flowers, water-poppies, pitcher-plants, cat-tails, and a score of other species and varieties that I shall not enumerate. All these kinds of water-plants doubtless add greatly to the attractions of decorative waters, but, after all, it is the lotuses and lilies or lilies and lotuses, not giving the precedence to either, that everyone ought to want. Having once had them, any



An Arrangement of Lotus and Lily Pads.

veined and smoother and more shining of texture, and the flowers grander and richer in tint than the tea-rose bud; but, for all that, the pumpkin-leaf and tea-rose bud comparison is a suggestive one. The botanical name of the lotus, *Nelumbium*, signifying a rose or spray of a watering-pot, is very descriptive of the curious seed-pod. There is a fine *nelumbium* native to America, a yellow lotus with excellent foliage, which is found in one or two places in New Jersey, but which chiefly abounds in Florida and other Southern States. The leaves of this species are quite as noteworthy as those of the familiar *lotus speciosum*. These are often two feet in diameter.

The lotus leaves and flowers are decorative and striking in effect, but the true water-lilies, the nymphæas, are, after all, I am inclined to say, the best ornamental water-plants. Following out



DRAWN BY J. D. WOODWARD

The Pond Effect.
Lotus and water-lilies.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

decorative piece of water without them will seem almost uninteresting, no matter what other water-plants are employed.

Let me say here, before I forget, that spaces of clear surface among water-plants, with undisturbed reflections, are particularly necessary to secure the best

I see, already following my example, with promising results. In the village, also, near by there is a fountain, and in the basin I have persuaded the authorities to arrange some boxes of lilies and lotuses renewed every year with purchased plants, and in place of a great iron Neptune painted white and surrounded by white iron cherubs spouting little jets of water, a graceful spray effect has been introduced. Water-lilies and lotuses lend themselves charmingly to the decoration of fountain-basins, especially if they are used in moderation and do not cover up more than a fair half of the entire surface of the water.

Before closing this account of my experience in growing water-plants, I must refer to the introduction of water-lilies and lotuses in the parks of New York. Some three years since, a year or two after I became Superintendent of Parks, my mind was turned, as well as that of my assistants, to the subject of growing lilies in the Central and City Parks. We knew they had been grown to a limited extent in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and we conceived the idea of using them largely in New York.

At first we bought a considerable number, say five hundred dollars' worth, from Mr. Sturtevant, of Bordentown, N. J., the father of water-lily culture in America. For the last two years, however, we have bought little and propagated much, so that at present we have an abundance. We have tanks constructed in the greenhouses, where, by means of high bottom-heat, we can grow the most tender aquatic plants. Our most ambitious, if not our earliest attempt, was the construction of a lily-pond. In Central Park we have nothing like the stream and pond effect on my own place, and we found that it would be necessary to treat our lakes in a larger and more expensive way. As a



A Group of Japanese Lotus.

effects. The whole surface of the pond should be no more covered up with water-lilies than fine rocks should be completely masked with climbing vines.

To explain to the reader which are the tender and which are the hardy kinds would be a lengthy task, and I must refer him to the nearest nurseryman who grows aquatics. Better not grow many tender plants, would be my advice to the ordinary amateur lawn-planter.

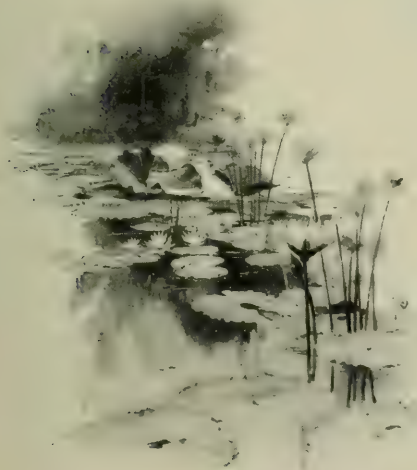
The success of this treatment of my stream certainly affords me great pleasure, and I need hardly say I am proud of it. It has, however, done more than that. One or two of my neighbors are,

first essay we dug out a pond close by, and forming as it were part of, what is termed Conservatory Lake, just north of the gate at Seventy-second Street and Fifth Avenue. The general shape of this pond was oval, with winding, irregular shores, bounded by a high bank on the east side and a great willow drooping over the north end. Rocks were disposed in the immediate banks, so as to suggest a natural formation rather than an artificial pond. The bottom, scarcely three feet deep, was cemented tight as a cup and the water flowed gently in at one end and out at the other, and so through a basin into the sewer. Eighteen inches of soil was made rich with manure and deposited over the bottom. This soil was renewed more or less every year. Masses of flowering shrubs and small trees, such as the hydrangea, *Spirea opulifolia*, and Purple beech and birch formed a background



The Centre of the Fountain, Union Square, New York.

of foliage on the steep hill-side sloping up to Fifth Avenue. The lotuses (*N. speciosum*) in this pond were disposed in a solid mass at the north end along the steepest banks. There the observer can look down and see them mirrored on the surface of the water in the most effective way. Masses of the large hardy white lily (*N. alba candidissima*) and the beautiful little white one (*N. pygmæa*), the size of half a dollar, the Cape Cod pink lily, and several other kinds grow permanently in the mud of the bottom. Tender ones, like the blue and red varieties (*N. devoniensis*, *N. zanzibarensis azurea* and *rosea*), are planted in boxes filled with rich compost and removed to the park greenhouses every year. The season to enjoy this pond at its best is about ten o'clock in the morning—later than this the heat of the sun gradually closes many of the blossoms, and earlier than nine some of the kinds have not yet opened their flowers. A sight of this pond in August and early September is worth a considerable journey to see; and hardly less effective are the lotuses and lily plantations in boxes to be seen in the great fountain-basin at the Terrace.



An Arrangement of Water-lilies and Papyrus

Yet probably more effective, and certainly more attractive, on account of location, is the Union Square fountain, with its beautiful spray of water and vigorous water-plants, and in addition its outside collar of red alternanthera

most any time before midnight, scores of people are gathered about them enjoying the beauties of the lilies and lotuses—nor, as the years go on, does the interest in them seem to flag. Indeed, among all decorations for architectural



Bethesda Fountain Basin, Central Park, New York.

sward, planted with islands of geraniums. By electric light in the evening, or in the early morning sunlight, the effect of these lily-pads and lotus-leaves bedewed with globules of water is magical. Half a dozen, in fact, about all the fountain-basins in down-town New York are treated in this manner, and at al-

structures where a pool of water can be introduced I believe there is nothing that can beat the lily and lotus. So confident am I of this, that I believe the time is not far distant when no fountain-basin will be considered completely equipped without them. In Central Park we have already begun to plane the shores extensively with them.

At present this applies especially to the loch at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Eighth Avenue. There is a good deal of labor required in the preparation of rich soil on the shores, but we hope, nevertheless, in a few years to have our lakes as well stocked with lilies and lotuses as our fountain-basins.

MOUNT ST. ELIAS AND ITS GLACIERS.

By Mark Brickell Kerr.



SINCE 1741, when Ber- ing, in the course of his great voyage, discovered St. Elias and named this grand mountain-peak after the patron saint of the day, many voy- agers and explorers have turned their thoughts and energy to accurately deter- mine its correct height and true po- sition. Captain Cook, about 1778, La Pérouse, about 1787, and, later, Malas- pina, whose unrequited services and death in a Spanish prison rival the ex- periences of Columbus in the ingrati- tude of humanity; Vancouver, in 1794, and many Russian navigators—Ismaleff, Berchareff, and Tebenkoff—all saw St. Elias, and most of them took sextant observations for its altitude and po- sition.

The elevation, generally adopted until 1874, was that placed upon the British Admiralty charts, viz., 14,970 feet. In that year a party of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey made a re- connoissance of Mount St. Elias and vicinity, and obtained results for alti- tude and position by means of open tri- angles with long sides. This placed the height at 19,500 feet, and was adopted by geographers as the best evidence ex- tant for altitude. Since then three ex- peditions have been sent to climb the mountain, one in 1886, under Lieuten- ant Schwatka, called the *New York Times* Expedition, and another, in 1888, under Harold Topham, of the Royal Geographical Society and English Al- pine Club. Both these attempts failed, as the ascent was tried from the south or ocean side, where the sandstone slopes are almost perpendicular. The latter party, by aneroid, reached an ele- vation of 11,000 feet. A sketch of this expedition, by Mr. William Williams, one of the party, was published in SCRIB- NER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1889.

The third party was sent out in June, 1890, by the National Geographic So-

ciety, in command of I. C. Russell, geol- ogist. To this party the writer was at- tached, in charge of the geographic work of the expedition. It is the nar- rative of the journey of this party which I have to detail. The work of this ex- pedition places St. Elias at 15,350 feet, agreeing fairly well with former deter- minations by Malaspina and other nav- igators of the last century. Mount Cook is 12,370, and Mount Vancouver 9,884 feet.

Taking advantage of the experience of former expeditions, our party made the attempt from the head of Yakutat Bay, and on the eastern face of the mountain.

For many years public interest has centred around the most remote of our possessions, and many are the tales re- lated of the wonders of Alaskan scenery. Examining all the data extant to-day, very little is found outside the beaten tracks—that is, those portions where the tourist steamers yearly go. If you look in an ordinary “Gazetteer,” the result of your search will be that Alaska covers about five hundred and eighty thousand square miles, is rich in minerals and fur- bearing animals, has large fishing inter- ests, immense snowy peaks, and huge glaciers. The charts show its coast-line in a general way, but the interior is almost a blank. This lack of definite knowledge was the reason our party was organized, particularly to explore the vicinity of St. Elias, determine its altitude, and ascend it, if practicable.

We outfitted at Seattle, Wash., and hired seven stalwart woodsmen who seemed particularly well adapted for our work, and rendered us independent of Indian packers, who have been found so unreliable in former expeditions. Our provisions were carefully selected and placed in tins of convenient size for pro- tection against rain and flood, and we were extremely thankful afterward that we used such precautions.

I will pass lightly over the events of

our journey to Sitka, through the inland narrows which have been so ably described by others. We were fortunate in securing passage on the Queen with Captain Carroll, whose pleasant and cordial treatment did much to make the journey enjoyable, and his knowledge of the country assisted us greatly. We passed Wrangel, the Narrows, Douglas Island, Juneau, and arrived at Glacier Bay on June 23d. At first sight the Muir Glacier was disappointing, my imagination having pictured a more magnificent field of ice; but on climbing a little hill I soon beheld the extensive *névé*, the rocky islets and long moraines extending twelve or fifteen miles northward, the regular and beautiful curves only limited by the surrounding peaks, whose summits rose above the intervening fleecy clouds. At noon the mist cleared, and our sail out of Glacier Bay will long be remembered as one of the most delightful in my experience. Some bergs of ice floating majestically, with their different forms, and hues varying from deep azure to pale blue, mingled with others where the morainal material had changed the color to a dark brown. Very skilful manœuvring was required to take the vessel through these masses of floating ice, and many were the comments on the splendid seamanship of our skipper. Here, in the crisp morning air, we had a fine view of the Fair-weather group, uplifting their snowy crests, a barrier to the scene eastward. The immense fields of ice and snow made us shudder, even from our great distance, as we thought of crossing them, and we turned with pleasure to the comfortable surroundings of our good ship.

We arrived at Sitka, early on the morning of June 24th, and after arranging every detail with Governor Knapp and the Naval authorities, transferred our stores to the United States steamer *Pinta*, and Captain Farenholt, U. S. Navy, made everything ready to start for Yakutat Bay early the next morning.

We entered Yakutat Bay June 26th, anchoring off the Indian village; but during our stay there it rained continuously, and we did not even catch a glimpse of St. Elias, much to our regret.

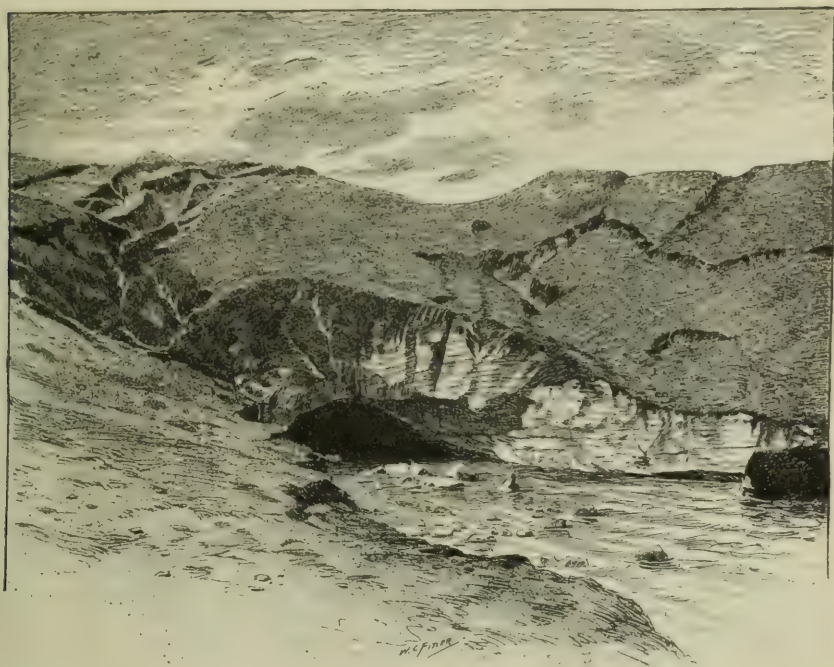
On the morning of June 28th we started up the bay, Lieutenant Karl Jungen, U. S. Navy, and myself leading in the whale-boat, followed by our flotilla of canoes. We secured the Moravian missionary at Mulgrave, Mr. Hendrickson, for guide, and he also afterward read my barometer at the Mission, giving a reference point for all barometric observations.

In the afternoon the *Pinta's* boats, after giving us three cheers, left to rejoin the ship, and we turned to in the rain to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, realizing that our work had begun in sober earnest. At this juncture my assistant, Mr. Edward Hosmer, of Washington, who had been quite sick for a few days, was taken so ill that he was obliged to return to Mulgrave village, and thence to Sitka. Our party then consisted of Israel C. Russell, geologist; Mark B. Kerr, topographer; J. H. Christie, foreman; and Lester Doney, William Partridge, Jack Crumbach, William L. Lindsly, Tom White, and Tom Stamy, woodsmen.

On the 29th, with two men and a load of stores, I started ahead, and the next day succeeded in landing on the north shore of Yakutat Bay, great care being used to avoid the masses of ice, which, breaking off from the Hubbard and Dalton Glaciers above us, crunched and grounded here on the beach, threatening to destroy our frail canoe. The bay narrows here to about three miles, and opens farther inland into another one known as Disenchantment Bay. Looking up the bay, one sees a verdure-clad shore, above which rises a vertical wall of ice, fully three hundred feet, the end of the Hubbard Glacier, over which tower the great snowy peaks, Vancouver, Hubbard, Shepard, and Bozeman. Here I had a lesson in surf-landing, but it took me some time to learn a trick so readily accomplished by even the smallest native boys. They usually wait for a fair chance between the high waves and then rush in, and the canoe is quickly hauled up out of reach of the surf. Many were the duckings we had before this could be done in safety.

I had my first experience in the snow on July 3d, and was greatly surprised to find it lying so low down on

the slope. The snow line here is about one thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and is as clearly marked as in the first high ridge we crossed with our packs, and very glad were we to view the other side.



Head of the Dalton River—water flowing from an icy cavern.

Sierras of California. Moss, shrubs, and berries grow in great profusion along the bay shore, and over the moraine a regular trail was formed as the large brown bears crossed and recrossed in search of food or berries. The glacial stream divided into a thousand branches and formed an ideal delta, depositing silt and glacial débris. Our course took us over a mountain spur and across an interior basin about one thousand five hundred feet in height, filled with numerous lakes and swarming with mosquitoes. Indeed, there were such myriads of the latter that imagination suggested that each flake of snow had concealed within it a germ, and thus the mosquito had generated. Here it is that sometimes huge brown bears, driven to fury and desperation by these tormenting little beasts, finally tear their flesh and die in agony. This was the

Our course took us to the head of Dalton River, where a curious phenomenon was observed. The water was flowing out of an icy cavern, above which was a stratum of ice, rock, and dirt, on the surface of which bushes and trees were growing. This formation was gradually caving in and borne by the stream to the sea. The same phenomenon was seen at Styx River, farther on, across the Lucia Glacier.

Crevasses were wide and deep, cutting the ice in fantastic shapes. We advanced slowly during the next three weeks, absolutely feeling our way over the rough moraines; two miles a day was heavy travelling, and it took several trips to bring up all our camp outfit and tins of provisions. The rocks tore our shoe leather and cut our feet, and human endurance was exerted to the utmost to force our way over this rough and icy glacier.

Happily sufficient vegetation was found on the lower slopes to afford fuel. We crossed several swift and icy-cold streams, and numerous curious holes or kettles in the glacier, where great care was necessary, as a single misstep meant a fall of many hundred feet.

On July 25th, I went ahead with one man to prospect the Kettle Cañon and the Hayden Glacier. We took an oil-stove and a small outfit, and even then we had to carry about forty or fifty pounds each. At the head of this cañon the glacier flows directly past with a width of two miles. Across the

surface of hard ice about two or three miles in width, and gradually ends in a huge moraine of dirt, rocks, and ice, belching its contents into Yakutat Bay. As you proceed up the glacier the slopes on both sides become perpendicular. Huge massive slate and sandstone ridges rise up on both sides, clear cut and defined, with niches like an open fan. After a few miles the upper level is reached, and then the journey is made through soft snow, sinking in over boot-tops at every step, and progress is slow and difficult.

Toward evening of the 25th we had reached an elevation of twenty-five hun-



glacier, a point of the ridge comes down covered with spruce-trees. Flowers, grasses, and ferns were growing luxuriantly around me, and as I lay down in the soft moss and looked over a cathedral mass of rock from a lupine bed of beautiful colors, I seemed to breathe the atmosphere of the Tropics rather than of the Arctic.

The Hayden—the third glacier of great importance on our route—begins with a

dred feet, and here found a slope with a few loose rocks at an angle of about thirty degrees. We ripped the bottom of the slope to prevent slipping down the hill, and here made camp. All around was a snowy expanse broken into curious shapes, with nothing living except a raven, which suddenly and hoarsely croaked above my head. I felt like offering the bird an apology for being there.



Lucia Glacier.

The next day we tried two points of the ridge, but could not cross over on account of the crevasses. However, we found a more desirable point of rock upon which to pitch camp. The day

thundering down the mountain slope. These immense ice-fields, split up by huge crevasses, assume all sorts of shapes, and combining with the shadows and effects of the surrounding



The First Climb.

after, in a fog, we went up toward the last promising pass, and at the top of the divide were met by a "berg schröder," which stretched across the slope about six to ten feet wide, and about five hundred feet in depth. The walls of these crevasses were laminated, and each year's snow was easily discerned by its difference in color, radiating like the rings of a tree.

As I looked into the depths of the crevasse, I grew bewildered in endeavoring to discover its age, and pictured to myself the time when almost the whole world was an ice-field, grinding and twisting out forms so familiar to us at places where now one could scarcely believe the ice had ever formed. Here, on the extreme summit of one of these sandstone ridges, I discovered a hill of fossil mussel-shells, and also ferns and flowers, embedded in the rock, evidences of a great ocean once rolling over these rock masses. The fog still continued, and as I lay in my rocky perch, protected from the pelting rain by only a canvas sheet, I was suddenly startled by a dreadful report as an avalanche of ice and rock, detached by the rain, came

patches of massive rock left here and there, imagination runs riot. I could see a picture where white-robed choristers and surpliced priests passed in endless file, while the huge black masses of shaly rock of the higher peaks stood out like the spires of a mighty cathedral, the lower slopes, the pipes of an immense organ, to which picture the thunder of the avalanche supplied the deep diapason.

On the 28th, after a hard struggle, we succeeded in reaching the summit of the pass, and were rewarded by a few hours of clear weather. St. Elias, Augusta, and Cook burst upon us in all their glory, rivalling anything I had ever before seen. Here were deep crevasses, high domes, hummocks, and bergs of ice, and above towered the huge peaks, sharp and steep. But soon the fog arose, and we were forced to return. We spent a most miserable and wet night. In the very early morning, as the rain gradually loosened the rocky débris, and the pieces went whizzing by, threatening to engulf us, we were forced to move out. It was a rough trip, but we reached Kettle Cañon, wet to the

skin, and found the main camp moved ahead to Blossom Island, where we spent the next few days in examining the ice formations and extending triangulation.

This was an oasis in a desert of surrounding ice—the last point where we found wood, and a most beautiful spot, completely environed by a glacial stream. The flora here was abundant and varied. Lupines of all colors, bluebells, and ferns of every description flourished in rank profusion, while clusters of wild currants and salmon-berries grew in immense quantities, the latter, especially, to an enormous size, in this damp but equable temperature. Indeed the thermometer scarcely varied during the day more than five degrees from an average of fifty degrees, but the rain was heavy and continuous. During the night the

ber of ptarmigan and whistling marmots, and, although signs of bear were numerous, we saw none. From this, our last point of vegetation, we decided to start a reconnoissance trip to explore the route toward St. Elias and Cook, now in full view from our camp at the summit of Blossom Island.

On August 2d we started up the glacier, which we named "Marvine," and camped, during a storm of rain, on a ledge of rock at an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet. We passed a very disagreeable night. The rain continued loosening the rocks and débris above us, and soon these came whizzing by, too close for comfort. When one large rock struck my alpenstock, which was used for a tent-pole, and diverted its course just enough to miss cracking



View of Mount Cook and the Seward Glacier.

thermometer fell, sometimes reaching freezing-point. In the winter the temperature falls to just below freezing-point, and this rain, converted into snow, piles up in immense quantities.

A few bumble-bees and house-flies were noted, and the mosquito still held its own, rendering a trip through the thickets and underbrush almost an impossibility. There were quite a num-

ber of ptarmigan and whistling marmots, and, although signs of bear were numerous, we saw none. From this, our last point of vegetation, we decided to start a reconnoissance trip to explore the route toward St. Elias and Cook, now in full view from our camp at the summit of Blossom Island.

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seemed easy, but a storm again beginning we took shelter in an ice grotto, where the drippings from the roof gave us delicious drinking-water and rendered our hard tack and cold bacon more palatable. The crevasses here are clean cut, deep, and without much ornamentation, and the ice of a dark blue gives a rather subdued effect.

The next morning the sun shone out

the whole side of Yakutat Bay. We made our camp for the night under a sandstone ledge, where the water was flowing over the old ice. It may seem strange to hear of our hunting for water in this land of ice, but the cascades formed away up on the slopes plunge down huge crevasses and disappear under the snowy bed. Sometimes we were forced to use our small supply



Hubbard Glacier.

strong and warm, and the rays dancing over the surface of the crystallized snow glittered like clusters of diamonds, and soon put new life and vigor into our half-frozen limbs. We moved over Pinnacle Pass at an elevation of 4,200 feet. From here we could see the black ridges and lower points of the Rogers Range, while a large glacier extended in front and turned northward out of our sight. We named it the "Seward." It was the largest we had seen, and cut up and crevassed in curves like ribbons of watered silk. The day was clear and the huge glacier was seen to slope seaward in gentle, undulating curves—a peaceful icy river—broken only by its fall into the Malaspina Glacier. It looked so much like the sea that one of our men exclaimed, "Look at the ocean." But between us and the sea extended the mighty Malaspina Glacier, which covers

of oil to melt the snow for the water needed in our cooking. Our camp was on the east side of the Seward Glacier, which extended far northward to the base of the main range. St. Elias—silent, massive, dark, rugged, and sharp—lay right in front, while Augusta stood like an immense hay-stack, a gable, on the right; the snow banners floating quietly by covering and uncovering these beautiful and grand mountains fully ten thousand feet above us. I held my breath in silent awe and wondered at our audacity in attempting to scale the dizzy heights.

The Seward Glacier is a natural divide between the ridge through which we had forced our way and the main range. So one part of the problem was solved, and we discovered that there was no main range parallel to the coast, while angulation determined another point,

and that was that the elevation had been very much over-estimated, and St. Elias was only 15,350 instead of 19,500 feet. The ranges are all broken by immense faults, and it was owing to such structure that Pinnacle Pass was found so easy of passage.

We moved slowly along, loud reports resounding on all sides, and avalanches rushed down as the sun gradually melted the snow. Keeping well out into the middle of the glacier, we felt safe. Soon, however, we were forced by the rough ice and crevasses to the side of the glacier, and climbing a ridge our further progress seemed barred, so we camped on a ledge about one hundred feet above the ice, with just room enough to pitch our 7 x 7 tent, into which we four men crawled—a sardine pack, truly. The glacier groaned, the ice crunched, and huge pieces fell in here and there with a loud noise as the pressure from above was felt. There was more perceptible movement here than in any other glacier. I estimated it at about fifteen feet a day. The Seward Glacier is limited by a range on the north, the highest point of which we named Logan, in honor of the late Director of the Geological Survey of Canada.

The blocks of ice here were like huge Christmas cakes, and often during the night, we could actually feel the glacier move. And when the rain came pelting down, and the wind blew furiously, with an accompaniment like a pistol-shot as a piece of ice went toppling over, I wondered when I would again be out of danger.

Two of our men had gone back for provisions, and on the 17th we became a little anxious about them. The sunset on this night was superb. The shadows began to lengthen, and the huge peaks reflected their long summits on the snowy surface like enormous arms. To the west stretched the main breadth of the glacier, fully ten miles across, with many branches cut up by concave crevasses, which, though twisted and irregular, were connected by small bridges of snow, sometimes scarcely a foot in width, all evidently followed a regular curve of cleavage caused by the contraction of the ice, the strain, and subsequent movement.

The peaks of the Yakutat Bay spurs and the point of Cook presented their sharpest angles toward us, and the sandstone cliffs standing above the snow could easily be mistaken for volcanic dykes. I can readily understand how St. Elias, Cook, and other peaks of the range presenting to the sea their upturned angular strata, and consequently sharpest, steepest slopes, have been mistaken for volcanoes. It was bewildering to watch these snow-fields, which in the setting sun were not luminous, but a fine, clear, white expanse, gradually assuming a darker hue as the sun gradually dropped behind St. Elias.

I smiled to think of the great care taken by Alpine guides, forbidding even a whisper or a journey without a guide upon the Mer de Glace. If such a mountaineer were suddenly transported to the great Seward Glacier and felt the glacier tremble and listened to the constantly falling avalanches from the crags of Elias and Cook, I imagine he would throw away his alpenstock and flee in dismay.

On the 18th of August, our men having returned with oil and provisions, we moved directly toward Mount St. Elias. I blacked my face and wore netting and heavy goggles, as the glare from the ice was terrific. We crossed the Dome Pass, leading over into the Agassiz Glacier, and, looking ahead the route seemed blocked by crevasses and ice-falls. This was the glacier discovered by Schwatka and Seton Karr, but they were not aware of its extent. It was slow work clambering through the crevasses, heading some and cutting our way through others, but with care we reached the first ice-fall about noon. Here we were forced to cut steps in the ice, but after reaching the summit we turned back by a huge crevasse. Finally we cut our way down into it until it was narrow enough to straddle, and we then gradually cut our way up on the opposite side—the first man being lowered by a rope. Great care was used, for if a slip occurred a man might lose his life or be frightfully maimed, these crevasses often being over five hundred feet in depth.

Afterward we were forced to the centre of the glacier and had fairly good

travelling until we reached the second ice-fall. Here we found an opening through which a stream was flowing over the old and hard ice, but with a gentle current, not enough to impede us. We waded along this, knee deep, until every bone in our bodies seemed frozen, and we were obliged to camp on the snow, where our oil-stove helped us a little toward comfort. It was cold, wet, and uncomfortable, but at midnight I took an observation, for latitude, on *Polaris*. The stars were very brilliant, shedding a gentle, reflected light on the snowy surface. This was the first time I had succeeded in taking an observation, as the midnight sun had been too brilliant before, and the stars consequently dim.

The next morning, looking ahead, the old snowy surface seemed passable, but as soon as the grade increased we were forced to give it up, the new snow not being hard enough to bear our weight, and too deep to struggle through. Our eyes were troubling us badly, despite our goggles, about this time, and we made a temporary camp on a bare spot of rocks under the cliff. With one man I again went ahead to prospect a route, and had almost given it up; but taking advantage of a lead around a huge detached piece of ice, we gained new hope and went up to the first crevasse. We crossed by a very narrow and dangerous ice-bridge, with the aid of a rope, and found a branch of the lower crevasse heading against the main one, and forming an acute angle in the shape of an irregular K, the intersection being very narrow, and a perpendicular wall of snow overhanging at the upper angle. We cut our way right through this snow-wall, and after a little tough climbing reached the top of the exposed cliff. Letting down about one hundred feet of rope, we made it fast to some large boulders, and soon descended to camp, where a hot cup of coffee rewarded us for our exertion.

The next day we climbed up the cliff and hauled up our outfit. Here, after many set-backs and tumbles, we succeeded in reaching another small glacial stream, and judged ourselves about eight miles from the summit of *Elias*, at an elevation of five thousand feet.

On August 22d we started in earnest our climb toward the summit. The slope was gradual, but everything was a line of pure white; neither light nor shadow was apparent. One of our party called out that he couldn't see, but was afterward comforted when he found that we were all in an equally bad case, being obliged to thrust our alpenstocks in front of us to see whether or no we were going up a slope or down a hollow.

We found some immense crevasses here, from five hundred to one thousand feet in depth. Huge pendent icicles with prismatic hues and crystals of ice of every color reflected their tips on the glassy slopes. Here, looking back, we had a beautiful view over the old snow on the lower slopes, with a yellowish tinge like rich cream, while the new snow around us was dry, mealy, and white as the purest flour. Snow halos and banners hovered round Cook and other peaks, and in their changing color and shadow rivalled, if not surpassed, anything of the kind I had ever before witnessed. The scene changed almost in a moment, and the storm-clouds went skurrying by, spreading a black mantle over the white surface. The snow began falling, for we had reached an elevation by aneroid of nine thousand feet. Above us, about five thousand feet, was the peak, which sloped at an angle of thirty degrees to a low saddle, the crest of the main range. We judged the divide to be two thousand five hundred feet above us. This was the point we desired to reach and camp in for the night. All our hard work was over. The ice-falls, the deep crevasses, and rough glaciers lay behind, and nothing but the slope of the main peak, with its hard and regular crust of snow, lay ahead. We breathed a sigh of relief as we realized that our work was nearly over. However, the snow-storm increased, so we descended to our camp at the glacial lake, cacheing all our instruments at the highest point.

The storm continued to increase, and in the morning the snow had drifted nearly over our tent. Our little glacial lake had frozen, and was completely covered by the drift. The storm still raged, but at noon, a lull occurring, we decided to pull out and return to a

lower camp for more provisions. We took turns in breaking our way through the snow, barely able in the mist to see our hands before our faces, and absolutely wading through the heavy drifts. We advanced very slowly for fear of a covered crevasse, and six in the evening found us under the cliff, but it was still too foggy to discover the snow-steps. We dug a hole about ten feet square and about six feet deep in the snow, and pitching our tent crawled in. The next morning it partly cleared, and we found ourselves just about two hundred and fifty feet from the ice steps. Here, letting myself down with a rope, I recut the steps in the snow, and after a hard struggle through the drifts we reached our former camp at the foot of the cliff, and were soon as comfortable as the circumstances permitted.

After due deliberation I determined to return, with Mr. Russell, to the upper camp and again attempt Elias; while the other men, Lindsly and Stamy, were sent to our cache at Camp 4 for more provisions and oil. The boys left us quite early, as they had about twenty miles to make, and we, taking our time, clambered up the cliff and arrived at our old "dug-out" in the snow about noon. We stopped here to take a rest, but discovered that the oil was dangerously low, and as the burning of grease with improvised wicks was a slow and unsatisfactory arrangement, I determined to leave Russell to pursue alone the two miles to the upper lake, and pushed back to reach our men at the lower camp.

I felt in fine condition, and travelled at a dog-trot down hill over the hard snow surface and overtook the boys in camp below, going over the distance in six hours. Here I found a can of oil, and shared their bed and supper. We tried to get a little sleep, but were awakened by a sudden rain-storm, which started about three o'clock in the morning. We were forced to get up, cold and wet; but, making a fire out of the wooden box protecting the oil-can, ate our ham and beans with great gusto. Leaving the boys to pursue their journey to Camp 4, I started back to reach Russell. It got colder and colder as I advanced. The wind and rain blew in my face and soon soaked through my

gossamer clothing. I became as wet as a rag. At the first ice-fall it was sleeting, and I had some difficulty in climbing the steep and icy slopes with my heavy pack. I reached our old camp under the cliff at 5 p.m. Resting a moment I climbed up the rocky wall and reached the upper slope. Here it was snowing fiercely in great flakes. I trudged ahead, but soon every vestige of our old trail was covered and I wallowed in the deep snow. It was then about 6 p.m., and fearing that I might be buried here in the depth of snow, I made the best of my way back to the lower camp. I reached the cliff about eight o'clock, the storm being terrific in force. I tugged at the rope, but found it caught at the bottom, so I kept on my pack and clambered down. At best the cliff was a nasty place, and loaded as I was, and tired out, I slipped while halfway down and turned to grasp the rope. I could not hold on, so fell headlong the rest of the distance. A flashing thought of the hard ice and deep crevasse at the bottom was obscured in my surprise at landing in soft snow. I soon got up, shook myself, and finding no bones broken made the best of my way to the old camp. The weight of the new snow had caused an avalanche, burying the end of the rope and filling the crevasse at the bottom. This had happened since my last trip—a lucky accident, and to it I owe my life. At my camp was a rubber blanket, so bracing it with an alpenstock I made an improvised tent, the ends being fastened with large snow-balls; the snow rapidly filled in round my tent, and I was soon comfortably sleeping. I woke up hungry during the night, and finding a little oatmeal made a hasty pudding, which appeased my appetite a little.

Early the next morning (the 27th) the temperature rose, and it began to rain. Then my troubles began. Everything was absolutely soaking. I did not mind it much during the day, but as the night grew colder I soon became benumbed. I kept up the circulation as much as possible, but was so stiff in the morning that I could scarcely move. Luckily it cleared, and the sun coming out, I stretched out my hands toward its genial rays, and could readily imagine how men could bow down in si-

lent adoration of such glorious warmth. New strength and energy were imparted into my frozen limbs. I found my feet and hands a little frost-bitten, but plunged them at intervals in the snow. I had time to dry out somewhat before attempting to reach Russell, two miles above, where I knew food and warmth awaited me. Thirty hours on raw oatmeal I soon found was not travelling diet through soft snow about four feet deep, so after going half a mile I was forced to give it up and return again to my camp. As I lay there in my snowy camp, I began to wonder if I should be found in future ages, preserved in glacier ice like a mammoth or cave bear, as an illustration to geologists that man inhabited these regions of eternal ice, and lived happily on nothing, breathing the free air of pre-historic times.

Soon it became quite cold, and, dreaming of more delightful scenes, I heard a shout, and in a little while four of the men came in, and taking a piece of chocolate and corned beef I felt better. They had been delayed by the storm and were anxious about our safety. We made a cup of beef-tea over an improvised lamp, which braced me considerably. We started the next day (the 29th), quite early, to reach Russell, as we imagined he might be a little lonely. We forced our way through the snow, and about half-way met him slowly coming toward us bringing a light load. Sending two men back for the tent and oil-stove, we again moved back to our camp at the cliff.

The snow in these two storms had fallen to the depth of about nine feet, and was so soft that one sunk almost to the waist in attempting to push through it. The winter had actually set in, and we realized we were too late to reach our

instruments and again attempt the peak. It was severely disappointing after days of travel over rough moraines and icy glaciers, crossing by narrow bridges, hauling ourselves up steep cliffs and precipices, swimming streams, and living for weeks with an oil-stove for fuel, sleeping four abreast in a 7 x 7 tent on the snow. In fact, six weeks of utter discomfort for body and soul, and then to be beaten by so little. If the storm had only held off for twenty-four hours more, the scalp of Elias would have been in our belt and we could have finished the trip with great rejoicing. However, our attempt was bold and our success in finding and naming new peaks and glaciers, and studying their movements, and, indeed, making a general topographical reconnaissance of this unknown region, recompensed us in part for the failure in reaching the summit of Elias. So turning our backs on the mountain, we returned to our base camp at Blossom Island during another storm, and tried to forget our disappointment in eating bear meat and wild huckleberries.

The rest of the season I was engaged in extending the topographical work, and in one of these trips I went down to the Indian village and met the Corwin, with my friend Captain C. L. Hooper in command. Learning of our trips up the bay, he set sail, and landing at the entrance to Disenchantment Bay brought off the remainder of the party. The Corwin thus had the honor of being the first vessel to steam up Yakutat Bay. We stayed only a few hours at the village at Port Mulgrave, and after a delightful voyage reached Port Townsend on October 2d, our party disbanded and the men all returned to their various homes.





THE WOOING OF MONSIEUR CUERRIER.

A SKETCH IN VIGER.*

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

IT had been one of those days that go astray in the year, and carry the genius of their own month into the alien ground of another. This one had mistaken the last month of spring for the last month of summer, and had lighted a May day with an August sun. The tender foliage of the trees threw almost transparent shadows, and the leaves seemed to burn with a green liquid fire in the windless air. Toward noon the damp fields commenced to exhale a moist haze that spread, gauzelike, across the woods. Growing things seemed to shrink from this heavy burden of sun, and if one could have forgotten that there were yet trilliums in the woods, he might have expected summer sounds on the summer air. After the sun had set the atmosphere hung dense, falling into darkness without a movement, and when night had come the sultry air was broken by flashes of pale light, that played fitfully and without direction. People sat on their door-steps for air, or paced the walks languidly. It was not a usual thing for Monsieur Cuerrier to go out after nightfall; his shop was a general rendezvous, and news and the gossip of the neighborhood came to him without his search. But something had been troubling him all day, and at last, when

his evening mail was closed, he put on his boots and went out. He sauntered down the street in his shirt sleeves, with his fingers in his vest pockets. His face did not lose its gravity until he had seated himself opposite his friend Alexis Girouard, and put a pipe between his teeth. Then he looked over the candle which stood between them, and something gleamed in his eye; he nursed his elbow and surveyed his friend. Alexis Girouard was a small man, with brown side-whiskers; his face was so round, and the movements of his person so rapid, that he looked like a squirrel whose cheeks are distended with nuts. By occupation he was a buyer of butter and eggs, and went about the country in a calash, driving his bargains. This shrewd fellow, whom no one could get the better of at trade, was ruled by his maiden sister with a rod of iron. He even enjoyed the friendship of Cuerrier by sufferance; their interviews were carried on almost clandestinely, with the figure of the terrible Diana always imminent.

When a sufficient cloud of smoke was spread around the room, Cuerrier asked, "Where is she?" Alexis darted a glance in the direction of the village, removing his pipe and pointing to the same quarter; then he heaved a relieved sigh, and commenced smoking again.

"So you are sure she's out?" said Cuerrier.

Alexis looked uneasy. "No," he answered, "I can't be sure she's out."

* See the former sketches of French Canadian village life by the same author, entitled "In the Village of Viger," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, October, 1887.

Cuerrier burst into a hearty laugh. Alexis stepped to the door and listened; when he came back and sat down, Cuerrier said, without looking at him, "Look here, Alexis, I'm going to get married."

His companion started so that he knocked some of the ashes from his pipe, then with a nervous jump he snatched the candle and went into the kitchen. Cuerrier, left in the dark, shook with silent laughter. Alexis came back after making sure that Diana was not there, and before seating himself he held the candle close to his friend's face and surveyed him shrewdly.

"So, are you not mad?"

"No, I'm not mad."

Alexis sat down, very much troubled in mind. "You see I'm not young, and the mother is getting old—see? Now, last week she fell down into the kitchen."

"Well, your getting married won't prevent her falling into the kitchen."

"It is not that so much, Alexis, my good friend, but if you had no one to look after things—" here Alexis winced—"you would perhaps think of it too."

"But you are old—how old?"

Cuerrier took his pipe from his mouth and traced in the air what to Alexis's eyes looked like the figure fifty. Cuerrier offered him the candle. "There is not a gray hair in my head." Girouard took the light and glanced down on his friend's shock of brown hair so finely disordered. He sat down satisfied.

"To whom now—tell me what charming girl is to be the postmistress of Viger; is it the Madame Laroque?"

Cuerrier broke again into one of his valiant laughs.

"Guess again," he cried, "you are near it. You'll burn yourself next time."

"Not the second cousin—not possible—not Césarine Angers?"

Cuerrier, grown more sober, had made various signs of acquiescence.

"And what will your friend the widow say?"

"See here, Alexis, she's—" he was going to say something violent—"she's one of the troubles."

"Bah! Who's afraid of her! If you had Diana to deal with, now."

"Well, Alexis, my good friend, that is it. Could you not drop a little hint

to the widow some time? Something like this—" he was silent.

"Something like a dumb man, eh?"

"Paufl! I have no way with the women, you will make a little hint to the widow."

Just then there was a sound of footsteps on the walk. Alexis promptly blew out the candle, grasped his friend by the arm, and hurried him through the dark to the door. There he thrust his hat into his hand, and saying in his ear, "Good-night—good luck," bolted the door after him.

The night had changed its mood. A gentle breeze, laden with soft moisture, blew from the dark woods; the mist was piled in a gray mass along the horizon; light haze clouds moved near the earth, and in spaces of sky as delicately blue as blanchéd violets, small stars flashed clearly.

Cuerrier pursed up his lips and whistled the only tune he knew, one from "*La Fille de Madame Angot*." He was uneasy, too uneasy to follow the intricacies of his tune, and he stopped whistling. He had told his friend that he was going to marry, and had mentioned the lady's name; but what right had he to do that? "Old fool!" he said to himself. He remembered his feuds with his love's guardian, some of them of years' standing; he thought of his age, he ran through the years he might expect to live, and ended by calculating how much he was worth, valuing his three farms in an instant. He felt proud after that, and Césarine Angers did not seem quite so far off. He resolved, just before sleep caught him, to open the campaign at once, with the help of Alexis Girouard; but in the dream that followed he found himself successfully wooing the widow, wooing her with sneers and gibes, and rehearsals of the old quarrels that seemed to draw her smilingly toward him, as if there was some malign influence at work translating his words into irresistible phrases of endearment.

Monsieur Cuerrier commenced to wear a gallant blue waistcoat all dotted with white spots, and a silk necktie with fringed ends. "You see I am in the fashion now," he explained to his

friends. Villeblanc, the superannuated hairdresser, eyed him critically and commenced to suspect him. He blew a whistle of gratification when, one evening in mid-June, he saw the shy Cuerrier drop a rose, full blown, at the feet of Césarine Angers. His gratification was not unmixed when he saw Césarine pick it up and carry it away, blushing delicately. Cuerrier tried to whistle "La Fille de Madame Angot," but his heart leaped into his throat, and his lips curled into a nervous smile.

"So—so!" said Villeblanc. "So—so! I think I'll curl my gentleman's wig for him."

He was not unheedful of the beauty of Césarine. He spoke a word of enigmatical warning to the widow. "You had better put off your weeds. Are we not going to have a wedding?"

This seed fell upon ready ground, and bore an unexpected shoot. From that day the widow wore her best cap on week days. Then along came the good friend, Alexis Girouard, with his little hint. "My friend Cuerrier wants to get married; he's as shy as a bird, but don't be hard on him." The plant blossomed at once. The widow shook her finger at her image in the glass, took on all the colors of the rainbow, and dusted off a guitar of her youth.

Cuerrier came in the evenings and sat a while with the widow, and that discreet second cousin, hiding her withered rose. Sometimes also with a stunted farmer from near Viger, who wore shoe-packs and smelt of native tobacco and oiled leather. This farmer was designed by the widow for that rebel Césarine, who still resisted behind her barricade, now strengthened by secret supplies of roses from an official of the government itself.

"But it is high time to speak," thought Cuerrier, and one night, when there was not a hint of native tobacco in the air, he said:

"Madame Laroque, I am thinking now of what I would like to happen to me before I grow an old man, and I think to be married would be a good thing. If you make no objection, I would marry the beautiful Césarine here."

The widow gathered her bitter fruit. "Old beast!" she cried, stamping on

the guitar; "old enough to be her great-grandfather!"

She drove the bewildered postmaster out of the house, and locked Césarine into her room. She let her come down to work, but watched her like a cat. Forty times a day she cried out "The old scoundrel!" and sometimes she would break a silence with a laugh of high mockery, that ended with the phrase "The idea!" that was like the knot to a whip-lash. She even derided Cuerrier from her chamber window if he dared to walk the street. The postmaster bore it; he pursed up his lips to whistle, and said "Wait." He also went to see his friend Alexis. "I have a plan, Alexis," he said, "if Diana was only out of the road." But Diana was in the road, she was in league with the widow. "Fancy!" she cried, fiercely, "what is to become of us when old men behave so. Why, the next thing I know, Alexis—*Alexis* will want to get married."

Whatever Cuerrier's plan was, he got no chance to impart it. Diana was always in the road, and reported everything to the widow; she, in turn, watched Césarine. But one night, when Alexis was supposed to be away, he appeared suddenly in Cuerrier's presence. He had come back unexpectedly, and had not gone home first. The plan was imparted to him. "But to bring the calash out of the yard at half-past twelve at night without Diana hearing, never—never—she has ears like a watch-dog." But he pledged himself to try. The widow saw him depart, and she and Diana expected a *coup-d'état*. Madame Laroque turned the key on Césarine, and fed her on bread and water; Diana locked her brother's door every night, when she knew he was in bed, much to Alexis's perplexity.

The lane that separated the widow's house from Cuerrier's was just nine feet wide. The postmaster had reason to know that; Madame Laroque had fought him for years, saying that he had built on her land. At last they had got a surveyor from the city, who measured it with his chain. The widow flew at him. He shrugged his shoulders. "The Almighty made this nine feet," he said, "you cannot turn the world upside down."

"Nine feet," said Cuerrier to himself, 'nine feet, and two are eleven.' With that length in his head he walked over to the carpenter's. That evening he contemplated a two-inch plank eleven feet long in his kitchen. The same evening Alexis was deep in dissimulation. He was holding an image of garrulous innocence to Diana, who glared at it suspiciously.

The postmaster bored a small hole through the plank about two inches from one end, through this he ran the end of a long rope and knotted it firmly. Then he carried the plank upstairs into a small room over the store. Opposite the window of this room there was a window in Madame Laroque's house.

"Good-night, sweet dreams," cried Alexis to Diana, as, cold with excitement, he staggered upstairs. He made all the movements of undressing, but he did not undress; then he gradually quieted down and sat shivering near the window. In a short time Diana crept up and locked his door. It took him an hour to gain courage enough to throw his boots out of the window; he followed them, slipping down the post of the verandah. He crept cautiously into the stable; his horse was ready harnessed and he led her out, quaking lest she should whinny. The calash was farther back in the yard than usual; to drive out he would have to pass Diana's window. Just as he took the reins in his hand the horse gave a loud, fretful neigh; he struck her with the whip, but she would not stir. He struck her again, and, as she bounded past the window it was raised, and something white appeared. Alexis, glancing over his shoulder, gave a hoarse shout, to relieve his excitement; he had seen the head of the chaste Diana.

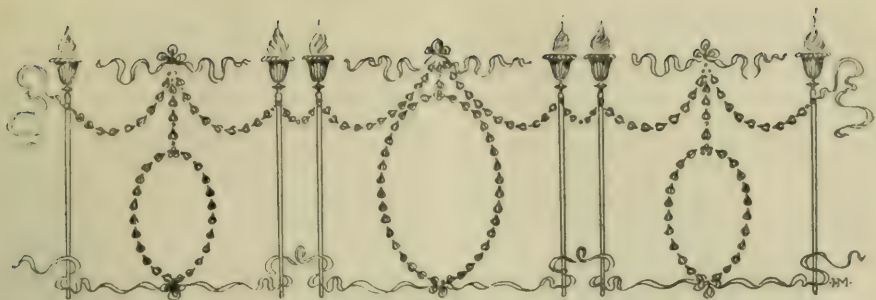
Cuerrier let down the top window-sash about two inches, then he raised the lower sash almost to its full height, and passed the end of the rope from the outside through the upper aperture into the room, and tied it to a nail. Then he pushed the plank out of the window, and let it drop until it swung by the rope; then he lifted it up hand over hand till the end rested on the sill. Adjusting it so as to leave a good four inches to rest on the opposite ledge, he

lowered away his rope until the end of the plank reached the opposite side, and there was a strong bridge from Madame Laroque's house to his own. He took a stout pole and tapped gently on the window. Césarine was stretched on her bed, sleeping lightly. The tapping woke her; she rose on her elbow; the sound came again; she went to the window and raised a corner of the curtain. Cuerrier flashed his lantern across the glass. Césarine put up the window quietly. She heard Cuerrier calling her assuringly. She crept out on the plank, and put the window down. Then she stood up, and, aided by the stout pole, which the postmaster held firmly, she was soon across the abyss. The plank was pulled in, the window shut down, and all trace of the exploit had vanished.

At sunrise, pausing after the ascent of a hill, they looked back, and Césarine thought she saw, like a little silver point in the rosy light, the steeple of the far St. Joseph's, and below them, from a hollow filled with mist, concealing the houses, rose the tower and dome of the parish church of St. Valérie.

A week after, when the farmer from near Viger came into the post-office for his mail, bearing the familiar odor of native tobacco, the new postmistress of Viger, setting the tips of her fingers on the counter, and leaning on her pretty wrists until four dimples appeared on the back of each of her hands, said, "I have nothing for you."

The rage of Madame Laroque was less than her curiosity to know how Césarine had effected her escape. She made friends with her, and wore a cheerful face, but Césarine was silent. "Tell her 'birds fly'," said Cuerrier. Exasperated, at last, the widow commenced a petty revenge. She cooked a favorite dinner of Cuerrier's, and left her kitchen windows open to fill his house with the odor. But, early that morning, the postmaster had gone off to St. Valérie to draw out a lease, and had taken his wife with him. About noon he had stopped to water his horse, and had climbed out of his calash to pluck some asters; Césarine decked her hat with them, and sang a light song—she had learned the air from "*La Fille de Madame Angot*."



A NOTE ON JANE AUSTEN.

By W. B. Shubrick Clymer.



THE scrutinizing criticism to which Jane Austen has for some time past been subjected omits explicit statement of a fundamental fact, which it yet fully establishes by implication, namely, that she is provincial. The word *provinciality*, as commonly used to suggest rudeness or lack of polish, is naturally avoided by a eulogist. Yet the connotation of disparagement attaching to it is perhaps as accidental as that attaching to the word *curiosity*, which, Arnold insists, indicates, except in English, the "disinterested love of a free play of the mind" requisite to real criticism. May not the term *provinciality*, used by Arnold in a sense anything but complimentary, serve, for lack of a better, to sum up qualities as different from those it suggests to him, as the two sets of qualities suggested by the term *curiosity* are different from each other? As another instance, where can a more striking difference be found than that between *philology* as commonly understood to mean linguistic study, and *philology* of which the purpose is, according to recent authority, "the comprehension of human life as recorded in the monuments of language"? The difference in each case is an intrinsic difference in spirit. A passage from Mr. Pater's appraisal of Lamb may help, more than pages of hair-splitting, to

define the spirit in which Jane Austen may properly be called provincial: "And, working ever close to the concrete, to the details, great or small, of actual things, books, persons, and with no part of them blurred to his vision by the intervention of mere abstract theories, he has reached an enduring moral effect also, in a sort of boundless sympathy. Unoccupied, as he might seem, with great matters, he is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness, that littleness in which there is much of the whole woful heart of things, and meets it more than half-way with a perfect understanding of it." This, and more to the like effect, points clearly to the spirit which is *not* provincial, which inhabits the metropolis, the centre, as distinguished, on the one hand, from the suburban spirit of such a writer as Leigh Hunt, who, dealing often with much the same sort of subject as Lamb, scarcely ever, try as he may to be impressive, conveys a sense of any wider world than is lighted from his hearth; and as distinguished, on the other hand, from the spirit which, content to enjoy "human nature's daily food" without counting the pulsations of the "whole woful heart of things," charms us in such a book as Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." Call them what you will, Jane Austen's simple pictures of the life she saw differ from Balzac's "Scènes de la vie de province," or George Eliot's "Scenes from Clerical Life," or from "Middlemarch," which is a study of provincial life, or from

"The House of the Seven Gables," not so essentially in scene or incident as in spirit. Balzac and George Eliot and Hawthorne all attempt to let the reader into a larger world of ideas than Jane Austen ever dreamed of. In so far as they succeed, they set astir "that vague hum, that indefinable echo, of the whole multitudinous life of man" which should, it has been said, be felt to pervade a great work of fiction. In so far as Jane Austen is incapable of attempting anything of the kind, she is in one sense provincial. That is her limitation. In the recognition of that limitation lies much of her strength and of her charm—just as, conversely, Hunt's irritating weakness may be traced to his mistaking the limits of his powers.

Concentration of interest in one place and within a narrow social range, steadiness of observation, sureness of touch, firmness of handling, accurate adjustment of parts always with a view to total effect, nice discrimination of individual members of the same class, exquisite precision and high finish, permeating humor—these are among the obvious characteristics which, combining with an essentially feminine treatment—shown by her noticing, from the woman's point of view, things no man would ever think of noticing, by her women being better than her men, and by the absence of scenes between men—identify her among novelists many of whom share with her some, though perhaps none all, of these means to an artistic end. On the present inartistic generation of Americans, overrun with novels, and not keenly relishing the local flavor in provincial life, of which in this country the "march of improvement" is rapidly effacing what vestiges remain, such qualities as those just enumerated can be expected to make no very deep impression. "The Deserted Village" fails—if it fail—to bore us through a certain grace of the verse and of the pictures, rather than from any real interest we take in the subject. "The Vicar of Wakefield" doubtless bores more of us than would willingly admit the fact. Jane Austen's heroes and heroines naturally bore a great many of us. Yet their fortunes are, at least as treated by her, intrinsically quite as interesting as those

of the Primrose family, about whom we are presumed to be enthusiastic. One who should follow Rogers's example in reading an old book whenever a new book is published, might do worse than begin, if not, as Mr. Austin Dobson suggests, with the "Vicar," then with the serene "Persuasion," or the match-contriving "Emma."

Jane Austen was, in Mr. Andrew Lang's words, "born before Analysis came in, or Passion, or Realism, or Naturalism, or Irreverence, or Religious Open-mindedness;" she was not borne down with the sense of an all-important mission; she had no reform to preach, no faith to promulgate, no system to expound; she wrote merely because she delighted in doing what she must have felt she did well, for every page shows that she tried always to do her best. Yet, coming at about the middle of the period of a century and a half which separates us from Richardson, publishing at the precise moment when Scott was rising to his highest fame as a novelist, she is, surprised as she would have been to be told so, a significant landmark in the course of British fiction. An article attributed to Scott and an excellent article by Whately* tell the story of the appearance of a new star and do full justice to its brilliance. Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, the first novelists in England (for Defoe's stories of adventure are not precisely novels as the term is now understood), had been followed by a romantic and by a sentimental school, the former growing from Horace Walpole, through Clara Reeve and Mrs. Radcliffe, to Scott; and the latter including men so dissimilar as Sterne, Mackenzie, and Goldsmith. The sentimentalists were virtually a thing of the past, and the romanticists were in full career when Jane Austen, cutting loose from both influences, set again on a firm basis the realistic study of manners taught her by Richardson and Fielding. Small and slender though it be, her work is the thread by which is traceable the continuance, through a romantic age, of the strain of realism that marks Thackeray and Trollope as descendants of Fielding

* Quarterly Review, vol. xiv., October, 1815; vol. xxiv., January, 1821.

and Richardson. She belongs to a small group of women who excelled in what has been well called "fictitious biography;" of that group—comprising Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, and herself, who "have all," Scott says in his journal, "given portraits of real society far superior to anything man, vain man, has produced of the like nature"—she is incontestably the finest artist. Of recent British novelists, Trollope is most obviously her inheritor, for, though he lacks her acute tact, his work is of essentially the same class as hers—high comedy of manners, and nothing else.

Unconsciously, too, she was a forerunner of another group of novelists, represented at present perhaps most completely by M. Guy de Maupassant. Could she have foreseen what was coming, there is no reason to suppose she would have shrunk from the association as perturbing to maidenly susceptibilities; her minute acquaintance with Richardson, the outspoken habit of her time, a hint or two in her letters, show the likelihood that her objection to the form taken for the moment by French fiction would, like ours, be to some extent offset, could she read it, by admiration of the skill of some of the writers, all the more that she knew French. She and M. Guy de Maupassant are, indeed, in odd contrast, and yet closely alike. His range is perhaps as narrow as hers: he avowedly goes out of his way in search of the unhackneyed, whereas she obviously makes her arrows of the wood that happens to lie in her path. Her characters are apt to be ladies and gentlemen; his are usually, as Mr. Henry James points out, the reverse. Her plots turn on domestic "involvements;" by no stretch of language could his atmosphere be termed domestic. Finally, his view of life is morbidly gloomy and depressing; hers is wholesomely cheerful and enlivening. In subject, character, situation, and total effect they differ widely; in delicacy, not in manner, of treatment, there is a strong resemblance between them—though always with a marked difference. The aim of each is to isolate on a small stage a small group of characters intimately known to the author, and to let the interaction of the characters tell the story. Her story is

always simple and coherent, usually rapid—though, to be sure, "celerity" is, in Sir Thomas Browne's words, occasionally "contempered with cunctation," and uniformly ends in marriage; his is generally simple, not always rapid, supremely indifferent to so conventional an institution as marriage. On laying down the book you know, in either case, everything the author means you to know; and in either case you have learned it by observing the picture of what the author had first observed, not from comments. The Frenchman would have you draw from his picture specific inferences about life as he has shown it; the Englishwoman asks you to draw no inference whatever. He is, as is common with Frenchmen, nearly destitute of humor; her "delicate subsatirical humor" is a motive power, quickening what might otherwise be inert, keeping the reader at the writer's point of view, distinguishing the story from a transcript, the miniature from a photograph. His French, though more contemporary, is not more highly finished nor more idiomatic than her English. Each accomplishes the prime object, dramatic presentation—a faculty which she had, it has been said, "by birthright," and which he acquired after years of sedulous study under the great artist who wrote "*Madame Bovary*." "*Pierre et Jean*" has by Mr. Henry James been reckoned perfect, and to "*Fort comme la Mort*," an especially well-named book, praise as unstinted has been given by M. Jules Lemaitre; enthusiasts might perhaps be found to speak as unqualifiedly of "*Emma*." All three I admit that I find, in parts, hard reading. The marvellous craftsmanship shown in the French books leaves on me an impression—which the more recent "*Notre Cœur*" only confirms—of amazingly subtle study of a kind of thing I am not especially fond of studying; the equally admirable skill expended on the English book rather makes me regret my inability to sympathize fully with a state of affairs really significant two or three generations ago. "*Emma*" has, however, over the others the inalienable superiority of humor to misplaced seriousness; it professes to be no more than the record of the pre-matrimonial career of an attractive girl—a

subject of "enduring freshness," whereas they profess further dramatically to represent psychological problems which they certainly do not satisfactorily dispose of. Jane Austen, in brief, attempts only what lies within her restricted scope; M. Guy de Maupassant probably tries to transcend his limits.

The novel of greatest interest to the present generation, I suppose, would be the one which should deal with the complex life of to-day as simply and directly as the three novels I have mentioned deal with small bits of life, which should apply to George Eliot's subjects Jane Austen's or M. Guy de Maupassant's treatment. That may be an unattainable ideal, for even Tourguéneff, who in some of his books approaches it, does not quite reach it any more than Landor in "Pericles and Aspasia" or George Eliot in "Middlemarch" overcomes all the difficulties, though in one of these cases the objective method, and in the other the analytic, reaches a high degree of excellence. Yet, that a treatment as objective as Jane Austen's or Landor's would necessarily be inadequate to unravel the tangled web of life in which we of the last decade of the nineteenth century are inextricably caught, is, at best, not proved. The problem is not the same as that presented to Shakespeare, or to Fielding; but has it yet been shown to be more difficult of solution than theirs were? or less amenable to genius as strong as theirs? M. Guy de Maupassant holds that a man, being shut out by his individuality from entering into the recesses of another man's nature, and explaining his motives for acts any one of which may, given the circumstances and antecedents and temperament, be with some certainty predicted, cannot, by analysis, do more than substitute himself for a character in a book. If that is true, can the analytic method in fiction lead anywhere except back again to the objective, by which most of the famous novels of the world have, until recently, been produced? * However vain such speculation may be, George Eliot, with her analytic pro-

cesses, and Jane Austen, with her synthetic results, at any rate mark pretty well each other's limitations. An incarnation of the admirable qualities of both would be, if not a monster, a literary Messiah.

The notion of some such doubly endowed creature as I have fancied occurred to me soon after the publication of "Middlemarch," which I happened to read the same week that I first read "Mansfield Park," with a view to contrasting Miss Crawford and Rosamund Vincy. Both books pleased me so much that I forthwith set about eagerly reading almost everything of each of the authors, of neither of whom had I previously read a line. Ever since then they have stood to me for the genius not quite artist enough for her task, and the artist with not quite an interesting enough subject for her powers. Of the two, George Eliot does the larger, not necessarily the better, thing; Jane Austen does with greater perfection what she undertakes. Her workmanship, at its best, is, indeed, flawless.

Though extracts from a novel are sure to be unsatisfactory samples by which to judge of it as a whole, yet something of Jane Austen's way of doing things may be shown by comparison of passages in the much-despised letters published by Lord Brabourne, with passages in the novels. The letters, which are invariably spoken of by critics as in every way beneath notice—Mr. Goldwin Smith going so far as to say that "the editor's sauce, in fact, is better than the meat"—are, of course, not literature, like some of Gray's and Cowper's and Lamb's and Shelley's, but they are divertingly natural, trivial, sisterly prattle; and, though not carefully written, nor wholly suitable for publication, they are no less really of the same stuff as her novels than Lamb's are of the same stuff as his essays. The matter and the manner of the artistic product are in each case discernible in the casual and more diluted work. Not to press the analogy, this bit from a letter to her sister Cassandra: "Only think of Mrs. Holder's being dead! Poor woman, she has done the only thing in the world she could possibly do to make one cease to abuse her"—may, for illustration of the point,

* M. Edmond de Goncourt, on the other hand, states, in the preface to *Chérie*, his belief that "*la dernière évolution du roman, pour arriver à devenir tout à fait le grand livre des temps modernes, c'est de se faire un livre de pure analyse.*"

so far as Jane Austen is concerned, be set beside the following passage in "Emma," written not more than a year or two later :

"The great Mrs. Churchill was no more.

"It was felt as such things must be felt. Everybody had a degree of gravity and sorrow; tenderness toward the departed, solicitude for the surviving friends; and, in a reasonable time, curiosity to know where she would be buried. Goldsmith tells us that when lovely woman stoops to folly she has nothing to do but to die; and when she stoops to be disagreeable, it is equally to be recommended as a clearer of ill fame. Mrs. Churchill, after being disliked at least twenty-five years, was now spoken of with compassionate allowances. In one point she was fully justified. She had never been admitted before to be seriously ill. The event acquitted her of all the fancifulness and all the selfishness of imaginary complaints.

"'Poor Mrs. Churchill! No doubt she had been suffering a great deal—more than anybody had ever supposed—and continual pain would try the temper. It was a sad event—a great shock—with all her faults what would Mr. Churchill do without her? Mr. Churchill's loss would be dreadful indeed. Mr. Churchill would never get over it.' Even Mr. Weston shook his head and looked solemn, and said, 'Ah, poor woman, who would have thought it!' and resolved that his mourning should be as handsome as possible; and his wife sat sighing and moralizing over her broad hems with a commiseration and good sense true and steady." The suggestion of the fictitious by the actual, of which more instances might be found, is here obvious enough. The elaboration of detail, though of course partly for fun, is not wasted; for Mrs. Churchill, heretofore a very minor personage, in dying starts a new set of relations among the characters, which leads finally to the train of incidents with which the story closes; the first hint of those new relations immediately follows the passage quoted, which in a way serves to group the characters afresh in characteristic attitudes about the incident which has suddenly become for a moment central.

The passage is illustrative not so especially of humor as of the use, constantly made in these novels, of trivial incident in forwarding the plot. The links are sometimes as much hidden in unemphatic dialogue as they usually are in Landor's "Conversations." Hence the close attention demanded of a reader by both those writers. Some of Jane Austen's scenes are as denuded of superfluity as his, so that the meaning is to be got only on condition of mentally supplying stage-directions which are left out. The scene of Louisa Musgrove's unlucky jump is a case in point. All is hurry and agitation and movement, but for the most part merely implied in the words of the several characters. Read hastily, it is tame; read attentively, it is as rapid and close in construction, and as fully provides for every character at every moment as if it were Scribe's. The development of plot and of character by means of dialogue is as distinguishing a trait of Jane Austen as of any novelist, and is better understood by none than by her. Charles Reade and Trollope, each in his way, use dialogue very largely and very well. Reade's is dramatic in the histrionic sense that it may be put, with scarcely the change of a word, into the mouths of actors; Trollope's is the *verbatim* report of the voluminous talk of his personages; Jane Austen's differs from both in being not so literal a transcript, and in being more essentially a tissue of character manifested in speech. The whole character is shown chiefly by the dialogue in her books; the other authors need more supplementary comment to complete the character. Her way may or may not be the best; she, at any rate, is unsurpassed in that special thing; for, though perhaps nothing of hers is so concentrated and penetrating as Mr. Crawley's, "Peace, woman," to Mrs. Proudie, that is an almost unique stroke in Trollope, who habitually is as diffuse as she is concise.

On all these points, and on several others, it would be possible to expatiate to an indefinite extent. The difficulty of finding short specific illustrations of an essence which disappears under analysis, is, however, great; and a list of abstract qualities unaccompanied by concrete in-

stances of their occurrence, is as dull and useless as the balance-sheet of a railway company in which you own no stock. The final result produced by the fusion of qualities in her novels is that the characters remain very distinct in the recollection. The total effect of many novels of great interest is that, through lack of this special faculty of characterization, the subject overpowers the individual characters, which become perhaps types, but more probably puppets only slightly different from a hundred other inhabitants of the land of fiction. Such personages are, of course, lost in the crowd; hers are safe from that fate, for, though they may not move us deeply, they can scarcely be forgotten. It remains to speak separately of the novels, which together constitute a little corner of creation to be mistaken for no other.

In "Northanger Abbey" the point of departure from the Radcliffe school is marked; novels of highly wrought mystery are parodied. Not to go into a consideration of the amusing ridicule that saves this rather immature book from being dull—for that has been done again and again—it may suffice here to mention the last paragraph as a witty take-off on the elaborate conclusion of "The Mysteries of Udolpho." The book may be regarded as associating its author in the field of burlesque with Fielding and Thackeray, each of whom early indulged his sportive propensities in that sort of attack on the school of fiction from which he departed, and each of whom, it may be whispered, did it better than she.

"Mansfield Park" and "Emma" are said to show the influence of Miss Edgeworth's didacticism, though neither was ever called, like "Cœlebs," a "dramatic sermon." It is not easy to fancy Jane Austen writing for the edification of her readers, or trying to teach anybody but the children who were so fond of her and of the "long, circumstantial stories" she used to invent for their amusement; even then she would, in all probability, have taught rather through her personal charm than by appending moral tags to the fairy tales she told them, or by imparting categorical information. If any of her novels are didactic, it is, I am in-

clined to believe, incidentally, not intrinsically. No charge so grave has been brought against "Sense and Sensibility" and "Pride and Prejudice;" they may owe their escape to the chronological accident that Miss Edgeworth did not begin to publish until after they were written. For my own part, I do not see that "Emma" is a whit more didactic than "Pride and Prejudice."

As to the relative power to amuse—the thing she wrote for: primarily, to amuse herself—of "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma," opinions will differ. The number is small of those who do not regard them all somewhat as the passengers on board the Indianan in the story regarded that monument of tediousness, "The Memoirs of Clegg the Clergyman," which not even the offer of the "two volumes in duodecimo, handsomely bound," could prevail with anyone but the boatswain, "a man of strong and solid parts, to hazard the attempt" of reading straight through. Of the small number who read them, there are probably few who find no dull places. "Pride and Prejudice"—rated by Trollope second only to "Henry Esmond"—though a less mature piece of work than "Mansfield Park," is more continuously amusing. It opens brilliantly; "Mansfield Park" rather tamely. The most concise and accurate summary of "Pride and Prejudice" is Mr. Goldwin Smith's: "Philip Darcy is Pride; Elizabeth Bennet is Prejudice; and the plot is the struggle of their mutual attraction against their mutual repulsion, ending in love and marriage." The plot of "Mansfield Park" is the more varied; the types in "Pride and Prejudice" are the more sharply contrasted. A competent judge of several literatures has called "Mansfield Park" a "great book;" Mrs. Oliphant rates it low. Fanny Price and Miss Crawford are interesting, especially in their effect on each other; the latter is unlike any other of Jane Austen's characters, and is certainly a striking figure. Without attempting nice discrimination among the three books, it is safe to say that, whereas "Pride and Prejudice" and "Mansfield Park" though surely characteristic, contain incidents that would, off-hand, not suggest her, "Emma" shows to per-

fection throughout the qualities that distinguish its author among novelists. In all three there is some caricature, but very little in consideration of the opportunity. Think what Dickens would have made, for instance, of Mr. Woodhouse's nervous solicitude lest the horses should wet their feet in a quarter of an inch of snow. Instead of yielding to the temptation to caricature, she is usually content with quietly showing peculiarities in action, and in contrast to other peculiarities, which she contrives to introduce repeatedly without harping on them. Her heroines' peculiarities are treated with shrewd cunning. She does not, as some novelists do, make you feel that a subordinate character is better drawn than a principal. This is one test of her craft, for of course it is easier to sketch a subordinate distinctly enough to give the reader no sense of blurred individuality, than it is to round out, by strokes differing but slightly from one another and constantly repeated, a personage that is kept continually in the foreground—to leave an impression of Miss Bates or of Mrs. Elton, for instance, being better done than Emma. It is not so, however; Emma is as peculiarly herself as Desdemona.

The earliest article on Jane Austen in the *Quarterly*, already mentioned, after a lively synopsis of the dexterously twined ins and outs of Emma's maiden life, which is animated by the very spirit of the book, goes on to say that "there are cross-purposes enough (were the novel of a more romantic cast) for cutting half the men's throats and breaking all the women's hearts. But at Highbury Cupid walks decorously, and with good discretion, bearing his torch under a lanthorn, instead of flourishing it around to set the house on fire. All these entanglements bring on only a train of mistakes and embarrassing situations, and dialogues at balls and parties of pleasure, in which the author displays her peculiar powers of humor and knowledge of human life. The plot is extricated with great simplicity." It has even been said, with some plausibility, that there is too much plot for the interest, which consequently falls flat. Those persons, however, who think Emma and the other heroines insipid

dolls, may be reminded of the end of one of the cleverest chapters in "Daniel Deronda." When Gwendolen and Grandcourt have met, and had the conversation in which the pauses are as interesting at least as the speeches, and, after a few more incidents, Gwendolen is left pondering whether or not she shall accept him, George Eliot, in one of the essays that contain so much of what is best in the books whose symmetry they mar, thus touches, with words fitting Emma almost as closely as Gwendolen, on the province of the young girl:

"Could there be a slenderer, more insignificant thread in human history than this consciousness of a girl, busy with her small inferences of the way in which she could make her life pleasant?—in a time, too, when ideas were with fresh vigor making armies of themselves, and the universal kinship was declaring itself fiercely: when women on the other side of the world would not mourn for the husbands and sons who died bravely in a common cause, and men stinted of bread on our side of the world heard of that willing loss and were patient: a time when the soul of man was waking to pulses which had for centuries been beating in him unfelt, until their full sum made a new life of terror or of joy.

"What in the midst of that mighty drama are girls and their blind visions? They are the Yea or Nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections."

Anne Elliot has been spoken of as a nineteenth-century Viola. Though there may be a point or two of similarity, it is not easy to fancy her writing "loyal cantons of contemned love," or singing "them loud even in the dead of night," or making "the babbling gossip of the air cry out *Olivia!*" Sir Walter, the consequential, pompous, and vain, is a not altogether unworthy descendant of Malvolio. But any such fanciful notion of "Persuasion" in tow as that of "Twelfth Night" seems less to the purpose than Whately's unaffected avowal that "on the whole, it is one of the most elegant fictions of common life we ever remember to have met with." Anne Elliot differs from Jane Austen's other heroines: patient

and submissive, tender and winning, full of a womanly sensibility not incompatible with sense, she is a heroine of a kind, in a situation of a kind, new, it is said, to British fiction in the early years of this century. However that may be, the book shows broader sympathies, deeper observation, and perhaps more perfect symmetry, balance, poise, than the others. The always flexible, unobtrusive style, in which reduction of emphasis is carried sometimes to the verge of equivocation, concealing the author, yet instinct with her presence, in none of her books approximates more nearly to Cardinal Newman's definition—"a thinking out into language." In general, the qualities that appear in the others are in "Persuasion" perhaps more successfully fused than before. Through it runs a strain of pathos unheard in its predecessors, which in the chapter before the last combines in harmony with the other motives in a way not suggested in the previous novels. That chapter is as well composed as Thackeray's chapters about Waterloo. As Shelley, toward the end of his life, with more complete control of his material, gave promise of more satisfying work than any he had done, so Jane Austen, always master of her material, gave evidence, in her last book, of wider scope. "Persuasion" does not, of course, like "Vanity Fair," echo the distant hum of the whole of the human life; it is, however, a "mirror of bright constancy." Jane Austen's observation, unusually keen always—and that is no mean qualification, for has not humor its source in observation?—here unites with the wisdom of forty to make a picture softer in tone, more delicate in modelling, more mellow, than its companions of her girlhood, or than its

immediate predecessors in her later period. The book marks the beginning of a third period, beyond the entrance to which she did not live to go. It is not pretended that she would, with any length of life, have produced heroic paintings of extensive and complicated scenes, for that was not her field; it may reasonably be supposed that, had she lived, her miniatures might, in succeeding years, have shown predominantly the sympathetic quality which in "Persuasion" begins to assert itself.

Arnold says that Homer is "rapid in movement, simple in style, plain in language, natural in thought," and adds that he is "also, and above all, noble." Jane Austen, usually rapid, simple, plain, and natural, is not noble in the sense in which Arnold uses the word; nor is there quite enough of the divine madness in her method to crown her a genius. Scott, not always rapid, simple, plain, and natural, occupies the throne of nobility and genius. It is the last to which she would have aspired; her attributes are rather those of the artist. She kept her hazel eyes open in the narrow world she lived in, saw accurately and humorously its gently undulating surface, and, without exaggeration of the importance of her subject or distortion of its relations, expressed, for love of the work, and with rare skill, what she felt. The reader who, amid the conflict of our "fierce intellectual life," is insensible to "the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment," loses the unique opportunity for tranquil enjoyment afforded by the high comedy of manners of the provincial Jane Austen, the artist.





YOUTH AND AGE.

By C. P. Cranch.

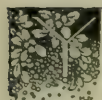
IN summer the luxuriant foliage made
On window and on roof a pleasant shade ;
But darkened half the sky's ethereal blue,
And shut the horizon from my longing view.

In autumn, though the trees are stripped and thin,
They let the sun and cheerful daylight in.
Through the bare boughs the heavens are smiling clear,
And distant views, long lost, again draw near.

Youth glances from a shadowed window-pane,
And counts the nearest view sufficient gain.
Age sees through time's frail wrecks and crumbling bars
The eternal splendor of the sun and stars.

THE OTHER WOMAN.

By Richard Harding Davis.



YOUNG LATIMER stood on one of the lower steps of the ball stairs, leaning with one hand on the broad railing and smiling down at her. She had followed him from the drawing-room and had stopped at the entrance, drawing the curtains behind her, and making, unconsciously, a dark background for her head and figure. He thought he had never seen her look more beautiful, nor that cold, fine air of thorough breeding, about her which was her greatest beauty to him, more strongly in evidence.

"Well, sir," she said, "why don't you go?"

He shifted his position slightly and leaned more comfortably upon the railing, as though he intended to discuss it with her at some length.

"How can I go," he said, argumentatively, "with you standing there—looking like that?"

"I really believe," the girl said, slowly, "that he is afraid; yes, he is afraid. And you always said," she added, turning to him, "you were so brave."

"Oh, I am sure I never said that," exclaimed the young man, calmly. "I may be brave, in fact I am quite brave, but I never said I was. Someone must have told you."

"Yes, he is afraid," she said, nodding her head to the tall clock across the hall, "he is temporizing and trying to save time. And afraid of a man, too, and such a good man who would not hurt anyone."

"You know a bishop is always a very difficult sort of a person," he said, "and when he happens to be your father the

combination is just a bit awful. Isn't it now? And especially when one means to ask him for his daughter. You know it isn't like asking him to let one smoke in his study."

"If I loved a girl," she said, shaking her head and smiling up at him, "I wouldn't be afraid of the whole world; that's what they say in books, isn't it? I would be so bold and happy."

"Oh, well, I'm bold enough," said the young man, laughing; "if I had not been, I never would have asked you to marry me; and I'm happy enough, that's because I did ask you. But what if he says no," continued the youth; "what if he says he has greater ambitions for you, just as they say in books, too. What will you do? Will you run away with me? I can borrow a coach just as they used to do, and we can drive off through the Park and be married, and come back and ask his blessing on our knees—unless he should overtake us on the elevated."

"That," said the girl, decidedly, "is flippant, and I'm going to leave you. I never thought to marry a man who would be frightened at the very first. I am greatly disappointed."

She stepped back into the drawing-room and pulled the curtains to behind her, and then opened them again and whispered, "Please don't be long," and disappeared. He waited, smiling, to see if she would make another appearance, but she did not, and he heard her touch the keys of the piano at the other end of the drawing-room. And so, still smiling and with her last words sounding in his ears, he walked slowly up the stairs and knocked at the door of the bishop's study. The bishop's room was not ecclesiastic in its character. It looked much like the room of any man of any calling who cared for his books and to have pictures about him, and copies of the beautiful things he had seen on his travels. There were pictures of the Virgin and the Child, but they were those that are seen in almost any house, and there were etchings and plaster casts, and there were hundreds of books, and dark red curtains, and an open fire that lit up the pots of brass with ferns in them, and the blue and white plaques on the top of the bookcase. The bishop sat before

his writing-table, with one hand shading his eyes from the light of a red-covered lamp, and looked up and smiled pleasantly and nodded as the young man entered. He had a very strong face with white hair hanging at the side, but was still a young man for one in such a high office. He was a man interested in many things, who could talk to men of any profession or to the mere man of pleasure, and could interest them in what he said, and force their respect and liking. And he was very good, and had, they said, seen much trouble.

"I am afraid I interrupted you," said the young man, tentatively.

"No, I have interrupted myself," replied the bishop. "I don't seem to make this clear to myself," he said, touching the paper in front of him, "and so I very much doubt if I am going to make it clear to anyone else. However," he added, smiling, as he pushed the manuscript to one side, "we are not going to talk about that now. What have you to tell me that is new?"

The younger man glanced up quickly at this, but the bishop's face showed that his words had had no ulterior meaning, and that he suspected nothing more serious to come than the gossip of the clubs or a report of the local political fight in which he was keenly interested, or on their mission on the East Side. But it seemed an opportunity to Latimer.

"I have something new to tell you," he said, gravely, and with his eyes turned toward the open fire, "and I don't know how to do it exactly. I mean I don't just know how it is generally done or how to tell it best." He hesitated and leaned forward, with his hands locked in front of him, and his elbows resting on his knees. He was not in the least frightened. The bishop had listened to many strange stories, to many confessions, in this same study, and had learned to take them as a matter of course; but to-night something in the manner of the young man before him made him stir uneasily, and he waited for him to disclose the object of his visit with some impatience.

"I will suppose, sir," said young Latimer, finally, "that you know me rather well—I mean you know who my people

are, and what I am doing here in New York, and who my friends are, and what my work amounts to. You have let me see a great deal of you, and I have appreciated your doing so very much; to so young a man as myself it has been a great compliment, and it has been of great benefit to me. I know that better than anyone else. I say this because unless you had shown me this confidence it would have been almost impossible for me to say to you what I am going to say now. But you have allowed me to come here frequently, and to see you and talk with you here in your study, and to see even more of your daughter. Of course, sir, you did not suppose that I came here only to see you. I came here because I found that if I did not see Miss Ellen for a day, that that day was wasted, and that I spent it uneasily and discontentedly, and the necessity of seeing her even more frequently has grown so great that I cannot come here as often as I seem to want to come unless I am engaged to her, unless I come as her husband that is to be." The young man had been speaking very slowly and picking his words, but now he raised his head and ran on quickly.

"I have spoken to her and told her how I love her, and she has told me that she loves me, and that if you will not oppose us will marry me. That is the news I have to tell you, sir. I don't know but that I might have told it differently, but that is it. I need not urge on you my position and all that, because I do not think that weighs with you; but I do tell you that I love Ellen so dearly that, though I am not worthy of her, of course, I have no other pleasure than to give her pleasure and to try and make her happy. I have the power to do it; but what is much more, I have the wish to do it; it is all I think of now, and all that I can ever think of. What she thinks of me you must ask her; but what she is to me neither she can tell you nor do I believe that I myself could make you understand." The young man's face was flushed and eager, and as he finished speaking he raised his head and watched the bishop's countenance anxiously. But the older man's face was hidden by his hand as he

leaned with his elbow on his writing-table. His other hand was playing with a pen, and when he began to speak, which he did after a long pause, he still turned it between his fingers and looked down at it.

"I suppose," he said, as softly as though he were speaking to himself, "that I should have known this; I suppose that I should have been better prepared to hear it. But it is one of those things which men put off—I mean those men who have children to put off—as they do making their wills, as something that is in the future and that may be shirked until it comes. We seem to think that our daughters will live with us always, just as we expect to live on ourselves until death comes one day and startles us and finds us unprepared." He took down his hand and smiled gravely at the younger man with an evident effort, and said, "I did not mean to speak so gloomily, but you see my point of view must be different from yours. And she says she loves you, does she?" he added, gently.

Young Latimer bowed his head and murmured something inarticulately in reply, and then held his head erect again and waited, still watching the bishop's face.

"I think she might have told me," said the older man; "but then I suppose this is the better way. I am young enough to understand that the old order changes, that the customs of my father's time differ from those of to-day. And there is no alternative, I suppose," he said, shaking his head. "I am stopped and told to deliver, and have no choice. I will get used to it in time," he went on, "but it seems very hard now. Fathers are selfish, I imagine, but she is all I have."

Young Latimer looked gravely into the fire and wondered how long it would last. He could just hear the piano from below, and he was anxious to return to her. And at the same time he was drawn toward the older man before him, and felt rather guilty, as though he really were robbing him. But at the bishop's next words he gave up any thought of a speedy release, and settled himself in his chair.

"We are still to have a long talk,"

said the bishop. "There are many things I must know, and of which I am sure you will inform me freely. I believe there are some who consider me hard, and even narrow on different points, but I do not think you will find me so, at least let us hope not. I must confess that for a moment I almost hoped that you might not be able to answer the questions I must ask you, but it was only for a moment. I am only too sure you will not be found wanting, and that the conclusion of our talk will satisfy us both. Yes, I am confident of that."

His manner changed, nevertheless, and Latimer saw that he was now facing a judge and not a plaintiff who had been robbed, and that he was in turn the defendant. And still he was in no way frightened.

"I like you," the bishop said, "I like you very much. As you say yourself, I have seen a great deal of you, because I have enjoyed your society, and your views and talk were good and young and fresh, and did me good. You have served to keep me in touch with the outside world, a world of which I used to know at one time a great deal. I know your people and I know you, I think, and many people have spoken to me of you. I see why now. They, no doubt, understood what was coming better than myself, and were meaning to reassure me concerning you. And they said nothing but what was good of you. But there are certain things of which no one can know but yourself, and concerning which no other person, save myself, has a right to question you. You have promised very fairly for my daughter's future; you have suggested more than you have said, but I understood. You can give her many pleasures which I have not been able to afford; she can get from you the means of seeing more of this world in which she lives, of meeting more people, and of indulging in her charities, or in her extravagances, for that matter, as she wishes. I have no fear of her bodily comfort; her life, as far as that is concerned, will be easier and broader, and with more power for good. Her future, as I say, as you say also, is assured; but I want to ask you this," the bishop

leaned forward and watched the young man anxiously, "you can protect her in the future, but can you assure me that you can protect her from the past?"

Young Latimer raised his eyes calmly and said, "I don't think I quite understand."

"I have perfect confidence, I say," returned the bishop, "in you as far as your treatment of Ellen is concerned in the future. You love her and you would do everything to make the life of the woman you love a happy one; but this is it, Can you assure me that there is nothing in the past that may reach forward later and touch my daughter through you—no ugly story, no oats that have been sowed, and no boomerang that you have thrown wantonly and that has not returned—but which may return?"

"I think I understand you, sir," said the young man, quietly. "I have lived," he began, "as other men of my sort have lived. You know what that is, for you must have seen it about you at college, and after that before you entered the Church. I judge so from your friends, who were your friends then, I understand. You know how they lived. I never went in for dissipation, if you mean that, because it never attracted me. I am afraid I kept out of it not so much out of respect for others as for respect for myself. I found my self-respect was a very good thing to keep, and I rather preferred keeping it and losing several pleasures that other men managed to enjoy, apparently with free consciences. I confess I used to rather envy them. It is no particular virtue on my part, the thing struck me as rather more vulgar than wicked, and so I have had no wild oats to speak of; and no woman, if that is what you mean, can write an anonymous letter, and no man can tell you a story about me that he could not tell in my presence."

There was something in the way the young man spoke which would have amply satisfied the outsider, had he been present; but the bishop's eyes were still unrelaxed and anxious. He made an impatient motion with his hand.

"I know you too well, I hope," he said, "to think of doubting your atti-

tude in that particular. I know you are a gentleman, that is enough for that; but there is something beyond these more common evils. You see, I am terribly in earnest over this—you may think unjustly so considering how well I know you, but this child is my only child. If her mother had lived my responsibility would have been less great; but, as it is, God has left her here alone to me in my hands. I do not think He intended my duty should end when I had fed and clothed her, and taught her to read and write. I do not think He meant that I should only act as her guardian until the first man she fancied fancied her. I must look to her happiness not only now when she is with me, but I must assure myself of it when she leaves my roof. These common sins of youth I acquit you of. Such things are beneath you, I believe, and I did not even consider them. But there are other toils in which men become involved, other evils or misfortunes which exist, and which threaten all men who are young and free and attractive in many ways to women, as well as men. You have lived the life of the young man of this day. You have reached a place in your profession when you can afford to rest and marry and assume the responsibilities of marriage. You look forward to a life of content and peace and honorable ambition—a life with your wife at your side which is to last forty or fifty years. You consider where you will be twenty years from now, at what point of your career you may become a judge or give up practice; your perspective is unlimited; you even think of the college to which you may send your son. It is a long, quiet future that you are looking forward to, and you choose my daughter as the companion for that future, as the one woman with whom you could live content for that length of time. And it is in that spirit that you come to me to-night and that you ask me for my daughter. Now I am going to ask you one question, and as you answer that I will tell you whether or not you can have Ellen for your wife. You look forward, as I say, to many years of life, and you have chosen her as best suited to live that period with you; but I ask you this, and I demand that

you answer me truthfully, and that you remember that you are speaking to her father. Imagine that I had the power to tell you, or rather that some superhuman agent could convince you, that you had but a month to live, and that for what you did in that month you would not be held responsible either by any moral law or any law made by man, and that your life hereafter would not be influenced by your conduct in that month, would you spend it, I ask you—and on your answer depends mine—would you spend those thirty days, with death at the end, with my daughter, or with some other woman of whom I know nothing?"

Latimer sat for some time silent, until indeed, his silence assumed such a significance that he raised his head impatiently and said with a motion of the hand, "I mean to answer you in a minute, I want to be sure that I understand."

The bishop bowed his head in assent, and for a still longer period the men sat motionless. The clock in the corner seemed to tick more loudly and the dead coals dropping in the grate had a sharp, aggressive sound. The notes of the piano that had risen from the room below had ceased.

"If I understand you," said Latimer, finally, and his voice and his face as he raised it were hard and aggressive, "you are stating a purely hypothetical case. You wish to try me by conditions which do not exist, which cannot exist. What justice is there, what right is there, in asking me to say how I would act under circumstances which are impossible, which lie beyond the limit of human experience? You cannot judge a man by what he would do if he were suddenly robbed of all his mental and moral training and of the habit of years. I am not admitting, understand me, that if the conditions which you suggest did exist that I would do one whit differently from what I will do if they remain as they are. I am merely denying your right to put such a question to me at all. You might just as well judge the shipwrecked sailors on a raft who eat each other's flesh as you would judge a sane, healthy man who did such a thing in his own home. Are you going to condemn men who are ice-locked at the

North Pole, or buried in the heart of Africa, and who have given up all thought of return and are half mad and wholly without hope, as you would judge ourselves? Are they to be weighed and balanced as you and I are, sitting here within the sound of the cabs outside and with a bake-shop around the corner? What you propose could not exist, could never happen. I could never be placed where I should have to make such a choice, and you have no right to ask me what I would do or how I would act under conditions that are superhuman—you used the word yourself—where all that I have held to be good and just and true would be obliterated. I would be unworthy of myself, I would be unworthy of your daughter, if I considered such a state of things for a moment, or if I placed my hopes of marrying her on the outcome of such a test, and so, sir," said the young man, throwing back his head, "I must refuse to answer you."

The bishop lowered his hand from before his eyes and sank back wearily into his chair. "You have answered me," he said.

"You have no right to say that," cried the young man, springing to his feet. "You have no right to suppose anything or to draw any conclusions. I have not answered you." He stood with his head and shoulders thrown back, and with his hands resting on his hips and with the fingers working nervously at his waist.

"What you have said," replied the bishop, in a voice that had changed strangely, and which was inexpressibly sad and gentle, "is merely a curtain of words to cover up your true feeling. It would have been so easy to have said, 'For thirty days or for life Ellen is the only woman who has the power to make me happy.' You see that would have answered me and satisfied me. But you did not say that," he added quickly, as the young man made a movement as if to speak.

"Well, and suppose this other woman did exist, what then?" demanded Latimer. "The conditions you suggest are impossible, you must, you will surely, sir, admit that."

"I do not know," replied the bishop,

sadly; "I do not know. It may happen that whatever obstacle there has been which has kept you from her may be removed. It may be that she has married, it may be that she has fallen so low that you cannot marry her. But if you have loved her once you may love her again; whatever it was that separated you in the past, that separates you now, that makes you prefer my daughter to her, may come to an end when you are married, when it will be too late, and when only trouble can come of it, and Ellen would bear that trouble. Can I risk that?"

"But I tell you it is impossible," cried the young man. "The woman is beyond the love of any man, at least such a man as I am, or try to be."

"Do you mean," asked the bishop, gently and with an eager look of hope, "that she is dead?"

Latimer faced the father for some seconds in silence. Then he raised his head slowly. "No," he said, "I do not mean she is dead. No, she is not dead."

Again the bishop moved back wearily into his chair. "You mean then," he said, "perhaps, that she is a married woman?" Latimer pressed his lips together at first as though he would not answer, and then raised his eyes coldly. "Perhaps," he said.

The older man had held up his hand as if to signify that what he was about to say should be listened to without interruption, when a sharp turning of the lock of the door caused both the father and the suitor to start. Then they turned and looked at each other with anxious inquiry and with much concern, for they recognized for the first time that their voices had been loud. The older man stepped quickly across the floor, but before he reached the middle of the room the door opened from the outside and his daughter stood in the doorway with her head held down and her eyes looking at the floor.

"Ellen!" exclaimed the father, in a voice of pain and the deepest pity.

The girl moved toward the place from where his voice came without raising her eyes, and when she reached him put her arms about him and hid her face on his shoulder. She moved as though she

were tired, as though she were exhausted by some heavy work.

"My child," said the bishop gently, "were you listening?" There was no reproach in his voice, it was simply full of pity and concern.

"I thought," whispered the girl, brokenly, "that he would be frightened; I wanted to hear what he would say. I thought I could laugh at him for it afterward. I did it for a joke. I thought——" she stopped with a little gasping sob that she tried to hide, and for a moment held herself erect and then sank back again into her father's arms with her head upon his breast.

Latimer started forward holding out his arms to her. "Ellen," he said, "surely, Ellen, you are not against me. You see how preposterous it is, how unjust it is to me. You cannot mean——"

The girl raised her head and shrugged her shoulders slightly as though she were cold. "Father," she said, wearily, "ask him to go away. Why does he stay? Ask him to go away."

Latimer stopped and took a step back as though some one had struck him, and then stood silent with his face flushed and his eyes flashing. It was not in answer to anything that they said that he spoke, but to their attitude and what it suggested. "You stand there," he began, "you two stand there as though I were something unclean, as though I had committed some crime. You look at me as though I were on trial for murder or worse. Both of you together against me. What have I done? What difference is there? You loved me a half hour ago, Ellen; you said you did. I know you loved me; and you, sir," he added, more quietly, "treated me like a friend. Has anything come since then to change me or you? Be fair to me, be sensible. What is the use of this? It is a silly, needless, horrible mistake. You know I love you, Ellen; love you better than all the world. I don't have to tell you that, you know it, you can see it and feel it. It does not need to be said, words can't make it any truer. You have confused yourselves and stultified yourselves with this trick, this test by hypothetical conditions, by considering what is not real or possible. It is simple enough; it is plain enough. You

know I love you, Ellen, and you only, and that is all there is to it, and all that there is of any consequence in the world to me. The matter stops there, that is all there is for you to consider. Answer me, Ellen, speak to me. Tell me that you believe me."

He stopped and moved a step toward her, but as he did so the girl, still without looking up, drew herself nearer to her father and shrank more closely into his arms; but the father's face was troubled and doubtful, and he regarded the younger man with a look of the most anxious scrutiny. Latimer did not regard this. Their hands were raised against him as far as he could understand, and he broke forth again proudly, and with a defiant indignation:

"What right have you to judge me?" he began; "what do you know of what I have suffered, and endured, and overcome? How can you know what I have had to give up and put away from me? It's easy enough for you to draw your skirts around you, but what can a woman bred as you have been bred know of what I've had to fight against and keep under and cut away? It was an easy, beautiful idyl to you; your love came to you only when it should have come, and for a man who was good and worthy, and distinctly eligible—I don't mean that; forgive me, Ellen, but you drive me beside myself. But he is good and he believes himself worthy, and I say that myself before you both. But I am only worthy and only good because of that other love that I put away when it became a crime, when it became impossible. Do you know what it cost me? Do you know what it meant to me, and what I went through, and how I suffered? Do you know who this other woman is whom you are insulting with your doubts and guesses in the dark? Can't you spare her? Am I not enough? Perhaps it was easy for her, too; perhaps her silence cost her nothing; perhaps she did not suffer and has nothing but happiness and content to look forward to for the rest of her life; and I tell you that it is because we did put it away, and kill it, and not give way to it that I am whatever I am to-day; whatever good there is in me is due to that temptation and to the fact that I beat it

and overcame it and kept myself honest and clean. And when I met you and learned to know you I believed in my heart that God had sent you to me that I might know what it was to love a woman whom I could marry and who could be my wife; that you were the reward for my having overcome temptation and the sign that I had done well. And now you throw me over and put me aside as though I were something low and unworthy, because of this temptation, because of this very thing that has made me know myself and my own strength and that has kept me up for you."

As the young man had been speaking the bishop's eyes had never left his face, and as he finished the face of the priest grew clearer and decided, and calmly exultant. And as Latimer ceased he bent his head above his daughter's and said in a voice that seemed to speak with more than human inspiration, "My child," he said, "if God had given me a son I should have been proud if he could have spoken as this young man has done."

But the woman only said, "Let him go to her."

"Ellen, oh, Ellen," cried the father.

He drew back from the girl in his arms and looked anxiously and feelingly at her lover. "How could you, Ellen," he said, "how could you?" He was watching the young man's face with eyes full of sympathy and concern. "How little you know him," he said,

"how little you understand. He will not do that," he added quickly, but looking questioningly at Latimer and speaking in a tone almost of command. "He will not undo all that he has done, I know him better than that." But Latimer made no answer and for a moment the two men stood watching each other and questioning each other with their eyes. Then Latimer turned, and without again so much as glancing at the girl walked steadily to the door and left the room. He passed on slowly down the stairs and out into the night, and paused upon the top of the steps leading to the street. Below him lay the avenue with its double line of lights stretching off in two long perspectives. The lamps of hundreds of cabs and carriages flashed as they advanced toward him and shone for a moment at the turnings of the cross streets, and from either side came the ceaseless rush and murmur, and over all hung the strange mystery that covers a great city at night. Latimer's rooms lay to the south, but he stood looking toward a spot to the north with a reckless, harassed look in his face that had not been there for many months. He stood so for a minute, and then gave a short shrug of disgust at his momentary doubt and ran quickly down the steps. "No," he said, "if it were for a month, yes; but it is to be for many years, many more long years." And turning his back resolutely to the north he went slowly home.





THE POINT OF VIEW.

DR. ELIOT, of Harvard, in considering in a recent magazine article what is necessary to be done to prevent superior families from running out, puts country life among the conditions that are indispensable. It is argued against him that in Dutch and German cities families go on from century to century under the same roofs, and pursuing the same avocations; but Dutch cities are not American cities, and their experience gives no rule that will modify the necessity of getting New Yorkers out of New York. How the country boy can come to town and take possession of it has been amply demonstrated; but how the city boy can be reclaimed and made to grow up in the country is a problem the solution of which has only begun to be attempted. It is solved after a fashion by men who have one dwelling in some great hive of industry, and another at Newport, or Lenox, or Bar Harbor, where their families go into fashionable retreat in the summer. It is also solved in another fashion by great numbers of poorer men who travel many miles a day in order that their children may have suburban homes. But this last is only a makeshift remedy after all. What American families have not yet achieved to any great extent, and the conditions of American life seem not to encourage, are real country homes, from which the dwellers shall go to town for the winter, and where their principal ties and their more serious expenditures shall remain.

Until very lately the city house has been the rich American's real home. There he has spent money lavishly to make himself comfortable, and has been content with the shelter of a hotel or a clapboard cot-

tage for his family in the summer. When he makes up his mind that the place for a home is somewhere where there are grass and trees and water and pigs and cattle, and that hotels and boarding-houses and flats will afford him shelter enough for such months as he wants to spend in town, then, perhaps, the appreciation of the country may be increased enough to check the tendency of migration citywards. There is no doubt that in our land and our time the country needs the city man about as much as the city needs the country boy. Country life of the more elaborate and expensive sort is exceedingly scarce. Suburban life is not the same thing, and is not to be confused with it. Country people who had any money have thought they could have more pleasure with it in town; and those who hadn't money have believed that in town they might get some. The latter belief has often proved to be well founded. The former ought not to have been true. There ought to be more enjoyment in the country for people of reasonable incomes and wholesome tastes than in town.

To live in the country and get one's living from the soil has become an ungrateful task in any Eastern State. The aspirant for a country life that is pleasant and recreative should take his income into the country with him. Not everyone, of course, can do that; but plenty of people could if it were the fashion, and they wished to. Besides the city men who have to work eight hours a day in town, there are very many whose urban ties can be relaxed. When people who are rich enough to have two places make their country place their real

home; when men who have retired from business make their homes in the country; when people who now live in town for pleasure learn to spend three months in town and nine in the country, instead of *vice-versa*; when State roads and electric railroads make the country more accessible, and the expenditure in the country of money made in town makes the rural districts more interesting; when a lifetime spent in money-getting in Wall Street or "The Swamp" ceases to be considered "successful," there will be less difficulty than there is just now in providing that the city man's grandson may have such a share of real country life that *his* grandson, when it comes his turn to come to town, may have something worth fetching.

Happily there are some signs that such a time is coming. Rich people who can have what they want begin to give evidence that the attractions of country life have weight with them. They set the fashion, and when once fashion sets countryward it is pretty safe to conclude that the natural attractions of country life will do the rest. Once establish the fact that country life is worth having, and plenty of Americans will be found who can afford to enjoy it.

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THERE is a good story — *se non è vero, è ben trovato*—about a first meeting between Emerson and George Eliot. "What is the most remarkable book of the last three centuries?" asked the author of "Adam Bede." "Rousseau's Confessions," answered the philosopher, without a moment's hesitation. "Good! I quite agree with you; let us sit down and talk about it." Admitting the tale to be true, we may fairly assume that neither of these plain speakers seriously prized the great sentimentalist's revelation of character, extraordinary as it is, above certain immortal creations of the master-minds that will occur at once to every gentle reader. Taking these things for granted, they but paid their just tribute to the fascination which autobiography exercises over all of us when it is written, so to speak, with the heart in the pen. Had Rousseau been left to stand or fall by his other work, he must long ago have fallen. Who cares for the "Émile" which cost him twenty years of meditation and three years of labor? Who knows anything

about *Le Devin du Village*? His "Confessions," on the contrary, survive as the fruitful subject of many an argument, the text for many an essay; they form his monument, shining out fresh and clear after a century's lapse, to be read and discussed, perhaps, through other centuries. On either side of him stand lesser works of somewhat the same scope; from Pepys, for example, down to the recollections of Alfred de Musset's *chère marraine*, Madame Jaubert—a thoroughly delightful book in its limited way. It almost seems as if every man and every woman had the power of insuring immortality on earth, not by one good novel, as was once cleverly suggested, but by a good diary.

"Strange that more men do not keep such a record," once said a brilliant young writer, now no longer living, as he turned over Judge Sewall's vivid pages. "I suppose it would be done oftener if we really cared for posthumous fame; but most of us work for triumphs and glories *now*." His great opportunity is lost; his earthly triumphs and glories are all over, and it is too soon to know whether the dust will lie as thick upon them as it does upon the "Nouvelle Héloïse." We may still predict with a degree of safety that the sun will rise, refreshing the old earth with generous warmth for many summers to come; but to be kept alive by the generous temper of another age is a hope now expressed by no man. The daily thought-book to which this one alluded, but which he did not leave behind him, would have proved his surest passport to posterity.

Successful literary men, aside from mere professional skill, have exceptional possibilities of making the passport valid. Sooner or later they come in contact with all the choice spirits of their day. Good things are said and done, good anecdotes pass from mouth to mouth, to be remembered awhile and forgotten unless set down in black and white. Clearly, this simple task, so easily performed, is a duty the skilful writer owes to his descendants; since the author's note-books which remain do but stimulate our appetite for more, and his impressions of his time, however slight, will have their value some day. An outline drawing may be a satisfactory likeness, and a faint glimpse of the past is preferable to

no glimpse at all. He need not of necessity employ a scalpel, and turn it against himself, as Rousseau did, or thought he did. But if, consciously or unconsciously, he contrives to show us his own heart, so much the better.

“WHEN a thought takes your breath away a lesson in grammar is an impertinence,” remarks Mr. T. W. Higginson in his sympathetic introduction to the remarkable “Poems” of the late Miss Emily Dickinson, recently published. This is a happy if rhetorical way of restating the familiar contention that in all departments of art substance is more important than form. By this time anything that may be said *ex parte* on either side of this time-honored discussion is sure to seem a platitude. One thinks of Mill’s felicitous tabling of the classics *vs.* the sciences question in education by the query: “Should a tailor make coats or trousers?” Or of the settlement, by a recent authority upon etiquette, of the great problem whether, passing each other in the street, the lady or the gentleman should bow first: “They should bow together,” he decides. In irresponsible moments, however—that is to say in most moments—one is apt to have a preference due to the domination of his reflective powers by his temperament. And in the presence of these poems of Miss Dickinson I think a temperament of any sensitiveness must feel even an alternation of preferences—being inclined now to deem them, in virtue of their substance, superior to the ordinary restrictions of form, and now to lament the loss involved in a disregard of the advantages of form. Having one’s breath taken away is a very agreeable sensation, but it is not the finest sensation of which we are susceptible; and instead of being grateful for it one is very apt, if he be a connoisseur in this kind of sensations, to suffer annoyance at the perversity which is implied in a poet who, though capable of taking one’s breath away, nevertheless prefers to do so in arbitrary rather than in artistic fashion. Such a poet, one feels instinctively, should rise above wilfulness, whimsicality, the disposition to challenge and defy.

After all, what do we mean by “importance?” Would it not be fair to say that the term is a relative one to this extent,

that as to the importance of any specific thing the contemporary judgment, and that of posterity, are almost sure to be at variance. And is it not true that from the nature of things the contemporary judgment lays most stress on substance, and that the “final” judgment is favorable to form? Substantially speaking, how many historic things of immense contemporary vogue seem insipid to us, whereas scarcely anything of very great formal merit has been allowed to perish. In other words, is there not an element of universality about perfection of form which significance of thought does not possess; or, at any rate, is not perfection more nearly attainable in form than it is in substance? And nothing is so preservative as perfection or any approach to it.

One thing is very certain—neglect of form involves the sacrifice of an element of positive attractiveness as well as offending positively by perverseness and eccentricity. Whether rhyme and rhythm, cadence, purity, flawlessness, melody are essential or not to poetry, the abandonment of the artistic quality which they imply is obviously a loss. “The first indispensable faculty of a singer is ability to sing,” exclaims Mr. Swinburne with his usual peremptoriness in his essay on Collins. And all poetry—it may be conceded to him, in spite of the notorious overweighting of his own thought by his musical quality—has at least a lyric element, though, of course, it does not all demand the “lyric cry.” Formlessness is the antithesis of art, and so far as poetry is formless it loses that immensely attractive interest which is purely æsthetic. It not merely offends by perversely ignoring the conventionally established though rationally evolved and soundly based rules of the game it purports to play, but in announcing thus, boldly, its independence of any æsthetic, any sensuous, interest, it puts a severe strain on the quality of its own substance—handicaps it in most dangerous fashion instead of giving it that aid and furtherance which the best substance is sure to need. If, as in Miss Dickinson’s case, there be occasionally a subtle but essential order in what, superficially, seems chaotic, it may legitimately be maintained that to lay any stress on this is merely to argue against conventionality and not at

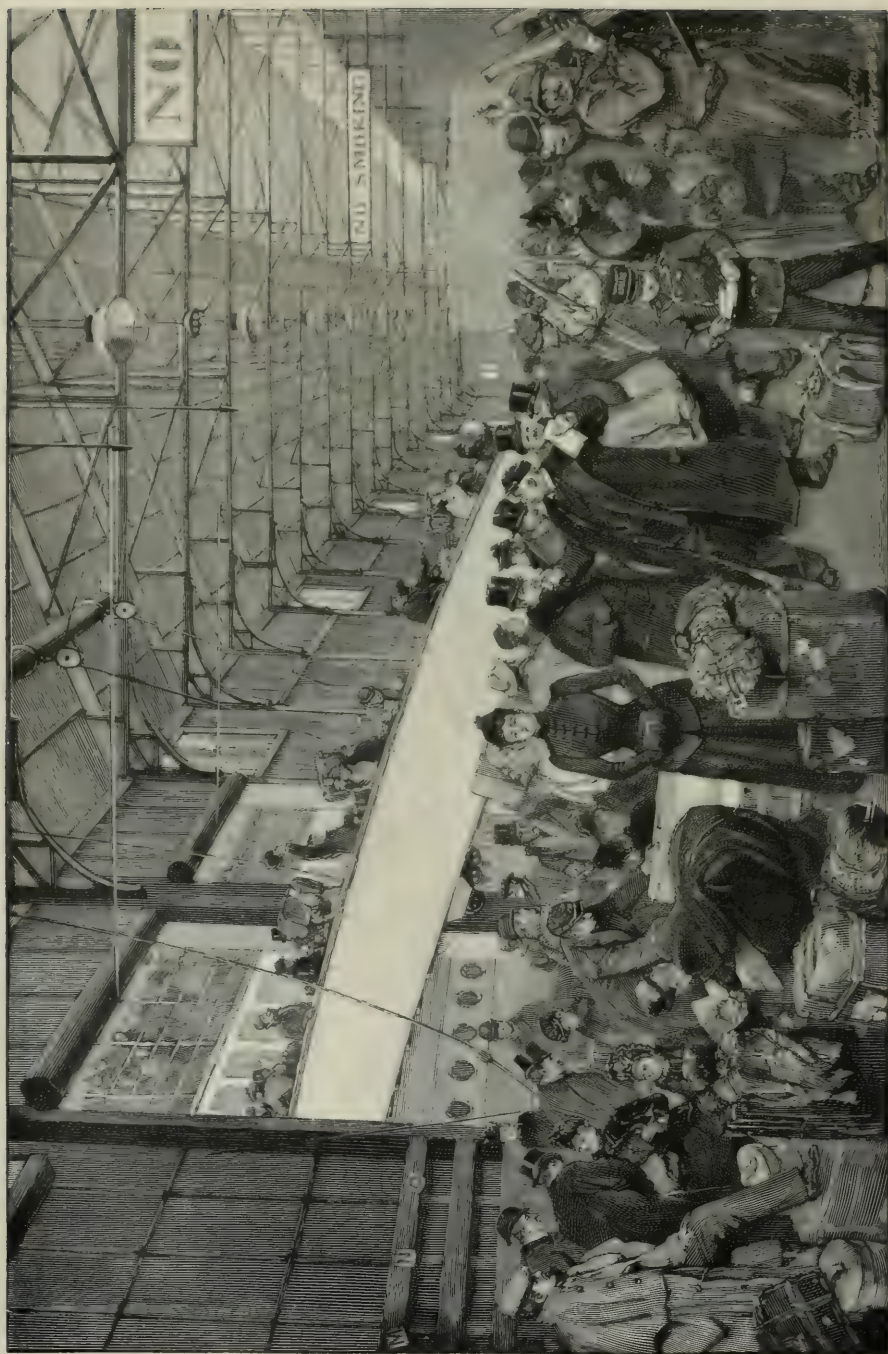
all in favor of amorphousness. It is simply to assert the elasticity of orchestration and emphasize its range—to exalt the value of new forms over the old. And it is curious to note how prone are all apologists for formlessness, including Mr. Higginson in the present instance, and the admirers of Walt Whitman, *passim*, for example, to insist that what to the convention-steeped sense appears amorphous is in reality the very acme of form. Singularly enough, Mr. Higginson concludes his introduction to these poems by citing a sentence of Mr. Ruskin in favor of "thought" as opposed to "workmanship." Was there ever so striking an example as Mr. Ruskin of what "workmanship" has done even for the most *saugrenu* thought?

In days which are quite old enough now to be good, whatever the critical judgment passed upon them in their time, fashionable women used to assert with bated breath that the Empress of the French made their fashions for them. So generally accepted was this theory that it required no very vivid imagination to picture the fair deputy of the Fates, who seemed endowed for her high purpose with an immortal youth, actually weaving the destinies of womankind in some retired *salon* of the Tuileries among her ladies-in-waiting. "There will be no more fashions now," sighed an American votaress when the thread of the Second Empire was snipped so sharply at Sedan. Fortunately, that grim foreboding was not borne out by the fact. The world goes round, and the seasons change, though mighty states crumble and fall. New fashions for spring and autumn crop up like mushrooms in a single night. But how are they made, and who makes them?

Men laugh at the caprices of an unwritten code by which the outward line of beauty has become almost as variable as the occult course of the female mind itself; yet, though conformity to custom in the matter of dress shows no appreciable weight if cast into the balance against life's serious responsibilities, time and time again does this simple little problem perplex the scoffer to the point of absurdity. A man may still be honest in a hat of last year's shape; but to insist upon wearing it is to go heavily handicapped; the odds are ten to one that, from

looking askance at him, his fellows will proceed to charge him with eccentricity, and end by grave doubts about his reason. He finds himself suddenly forced, some fine morning, to set aside his own taste for that of the whole civilized world, which agrees in thinking his brim an inch too wide. How has the world precipitated itself so swiftly to this just conclusion? The process is as startling as any transmutation of the alchemists; it defies augury, like the philosopher's stone.

Was the soft feminine whisper no more than the breath of truth? And, *mutatis mutandis*, is it true to-day as it has ever been? Does crowned and sceptred Royalty really descend from the laying of cornerstones and the delivery of memorial addresses to control the creases of our trouser-legs in "that monstrous tuberosity the Capital of England?" or do kings and princes themselves bow before some all-powerful *Vehmgericht* in dread congress assembled at every vernal and autumnal equinox? Here is a new riddle of the Sphinx, as yet unanswered. The writer, first assuring the reader that he is wholly a man—*i.e.*, nine times the ninth part of one—inclines to believe that tailors are the only absolute monarchs, maintaining a serfdom to which that formerly prevalent throughout the Russias was liberty itself. In those days, dark as they were, the victim could still flee his country and escape the thrall. But this enlightened age holds the universe at the mercy of a secret tribunal that compels obedience by an unpublished edict. Blindfold we are led before the judgment-seat; the inexorable Minos ties his tail in a bow-knot, and our tribute-money clinks into his coffers; our garments are torn off, with all their newness still upon them, to be replaced by others, newer still; then, blindfold, we are led away, only to obey another summons at a moment's warning. Instinctively, like sheep, we follow a leader whose identity has never been revealed. We recognize his authority, we may guess his rank in life, which, nevertheless, is left indeterminate for all our pains. We know not his credentials. We only know the law, so forcibly expressed lately in the writer's hearing by one of its charming devotees: "We might as well drop down and die, as not be in the fashion."



DRAWN BY C. BROUGHTON.

THE END OF THE VOYAGE

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKNELL

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

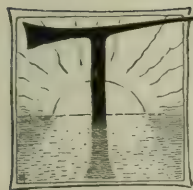
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OCEAN PASSENGER TRAVEL.

By John H. Gould.



HERE are, undoubtedly, many men and women in New York to-day who went down to the Battery and cheered and waved their hands in greeting to the first steam-ship that entered this port from Europe. This important event took place on April 23, 1838, and it was doubly interesting and significant because not only the first transatlantic steam-ship came to anchor in the harbor on that day, but the second also; steam travel across the sea thus beginning with a race that was earnestly contested and brilliantly won. Furthermore, it was a race that attracted infinitely more attention than any of the contests that have succeeded it. Two steam-vessels had crossed the Atlantic in years previous, both having started from this side; the *Savannah*, from Savannah, in 1819;* and the *Royal William*, from Quebec, in 1831; but neither of these voyages had demonstrated the feasibility of abandoning the fine sailing packets and clippers for steamers when it came to a long voyage. The *Savannah* used both steam and sail during eighteen of the twenty-five days required for a passage to Liverpool, and more than one clipper overtook and passed her during the voyage. The *Royal William* had to utilize all her hold for coal in order to

carry sufficient fuel to insure a completion of the voyage. The reasons for the commercial failure of such craft are, therefore, apparent; but they proved to be available and profitable for coast-wise traffic, and meantime inventive genius was at work on plans and models and theories all intended for the construction of a steam-ship capable of carrying goods and passengers between Europe and America, and of outrunning the packets. Public interest, accordingly, was deeply stirred on both sides of the ocean when, in 1837, it was learned that two steam-vessels were on the stocks, building for the American service. These were the *Sirius*, at London, and the *Great Western*, at Bristol. It was these vessels that made the first race; the *Sirius* making the trip, measured from Queenstown, in eighteen and a half days, and the *Great Western* in fourteen and a half days. The *Sirius*, having had nearly four days' start, came in a few hours ahead of the winner. She brought seven passengers, and whether the *Great Western* had others than her crew on board, cannot now be ascertained.

At this time there were several lines of sailing vessels in operation between America and Europe, among the most important of which were Williams & Guion's Old Black Star Line, afterward merged into the Guion Line of Steamships; Grimshaw & Co.'s Black Star Line; C. H. Marshall & Co.'s Black Ball Line; and Tapscott's Line. All these concerns conducted a profitable busi-

*See The Development of the Ocean Steam-ship, by Commander F. E. Chadwick, U.S.N., in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1887.

ness in carrying passengers, and the ships were provided with accommodations for the three classes into which travellers have been divided from early times. It is impossible at this day to determine with exactness the volume of passenger traffic in clippers, for no complete records were kept; but that it was comparatively light may be inferred from the fact that provision was made in the large ships for ten first-cabin and twenty second-cabin passengers.

The steerage capacity varied from eight hundred to one thousand, and it was a long time after steam-ship lines had been established before immigrants ceased to come over in clippers. In fact for ten years after the inauguration of

fares as they might in a good hotel; those in the second cabin, or "intermediates," as they were called, had a plentiful supply of plain, well-prepared food, and the needs of the steerage passengers were looked after by the British Government, which instituted an official bill of fare. These matters will be described in greater detail further on.

In the *Marine News*, of April 4, 1838, published in New York, the agents of the *Sirius* advertise her as a "New and Powerful Steam-ship, 700 tons burden, 320 horse-power." The advertisement continues:

This vessel has superior accommodations, and is fitted with separate cabins for the accommodation of families, to whom every possible attention will be given.

Cabin, \$140.00, including provisions, wines, etc.

Second cabin, \$80.00, including provisions.

Commenting upon the arrival of the *Sirius* and *Great Western*, the *New York Courier and Enquirer* of April 24, 1838, said:

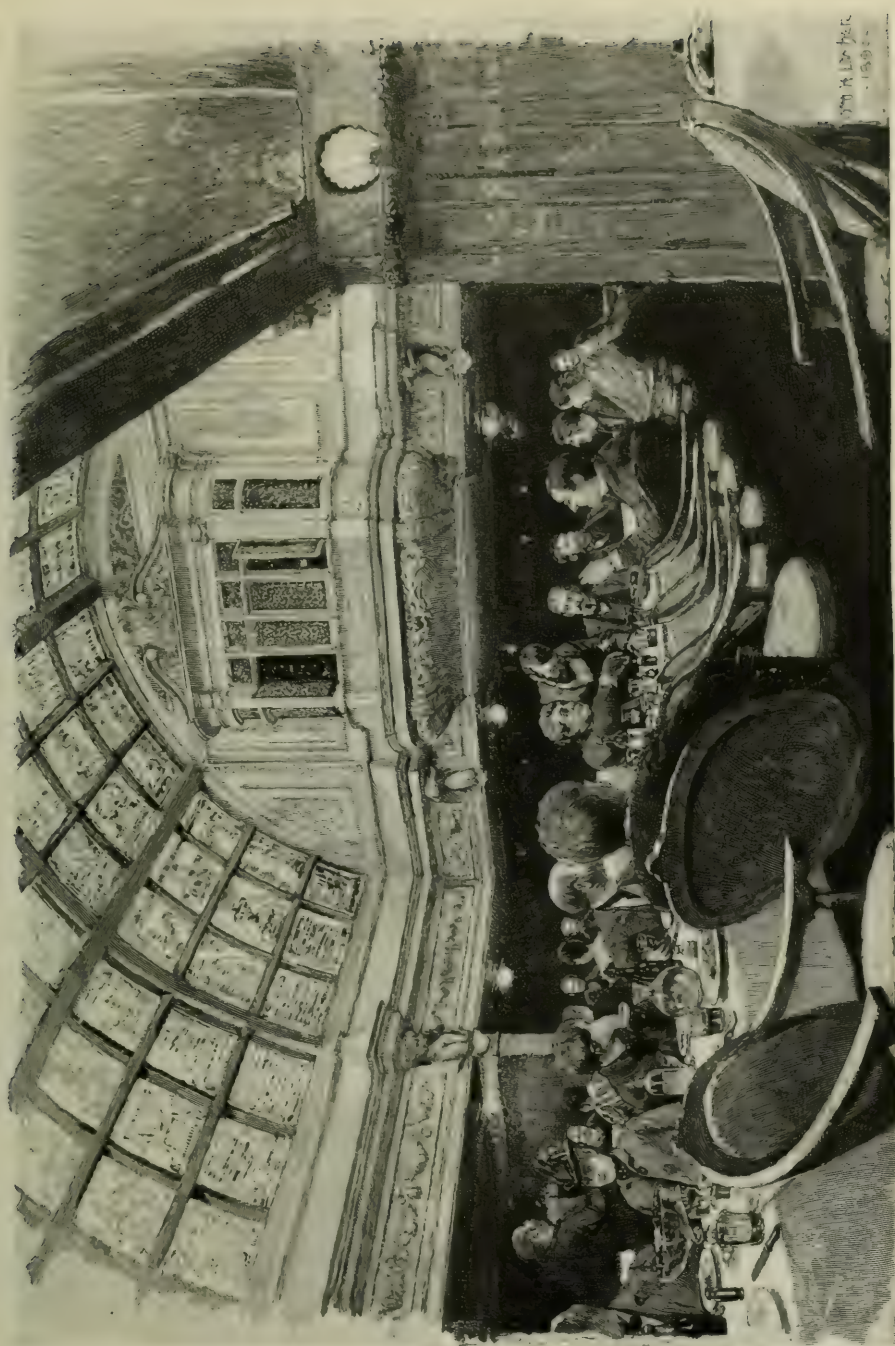
What may be the ultimate fate of this excitement—whether or not the expenses of equipment and fuel will admit of the employment of these vessels in the ordinary packet service—we cannot pretend to form an opinion; but of the entire feasibility of the passage of the Atlantic by steam, as far as regards safety, comfort, and despatch, even in the roughest and most boisterous weather, the most sceptical must now cease to doubt.

The "fate of the experiment," as far as the *Sirius* was concerned, was decided by the initial voyage. She had taken on four hundred and fifty tons of coal at Queens-town, all of which had been consumed before passing Sandy Hook, and had it not been for the sacrifice of spare spars and forty-three barrels of rosin to the demands of the furnace, she would not have entered the upper bay under steam. Nevertheless, there were people who trusted her capability to get back to Queenstown with the same quantity of coal, and among these confident, not to say venturesome travellers, were the



A Quiet Flirtation.

the first steam line the immigrants had no choice—the steam-ships carrying none but cabin passengers. The rates were, £30 for first cabin; £8 for second cabin; and £5 to £8 for steerage. The appointments of cabins and state-rooms were meagre as compared with the great steam-ships of to-day, but the table fare was substantially the same that is provided now. The first-cabin passengers



In the Grand Salon of an Inman Steamer.

DRAWN BY O. M. BACHER.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL' ORME.

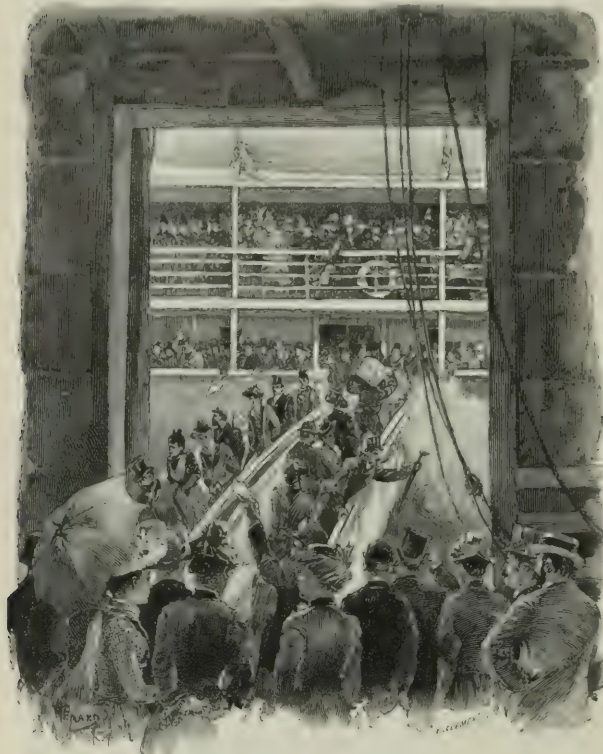
Chevalier Wyckoff and James Gordon Bennett, Sr. The *Sirius* made better time on the eastward trip, but she never again crossed the ocean. For many years she plied between Cork and Dublin.

in the Cabin, including Wines and Provisions of every kind, 30 guineas; a whole State-room for one person, 50 guineas. Steward's fee for each passenger, £1 10s. sterling. Children under 13 years of age, half price. No charge for Letters or Papers. The Captain and Owners will not be liable for any Package, unless a Bill of Lading has been given for it. One to two hundred tons can be taken at the lowest current rates.

Passage or freight can be engaged, a plan of cabin may be seen, and further particulars learned, by applying to

RICHARD IRVIN,

98 Front St.



The Gang-plank—just before sailing.

As a business venture the *Great Western* was more successful, and she made in all thirty-seven round voyages between Bristol, or Liverpool, and New York. Sixty-six passengers sailed in her on her first voyage from New York. Enthusiastic reporters of that day record that at least one hundred thousand persons crowded the Battery and other points of view to see her off. She had been advertised as follows:

BRITISH STEAM-PACKET SHIP *GREAT WESTERN*,

JAMES HOSKEN, R.N., *Commander*:

Having arrived yesterday from Bristol, which place she left on the 8th inst., at noon, will sail from New York for Bristol on Monday, May 7th, at 2 o'clock P.M.

She takes no Steerage Passengers. Rates

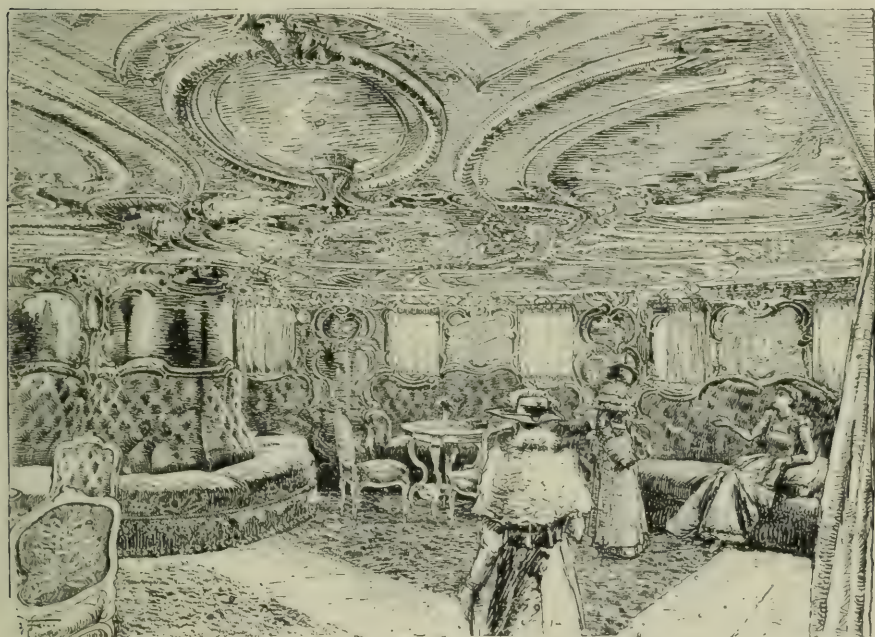
Other steam-ships made experimental voyages across the Atlantic after this, and several attempts were made to establish regular lines, that is, a service with stated times of sailing from one year's end to another; but none of these succeeded until 1840, when the British and North American Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company was organized. The chief promoter of this concern was Mr. Samuel Cunard, of Halifax, and the name of the corporation was speedily forgotten in the popular adoption of his name to designate the line. Mr. Cunard and his associates

had been keen observers of the various experiments in steam navigation, and naturally they profited by others' failures. By no means the least important feature of their enterprise, by which it differed from previous ventures, and by which it secured a fighting chance for prosperity, was an arrangement with the British Government for carrying the mails. The first mail contract covered a period of seven years at £60,000 annually. This service was monthly in the beginning, afterward fortnightly, and the points touched were Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston. Eventually, with increased subventions from the Government, a weekly service was established between Liverpool and New York, as well as a semi-monthly

service between Liverpool and Boston. The first fleet of the Cunard Line consisted of four vessels—the *Britannia*, *Acadia*, *Caledonia*, and *Columbia*. Another steam-ship, the *Unicorn*, made what was probably a voyage of announcement for the company. The *Unicorn* was the first steam-vessel from Europe to enter Boston Harbor, where she arrived on June 2, 1840. Although Boston made as much fuss over this event as New York had over the arrival of the *Sirius* and *Great Western* two years before, regular communication with Europe was not established until the arrival of the *Britannia*, the real pioneer of the Cunard Line. She left Liverpool on

the undertaking by the fact that the *Britannia* carried ninety cabin passengers on her first trip.

Although the passengers had "the run" of the entire ship, their accommodations were little, if any, better than those provided in the clippers. The saloon and state-rooms were all in the extreme after-part of the vessel, and there were no such things as comfortable smoking-rooms on deck, libraries, sitting-rooms, electric lights and annunciators, automatic windows to port-holes; and there were no baths to be obtained except through the kind offices of the boatswain or his mate, who vigorously applied the hose on such passengers as



The Saloon of a Hamburg Steamer.

Friday, July 4, 1840, and made the voyage to Boston, including the *détour* to Halifax and delay there of twelve hours, in fourteen days and eight hours. That Mr. Cunard was correct in believing that transportation by steam would stimulate travel between the continents is clear enough to us now; but he and his associates must have felt justified in

came dressed for the occasion when the decks were being washed in the early morning. "State-room" was much more of a misnomer then than it is now. On the most unpretentious modern steamship there is room enough in the chambers to put a small trunk, and even other articles of convenience to the traveller; and one may dress, if he takes reason-



DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

A Drama of the Sea.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

able care, without knocking his knuckles and elbows against the wall or the edges of his berth. Nowadays, too, the state-room is usually large enough to accommodate three or four persons, while some are arranged to hold six and even eight persons. The pioneer steam-ship had chambers so narrow that there was just room enough for a stool to stand between the edge of the two-feet-wide berth and the wall—mere closets. There were two berths in each room, one above the other. By paying somewhat less than double fare a passenger given to luxury might have a room to himself, according to the advertisement of the Great Western. Within such narrow quarters, however, everything possible was done for the passenger's comfort. A gentleman, now in business in New York, who crossed in the earliest days of the Cunard Line, and who has since sailed on the modern racers, says that the difference is by no means as great as might be expected. He puts it this way:

"The table was as good then as it is now, and the officers and stewards were just as attentive. There is more costly ornamentation now; but that aside, the two great improvements over the liners of forty-five years ago are in speed and space. There is more room now to turn around in, and the service is somewhat better."

This is a very good-humored view of the matter. It is not probable that latter-day travellers would be content to put up with narrow rooms, smoking lamps, low ceilings, and other discomforts that have been removed in recent shipbuilding. The traveller to-day demands more than comfort and safety. Travelling is in the main itself a luxury, and as more and more Americans have found themselves with sufficient means to indulge in it, they have demanded more and more luxurious surroundings and appointments. It is in response to this demand and the growth of the traffic, that within the last few years there has been placed upon the transatlantic lines a fleet of steam-ships that surpass in every respect anything that the world has seen.

For several years the Cunard Line enjoyed what was substantially a monop-

oly of the steam carrying trade between England and America, although individual vessels made trips back and forth at irregular intervals, and various and unsuccessful attempts were made to establish a regular service. The first enterprise of this kind that originated in the United States was the Ocean Steam Navigation Company. In 1847 this corporation undertook to carry the American mails between New York and Bremen twice a month. The Government paid \$200,000 a year for this service, and the vessels touched at Cowes, Isle of Wight, on each trip. Two steam-ships were built for this line, the Washington and Hermann. When the contract with the Government expired both were withdrawn and the project was abandoned. About the same time C. H. Marshall & Co., proprietors of the Black Ball Line of packet-ships, built a steam-ship, the United States, to supplement their transatlantic business, but the venture proved to be unprofitable. Then came the New York and Havre Steam Navigation Company. This line was also subsidized by the Government for carrying the United States mails between New York, Southampton, and Havre, fortnightly, at \$150,000 annually. The two steam-ships built for this purpose were wrecked, and two others were chartered in order to carry out the mail contract, until the Fulton and the Arago, two new steam-ships built for the line, were ready for service in 1856.

The most important American rival which foreign corporations have encountered in transatlantic steam navigation was the famous Collins Line. Mr. E. K. Collins had grown up in the freight and passenger business between New York and Liverpool, and in 1847 he began to interest New York merchants in a plan to establish a new steam-ship line. Two years later a company which he had organized launched four vessels—the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, and Baltic. They were liberally subsidized; the Government paying to the company \$858,000 yearly for carrying the mails; conditions imposed being that the vessels should make twenty-six voyages every year, and that the passage from port to port should be better in point of time than that made by the

Cunarders. The Collins Line met the conditions successfully; its vessels making westward trips that averaged eleven days, ten hours, and twenty-one minutes, as compared with twelve days, nineteen hours, and twenty-six minutes by the British steam-ships. The vessels of the Collins Line cost upward of \$700,000 each. This was a great deal of money to put into a steam-ship in those days, and as the largest of the fleet was considerably smaller than the smallest of the steam-ships that now ply between New York and European ports, there was naturally a good percentage of cost in the appointments for the comfort of the passengers. Many features that have since come to be regarded as indispensable on board ship were introduced by the Collins vessels. Among them none attracted more comment when the Atlantic arrived at Liverpool, at the end of her first voyage, May 10, 1849, than the barber-shop. English visitors to the vessel, as she lay at anchor in the Mersey, saw for the first time the comfortable chair, with its movable head-rest and foot-rest, in which Americans are accustomed to recline while undergoing shaving. Another novelty was a smoking-room in a house on the after-part of the deck. In the predecessors of the Atlantic smokers had to get on as well as might be in an uninviting covered hatchway known as the "fiddle." The Collins Line vessels had not only a dining-room sixty feet long by twenty feet broad, but had a general saloon sixty-seven feet by twenty feet. These were divided by the steward's pantry. Rose, satin, and olive woods figured prominently in the decorations; there were rich carpets, marble-topped tables, expensively upholstered chairs and sofas; a profusion of mirrors; all the panels and the saloon windows were ornamented with coats-of-arms and other designs emblematic of American freedom; all of which made, according to an English writer, a "general effect of chasteness and a certain kind of solidity."

The Collins Line obtained its share of a steadily increasing passenger traffic between the Old and New Worlds. It carried freight at from \$30 to \$40 a ton; it had the advantage of an immense subsidy; but to all intents and purposes

the corporation was bankrupt at the end of six years. It cost too much to maintain the high rate of speed required by the Government. Moreover, two vessels were lost; the Arctic, which went down after a collision with a French steamer off Cape Race, in September, 1854, when two hundred and twenty-two of the two hundred and sixty-eight people on board were drowned; and the Pacific, which was never heard from after she left Liverpool on June 23, 1856.

Almost simultaneously with the inauguration of the Collins Line another candidate for ocean business appeared, bringing with it two innovations of great importance to all travellers. This was the Liverpool, New York, and Philadelphia Steamship Company, better known, even in its own offices, as the Inman Line. It was the original plan of this company to establish a line between Liverpool and Philadelphia, and for several years, beginning in 1850, no calls were made at New York. The Inman Company was successful in securing a contract from the British and Canadian Governments for carrying the mails *via* Halifax, and was the successor to the Cunard Line on that route; the company then settled down, with a comfortable mail contract, to carrying passengers, freight, and mail between Liverpool and New York, calling at Queenstown on every trip.

During the Crimean War the transatlantic trade received a severe check, as more than half the steam-ships were withdrawn and placed in the service of the British and the French Governments as transports; during that time the Collins Line and other American lines received quite an impetus by many of the vessels of both the Cunard and Inman Lines being required for transport duty. At the close of the Crimean War, however, a reaction set in when these ships were again put in commission, with a decidedly disastrous effect on the American lines.

In 1855 Commodore Vanderbilt endeavored to get a subsidy from the American Government for a mail line to Europe, but, notwithstanding his failure to procure this contract, he placed three or four vessels on the route between New York, Southampton, and Havre, and

later on the Bremen route. The venture was more or less profitable. The last remnants of American enterprise in Atlantic passenger traffic disappeared with the steam-ships *Fulton* and *Arago* of the New York and Havre Line, which were withdrawn in 1868.

Two innovations introduced by the Inman Line became prominent features of ocean business, and it may be left an open question as to which was the more important. One was the use of the screw-propeller, and the other was the carrying of steerage, or third-class, passengers. Previous to 1850 all steam-ships built for transatlantic voyages had been side-wheelers, and even as late as 1870 there were steam-vessels that came into the port of New York with the walking-beam, familiar to patrons of modern ferry-boats and river steamers. The principle of the screw-propeller had been known and utilized for many years; but it was not believed that a steam-ship could cross the ocean in safety unless side-paddles were employed. The first iron transatlantic screw steam-ship was the *City of Glasgow*, built on the Clyde by Tod & McGregor. She made four successful voyages between Glasgow and New York before she was purchased by the corporation that afterward became known as the Inman Line. This innovation, although it did not result at first in any marked increase of speed, soon found approbation in the policies of rival companies for reasons of economy and space, and other considerations that need not be mentioned here.

The other innovation was equally long in finding acceptance among oceanic steam-ship companies, but it eventually prevailed, even to the extermination of the clipper ship as a passenger carrier. It may be remarked just here that the introduction of the screw-propeller added to the discomforts of the cabin passengers; for in the first vessels of the Inman Line the state-rooms and saloons were retained in the after part of the ships, where the motion of the sea and the noise of the screw were most apparent.

Leaving this matter for the present it is worth noting that the steady increase in passenger traffic between the two continents led to the organization of many

other companies that tried to find a share in the carrying business. The Glasgow and New York Steam-ship Company was started in 1854 by Tod & McGregor, shipbuilders; the service was fortnightly. In 1859 they decided to confine their business to shipbuilding, and the fleet and good-will were then sold out to the Inman Line, who continued the service for a year or two, but finally withdrew the fleet from Glasgow and concentrated their entire business between Liverpool, Queenstown, and New York.

During the period from 1850 to 1860 many Atlantic lines were established, several of which are in successful operation to-day. The new-comers during that decade, as well as in the following decade, adopted generally the innovations ventured by the Inman Line; but it was not until after 1870 that the side-wheeler disappeared from the ocean, and it was not until 1874 that clipper ships ceased to bring immigrants. It is said that the life of an iron steam-ship is unlimited; that time enough has not elapsed since the first iron ships were floated to determine how long they would naturally last under good usage. The importance, therefore, of the innovation introduced by the Inman Line may be readily inferred when it is stated that the oldest steam-ship belonging to any of the regular lines now in the passenger service between New York and European ports was built in 1868. Within the last year or two steel has been almost entirely substituted for iron, it being lighter and more durable.

Although the transatlantic lines multiplied rapidly, and the business induced by foreign traffic increased steadily, there was no other marked improvement in the service until 1870, when the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company entered upon its career. In this case also the legal title of the corporation has been forgotten in the popular adoption of a short name to designate the line; and this new enterprise has been known almost from the beginning as the White Star Line. Their first steamship was the *Oceanic*, and its model and appointments throughout became the pioneer of the wonderful vessels that now ply regularly between this country and

Europe. It was not so much that the proprietors of the White Star Line endeavored to outdo their rivals in conveniences for passengers, table-fare, and the like, but that they heeded the complaints of the travellers who suffered from the noise and motion in their state-rooms in the after part of the boat. In the old style of steam-ships the passenger who desired to sleep had to contend against the noise of the screw, the creaking of the steering apparatus, and the most extreme motion possible upon the vessel. The White Star Line arranged its saloons and state-rooms so as to bring them as near as possible to the centre of gravity; placing them, therefore, amidships.

It is not essential now to state what mechanical improvements this change involved. Certain it is that all the important lines found themselves under the necessity of following in some fashion the model set by the Oceanic, and the best ships of to-day are so arranged that the passengers who pay the highest rates are located in all their necessary movements in the central part of the vessel.

The year 1870, therefore, marks an epoch in steam navigation, and every vessel, or nearly so, built since that date has been conformed to the model set by the Oceanic. From year to year the speed has been improved, until so many steam-ships are classed as racers that the rivalry has come to be centred in appointments and luxurious accommodation.

The inauguration of the Oceanic Company marked the beginning of what may be called the second epoch in transatlantic travel, and with the first voyage of the City of New York a third epoch was begun. This last period, into which we have hardly entered, is distinguished by the twin-screw steam-ship. There are now seven great vessels of this class in the passenger service between European ports and New York: The City of New York and the City of Paris, of the Inman line; the Majestic and the Teutonic, of the White Star Line; the Augusta Victoria, the Columbia, and the Normannia, of the Hamburg-American Line. In addition to these there will presently be another,

the Fürst-Bismarck, also of the latter line, and the French Line will have La Touraine running between New York and Havre in a few months. These new vessels are not remarkably superior to the best single-screw steam-ships in the matter of speed, and any advantage gained in this respect may be attributed to their having greater horse-power. As may be seen from the record of fast passages, the Etruria and the Umbria, of the Cunard Line, are not only very close seconds to the best twin-screw ships, but are even ahead of three of the new type of vessel. The great merit of the twin-screw ship lies in the increased safety which its mechanism insures. It admits of avoiding obstacles that would surely wreck a single-screw vessel, of better handling in case of collision, and of surer progress in the event of the breaking of a shaft.

Such steamers as the City of New York and the City of Paris of the Inman Line (which is now controlled by American capital, and may in a sense be regarded as an American enterprise), and the Etruria and Umbria of the Cunard Line, are designed so as to carry about five hundred first-cabin passengers each, but they carry less steerage passengers than other ships, which adds greatly to the comfort of saloon passengers. It is not probable that the \$700,000 expended for the construction of a vessel of the Collins Line would much more than suffice to pay for the decorations and conveniences afforded to passengers on these ships. In correspondence with modern ideas they are subdivided into twenty-four watertight compartments, and this, with due allowance for the architect's notions, has led to the supplying of bath-rooms about the ship, according to the number of passengers carried; several suites of rooms on the upper deck are arranged with bath-rooms and toilet-rooms. To each class of passengers is furnished its own bath-rooms, smoking-room, saloon, and dining-room. The steerage is so divided that the third-class passengers are not only away forward, but aft also; and they have the whole of one deck to themselves for promenading and getting glimpses of ocean views.

These are features that apply to so

many of the best steam-ships now plying between New York and European ports that it would be unjust to describe any one ship as against another, but as the City of New York has made the highest average speed of all the Atlantic "grey-hounds," and for that matter the highest average speed of any steam-ship in the world, it is but fair to mention her wonderful performance. During the year 1890 she made eight trips to the eastward, and the average of each trip from Sandy Hook Lightship to Roche's Point, Queenstown Harbor, was six days, four hours, and five minutes; the average of her eight trips to the westward from Roche's Point to Sandy Hook Lightship was six days, five hours, and forty-four minutes. On the four trips each way from August to November, inclusive, her average west-bound voyages were six days and forty-two minutes, and the east-bound voyages six days and fifty-three minutes. For the whole season on her trips to the eastward she averaged 19.12 knots per hour, and to the westward 18.91 knots per hour. She has made a slightly better average than her sister, the favorite City of Paris, and she beat her powerful rival, the Teutonic, seven times out of ten during the past season.

The fastest westward trip on record is that of the City of Paris, her time of 5 days, 19 hours, and 18 minutes being undisputed. Her best eastward trip was made in 5 days, 22 hours, and 50 minutes, which is also the fastest trip on record to the eastward.

The lowest time claimed for the Teutonic, on a westward trip, is 5 days, 19 hours, and 5 minutes, but this record is in dispute, as there is a discrepancy of 55 minutes in the time of her arrival at Sandy Hook Lightship as shown by her log, and that given by the marine observers both at the Highlands of Navesink and Sandy Hook; there is also a difference of 28 minutes in her leaving time from Roche's Point between the time shown by her log and the reported time by the Associated Press observer, which adds one hour and twenty-three minutes to the record claimed for her. Her fastest eastward voyage was made in 5 days, 23 hours, and 34 minutes.

The City of New York has made the westward voyage in 5 days, 21 hours, and 19 minutes; she made the eastward voyage in 5 days, 23 hours, and 14 minutes.

The Majestic's fastest westward trip was 5 days, 21 hours, and 20 minutes; and her fastest trip to the eastward was 5 days, 23 hours, and 16 minutes. The Etruria has a record to the westward of 6 days, 1 hour, and 50 minutes; and to the eastward of 6 days, 5 hours, and 18 minutes. The Umbria's record to the westward is 6 days, 4 hours, and 20 minutes; and her eastward record is 6 days, 3 hours, and 17 minutes.

The trips of these six vessels are measured between Sandy Hook Lightship and Roche's Point, the entrance to Queenstown Harbor; the North-German Lloyd Line and the Hamburg-American measure the trips between Sandy Hook Lightship and the Needles, near Southampton.

The Columbia has made the journey eastward in 6 days, 15 hours; and to the westward in 6 days, 16 hours, and 2 minutes. The Normannia has made the eastward trip in 6 days, 17 hours, and 20 minutes; and to the westward in 6 days, 17 hours, and 2 minutes. The record of the Augusta Victoria is, eastward, 6 days, 22 hours, and 32 minutes; westward, 6 days, 22 hours, and 40 minutes. The new steamship Spree, of the North German Lloyd Line, made the trip to the eastward in 6 days and 22 hours, on her third trip across the Atlantic; and the Lahn, of the same line, has a record to the eastward of 6 days, 22 hours, and 42 minutes.

The fast ships of several lines now make a seven-days' journey from port to port; these lines are the Cunard, Inman, White Star, North German Lloyd, Hamburg-American, French, Guion, and Anchor. Their vessels are well fitted, the passengers find every convenience at hand, and, barring extremely bad weather, the traveller may imagine that he is confined but a few days to a first-rate hotel on land. Nevertheless it may be worth while to mention one or two comparatively minor features that have been introduced lately to make the journey to Europe comfortable. It is now possible

to have your trunks checked at your house for delivery in London, although the steam-ship may terminate its journey at Liverpool. This service naturally calls for a small extra fee, but it is hardly more than would be charged by an expressman who would take your trunks to the dock where the steam-ship lies awaiting your departure. It is quite the custom now, also, for steam-ship companies to issue letters of credit to passengers, who, for one reason or another, may not care to deposit their moneys with the banking houses. On one line, at least, passengers can rent steamer-chairs previous to sailing at fifty cents each for the trip, and when they arrive on board they simply apply to the deck-steward for their chairs. At the offices of all the principal lines steamer-chairs may be engaged at the time tickets are procured, but the price charged for the trip is one dollar; the enterprise being managed by an independent concern who have obtained the privilege from the different lines.

Every traveller may have at least one interesting souvenir of the voyage across the Atlantic. The names of the passengers, and in some cases their home addresses, are neatly printed upon folios along with a blank chart for recording the progress of the voyage, and more or less information about the company, the vessel, and the fleet of which it is a member. A sufficient number of these passenger lists are printed to assure one at least for every cabin passenger, and the lists are usually distributed in the saloon soon after the vessel leaves her dock. They are not only prized as souvenirs, but they are invaluable in assisting one to make acquaintances—or avoid them, for that matter. It is the custom of some of the lines to distribute passenger lists at the gang-plank just previous to the sailing of the vessel, so that friends of passengers may carry away a token of the great journey, and speculate as to how companionable this or another person will prove to the party in which they are especially interested. On nearly all the larger vessels there is a miniature newspaper printed by the ship's printer, which gives the usual amount of "local" gossip and happenings peculiar to the surroundings; arti-

cles are contributed by the passengers, and sometimes there is a good deal of talent on board. Reports of concerts and domestic entertainments, etc., are given.

Rivalry between the various lines has led to the establishment of agencies in various parts of this country and Europe. Abroad the agents seek mainly, if not exclusively, to induce emigration. In this country the agents deal almost exclusively with those to whom travel has become a well-earned luxury. The central point of agencies is in Chicago. The agents there control the territory west of Chicago, and are in constant communication with the head-offices in New York, and they have their sub-agents scattered about everywhere, but especially in the Northwest. The New York offices are promptly informed by the Chicago agents concerning the number of people booked for certain steamships, and the chief stewards make provision accordingly.

Before showing how the steward has to provide for his passengers, it will be interesting to note, as well as may be, the increase in transatlantic voyaging. Exact records of cabin passengers have not been kept until within a few years; but it will be remembered that in the time of the clipper ships not more than ten first-cabin passengers were expected on any one ship. As it is now, the different steam-ship lines entering the port of New York employ several men to look after the landing of passengers. Their duties are mainly directed to steerage people; but recently they have also kept records of those who come over in either first or second class. From these records, kept in the Barge Office in New York City, it appears that ocean travel varies according to the business situation in this country. Following is an exhibit of the number of cabin passengers that arrived at this port during the years between 1881 and 1890, inclusive: 1881, 51,229; 1882, 57,947; 1883, 58,596; 1884, 59,503; 1885, 55,160; 1886, 68,742; 1887, 78,792; 1888, 86,302; 1889, 96,686; 1890, 99,189.

From one point of view, at least, these figures are very striking. In 1889 there was a great show in Paris that attracted world-wide attention and interest. In

the spring of that year every steam-ship agent announced to prospective passengers that all vessels would be crowded, and that the volume of passenger traffic between the continents would swamp the capacity of every line. But the figures speak for themselves. Viewing the increase of oceanic travel it appears that the financial depression of 1884 kept many people at home who otherwise might have crossed the ocean. After that distressing season had passed travel resumed its normal condition, and an increase may be noted with each year. When finances in this country had been somewhat adjusted we find that 86,302 cabin passengers landed at New York in 1888. Then came the Paris Exposition, and the record for 1889 is 96,686. That was the greatest year for ocean travel known theretofore. Yet 1890 came along, and the record of 1889 had been broken. The total number of arrivals of cabin passengers for that year being 99,189.

These figures mean that Americans are getting rich enough to travel ; nothing more. An agent of an excursion company said to me during 1889 :

"It doesn't need an Exposition in Paris to induce travel. Europe is the load-stone! All we have to do is to show people that they can get to *Europe* at a moderate cost, and that fetches 'em."

The same men who keep these records at the Barge Office say that at least eighty per cent. of the arrivals from Europe represent people who live in this country ; that is, that not more than 20,000 people during 1890 arrived in New York who did not live here, or who were not returning to their homes. Furthermore, it should be noted here that New York has become to so great a degree the port to which transatlantic business tends, that not more than fifteen per cent. of either immigrants or cabin passengers land at any other port. A few go to Boston, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore ; and a few come in *via* Quebec and the northern border ; but the figures at New York really represent the volume of passenger traffic.

It is not possible to give an exact comparison between the traffic now and when passenger steam-ships first began to run between this country and Europe ;

but it will be remembered that the Cunards, beginning in 1840, had only four regular vessels. Now there are twelve steam-ship lines who have regular sailing days each week, and some have sailings twice and three times a week ; they all terminate or begin in New York, and on these lines there are eighty-four steam-ships which carry saloon and steerage passengers. These lines make landings at Queenstown, Liverpool, Southampton, Havre, Bremen, Hamburg, Merville (Londonderry), Glasgow, Antwerp, Boulogne, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and Copenhagen. No line employs less than four boats, and the Hamburg-American Line keeps twenty-one in commission. The North German Lloyd Company has the largest fleet of express steam-ships ; there are twelve in commission between New York, Southampton, and Bremen. This great fleet of eighty-four vessels is composed of the following lines, given in the order in which they were established : Cunard Line, 1840 ; Inman Line, 1850 ; Hamburg-American Line, 1856 ; Anchor Line, 1856 ; North German Lloyd Line, 1857 ; French Line (Compagnie Générale Transatlantique), 1862 ; Guion Line, 1864 ; White Star Line, 1870 ; Netherlands Line, 1872 ; State Line, 1872 ; Red Star Line, 1873 ; Thingvalla Line, 1879. Besides these lines there is also the Anchor Line, Fabre Line, and the Florio Line to Mediterranean ports ; Wilson Line to London, and also to Hull ; National Line to London, and also to Liverpool ; Hill Line to London ; Union Line to Hamburg ; Bordeaux Line to Bordeaux, and Baltic Line to Stettin. All these lines carry passengers.

This record, of course, takes no account of the lines to the South American continent or to Pacific ports. Freight lines, of which there are several, are out of the question for the moment.

A great many passengers are more anxious about the table-fare upon an ocean steam-ship than about the state-rooms, saloons, smoking-rooms, and other matters of transient comfort. There is really no need for worry about the table. There is always enough, and on the best boats there is always a great variety.

On one of the recent departures of a great liner from this port her larder was stocked as follows :

20,000 pounds of fresh beef (a portion of this, although all was available, was intended for the return trip, beef being cheaper here than in Liverpool); fresh pork, 500 pounds; mutton, 3,500 pounds; lamb, 450 pounds; veal, 500 pounds; sausage, 200 pounds; liver, 230 pounds; corned beef, 2,900 pounds; salt pork, 2,200 pounds; bacon, 479 pounds; hams, 500 pounds; tongues, 8 dozen; sweetbreads, 200; fish, assorted, 2,100 pounds; oysters, 5,000; clams, 5,000; soft-shell crabs, 500; green turtle, 200 pounds; turkeys, 50; geese, 50; fowls, 248; chickens, 150; squabs, 300; snipe, 500; quail, 500; ducklings, 216; wild game, 108 pair. Butter, 1,500 pounds; eggs, 1,200; condensed milk, 400 quarts; fresh milk, 1,000 quarts; ice cream, 400 quarts. Apples, 12 barrels; pears, 10 boxes; musk-melons, 100; water-melons, 60; oranges, 16 boxes; peaches, 10 crates; bananas, 10 bunches; huckleberries, 100 quarts; gooseberries, 100 quarts; cherries, 250 quarts; currants, 100 pounds; grapes, 75 pounds; lemons, 14 cases; pineapples, 100; plums, 150 quarts; strawberries, 250 quarts; raspberries, 250 quarts. Flour, 125 barrels; potatoes, 140 barrels; lettuce, 72 dozen; asparagus, 30 dozen; green peas, beans, tomatoes, 15 crates each; Brussels sprouts, 10 baskets. Crackers, cakes in large variety, and a quantity of pickles, sauces, spices, extracts, pâtés de foie gras, truffles, caviare, canned and dried and fresh vegetables, and general groceries in the most generous quantity. About 500 other items appeared on her list of stores besides wines, spirits, beer, mineral waters, cigars, etc.

One of the bills of fare presented to first-cabin passengers from such a commissariat is here given.

SOUPS.

Turtle and Spring.

FISH.

Scotch Salmon and Sauce Hollandaise.

ENTRÉES.

Blanquettes de Poulet aux Champignons.

Filets de Bœuf à la Bordelaise.

Cailles sur Canapés.

JOINTS.

Saddle of Mutton and Jelly.

Beef and Yorkshire Pudding.

York Ham and Champagne Sauce.

POULTRY.

Roast Turkey and Truffles.

Spring Ducklings.

VEGETABLES.

Pommes de Terre Duchesse.

Asparagus. Potatoes. Parsnips.

SWEETS.

International Pudding.

Rhubarb with Custard.

Strawberry Jam. Tartlets. Sandwich.

PASTRY.

Genoese Pastry. Marlborough Pudding.

Gooseberry Soufflés.

Lemon Cream.

DESSERT.

Seville Oranges. Black Hamburg Grapes.

English Walnuts. Madeira Nuts. Cantaloupes.

Café Noir.

Following is a literal copy of a bill of fare for a second-cabin dinner on a favorite steamship :

SOUP.—Julienne.

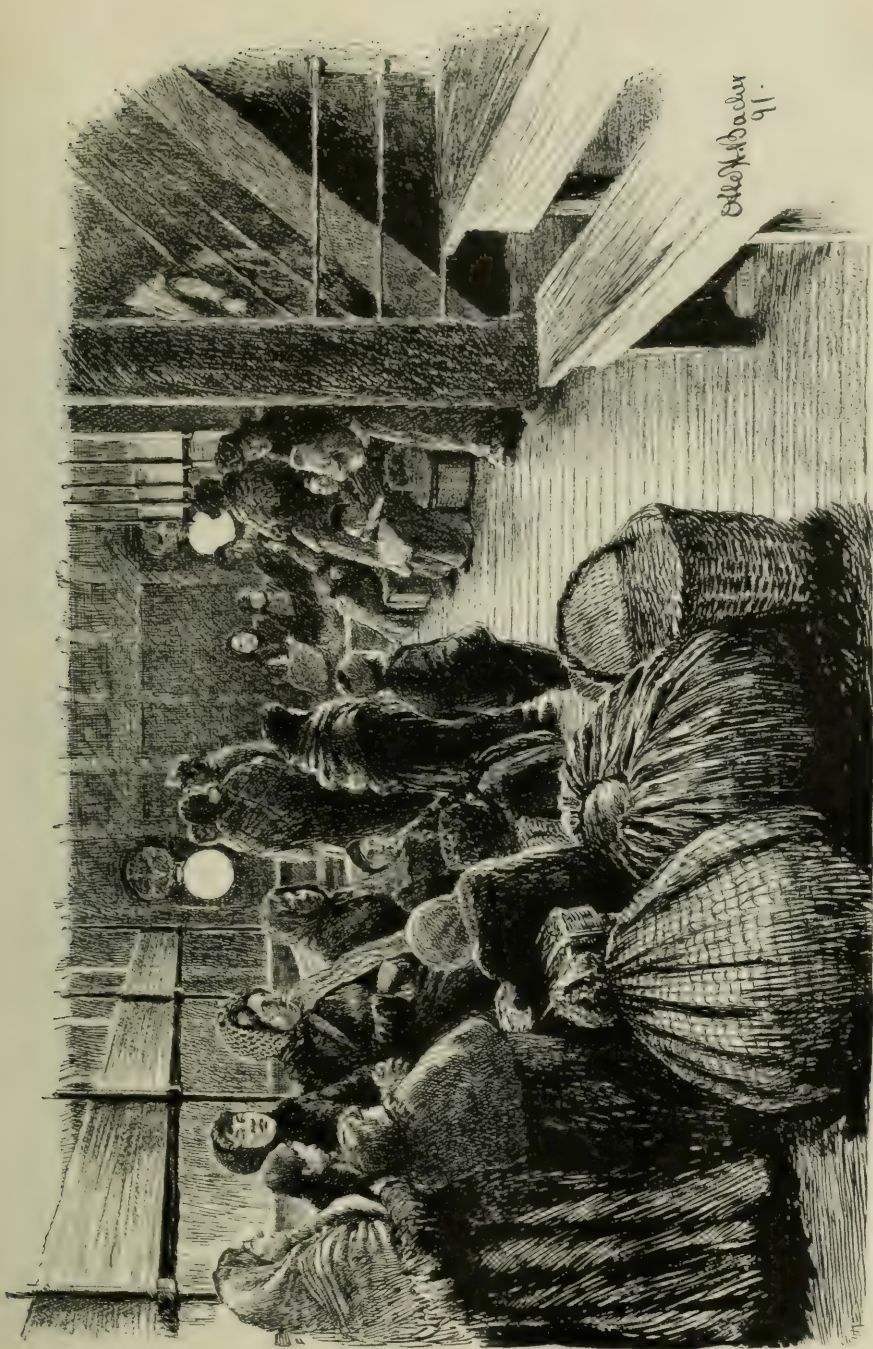
FISH.—Boiled Rock Fish, butter sauce.

MEATS.—Haricot of mutton; roast beef, baked potatoes; boiled mutton, caper sauce; mashed turnips; potatoes.

Rice pudding; apple tart; small pastry. Biscuits and cheese.

So the accommodations on board ship have kept pace with the growing traffic and the increasing demand for luxurious appointments. Vessels now are lighted by electricity in every quarter, including even the steerage; there is ample room for exercises and games on deck; there are well-stocked libraries and music-rooms, no well-ordered ship being without a piano or organ, and some have both; smoking-rooms are usually on the upper deck; electric annunciators are handy; bath-rooms are numerous; the thrashing of the screw is heard faintly at the worst; there is plenty and a variety of food; and in short, the majority of cabin passengers fare for a week better, and are surrounded by more appointments of wealth and luxury than they are accustomed to in their own homes.

Some specially interesting features have been introduced into the North German Lloyd service, and also on the express steamers of the Hamburg-American Line to make a voyage attractive. Among these is the band that accompanies every vessel. The performers are the stewards of the second cabin, who must not only be good waiters but good musicians as well. They play through the long first-cabin dinner, which lasts from one to two hours, and again on deck in the evening. There are no Sunday services on these boats,



Ellen H. Bader
91.

In the Steerage.

but in the morning the band plays hymn tunes, and in the evening there is a "sacred" concert. All German and American holidays are observed on board, special attention being paid to the Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday, and particularly so on an eastward trip if the holiday occurs when the vessel is only a day or so out from New York; when Christmas comes to the travellers at sea, they find themselves in the midst of a German festival, in which there is no lack of a brightly adorned and illuminated tree. The steerage passengers are not forgotten on these occasions; amusements and a special feast are provided for them.

The French Line has some remarkable features of its own. Baggage may be checked by it to any point in France. The company provides a special train that waits on the steamship dock in

line that supplies immigrants with all necessary utensils, including bedding; and, more than that, it provides a wholesome wine at all meals in the steerage, and cognac once a day.

French festivals and American holidays are celebrated on board by concerts, balls, dinner parties, and extra luxuries at the regular meals. Entertainment is provided for the steerage passengers, and a special menu is furnished for the festal days. On such occasions, too, the ships are gayly decorated with bunting from stem to stern.

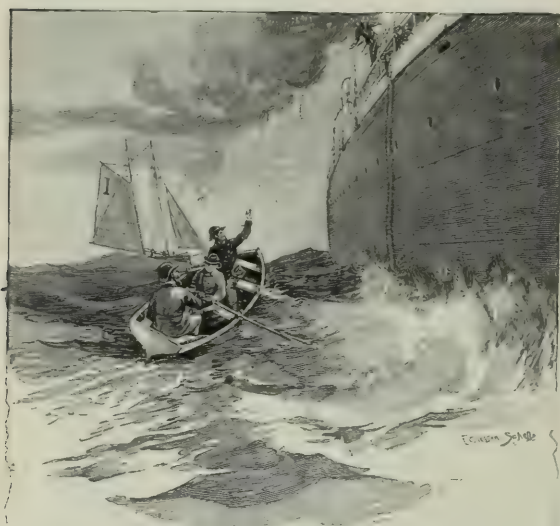
Another unique and pleasant feature of the voyage on a French line is the "Captain's Dinner." This takes place just previous to the termination of the trip, and it is regarded as a farewell celebration in token of good-will between the passengers and the officers who have safely conducted them over the ocean. Champagne is furnished by the company without extra charge at this dinner, and toast and speech-making follow.

On the British lines Sunday is suitably observed; the captain, in full uniform, supported by his officers, reads the Church of England services, to which all on board are invited. American and British holidays are also observed in a fitting manner, the vessels being always "dressed" for the occasion. These lines also have a parting dinner, usually one or two evenings before arrival in port.

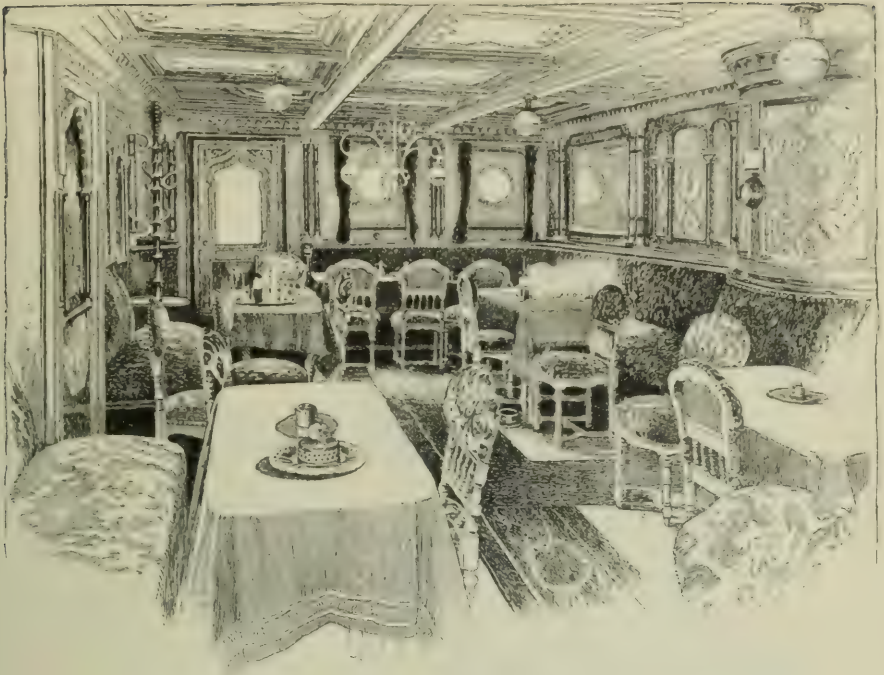
All incoming steamers are signalled off Fire Island or Sandy Hook, their arrival is telegraphed to the Quarantine station and the ship-news

Havre, and on the arrival of the vessel from New York takes the passengers and baggage to Paris at once, and puts them in close connection with trains for other parts of the continent. This system of transfer and checking baggage applies not only to cabin passengers, but to those in the steerage as well, and the French line is the only line that makes such arrangements. It is also the only

office, and in about three hours the vessel reaches Quarantine from Fire Island, or about one hour from Sandy Hook. At Quarantine the health officer boards her, and if it is found that she has no case of contagious disease on board she is permitted to proceed to her dock, which she reaches in about one hour and a half, including the time of examination by the health officer; but if she has any se-



The Pilot Boarding.



Smoking-room of a French Liner.

rious case on board she is detained at Quarantine until she receives orders from the health officer to land her passengers. As soon as the vessel is reported inside Sandy Hook the revenue cutter starts down the bay to meet her, with the customs officers on board. The boarding officer places several staff officers on board, who go immediately to the saloon, where declarations are made and signed by the saloon passengers as to the contents of their trunks, etc., and all baggage is searched on arrival of the vessel at her dock, when those who attempt "monkeying" with the customs officials will find out that the little trick does not pay.

Meantime, how do the steerage folk get on?

Mention has been made of the British governmental bill of fare. This was instituted when clipper ships were in vogue. It was ordered that a minimum weekly allowance of raw food should be provided for every adult third-class passenger as follows :

3½ pounds bread, or biscuit, not inferior in quality to navy biscuit; 1 pound flour; 1½ pound oatmeal; 1½ pound rice; 1½ pound peas; 1½ pound beef; 1 pound pork; 2 pounds potatoes; 2 ounces tea; 1 pound sugar; ½ ounce mustard; ¼ ounce ground black pepper; 2 ounces salt; 1 gill vinegar.

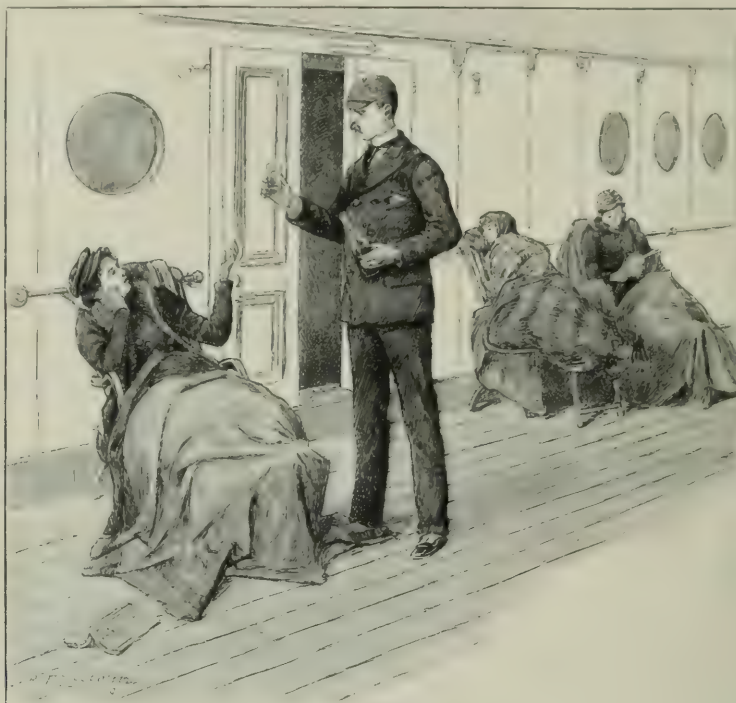
A government inspector saw to it that these items or their equivalents were provided upon the departure of every ship carrying third-class passengers, and that no ship went to sea without being provisioned for thirty days. The allowance, however, proved not to be altogether generous, and many passengers brought stores of their own along. In any event, each passenger had to prepare his own meals at the cook's galley, for the number of cooks furnished was always insufficient. The kitchen is never commodious at the best, aboard ship, and it needs no imagination to picture the struggle of immigrants, one against another, for a turn at the fire. The government requisition is still in force, but it is substantially a dead letter, for not only the British but all European

steamship companies now provide ample fare for all steerage passengers.

A young man who crossed in the steerage last year described his fare to the writer, thus: "At breakfast," he said, "we usually had oatmeal porridge and molasses, with coffee in plenty, and

cook their own food now, but they have to provide their own cups, plates, and other utensils, as well as their own bedding.

All captains of passenger steam-ships are scrupulously attentive to the needs of their steerage passengers. Not a



More Comfortable on Deck.

rolls and butter. This was varied by hash instead of porridge on some days, or perhaps an Irish stew; but fresh baked rolls and butter were always in abundance. There was always soup at dinner, and some boiled beef, pork, or fish, with potatoes and bread. Supper did not amount to much, but there was plenty of plain, good stuff to eat. Roast beef and plum duff were served at Sunday's dinner."

This food was served to the steerage passengers by stewards, but there was no placing of dishes opposite the passenger's plate. The general meal was set down in the middle of the table, and "help yourself" was the order of the day. The steerage passengers do not

day passes that they do not make a personal inspection of this department, and they are always approachable in the event of complaints arising on the part of the poorest travellers. It is related of one old-time Commander—Captain John Mirehouse—that in order to assure himself of the proper quality and preparation of the steerage food, he invariably had his lunch served from the steerage galley at the dinner hour; and he used to declare that his lunches were as wholesome and palatable as he could desire.

It must not be supposed that steerage passengers are all immigrants. Odd as it may seem, there are many world wanderers who cross and recross in the

steerage, who travel over great parts of the world, and who, in their class, are as independent as the more luxuriously accommodated cabin people. Besides these curious characters there are Scottish carpenters and other mechanics who come over here for a few months at a time to take advantage of higher wages, and who return as they came when Christmas draws nigh. It will doubtless cause astonishment to most readers to learn that when the Teutonic made her last voyage to Europe, in December, 1890, she carried 1,400 passengers, more than 1,000 of whom were in the steerage.

The immigrant business has come to be so important a feature in transatlantic passenger traffic, that it may not be uninteresting to conclude this article with a few figures that show somewhat of its growth and proportions, and also the method of handling the immigrants. At least eighty-five per cent. of all immigration to the United States comes through the port of New York. The Board of Immigration was not established until 1847, and previous to that time records were rather loosely kept. The official figures, however, have been obtained,* showing that between 1783 and 1847, 1,063,567 immigrants came to this country; between 1847 and 1873 there were 4,933,562; a marked falling off in the annual average occurring during the War of the Rebellion; between 1873 and 1890, inclusive, 4,910,864. Immigration was heaviest in the years 1881, 1882, and 1883, the figures being 441,064; 455,450; and 388,267, respectively. The greatest arrival of immigrants in any one day was on May 11, 1887, when nearly 10,000 were landed at this port. The greatest number ever brought by a single ship was 1,767, by

the Egypt, National Line, in 1873. This good ship was destroyed by fire, July, 1890, in midocean, on her way to the eastward, but fortunately not a life was lost.

On the arrival of each vessel at her dock she is boarded by the Immigration Department boarding officer, and the Customs inspector and his assistants; the latter examine the immigrants' baggage, and sometimes add considerable to Uncle Samuel's bank account in the way of duties or the confiscation of smuggled articles. Their baggage is then checked and placed on board the transfer boats and barges, which convey them to the Barge Office, where they are examined by a medical staff and then passed to the registration department in that building; here they give their name, age, occupation, nationality, and destination; if they appear as though they were liable to become a public



Revenue Officer Boarding, New York Bay.

charge, in compliance with an Act of Congress, they are returned, by the same vessel on which they arrived, to the place from which they came. But an opportunity is given to their friends, if

* Through the courtesy of Mr. George W. Esslinger, assistant to Captain John E. Moore, landing agent.

any should call, to guarantee that they will not become a public charge, and they are then allowed to leave the department in the custody of their friends. Parties seeking friends call at the information bureau, and if they satisfy the clerk as to their identity they are allowed to take their friends away. On leaving the steam-ship checks are given to them for their baggage, and it is stored at the Barge Office free of charge, and kept till called for.

There is a railroad ticket office in the Barge Office, where all the trunk lines are represented by one general agent, a sort of pool, and here the immigrant can secure tickets to any point and have baggage checked to destination; and at no other place can tickets be procured at such low rates, nor can anyone but

an immigrant get such a low rate. Each immigrant is allowed 150 pounds of baggage free, and the railroad companies transfer them and their baggage from the Barge Office to their respective depots free of charge.

A temporary hospital is located in the Barge Office, where immigrants not seriously ill are kept, and those who may have any serious illness are sent to hospitals under contract with the department for such patients.

Each steamship company was formerly required to pay to the United States Treasury a head tax of \$2.50 for each alien steerage passenger; this fee was reduced to \$1.00, and some years ago it was still further reduced to fifty cents, the present rate. This tax goes to what is known as the Immigrant Fund.



The Steamer's Barber Shop.



Stalking a Kangaroo.

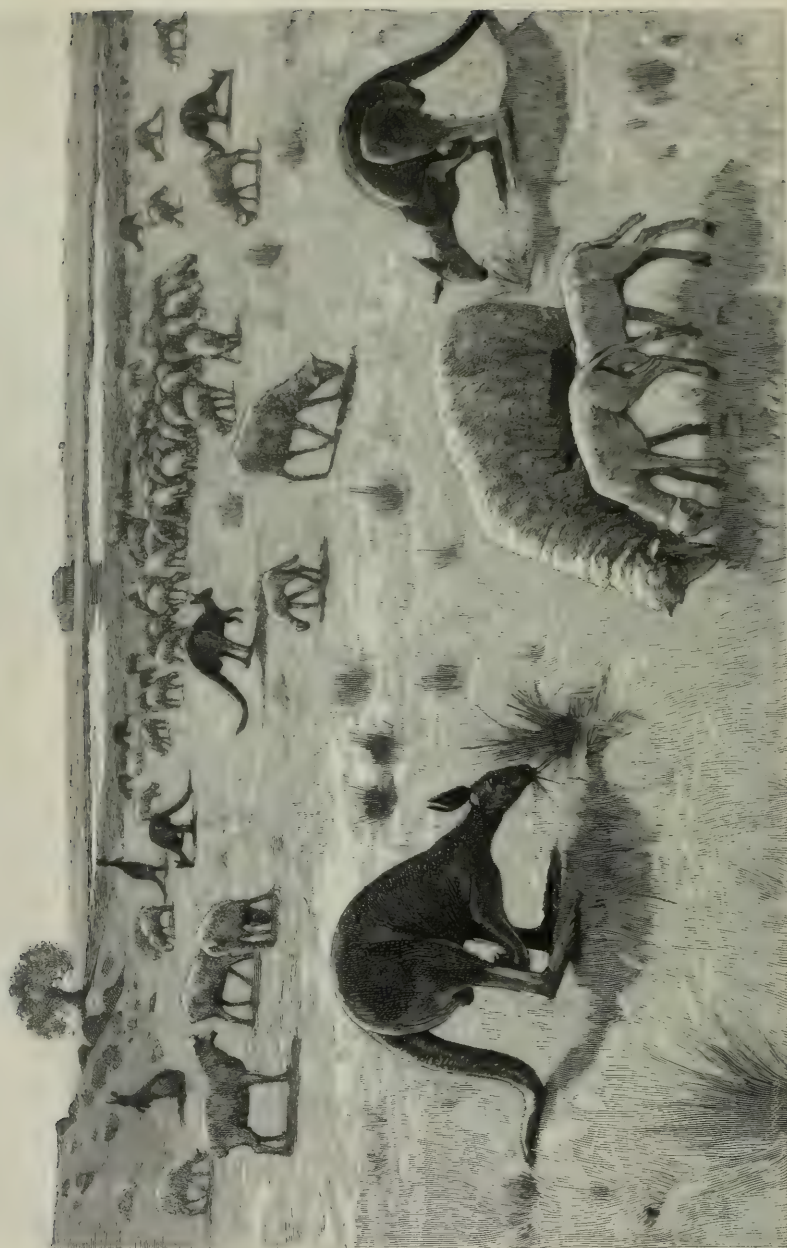
A KANGAROO HUNT.

By Birge Harrison.

IN the log-book of Captain Cook's first voyage around the world we find it recorded, under date of July 14, 1770, that "Mr. Gore, who went out this day with his gun, had the good fortune to kill one of the animals which had been so much the subject of our speculation, . . . and which is called by the natives kangaroo." This specimen (so fortunately killed by Mr. Gore) was in all probability the first kangaroo ever brought down by the gun of the white man; but, apart from the question of its priority, the feat could scarcely have been otherwise remarkable, for at that time Australia swarmed from end to end with countless millions of these curious creatures. Not one of its desolate plains or ghostly eucalyptus glades but was dotted more or less thickly with some of the many species of *Macropidæ*; and it is safe to say that never, in any other country in

the world, has any animal been so widely disseminated or so numerous as was the kangaroo in primeval Australia.

But a hundred years of civilization have wrought a change. The great marsupial has entirely disappeared from the most settled portions of the country, and in many of the wilder parts has become as rare an apparition to-day as is the American bison upon the plains of Montana. Indeed, one humorous gentleman whom I met in Melbourne professed to regard the kangaroo as an entirely mythical animal, deserving only to be classed with the sea-serpent, the dragon, and the "bunyip" of the black fellow, whose awful voice is heard in the dead silence of the midnight forest, but whose form has never yet been seen of man. Without taking this waggish proposition too seriously, one would not go far wrong in accepting its general tenor as



DRAWN BY BIRGE HARRISON.

Herd of Sheep and Kangaroo—The Plains in 1840.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

indicating fairly well the true state of the case; for it is quite certain that the kangaroo has so nearly disappeared from most of its old haunts as to have already taken on some of that legendary interest which belongs to things of other days. They are still to be found in the remote parts of Gippsland, in Queensland, and notably in the unsettled portions of western Australia; but to be found at all in the year of grace 1890, they must be sought for diligently, and the sportsman who comes to Australia to-day with the expectation of finding kangaroos behind every bush, will stand a very fair chance of disappointment.

For this state of affairs the kangaroo has only to thank his own abnormal appetite. In the early days he was not only tolerated by the colonists, but was even regarded with a certain degree of favor, as a harmless creature who could be counted upon to furnish them with a never-failing supply of fresh meat; but when a little closer acquaintance discovered the fact that he was a most voracious feeder; that one kangaroo, in fact, devoured as much grass as four or five sheep; the squatters declared war upon the whole stupid, mild-eyed tribe, and inaugurated a system of extermination whose relentless prosecution has finally resulted in the nearly total extermination of the species—in Victoria, at least. Regarded from the sportsman's point of view, their disappearance is certainly to be regretted; for their keen scent, their fine sense of hearing, and their extreme fleetness, were all qualities which rendered them a most attractive kind of game, whether for stalking or for running with the hounds. But it must be admitted that, when viewed from the squatter's stand-point, they were little better than a noxious pest, and their extermination was a consummation much to be desired. In some parts of Victoria they formerly outnumbered the sheep as two to one, and old shepherds have told me that it was not an uncommon thing to see the sheep and the kangaroos feeding together upon the plains; as many as two or three thousand kangaroos frequently accompanying a flock of a thousand sheep. Thus it will be seen that a "station" which, in 1850, could barely graze

five thousand sheep, can now be made to carry forty thousand without any danger of overstocking. Hence the very natural desire of the squatters to rid the country of so formidable a competitor.

The work of extermination was at first prosecuted by means of great stockaded kangaroo pens or yards, which were built with a wide, funnel-shaped entrance, the flanges of which extended out a mile or two into the adjacent country. These were erected at intervals over the country, wherever the kangaroos were most numerous; and once a month, or so, all the neighboring squatters would join in a grand kangaroo "drive." Fifteen or twenty square miles of country would be surrounded, and all the animals within this radius urged gently into the wide mouth of the inclosure, and then forced into the pen at its further extremity. From three to five thousand kangaroos were frequently secured at a single drive—not to mention the hundreds of wallaby bandicoots, native cats, and other small creatures which were inevitably caught in the general round-up. The sheep, of course, had the previous day been chased out of the region of the proposed battue.

When the animals were all within the pen the gates were closed, and the dangerous "old men" shot down with the rifle. The rest were then slaughtered with waddies and short iron bars—powder and ball being held far too precious for such work. When the kangaroos became so scarce that these drives could no longer be continued with advantage, the scattered survivors were hunted down with dogs and horses. This was a dangerous but very fascinating species of sport, requiring trained horses and the most expert horsemanship; for the kangaroo, when disturbed, always makes for the thickest scrub in the region, and if the rider who follows is inexpert in the ways of bush horsemanship, he stands an excellent chance of having his brains dashed out against an overhanging limb, or his legs crushed against the trunk of a tree. Sometimes, too, the mild and gentle kangaroo himself becomes a serious source of danger; for an "old man," when winded and brought to bay,

frequently proves himself a most redoubtable enemy. When thus cornered he will generally turn fiercely upon his pursuers, and as the dogs attack him he will lift them one by one in his arms and disembowel them with a single downward stroke of his sharp and powerful hind hoof. When his only aggressor happens to be a man, he has been known to leap upon the horse's haunches, seize the rider about the neck from behind, and drag him from his seat, and then woe betide the unfortunate wretch, for his chances are small indeed. In certain parts of Queensland and northern Australia this wild style of kangaroo hunting is still indulged in by the rough-riders of the "back blocks;" but the day is past in Victoria when that or any other systematic method of extermination is necessary; and the day has not yet come for that leisured class of ardent sportsmen who will one day preserve the kangaroo for hunting purposes, as the deer and the wild boar are to-day preserved in the state forests of France and Germany. In the meantime it is to be regretted that someone well acquainted with the subject has not been inspired to give us the result of his knowledge and experience, and it is with the feeling that this hiatus ought to be at least partially filled up, that I have been induced to add my own mite to the intimate history of an interesting animal which is fast disappearing, and will before long exist no more in a state of nature.

For some time after arriving in Australia, I was almost in despair of being able to gratify my ardent desires in the way of kangaroo hunting. Indeed, the difficulty and uncertainty of the quest seemed so great that I had nearly relinquished all hope of adding the great marsupial to my sportsman's tally, and had regretfully concluded to content myself with wallaby, parrots, ducks, and the ubiquitous bunny, when, by the merest chance, I stumbled upon an exciting and quite successful kangaroo hunt. Before describing this little experience, however, it will be necessary to explain briefly a few of the peculiarities of the queer quadruped in question; for the ways of the kangaroo are as the

ways of no other animal upon the face of the globe, and all systems of hunting which are employed elsewhere have had to be modified to meet some of the strange instincts and habits of this most original of beasts.

To begin with, the kangaroo is a marsupial, or pouch-bearer, the females of the species being provided with a peculiar furry sack under the belly, in which they dispose their young in case of sudden attack or need of hasty flight. But, as nearly all the other native animals of Australia are also marsupial—even down to the modest little field-mouse—the naturalists have been sorely puzzled to place each specimen in its own proper niche; and it would be a brave man of science who would to-day assert positively that some specious stranger had not been allowed to slip unawares into the family group, and some true, though distant, relative had not been unduly excluded therefrom. However, the naturalists have agreed that there are about thirty distinct varieties of the kangaroo proper, ranging in size from the giant red kangaroo of Queensland, which averages eight feet in height, down to the funny little kangaroo rat of Victoria, which averages little more than eight inches. But leaving to one side the Queensland monster and the various species of wallaby, wallaroo, etc., it may be stated in general terms that the true kangaroo, the fellow to whom the term belongs *par excellence*, is the one known to naturalists as the *Macropus giganteus*. This is a smooth-haired, mouse-colored animal, which usually stands about six feet high, and only very occasionally attains to the proportions of its Queensland cousin. The word "stand," employed in the preceding sentence, is used advisedly, and is intended to carry the fullest and most exact meaning of the term; for another singular characteristic of the kangaroo is this biped habit. Save when feeding or lying down, it always maintains an upright position, and the small fore-paws, which closely resemble a pair of diminutive hands, are never used as a means of progression. This peculiarity of the kangaroo (added to another of which I shall have to speak further on) renders it one of the most difficult animals in the world to stalk

successfully, for in every feeding herd there is sure to be at least one vigilant "old man" always standing upon guard, and his upright position, of course, enables him to survey the whole horizon round about him, and to note any unusual object long before it could approach within decent range. When feeding quietly they sometimes drag themselves along on all fours, but their usual gait is a series of quick hops upon the two hind feet, the rest of the body remaining bunched together in a little, round, rigid ball, which never alters in shape so long as the animal is in motion. It is scarcely necessary to say that the impression produced upon an unaccustomed spectator by a fleeing kangaroo is most curious and original. To convey some idea of this comical performance, I can find no better simile than that of a rather dumpy sweet-potato which has been rounded off at the lower extremity, and is propelled by a pair of automatically moving match-sticks. Suppose another slightly curved match to be inserted for a tail, and you have a very fair presentment of the kangaroo in motion. In the illustration upon page 425, I have attempted to render something of this peculiar movement, but I am aware that I have been only partially successful, for, of course, it was impossible to portray upon a fixed surface the series of great undulating bounds which are its distinguishing characteristic. At first sight the motion appears rather slow and lazy, but this is an optical delusion which gradually wears away as the vision becomes accustomed to the surroundings, and is able to make comparisons. In point of fact, every one of those great hops covers twenty or thirty feet of ground, and, when the occasion demands it, a full-grown animal can speed across country at a pace which will try the mettle of the very fleetest horse. To the above particulars I have only to add that the kangaroo is entirely herbivorous in his dietetic habits, and that the home of his choice is the sparse woodland bordering upon great plains, where he is assured at once of abundant pasture and of a ready shelter from his enemies.

And now for my own little adventure. It was, after all, only a wee, small advent-

ure, and is therefore presented with becoming diffidence; but as it was also a genuine adventure so far as it went, it is put forth with the feeling that it may perhaps have a certain historic value. I give what I have to give, wishing it were more.

It came about in this wise. I was visiting at a certain sheep-station on the Fiery Creek plains in western Victoria, when my friend R. proposed that we should take a week's holiday upon Mount Cole—partly for the sake of a change from the routine of station life, and partly with an eye to securing a few skins of the great sulphur-crested cockatoo. These lovely birds rarely venture down upon the open plains, but are usually to be found in abundance in the sombre eucalyptus forests upon the hills. Mount Cole is one of the loftiest spurs of the great dividing range of southern Australia, and, although its highest point is only four thousand feet above the sea-level, its commanding position upon the great plains of the Wimmera and Fiery Creek lends it a certain imposing grandeur. It is clothed from base to summit with a great forest of giant eucalyptus, which was, not many years since, the refuge for countless thousands of kangaroos. But it is scarcely necessary to state that these animals are very rarely seen here of late years; and it was certainly with no anticipation of kangaroo hunting that we set off from the "station" that frosty June morning. Indeed, when R. put a small rifle into the trap, just before starting, it was with a joke and a smile that showed the entirely perfunctory nature of the operation. There were a couple of good breech-loading guns, however, and a liberal supply of No. 3, No. 6, and No. 10 cartridges, and of these we expected to make good use. A pleasant drive of thirty miles over the yellow plains, dotted here and there with graceful shioke and contorted honeysuckle trees, landed us at the "selection" of one Allan Wilkinson, who was to be our host and guide. He was a long-haired, gentle-eyed native of fifty, who had been born and bred upon the mountain, and was gifted with the far sight and the slow, drawling speech of a typical Western

trapper of the old days. Here we took horses and rode six miles farther into the mountains, drawing up eventually at a rough saw-mill which was owned by our gentle-mannered host. We made this our headquarters; and for several days we clambered about the hills under Wilkinson's guidance, at times losing ourselves for hours in the cloud-banks which hung perpetually about the mountain's flank, or anon attaining some lofty summit and peering through the gray vistas of eucalyptus, and out over the sunny plains to golden Ballarat or pastoral Evoca. But of game we saw none—not even the shake of a bunny's tail. The cockatoos, the wallaby, and the mountain goats seemed all to have deserted these usual feeding-grounds; and after three days of the most energetic hunting our bag contained only one little pair of the scarlet parrots known as lowries. At the end of that time the rain came down in torrents—came down as it knows how to do upon occasion during the Australian winter, and we were glad of the excuse to beat a retreat to Wilkinson's hospitable home-stead in the foot-hills, where we found the uproar of a growing family of lusty young Victorians rather a relief after the strange and solemn stillness of the hills. But still more grateful to us was the news we received from one of the boys, to the effect that he had that afternoon seen a fine troop of kangaroos feeding quietly in a certain clearing about two miles distant from the house. His imagination had been particularly impressed by the monster proportions of a certain immense "old man" who led the herd. This incident was freely discussed over our typical Australian supper of mutton-pie and delicious tea, and R. and I resolved to have a try at the herd in question next day. In the morning we found the storm raging as wildly as ever, and Wilkinson's kindly eyes twinkled with pleasure as he looked out upon the drenched landscape.

"My word," he exclaimed, "we are in luck. This is grand kangaroo weather."

The kangaroo is a late feeder, so we deferred our start until about four o'clock in the afternoon. The wind was still roaring loudly in the tall gum-trees,

and the rain poured in streams down our glistening oil-skins when we set out. Thanks to the inclemency of the weather, we were not obliged to exercise any great caution in approaching the feeding-ground, and the dull light minimized the chances of our being seen. The only real danger lay in the possibility of the game getting wind of us, for no animal has a keener scent than the kangaroo, and to none is the odor of man more antipathetic. We found that the spot indicated by young Wilkinson was a "selector's" clearing in the forest, a bit of fairly level ground half a mile or so in width, which lay at the bottom of a small valley between two low spurs of the foot-hills. Covered with rich grass, and surrounded as it was on all sides by the primeval forest, it was the likeliest place in the world for kangaroo, and, as we approached, Wilkinson assured us that we could count with certainty upon their returning frequently to so favorable a feeding-ground. We were rather disappointed, therefore, when, upon reaching the edge of the clearing and peering through the fringe of leaves, we could discover no living object save a few horses grazing peacefully near its centre. We were about to break cover, when my attention was attracted by a few black spots upon the farther edge of the meadow. These I pointed out to Wilkinson.

"Kangaroo, sure enough," was his whispered reply, and upon looking closely, both R. and I could see the queer, elongated objects moving about from time to time as they grazed quietly.

There were a good many of them—five—seven—nine—perhaps twelve, of sizes so varying as to suggest the idea that they must all be members of one large and growing family. Fortunately for us the wind was blowing across the clearing from north to south, while the kangaroos were grazing upon its far eastern edge, and we ourselves were placed at its extreme western extremity. We were much too far off for a safe shot, and it would be necessary, therefore, first to make a long detour through the forest so as to approach them from behind, and then to do a piece of very careful stalking; for the slope of the mountain opposite, close to which the



DRAWN BY BIRGE HARRISON.

A Kangaroo Hunt.

ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL' ORME.

kangaroos were feeding, was very sparsely wooded, and any moving object upon its surface would be very likely to at-

tract the attention of the watchful sentinel of the herd. Now I have already observed that, under ordinary circumstances, it is nearly impossible to successfully stalk a herd of feeding kangaroos. First, of course, because of the vigilant "old man" who is always on guard; second, and more important, on account of a strange bird, called the kangaroo-warner, which is always to be found in the neighborhood of a feeding herd, ever ready to give instant warning of the approach of any suspicious-looking intruder. I was never able to obtain a satisfactory explanation of this peculiar habit of the Australian jay—

for such it is—and the question seems to be still a moot one among Australian ornithologists; but I was informed that



An "Old Man" Under a Fir-Tree.

tract the attention of the watchful sentinel of the herd. Now I have already observed that, under ordinary circumstances, it is nearly impossible to successfully stalk a herd of feeding kangaroos. First, of course, because of the vigilant "old man" who is always on guard; second, and more important, on account of a strange bird, called the kangaroo-warner, which is always to be found in the neighborhood of a feeding herd, ever ready to give instant warning of the approach of any suspicious-looking intruder. I was never able to obtain a satisfactory explanation of this peculiar habit of the Australian jay—

in former times a kangaroo-warner was never seen save in the company of its favorite marsupial. It is, of course, just possible that this belief might be traced to a certain natural desire for poetic symmetry upon the part of the native mind. If this is not the case, then one is inevitably led to the conclusion that the kangaroo-warner must be sadly in want of an occupation at the present day. In any case he is a queer bird, and another of his peculiarities is the fact that his spirits seem to be very much affected by a low barometrical pressure, for he is invariably silent in the rain. So in this particular we were

again singularly favored by the stormy weather.

We had proceeded only a few hundred yards through the forest in making our detour, when we came upon a hard and well-beaten path with abundant kangaroo signs lying all about it. We had evidently stumbled upon a track worn by the kangaroos in going to and from their feeding-ground; and as it was just as evident that when disturbed they would make off by their accustomed route, I decided to post myself here with the breech-loader and wait events, while R. went forward with the rifle and made the attempt to stalk the herd. I should have been very pleased to have undertaken the latter part of the programme myself, as R. proposed; but while I was as anxious as any "new chum" could be to shoot a kangaroo, I was still more anxious that the kangaroo should be shot, and I was well aware that my Rocky Mountain experience of deer-stalking might fail me in a new country and against a new game, while R., who was an expert bushman, would make no mistakes. So I put a couple of fresh cartridges in my Mantol and waited patiently. It was quite half an hour before Wilkinson and I saw R. again. Then he was crawling slowly down the opposite bank toward the feeding herd, taking advantage of every stump and every tussock of grass, and even wriggling along flat upon his stomach where the cover was too thin to afford protection otherwise. The kangaroos seemed to be browsing in perfect security, perhaps lulled by the weather, and even the "old man" only raised himself occasionally to gaze about in a lazy sort of a way, while he chewed his last mouthful of grass, and then lowered himself with a gentle and graceful movement and proceeded to feed again. He was a tremendous fellow, seven or

eight feet in height, as could be seen, even at this distance, and we were constrained to admit that the enthusiasm of the youthful Wilkinson had been entirely justified. After fifteen minutes of extremely careful stalking, R. succeeded in approaching within sixty yards of the herd without awakening their suspicions. Then standing up boldly, and profiting by the momentary surprise of the kangaroos, he brought the "old man" down with a well-aimed shot below and behind the shoulder. As had been foreseen, the rest of the herd immediately made off in our direction; but instead of scattering pell-mell as other wild animals would have done under like circumstances, these queer denizens of a queer country fell into line and departed in regular Indian file, the big old doe leading the way, and the smallest diminutive pickaninnies bringing up the rear. The doe covered the ground with tremendous leisurely hops, holding her fore-paws before her in a mincing way that was very comical. The smaller animals—each an exact,



A Kangaroo "Dip" on the Plains.

though diminutive, counterpart of the leader—followed in gradually diminishing perspective, every little beggar hopping just a little more rapidly than the



Skinning a Kangaroo.

one before him, until the fast-flying legs of the last puny fellow at the end of the line were blurred like the spokes of a wheel in rapid motion. The effect of this extraordinary procession was, to my unaccustomed eyes, so altogether ludicrous and absurd, that I nearly lost my shot in an uncontrollable burst of laughter. As it was, I might just as well have had my laugh out to the end, for although I let the old doe have both barrels full in the flank as she passed me at twenty yards' distance, she never even faltered in her course, and had quite disappeared in the scrub, with all her numerous progeny at her heels, before I had time to replace the empty cartridges. The No. 3 shot, in all probability, had little more effect upon her tough hide than so many grains of sand. Nevertheless, it might perhaps have brought her down if I had aimed at the head, for one pellet penetrating the brain through the eye would have been sufficient. But the motion was so eccentric and perplexing that this would have been a very risky shot, and I preferred the chance of stunning

her by a direct double charge full in the body, to the almost absolute certainty of missing her altogether by attempting the more difficult shot.

While this curious procession was defiling before me, I took occasion to observe carefully the peculiarities of their gait, and especially to note the use they made of their extremely powerful tail when in rapid flight; for I had heard more than one opinion upon the subject, and some Australians seem to believe that the kangaroo mainly owes its extreme fleetness to the aid it receives from its muscular caudal appendage. But upon this occasion, at least, I am able to own that every animal held its tail straight out behind it; and if there had remained any doubt upon the subject the impressions left in the muddy soil would have settled the question beyond cavil, for the only imprints were those of the sharp-pointed hoofs of the hind feet.

R's "old man" proved to be a magnificent specimen, measuring seven feet six inches from hoof to snout. It was fortunate that he had been killed outright at the first shot, for he would as-

surely have proved himself a very ugly customer if only wounded and partially disabled. Wilkinson assured us that the pelt of this fine fellow would be worth more than a pound sterling in the Melbourne market, for kangaroo leather has lately come into great demand for the higher grades of bookbinding and other work of that kind. Such is the irony of fate; the much-hated pest of forty years ago has become the much-prized rarity of to-day, and the hide alone of one kangaroo is worth the price of four fine sheep.

We skinned him hastily—for the light was failing by this time—and slung the great tail and the hind quarters over a pole of tough black wattle which Wilkinson cut out of the neighboring scrub, leaving the remainder of the carcass to feed the foxes, the native cats, and the bandicoots. It was all we could do to struggle home under the weight of this small half of our booty, but by relieving one another occasionally we succeeded at length in reaching the mountain homestead, a triumphant though wet and dilapidated procession.

The older generation of Australians have the strongest objection to consuming the flesh of the kangaroo, in any shape or form, a prejudice for which I could only account by supposing that they must have suffered from a surfeit of this form of diet in their youth; for the younger generation are rather partial to kangaroo flesh than otherwise, and I found it excellent myself in every way. It has a delicate, gamey flavor, something between that of venison and grouse, and, like venison, it is the better for a week's hanging before going to the spit. The best part of the animal—the especial delicacy—is the great fleshy tail. This is delicious prepared in any one of the various styles that are known to the art of cookery, either roast, or boiled, or braised, or potted, or stewed; but it is more especially to be recommended in the form of soup. Kangaroo-tail soup is a sort of glorified ox-tail that would tickle the jaded palate of the veriest old epicure.

Kangaroos make delightful pets. They are very easily domesticated, and when tamed are full of pretty affectionate ways. I knew of one, belonging to

some Australian ladies, which came regularly into the drawing-room every afternoon to partake daintily of five o'clock tea; and of another which got into the habit of accompanying its master in all his shooting expeditions, often covering twenty-five or thirty miles of country in the course of a day's sport. Although not especially clever in the way of tricks, they are possessed of retentive memories, and are very quick to recognize a friend or to resent an injury. While preparing the illustrations which accompany this article, I went frequently to the Melbourne Royal Park, where the magnificent collection of *Macropidae* afforded me peculiar facilities for observing and sketching.

In one of the paddocks there was a splendid "old man," who seemed to me to epitomize all the strange peculiarities of his kind, and I chose him as my especial model. In order to study exhaustively all their eccentricities of motion, I got into the habit of stirring this old fellow up with pebbles, small clods of earth, or anything else which came to my hand. He soon began to resent this treatment, and finally, the moment I appeared upon the grounds he would rush up to the barrier and stand at bay, spitting at me savagely and exhibiting every sign of the most furious rage. In another paddock were some very pretty does, with great, soft, liquid eyes like those of an antelope. These I tried to make friends with, feeding them regularly with buns and sweets, of which they are very fond. The result was that one of them soon came to know me well, and always came up to be stroked and petted.

If the colonization of Australia continues at the same rapid pace at which it is now proceeding, it is hardly too much to say that, fifty years from date, the kangaroo will only be known as a domestic pet, or preserved perhaps upon some gentleman's private estate, like the deer in the royal park at Windsor. Their places will then be taken by the deer and the foxes, which have, during the past few years, increased so enormously as to indicate that transportation to the southern hemisphere has augmented their vitality and increased their procreative energy.



DRAWN BY J. R. WEGUELIN.

"Ye Virgins, Sing Diana's Praise."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.



HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XXI.

IN HONOR OF DIANA AND APOLLO.

(*Dianam teneræ dicite virgines.*)

(*Dr. Philip Francis's Translation, 1831.*)

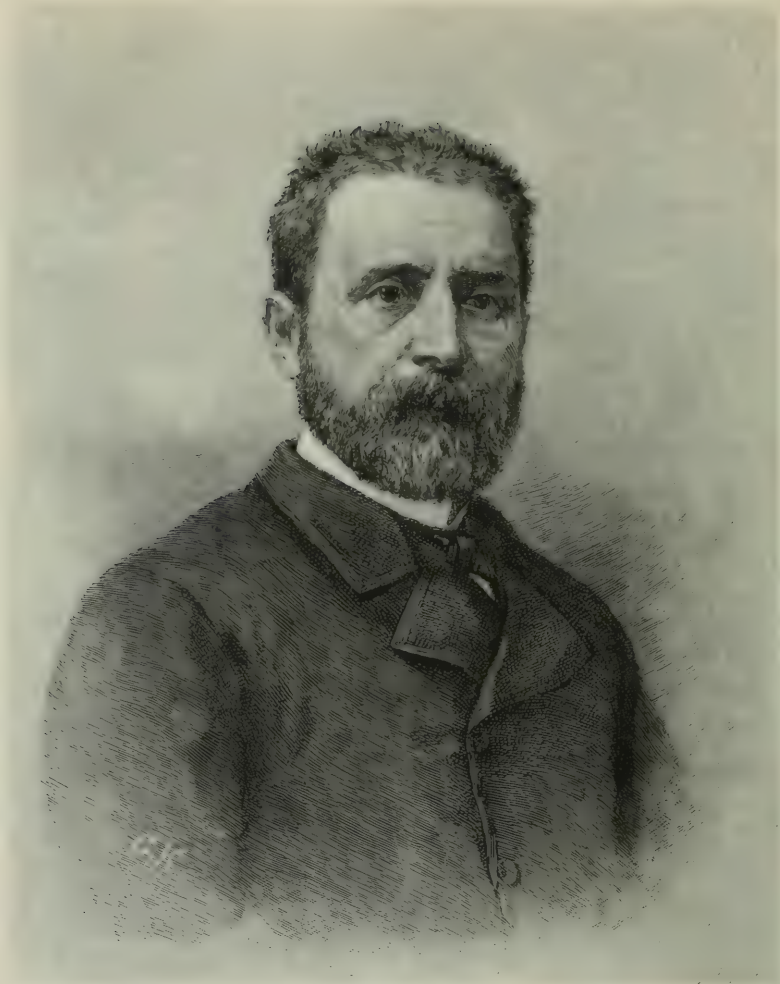
YE virgins, sing Diana's praise.
Ye boys, let youthful Phœbus crown your lays.

Together let us raise the voice
To her, beloved by Jove supreme ;
Let fair Latona be the theme,
Our tuneful theme, his beauteous choice.

Ye virgins, sing Diana's fame,
Who bathes delighted in the limpid stream ;
Dark Erymanthus' awful groves,
The woods, that Algidus o'erspread,
Or wave on Cragus' verdant head,
Joyous th' immortal huntress loves.

Ye boys, with equal honor sing
Fair Tempe clothed with ever-blooming spring ;
Then hail the Delian birth divine,
Whose shoulders, beaming heavenly fire,
Graced with his brother's warbling lyre,
And with the golden quiver shine.

Moved by the solemn voice of prayer,
They both shall make imperial Rome their care,
And gracious turn the direful woes
Of famine and of weeping war
From Rome, from sacred Cæsar far,
And pour them on our British foes.



Gaspar Nunez de Arce.

GASPAR NUNEZ DE ARCE.

By Rollo Ogden.

THE typical Spanish poet, in the common idea, is a writer whose verses flow with the traditional abundant volume of his race, while without a high artistic finish; whose patriotic sentiment is blind and jealous; in whom philosophic doubt and self-questioning have small place; love, nature, legend, and national history being his favorite themes. This conception finds ample justification in the records of Spanish poetry, so that it furnishes

matter for surprise that the leading poet of contemporary Spain should be distinguished by almost completely opposite qualities. Nuñez de Arce, although his poetical activity extends over many years, has published but a slender body of verse. It is verse that betrays the laborious hand of the artist in its perfection of form. The writer's patriotism has taken the form of prophetic denunciation of national sins. Himself thoroughly penetrated

with the modern spirit, persuaded that the faith of his fathers has irrevocably gone, he interprets in his poetry the restless, unsatisfied, yet aspiring spirit of his day, in a way that vividly reminds an English reader of Arnold and Clough. Yet, in spite of these un-Spanish and somewhat unpopular qualities, his serious purpose, his life in entire harmony with his professions, and the genuineness of his lyric gift, have won for him the first place in the list of living Spanish poets.

I.

BORN at Valladolid, August 4, 1834, Gaspar Nuñez de Arce early discovered a pronounced inclination for literature. By the age of fifteen he had written a drama which was actually produced in Toledo. In 1853 he followed the usual drift of aspirants for literary honors, and went to Madrid. Still following the customary course, he sought employment in journalism. The friendless young man one day presented himself in the office of the *Observador*, and asked the editor for work. "What can you do?" "Anything." The audacious reply did not displease, and the poet obtained his first journalistic position. Then politics hushed the muse for several years. Becoming editor of *La Iberia*, he gained a wide reputation for his vigorous style and extensive political knowledge. At the time of the African war he was with General O'Donnell, and sent letters to his paper describing the military operations. Another Spanish writer, since famous as a novelist, Alarcón, was also a newspaper correspondent with the Spanish troops upon that expedition.

Nuñez de Arce's political activity soon became considerable. His first election as Deputy to the Cortes occurred in 1865, and he has held public office almost without a break since that date. He was Governor of Barcelona in 1869, has been Under-secretary of State, was Minister for the Colonies in 1883, has twice been a Councillor of State, and is at present a Senator. He has been identified with the Conservative party, though this, as will be seen, has not prevented him from holding and maintaining dem-

ocratic principles. Nor has his public service implied such absorption in partisan scheming and anxiety for his own political fortunes as would be implied by a career like his in our own country. Spain still has much of the old pride in seeing her most distinguished sons given a part in the direction of public affairs, and party leaders welcome the support of men whose names are the synonym of talent. Public office is one of the few rewards which Spain has to offer to her literary men. At this moment, in the Spanish Senate with Nuñez de Arce, is Valera, the first Spanish critic, and in the Chamber is Galdós, the first Spanish novelist. Cánovas himself, the great Conservative leader, is a distinguished historian. Castelar's literary achievements are only cast into the shade by his political prominence.

During all these years the poet's pen was not idle. His earliest productions were those lyric pieces which he collected and published in 1875, under the title "*Cries of Combat*" (*Gritos del Combate*), and which still embrace his finest and most distinctive work. Seven or eight slim volumes have since appeared—no more than a half-day's reading all told. Public recognition was a little slow in coming, but it came steadily. In 1876 he was elected a member of the Royal Academy, the highest literary honor within the reach of a Spaniard. For several years he has been the President of the Society of Writers and Artists.

II.

NUÑEZ DE ARCE's poetical creed is set forth at considerable length in the preface to his "*Cries of Combat*." Rejecting the superficial idea that the materialism of this century is unfavorable to the production of poetry, he shows how the human spirit preserves all its unquenched aspirations and longings even in the presence of the great material achievements of the age. He points to the mighty inspirations that have possessed the minds of philosophers and reformers, on a larger scale in our day than ever before, and says, "We live in a century

of Utopias, and Utopia is the elder sister of Poetry; like her, it is a daughter of the Muses." The only reason, he thinks, why poets have failed to impress themselves on their times in this age, is because they have not first made themselves impressible by the spirit of the times, and then interpreted it back to the consciousness of men. "Poetry, to be great and effective, must think and feel, must reflect, the ideas and passions, the griefs and joys of the society in which it lives. It should not sing like a bird apart in the forest, indifferent to all around it, and always singing the same notes. It must reveal the deepest affinities of the human soul, as the plough turns up the ground in furrows. And the deeper it pierces into the vitals of a people or an age, the more attended to will it be, the more will its influence be felt and the less disputed. Dante mastered the soul of his century, and for more than a hundred years made all the arts tributary to his genius."

These are the reasons, according to Nuñez de Arce, why the poetry of Spain has gone into decadence; poets have sought their inspiration and models in the past. It is no wonder, he thinks, that a nation swept away in the toil and stress of modern life should give little heed to imaginative and artificial odes, composed in the old style; should ignore those archaic reproductions of the days of Spain's chivalrous glory, and those foreign imitations, which confessedly make up the bulk of modern Spanish poetry. What he censures in it is its vagueness, its lack of thought and directness, its meaningless and artificial ornamentation. He would have poets—he gladly admits that there are a few such—who break the ancient moulds and speak directly to the heart of the people with penetrating and passionate voices.

Upon these theories he has written. Especially do his lyric compositions reveal this direct energy of expression given to the thoughts and feelings of a strong and noble nature confronted by the actual problems of life and society in his own day. Intimately acquainted with the political life of Spain, Nuñez de Arce, with his views and principles, could be no less than he has been—the writer of a body of patriotic verse which

burns with indignation at national corruption and weakness, lays bare the true sources of national decay, and points out the way of righteousness in right prophetic tone. Entering into the moral and religious questioning of the thought of his time, he shows here, too, the same fearless passion for the truth, the same power of answering to the deeper longings of the soul, and the same vigorous grasp of reality. His perfect sincerity appears throughout. With proud humility he says of his patriotic and moral poems, "They may be mistaken and false, but they spring from profound and rooted convictions."

III.

In 1866 Nuñez de Arce wrote a sonnet, "To Spain," which remains the most famous of all his patriotic poems. It was a cry of warning against the insurrectionary spirit already astir throughout the country, and later to break out in the fierce struggle of 1868. It was the beginning of the poet's consistent and sustained denunciation of revolution as a remedy for public evils. An inadequate translation may still suggest something of the boldness and power of the original:

"All reverence gone, obedience wholly gone,
And lost restraining fear of law or God,
Through tears and mire thou holdest on thy
road,
While on thy face the tempests beat and moan.
Ask not the hidden cause, the source unknown,
Of evils that within thy breast corrode;
Thy sins, like subtle poison, foul thy blood,
And sap thy mightiest forces, one by one.
Nor hope in outbursts of ferocious rage,
To seize with thine own hands the remedy,
Oh people of this ruined rebellious age!
In vain shall be thy search for liberty,
For nations scorning virtue do presage
Their tyrant—his power, their own iniquity!"*

* Roto el respeto, la obediencia rota,
de Dios y de la ley perdido el freno,
vas marchando entre lágrimas y cieno,
y aire de tempestad tn rostro azota.
Ni causa oculta, ni razón ignota
busques al mal que te devora el seno;
tu iniquidad, como sutil veneno,
las fuerzas de tus músculos agota.
No esperes en revuelta sacudida
alcanzar el remedio por tu mano
; oh sociedad rebelde y corrompida!
Perseguirás la libertad en vano,
que cuando un pueblo la virtud olvida,
lleva en sus propios vicios su tirano.

If the sonnet is famous now, it almost made its author infamous at the time of its publication. From all sides bitter reproaches were poured upon him, answering sonnets and objurgatory articles filling the press. One writer, Carlos Maria Perier, in the course of his severe criticism of the pessimistic sonnet, as he called it, perpetrated the following quatrain, which went the rounds with great applause :

"Let one read these words insane,
And clear as daylight he will see
That the sonnet's not to Spain,
Or Spaniard the author cannot be." *

As time passed on, however, the exhausting civil wars, which yielded no solid results, brought people around to the poet's way of thinking, and denunciation of his unpatriotic spirit changed to admiration of his courage and his insight. Señor Perier himself, seven years after his onslaught, handsomely acknowledged his mistake and withdrew his former remarks.

For many years Nuñez de Arce devoted his political activity to the cause of a progressive and liberal monarchy, and in opposition to all revolutionary measures, and made his poetry a faithful handmaid in that public service. In 1870 he wrote his "Strophes" (*Estrofas*), directed against the wild anarchy then desolating France and invading Spain. He declares that no one can surpass him in a consuming passion for liberty, "Liberty! that virgin, girded with her white tunic, whom in my dreams I have seen, modest and beautiful." But he cannot recognize that "glowing divinity," that "star which lights up the darkest abysses of life," that "vision which with profound desire I have followed from my youth, without ever reaching it," in the unbridled passions he saw raging about him. "Thou art not Liberty! Away with masks! Dishevelled license, vile prostitute of the *émeute*, I recognize thee, and I curse thee!"

In November of that same year, 1870, the poet was among those who supported the successful candidacy of Amadeus of Savoy for the Spanish throne.

* Al mirar tan honda saña,
claro se ve como el sol,
que el soneto no es á España,
ó el autor no es español."

He thought that way the only one of bringing the civil war to an end. Three years sufficed to show his mistake. Amadeus was about to abdicate. The Republic was inevitable. Nuñez de Arce deplored its coming, on the ground that the people were not ready for it, or fitted to receive it. He took advantage of the death of the distinguished orator, Antonio Rios Rosas, to write an elegy in his memory, in which he drew a vivid picture of the rapid decay of Spain's intellectual glory, all leading down, he said, to the "barren republic, which has neither a poet, an artist, nor a soldier." But the Republic came, and the poet addressed an impassioned "epistle" to Castelar, imploring him to use his great influence and resistless eloquence in restraining the lawless disorder which Nuñez de Arce clearly foresaw.

Two other patriotic poems deserve notice. One of them, "Miserere," written in 1873, when Spain seemed to have reached the very extreme of chaotic and imbecile government, is a wonderful picture of the lamentable falling away of the nation from its ancient glory, an anguished utterance of the humiliation which the poet, in common with the noblest of his race, felt at the degradation of the Spanish name, and at the same time a clear and merciless exposition of the causes which had brought the country low. The scene of the poem is in the monastery of Philip the Second, the burial-place of the kings of Spain. In the midst of the gloom and quiet of the night, a strange and awful sound is heard. It is Charles the Fifth, bursting from his sepulchre to learn the condition of the splendid empire he had left. At his dread word of command, the other royal tombs are rent asunder, and the long line of his successors files before him. First comes, "grave and deliberate, Philip the Second, in his struggle with the world, conquered but not subdued." Following him is that "sickly monarch of black and ominous memory, in whose age our glory melted like snow." All the other kings come after, and with them come "princes, great nobles, prelates, friars, soldiers, favorites, inquisitors."

At a wave of Charles's sceptre a skelton seats itself at the great organ.

"The dry, bony hand wanders over the keys, and the sublime music, bursting out in mighty volume, seems to pray and weep, to chant and groan." Falling on their knees before the high altar, the spectral multitude break into a dolorous chant, their *Miserere*, which echoes through the arches like the wail of an expiring world. A stanza or two of their weird song will indicate its nature:

"We were waves upon a river,
Mighty in its full-banked courses.
Now 'tis dried up at the sources,
Now the channel's empty ever.
Now, O God, our kingdom splendid,
Vanished, gone, in death is ended!
Miserere!

"Curses, curses never ending,
Be upon that dread invention,
Giving thought, life and extension,
Wings of light to ideas lending.
Speech alive, breaks o'er and under,
Smiting us like bolts of thunder.
Miserere!

"Curses on that wire prolific,
Closely linking nations distant;
Seeking, counting the persistent
Heart-beats of a world pacific.
Never more in secret hiding
Can injustice find abiding.
Miserere!

"Now no separate, jealous races
Live in hostile isolation;
But with iron bonds, each nation
All of human kind embraces.
Separation is rejected;
Liberty becomes perfected.
*Miserere!"**

* Fuimos las ondas de un río
caudaloso y desbordado.
Hoy la fuente se ha secado,
hoy el cauce está vacío.
Ya, oh Dios! nuestro poderío
se extingue, se apaga y muere.
Miserere!

¡Maldito, maldito sea
aquel portentoso invento
que dió vida al pensamiento
y alas de luz á la idea!
El verbo animado ondea
y como el rayo nos hiere.
Miserere!

¡Maldito el hilo fecundo
que á los pueblos eslabona,
y busca, y cuenta, y pregonaa
las pulsaciones del mundo!
Ya en el silencio profundo
ninguna injusticia muere.
Miserere!

Ya no vive cada raza
en solitario destierro,
ya con vínculo de hierro
la humana especie se enlaza.
Ya el aislamiento rechaza,
ya la libertad prefiere.
Miserere!

As the mournful chant draws to a close, suddenly the organ falls in a dreadful crash, and from the empty sockets of those silent skulls drop floods of tears. The lurid light dies away. The murmur is hushed. The picture vanishes. "As the white light of dawn spreads its faint illumination, far away is heard the whistle of the hoarse locomotive." The whole poem is a masterpiece, and that closing touch, passing at a step from the sixteenth century, Spain's Golden Age, to the nineteenth, after whose advancing civilization Spain is painfully dragging herself, is a stroke of genius.

Happily a more hopeful strain marks Nuñez de Arce's last patriotic song, his "Hymn on the Occasion of Peace," written in March, 1876. It is pitched in a high lyric tone of joy, to which the poet confesses he is wholly unaccustomed. He has been the poet of his country's sad and grieving hours. He has been the one to declare to her the bitter truth, with the very sorrow and anger he had caused her, in her fallen estate, helping to place her on her feet again. But now, peace stretches its mantle from the Pyrenees to Cadiz, and calls for a song of hope. Still true to his nature, he will sing of grief—the grief which has brought shame and a regenerating force, the grief which had in it the germ of a mighty aspiration; the grief which "God, stooping from the heavens, consecrated upon the Cross forever."

IV.

His poems dealing with the great religious upheaval of this age, whose effects his thoughtful and sensitive nature has felt to the full, in company with the more reflective minds of his generation, are characterized by great boldness in seeing and declaring the facts, by deep melancholy in contemplating them, and by alternating hope and despair in arguing the future from them. In these very qualities their power resides—their faithful reflection of a transition stage of thought, in which the past is broken with hopelessly, though the snapping of each bond that holds us to it brings its own pain; while the coming new

faith, with its realities, in which both desire and reason shall find their satisfaction, does not yet appear. Nuñez de Arce's nature is peculiarly fitted to be fascinated by the old forms of Christian faith, especially by the impressive ceremonial associated with them in Spain. The power of the Catholic liturgy to impose itself upon the imagination has never been more exquisitely shown than in his poem "Sadness" (*Tristezas*), where he pictures the solemn service of the cathedral, his memory thrilling over every detail, only to realize that he is describing his own lost faith. "Child of my century, it is vain for me to resist its destructive tendencies." His verses on his thirtieth birthday, "Thirty Years," are filled with profound melancholy, evoked by the remembrance of the unquestioning faith and buoyant hopes with which he had set out in life, now gone with nothing to replace them. "Thirty years! Who would have said that at that age I should have, if not whitened locks, yet an inert and cold soul?" "I do not see what I once saw, nor feel as I felt before. . . . I call to the heavens, and they are dumb; I search for my faith, but I have lost it." In his longer poem, "Doubt," he goes over the whole ground of man's religious evolution, passing in review the different stages of progress. He shows how one form of faith after another became impossible, and maintains that current Christianity is suffering the same fate. Asking the question, what troubled souls shall do, to what refuge shall they resort, he gives the rather barren answer, "To thee, Solitude! Thee I bless, for to the shipwrecked and the sad thou givest shelter." This answer represents only a passing mood—the poem is dated from the monastery of San Gervasio de Cassolas, where he appears to have been enjoying a time of quiet meditation.

The poet exhibits one of his deficiencies in his attitude toward the positive scientific results attained in the present century. For him science is little but destructive. That it has undermined the past, he shudderingly admits; that it is laying the foundations, at least, for a structure that shall endure in the future, he does not perceive. It is this that lends so hopeless a tone to much

of his poetry. He writes of the only muse that can live in this century—the "muse of analysis, wielding her unfeeling scalpel," and he calls her "blind, implacable, brutal." He bemoans his "unhappy generation, nourishing its understanding at the cost of its heart." The God of our century—"a marvellous and wonderful century" though it is—is "a God without hope." Yet he would not go back to the methods of the past: "Though I condemn science, the truth and faith which I so anxiously seek would be hateful to me if they were imposed on me by force, or by the wretched superstition of the unthinking herd." His earlier attitude is well expressed in his fine sonnet, "To Voltaire." In this he dwells upon the dreadful success, as he thinks it, of the great "battering-ram" of the eighteenth century, in one point after another of attack, and closes with the tremendous line, "Yes, thou hast conquered, O Voltaire, curses be on thee!"

In his later writings, however, Nuñez de Arce has worked out into more positive and satisfying positions. Three long poems, separately published, justify this remark. They are "The Dark Forest" (*La Selva Oscura*), and "Giddiness" (*El Vértigo*), published in 1879, and "The Vision of Fray Martin," dated 1880. "The Dark Forest" is Dante's *negra selva*, and in it, under the symbolical form of Dante's love for Beatrice, the poet bodies forth the indestructible aspiration of the human soul. It thus represents this advance at least over his foregoing hopeless outlook on the world, that we are made to cherish an ideal of some sort, and that every man must have one, of some kind or other. "Giddiness" is a legend which enables him to bring out the indestructible nature of conscience—thus yielding another positive datum for the coming scientific morality. He strikes a still higher tone in the "Vision." "Fray Martin" is Luther, and the poem is given up to an imaginative and psychological study of that moment, supreme in the Reformer's life, when he resolved to defy the thunderbolts of Rome. "The silent combats of faith and doubt in the depths of the human conscience have always had an irresistible attraction for me," says

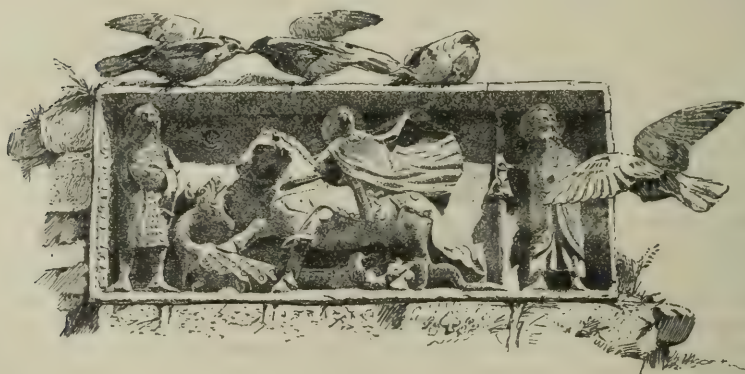
Nuñez de Arce, in his preface to the poem, "perhaps because they are the commonest moral conflicts of our time." The plain teaching of the poet is the real and deathless value of moral courage, the real hope there always is in what seems a hopeless cause, provided it is the cause of truth, and the certainty that a nobler future is to come from resolutely breaking away from a corrupt and failing past.

V.

BRIEF mention may be made of Nuñez de Arce's miscellaneous poems. One of the most famous of these is his "Last Lament of Lord Byron," in which he puts into the mouth of that poet bitter reflections on the social, political, and religious condition of the Europe upon which he was turning his back to go to fight under the banner of Greece. "An Idyll and an Elegy" is a small volume published in 1879. The "Idyll" is a pathetic tale of youth and love and death; the "Elegy" is in memory of the distinguished Portuguese man of letters, Alejandro Herculano. "The Fishermen" (*La Pesca*) is a tale of peasant life, wherein grim tragedy thrusts itself; and "Maruja" (a pet name for María)

is a pretty story of the way a little elf of an orphan girl insinuated herself into the affections of a childless Count and his wife, and became their adopted daughter.

As is justly observed by a French student of modern Spanish literature, M. Boris de Tannenberg, it would be premature to pronounce a final judgment upon Nuñez de Arce; "he is at the apogee of his literary career, and has a good many surprises in reserve for us." The poet himself plainly hints at this in several different places. He calls his poems hitherto published "essays" toward something better. As long ago as 1879 he wrote, "I cherish the hope of writing a poem of greater length and of more importance than any I have yet produced, if God gives me life and leisure to do it." But there is no need of waiting for the future to declare his great merits, already demonstrated. The French critic just named calls him, with perhaps no great exaggeration, "the writer of his country who has shown most seriousness in the literary life." There can be no question that he fairly stands at the head of the poets of contemporary Spain; and his name is certain to be better known in other lands as the years go by.



THE MEANING OF THE DAKOTA OUTBREAK.

By Herbert Welsh.



It is the aim of this paper to explain the recent Indian troubles in Dakota; to say a word which, if possible, may harmonize the conflicting press despatches and contradictory stories that have perplexed the minds of intelligent and fairly well-informed readers, who are anxious to arrive at a trustworthy and reasonable conclusion, not only concerning the recent outbreak, but upon the whole Indian question.

As a writer's treatment of an important public event, and his claim to a hearing, depend not alone upon knowledge of its attending circumstances, but also upon his acquaintance with conditions lying far back of its occurrence, I may be permitted to take my readers over the road leading to my own point of view on this topic. I had no personal knowledge of Indians or Indian affairs (although a near relative—the late William Welsh, of Philadelphia—had given constant attention to them during more than twenty years of his life) until the summer of 1882, when a journey made, in company with Bishop Hare, over parts of the Great Sioux Reservation, first brought me into contact with many of the various subdivisions of the Sioux people, or, as they call themselves, “the *Dacotahs*.” My interest became excited by the peculiar, and to me virtually unknown, facts and conditions of Indian life which were thus opened to my observation. In company with various gentlemen I was led to organize, first in my own and then in other cities, an association for the extended and careful study of the condition of the Indians in all parts of the country, for acquiring an understanding of their precise needs, and for promoting their advancement in civilization. Those engaged in this movement were wholly free from such bias as usually exists where personal or

financial interests are involved. Their service has been wholly gratuitous. During the past nine years, while conducting the work of the Indian Rights Association, I have three times visited the Sioux of Dakota, travelling on horseback or by wagon through all parts of the reservation, camping out at night, or receiving the hospitality of army officers, civil agents, missionaries—both white and native—and of Indians. I have also paid three visits to the Navajos and Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, and one to the Apaches of the latter territory. During all this period I have been brought into constant contact with men and women whose experience made them valuable contributors to an understanding of the Indian question—officers of the army, officials of the Interior Department, members of Congress, missionaries on the reservations, Indian agents, and teachers in Indian schools.

With this brief necessary preface I will outline, so far as space permits, the gradual development of our Indian policy.

General Grant's Peace Policy gave birth to the first national effort for a solution of the Indian problem. That broad-minded and far-seeing man became convinced, through his wide military experience, that, notwithstanding the fierce nature of many of the Indian tribes, and the incessant conflicts which marked the progress of American civilization westward, there were unrecognized hopeful elements in the Indian; that back of Indian uprisings, with their accompanying atrocities, usually lay some unseen spoliation or injustice on the part of the white man. General Grant believed the time had come for the enlistment of subtler forces than that of military chastisement in the management of Indians. In his first inaugural address he said: “The proper treatment of the original occupant of this land, the Indian, is one deserving of

careful study. I will favor any course toward them which tends to their civilization, Christianization, and ultimate citizenship." As the result of this allusion, a delegation of citizens from Philadelphia promptly called on President Grant, March 24, 1868, to thank him for his utterance. This led ultimately to the passage of a bill in Congress authorizing the President to appoint a Board of Indian Commissioners, who should serve without pay, and act as an advisory body with the Executive, to promote the civilization of the Indians, and to come to the assistance of the Government with the forces of religion and education. The gentlemen invited to become members of this Board, most of whom served upon it, were the Honorable John V. Farwell, Chicago; James E. Yeatman, St. Louis; William E. Dodge, New York; E. S. Tobey, Boston; Honorable Felix R. Brunot, Pittsburg; George H. Stuart and William Welsh, Philadelphia. General Grant's policy was no doubt due in part to the good work accomplished by the Indian Peace Commission, in negotiating treaties with various tribes of Indians during the years 1867-68. The Peace Commission was composed partly of army officers and partly of civilians.

At this time the general sentiment of the country was hostile to the Indian, and generally sceptical as to the possibility of success resulting from efforts for his civilization. It was quite natural that such should be the case. The horrible cruelties perpetrated by the Sioux Indians in the Minnesota massacre of 1863 were fresh in the public mind. Indeed this was but the most prominent and recent of the many similar tragedies throughout the course of our history which had created a wholly adverse impression in the minds of even the most intelligent and well-informed among our people, and had helped to establish the conclusion that the Indian race was irreclaimable—altogether savage, treacherous, and cruel. There were too few examples to the contrary, and too little known of the real grievances of the Indians, to lead to a broader and more correct impression.

Few persons knew of the services of friendly Indians, during the outbreak,

in giving settlers timely warning of danger, in rescuing others from captivity, and in performing valuable scouting service for the United States troops.

The inauguration of General Grant's peace policy led ultimately to large results in bringing more and more the intelligence of our people and their really keen sense of justice to a knowledge of the Indian, and an understanding of his peculiar position.

The Board of Indian Commissioners proved an important link between the educated Christian people of the country and the Executive. The knowledge which they acquired in their visits to various Indian tribes did much to promote a better state of affairs than had previously existed. The board proved of great value, but its usefulness was hindered to a serious extent by existing political conditions. Corruption and dishonesty, in that corrupt and dishonest period, flourished more luxuriantly in the Indian service than in any other department of the Government. Its riotous audacity astounded and disheartened honest men who were brought in contact with it. The Indian Bureau was the central point of operations for dishonest contractors and officials, who extended the meshes of their nets to the most remote Indian agencies, and who robbed alike the Government and the Indian. The boldness of these plunderers in carrying on their projects and in avoiding detection was remarkable. An incident will serve to illustrate:

An Indian agent located at one of the agencies among the Sioux was suspected of defrauding the Government and the Indian to the extent of about eighty thousand dollars. An investigating committee was sent from Washington to inspect his affairs. The agent got wind of their coming and determined to outwit them. He bribed one of his interpreters to meet the committee at a point on the Missouri where they would be obliged to take stage for the agency. The committee, in the long drive to the agency, fell into conversation with their unsuspected fellow-traveller, found him well acquainted with the Indians, and were especially overjoyed to discover that he spoke Dacotah. "The very thing," they said. "We will secure his

services as an interpreter." The fellow consented and received fifty dollars in payment for his services. Thus an interpreter was secured who translated the bitter complaints of the Indians in a way to make them appear as warm commendations of their agent. The committee returned, baffled, to Washington.

The great work which the Board of Indian Commissioners accomplished was the detection of existing corruption in Indian management, by which, ultimately, a radical improvement in the quality of supplies sent to the Indian was secured, and, to a large extent, the banishment of dishonesty from this department of the Indian service was effected. But most important of all was the work of the Commission in sowing the seeds of an intelligent national interest in the Indian question, and a national determination that the problem should ultimately be solved by means worthy a great people.

The Board of Indian Commissioners failed to accomplish the full measure of the purpose which General Grant had in view, and which was within their own hopes, owing to the firm grip with which political corruption held the Indian service, and because of the President's own fatal unwillingness to "desert his friends under fire." At great personal risk to its members the Board sought to drive out the plunderers who were feeding upon both the Government and the Indian, but owing to the protection accorded them by high officials the Commissioners were largely thwarted in their purpose.

Some of the more aggressive members of the Board resigned, in the belief that they could accomplish more good by independent and unofficial action than by holding further relations with the Government, since many of their protests against wrongdoing were unheeded. The Board still exists and does good work, though its activity is not so great as in former years.

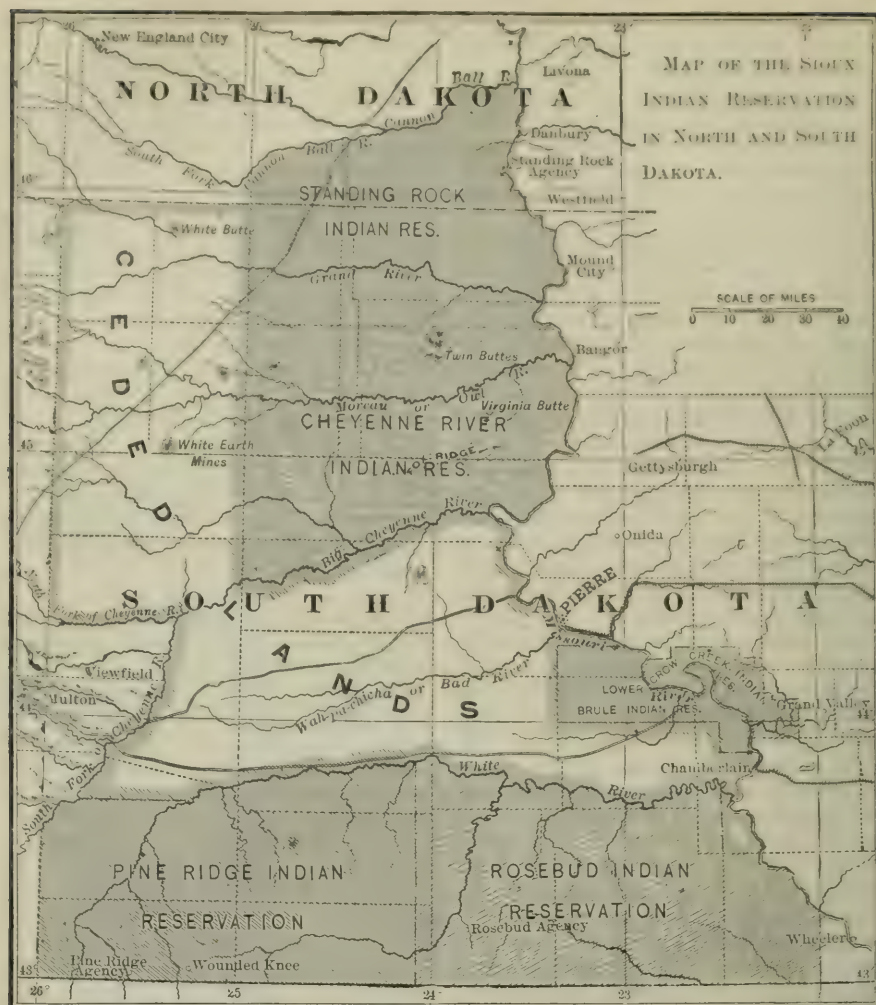
I have treated at some length this introduction to that part of my subject which is of more immediate interest—the recent Indian disturbance—in the belief that by so doing I can make plain how slowly and with how much appar-

ent loss any advance is effected in the performance of a great public work. The sacrifice is great, but it is not made in vain. Great abuses, which at one time seemed impregnable, are, by patient, intelligent effort, finally removed. Twenty-five years ago corruption in Indian affairs was wide-spread; it is now, I believe, quite the exception, not the rule. I would especially emphasize this fact at this time. The restrictions in the service and the keen observation of the public make dishonesty now very difficult and dangerous.

That many things in Indian management are to-day seriously wrong and urgently in need of amendment will be readily granted. The only efficacious remedy for these evils lies in an application of the force of popular sentiment to the centres of power in Washington; but this application must be made with intelligent discrimination.

The Sioux people number about twenty-eight thousand souls. They occupy to-day what is known as the Great Sioux Reservation. This tract until very recently included about twenty-two million acres, lying in the Territory of Dakota. It is shaped somewhat like a boot, its sole resting on the northern Nebraska line; its calf, or western boundary, the Black Hills of western Dakota; the upper or northern boundary, the Cannon-Ball River (so named from the spherical stones found on its banks and bottom); its eastern line, corresponding to the shinbone—to carry out the simile—the swift, tawny Missouri, with its dangerous eddies, its fretted surface, and its ever-crumbling banks of sand.

The Sioux in old times roamed over tracts vastly greater than even their present reservation, until recently, comprised; but under the treaty of 1868 most of them, and after the treaty of 1876 all of them, had been brought within the limits of the reserve. They were a very aggressive, warlike people so far back as we have record of the tribe in the early days of French exploration, when Marquette, the young Jesuit missionary, about 1670, came in contact with them on the west shore of Lake Superior. The Chippewas, the Crows, and the Utes were among their



traditional and hereditary enemies; but it is said to have been their boast that they never shed the blood of a white man. Catlin—the artist, explorer, and their historian—spent some time among them, studying their customs and committing to canvas their fierce, painted faces, their dances, and their hunts.

The Great Reserve is subdivided into six minor reserves, each with its agency, its agent, and Government employees—school-teachers, physicians, blacksmiths, and carpenters. These subdivisions are as follows: Standing Rock Reserve in the northeast on the Missouri; Chey-

enne River to the south, with its agency on the Missouri; Crow Creek Reserve, a little farther down on the other side of the river; then Lower Brule bordering on the Missouri, with its southern boundary the Nebraska line. These last-named agencies are now consolidated under the care of a single agent. Westward lie the two largest, and in some respects most important, reserves—Rosebud and Pine Ridge—the latter being the southwesternmost section and forming the heel of the boot. This is the home of the Sioux people. It is high, breezy, prairie land, almost tree-

less, except where the infrequent creeks spread a fringe of scant timber—the cotton-wood, scrub-oak, the ash, with undergrowth of wild plum-trees and buffalo-berry bushes. The face of the country suggests a mighty rolling sea—its billows sinking into the level horizon—that by some magic touch had turned to dry land, still retaining in outline the suggestion of former movement, and in the color of grassy hills the memory of its waves.

What can be said with truth as to the character of these people? What does one find that is tangible, actual, in moving among and studying them with a sincere desire to be rid of either partisan or hostile bias? Many things; for truth here, to the superficial eye, is apparently as complex and as discordant as it is elsewhere; but patient study reveals certain great truths which will not betray the investigator.

There are two great and sharply defined parties among the Sioux Indians to-day, either of which is the creation and representative of an idea. These ideas are antagonistic and irreconcilable.

First. There is the old pagan and non-progressive party. Inspired by sentiments of hostility to the Government and to white civilization, it believes in what is Indian, and hates what belongs to the white man. Its delight is in the past, and its dream is that the past shall come back again—the illimitable prairie, with vast herds of the vanished buffalo, the deer, the antelope, all the excitement of the chase, and the still fiercer thrill of bloody struggle with rival savage men. Consider what has been the education of the men who form this party—eating Government rations paid them in lieu of ceded lands, idleness, visits to distant relatives and friends, constant feasts and dances, with oft-repeated recitals from the older men of their own deeds of valor and the achievements of their ancestors. If we put ourselves in their place, the attitude of these non-progressive Indians will be intelligible, and their acts will be partly accounted for. A white man nurtured under such conditions would scarcely be distinguishable from an Indian. As Captain Pratt has well said: "Savagery is a habit, civilization is a habit."

This old Indian party has, undoubtedly, grievances in unfulfilled promises and broken treaties—and it has welcomed them and nurtured them. Its argument with members of its own race who thought otherwise and did otherwise has been: "Make trouble and the Great Father will send you what you want."

The most noted leaders of this party, and the men most typical of its spirit and intentions, were Spotted Tail (who was killed by Crow Dog in 1881 in a personal feud), Red Cloud, and Sitting Bull. Of these three men Spotted Tail was the most remarkable for native force and ability; but all were alike in love of power, a deep sense of personal and race pride, duplicity, unconquerable antagonism to civilization. Visits to the East and to Washington, with the well-meant but injudicious attention of charitable persons and the flattering curiosity of the public served to heighten the vanity and sense of personal importance of these leaders, but only to intensify their hostility to the white man's ways. They felt precisely the same contempt for work which has often been shown by aristocratic classes among civilized nations—with the same sense of personal pride. Once, in an interview between Bishop Hare and Spotted Tail, the latter, replying to the bishop's remarks, said: "You did not inform me that you were coming," and then, as though not wishing to recognize the bishop's presence further, he drew his blanket about him with the air of a patrician, and stepping back and aside, so as to place a wood-pile between his visitor and himself, put an end to the conversation. Sitting Bull is said to have received one hundred and fifty dollars from a photographer for the privilege of taking his picture and to have habitually asked and received ten dollars for a series of perpendicular pen-strokes which served as his autograph. Such is an outline sketch of the character of the men who held together the pagan party and guided the minds of its young men. The elements of danger to be found in such conditions will be readily appreciated.

Second. A new, progressive, and what may properly be termed Christian party,

whose life was begotten, nourished, and trained by missionary enterprise and devotion. Among the great pioneers and founders of this movement were Drs. Riggs and Williamson—the former of the Congregational and the latter of the Presbyterian Church—Father de Smet, the heroic Roman Catholic missionary who ministered to the Sioux among the other tribes west of the Missouri, and Bishop Hare, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose work has now assumed extended proportions and has acquired a strong influence all over the Sioux country. The translation of the Bible into the Dakota tongue was the great work of Drs. Williamson and Riggs. The entire Bible was first printed in the Dakota tongue in 1879, though large portions of it were in print long before. It was the foundation of the successful efforts of the Protestant missionaries of all denominations, and has been an essential factor in the development of the progressive party. The work of the Congregational Church among the Sioux has its centre on the Santee Reservation in Nebraska, which is separated from the Great Sioux Reservation by the Missouri. Here a large Indian training-school of the Congregational Church is located, which sends out its graduates and exerts its influence all over the great reserve. The Congregationalists have seventy-five missionaries and teachers among the Sioux; fourteen schools, with four hundred and fifty-two pupils; six churches, with three hundred and thirty-two church members. The Roman Catholics have large and important schools on three of the Sioux reservations. Both this church and the Presbyterian labor actively for the civilization of these Indians.

The Santee Sioux, who number about seven hundred, afford a striking example of the complete change which Indians undergo when favorably situated, and when subjected to the influences of education and religion. They took a prominent part in the Minnesota massacre, but having passed through many vicissitudes and sufferings for their share in the uprising, they are to-day among the most peaceable and industrious Indians to be found in the country. They have become citizens of the

United States, they own their land in severalty, while their unused lands have been opened up to white settlement. It was not, however, until after great pressure had been brought to bear by their friends that the Government could be induced to fulfil its own specific promises to grant them patents for their lands; while the cupidity of their white neighbors was eagerly noting the increasing value of their possessions, and was urgently petitioning Congress to move them to the westward, and to open their farms to white settlement. Such a sad and but too frequent catastrophe in the history of Indian progress was happily averted.

No more abundant results have been obtained in building up the party of Christianity and civilization among the Sioux than have rewarded the long labors of Bishop Hare and the little band of earnest workers who, for a period of more than seventeen years, have labored under his direction, and who now have their boarding-schools and mission chapels scattered over every part of the Sioux reserve. At this date from seven thousand to eight thousand among the people are counted as attendants upon the Episcopal Church. There are one thousand seven hundred communicants, forty native catechists and nine native ministers, forty branches of the Women's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. Among Indians of this denomination alone during the past year about three thousand dollars have been raised for religious purposes. It is my purpose to draw attention to these facts only on account of their bearing upon the question of a new and progressive party among the Indians, and in order to permit a clear understanding of the precise conditions under which the recent outbreak occurred.

In these Christian Indians is to be found abundant food for a study of the germs and first awakenings of civilized life rich in variety and suggestion. They present all possible differences of age, condition, and of moral and mental attainments. Here is the man from whose face the paint has just been washed, whose clothing is a struggle between civilization and barbarism, whose hair is still plaited, and into

whose darkened mind have fallen the first faint gleams of desire for the "new way;" here is a native teacher, perhaps fairly taught in a reservation boarding-school, but only able to speak English imperfectly, struggling single-handed in a heathen camp to win converts to Christian morality and civilized life; while here, as the ripest fruit of Indian civilization, is the native minister, or physician, the graduate of an Eastern college, whose wife perhaps is a white woman, whose habits of thought and whose manners are those of a gentleman, and who stands on equal terms with the rest of the world.

And yet in all this diversity to be found in the progressive party among the Sioux is clearly shown one controlling principle—an awakened moral purpose, new-born, or well-developed, the stirring of an enlightened conscience, and of a long-dormant intellect.

I do not think that any intelligent or fairly well-disposed person could travel with observation among these Christian Indians, as the writer has frequently done, without being strongly impressed with the many direct and indirect evidences of the essential difference which has come to exist between them and their wild brethren in thought, purpose, and occupation. How serious the existing division might become under stress of an accumulation of misfortunes, whether of an avoidable or unavoidable character, can readily be imagined.

Such a crisis was destined soon to occur which excited the heathen party to paroxysms of resentful fury, and tested the fidelity and fortitude of their opponents to the uttermost. For many years the whites of Dakota have sought to cut a great highway for civilization through the heart of the Sioux reserve, so that easy communication might be established between eastern and western Dakota, and Indian lands, practically unused, might be opened to white settlement. It was to the highest interests of both whites and Indians that this should be done—if done wisely and fairly. Unfortunately, the terms of the agreement presented for the acceptance of the Indians by a Commission sent out from Washington to treat with

them in 1882 were inequitable; the compensation promised for the lands was absurdly small, being about eight cents per acre, and the means used to procure the assent of the Indians to the agreement were in some notable instances not honorable. The past is full of such instances. Fortunately, the friends of the Indians revealed the objectionable character of the agreement, and of the means that had been taken to procure the Indians' assent to it in time to prevent its passage in Congress, although the measure narrowly escaped ratification. But the opponents of the bill saw clearly that sooner or later the opening of the reserve must be devoted to making the change contribute to the Indians' advancement. The reservation could not be permitted permanently to block progress, and the Indian could not be allowed to rest in an isolation which kept him from contact with civilization, and nurtured savagery. In 1887 another agreement was prepared and presented to the Indians by another Commission. Its terms were a great improvement upon those of its predecessor, and were, on the whole, very favorable to the Indians; but they, having learned how they had been deceived in its previous attempt, refused to accept the agreement. Finally its terms were modified so as to make them still more favorable to the Indians, and, under the efforts of another Commission, of which General Crook was the distinguished chairman, the Indians were induced to sign. About eleven million acres of land were given up under the operation of this act, and the reservation, which had originally been about four times as large as the State of Massachusetts, was reduced one-half. These Indians, who, like other tribes, have always been extremely sensitive to a reduction of their reservation, were only induced to sign this agreement under severe pressure. Both parties among the Sioux were indisposed to cede more of their land, but the non-progressives were bitter and active in their opposition. Bishop Hare treating this matter, says:

"Some preferred their old life the more earnestly because schools and churches were sapping and undermining it. Some wished delay. All com-

plained that many of the engagements solemnly made with them in former years . . . had been broken—and here they were right. They suspected that present promises of pay for their lands would prove only old ones in new shape. When milch cows were promised—cows having been promised in previous agreements—the Indians exclaimed, 'There's that same old cow!' and demanded that no further surrender be expected until former promises had been fulfilled. They were assured that a new era had dawned, and that all past promises would be kept. So we all thought."

The Indians were finally induced by the most urgent pressure on the part of the Commissioner to sign the agreement. Their expectations of the rewards which were to follow, and which had been glowingly depicted by the Commissioners ran high. Then followed a series of delays and misfortunes, some of which might have been prevented, while others were from purely natural causes. To present them clearly and briefly to the reader I cannot do better than to quote the graphic language of Bishop Hare:

The Indians understand little of the complex forms and delays of our Government. Six months passed and nothing came. Three months more, and nothing came.* But in the midst of the winter's pinching cold the Indians learned that the transaction had been declared complete and half of their land proclaimed as thrown open to the whites. Surveys were not promptly made; perhaps they could not be, and no one knew what land was theirs and what was not. The very earth seemed sliding from beneath their feet. Other misfortunes seemed to be crowding on them. On some reserves their rations were being reduced, and lasted, even when carefully husbanded, but one-half the period for which they were issued.† In the summer of 1889 all the people on the Pine Ridge Reserve—men, women and children—were called in from their farms to the agency to treat with the Commissioners and were kept there a whole month, and, on returning to their homes, found that their cattle had broken into their fields and trampled down or eaten up all their crops. This was true in a degree elsewhere. In 1890 the crops, which promised splendidly early in July, failed

entirely later, because of a severe drought. The people were often hungry, and the physicians in many cases said died, when taken sick, not so much from disease as for want of food.‡

No doubt the people could have saved themselves from suffering if industry, economy, and thrift had abounded; but these are just the virtues which a people merging from barbarism lack. The measles prevailed in 1889 and were exceedingly fatal. Next year the gripe swept over the people with appalling results. Whooping-cough followed among the children. Sullessness and gloom began to gather, especially among the heathen and wilder Indians. A witness of high character told me that a marked discontent, amounting almost to despair, prevailed in many quarters. The people said their children were all dying from diseases brought by the whites, their race was perishing from the face of the earth, and they might as well be killed at once. Old chiefs and medicine-men were losing their power. Withal new ways were prevailing more and more, which did not suit the older people. The old ways which they loved were passing away. In a word, all things were against them, and to add to the calamity, many Indians, especially the wilder element, had nothing to do but to brood over their misfortunes. While in this unhappy state the story of a Messiah coming, with its Ghost Dance and strange hallucinations, spread among the heathen part of the people. The Christian Indians, on the whole, maintained their stand with praiseworthy patience and fortitude; but the dancers were in a state of exaltation approaching frenzy. Restraint only increased their madness. The dancers were found to be well armed. Insubordination broke out on several reserves. The authority of the agent and of the native police was overthrown. The civilized Indians were intimidated. Alarm spread everywhere.

From what has been already presented the precise nature of some of the conditions which brought about the disturbance among the Sioux will be apparent. I have endeavored to point out the sharp differences and antagonisms which existed between the Christian and the pagan party, differences which became more and more sharply accentuated as the party of progress advanced and prospered. The party of conservatism was driven more and more within itself, as it saw the progress of civilization without the reservation and within it. Then came the strange delusion of an Indian Messiah, with its promise of redemption to the Indian race and the

* A bill was drawn up in the Senate under General Crook's eye, and passed, providing for the fulfilment of the promises of the Commission, but it was pigeon-holed in the House.

† The amount of beef bought for the Indian is not a fair criterion of the amount he receives. A steer will lose two hundred pounds or more of its flesh during the course of the winter.

‡ This is doubtless true of all the poor, the poor in our cities, and the poor settlers in the West. The testimony regarding the existence of hunger is exceedingly conflicting, but at Pine Ridge Agency at least it seemed to me conclusive that it was general and extreme.

destruction of the white invader. It came, so I learn through the last report of the Rev. William J. Cleveland, the experienced missionary, who is now making a journey of investigation into the causes of the uprising for the Indian Rights Association, and who gives the Indian story as they tell it, "from the people who wear rabbit-skin blankets (whoever they are), far west of the Yellow Skins, who are far west of the Utes." Mr. Cleveland does not know who the Indians referred to are, but the writer surmises that they are the Pueblo, or village, Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. They use rabbit-skin blankets, live far west of the Utes, and, moreover, hold the old Aztec tradition of Montezuma, their Saviour, returning to free their race. It is one of their customs to look from their house-tops at dawn for the coming of Montezuma over the eastern mountains. It is not impossible that this ancient tradition, which was heretofore confined to the southwest and to certain tribes of Indians, became, under peculiar conditions and circumstances, migratory and operative everywhere. Whether that is, or is not, the true solution of the origin of this religious fanaticism among the Indians, there can be no doubt of its powerful effect upon the Sioux. It was eagerly taken hold of by the leaders, of whom Sitting Bull was the foremost, and was made the vehicle of warlike designs, notwithstanding the fact that the new doctrine was altogether pacific, so far as the actions which it permitted to the Indians themselves were concerned. The revelation from the Messiah was that he had once come down to save the white race, but that they had rejected him and finally killed him. He now rejected them, and would come, when the grass was about two inches high in the spring, to save his red children and to destroy the white race and their works. It was enjoined upon all who believed in him to wear a peculiar kind of dress, and to practise the Ghost Dance as often and as long at a time as they possibly could, as an evidence of their faith. If any died of exhaustion in the dance or swooned away, they were to believe that such went immediately to him, where they had communion with the departed, and whence

they could return to tell the living of what they had heard and seen. At the coming of the Messiah, for which his followers were to wait patiently until the spring, a new earth would be formed covering the present world, and burying all the whites and those Indians who had not joined in the dance. The Messiah would again bring with him the departed of their own people, and the earth would be again as their forefathers knew it, only there should be no more death.

Such is the doctrine of the Indian Messiah fresh from Indian lips. It can readily be imagined with what power such a doctrine came upon the darkened minds of savage men, some of whom were suffering, in addition to the irritating remembrance of unfulfilled promises, the pangs of hunger.

It is the positive assertion of Mr. Cleveland, after a detailed and careful investigation at Standing Rock, that there was no suffering from lack of food at that point. He says in answer to the question: "How far due to hunger?" "Not at all, no one of them complained, or does now, at this agency, of short rations. The number of those at Standing Rock who took part in the insurrection was very small, not more than ten per cent. of the whole. Three hundred and seventy-five in all left the agency when the stampede incident to the death of Sitting Bull occurred, though many have since returned. The entire Indian population on the Standing Rock Reserve, according to the last census, is four thousand and ninety. It is important to note the maintenance of Government authority at Standing Rock, through the influence of an experienced and able agent, and its complete collapse at Pine Ridge through the incapacity of an inexperienced one.

Sitting Bull himself, however, was one of the leading, if not the leading, agitator and fomentor of trouble. His runners were everywhere active among those Indians on the other parts of the reservation to whom they could appeal with most chance of success—Big Foot's people among the pagan element on the Cheyenne River Reserve, the Lower Brules lower down the Missouri, the Upper Brules, or Spotted Tail's people,

at Rosebud, Red Cloud's people among the Ogallalas at Pine Ridge. They had fruitful soil in which to sow their evil seed—ignorance made dangerous by fanaticism among many of the wildest Indians, and at Pine Ridge hunger and discontent and unfulfilled treaties, both long past and recent.

What powers of resistance and control had the Government at its disposal with which to meet the coming storm? Upon what principle of selection does the Government base its choice of agents and employees sent to represent its policy and to manage its affairs on Indian reservations? This question touches the vital point of the whole Indian question.

On the experience, courage, fidelity, tact, keen sense of justice and sympathy of an Indian agent at a large agency, where wild and dangerous, as well as peaceable and easily controlled Indians are located, depend the success or failure of the Government's efforts for the civilization of its wards. Upon the agent's possession of such qualities may also depend the safety of human life, the protection of property, and the saving of vast sums of money.

With such serious considerations in view in the management of such an immense business concern as the Indian service, in which not only the welfare of two hundred and fifty thousand human beings is directly concerned, but of multitudes of white settlers besides, is it beyond reason to ask that the principles of sound business administration should be adopted?

What are the plain, indubitable facts regarding the Indian service? The Spoils System of appointment has been the prevailing system since the writer first began acquaintanceship with Indian affairs in 1882. What does that mean? Simply that the President, the Secretary of the Interior, or the Indian Commissioner, one or all, are under compulsion, or at the least powerful pressure, to appoint persons to positions in the Indian service, not as they would like to do, because they have the best and most reasonable assurance that they are fitted by character and experience to perform well the duties of their several stations, but because these

appointees are thrust on them by the importunity of Senators, Representatives, or other powerful politicians. These gentlemen frequently demand such positions of the Executive as their manifest perquisites, as their lawful prey and spoil. It is thus that their political debts are paid. I have known the Governor of a great State laughingly admit that for political hacks who were unfit for anything else he found places in the Indian service. I could furnish, were it desirable or necessary, a long list of needy, inefficient, worthless persons, some not actually bad, but wholly unsuited to their positions; others with shady or blackened records, men who had failed in everything else, or drunkards and debauchees, who had found their way into the Indian service. Many things, half sad, half ludicrous, and some really dreadful things I have known regarding the public service of these people. And then again I have known men of high character, high talent, lofty aspiration, and generous sympathies serving as Indian agents, with patience and self-sacrifice, ill-paid but abundantly rewarded with abuse, building up industry and civilization among their Indians only to see their plans and hopes sadly marred or sinking into decay with the passing of the administration or the party that gave them office. The ghastly levity and unreason, the insane wickedness of the whole false system has been handed down as a miserable legacy from one administration to another.

Good men and women, in the service and out of it, have been tempted to say, "Is there enough gained to make effort worth while since the people love to have it so?" Nevertheless the cloud has had a silver lining, for the evils have stirred a great popular sentiment, and things are better than they were.

In 1882 Dr. V. T. McGillicuddy held the post of Indian Agent at Pine Ridge. He had previously served with distinction in various departments of the Government; from 1866 to 1868 as resident physician, Marine Hospital Service; in the War Department as topographer on the international survey of the 49th parallel in 1874; in the Interior Department as chief topographer of the

survey of the Black Hills in 1875; in the War Department as attending Surgeon of Second and Third United States Cavalry in the Big Horn expedition of 1876, and Assistant Post-Surgeon in the Department of the Platte and Dakota in 1877-78, and as Indian agent in charge of the Pine Ridge Agency from March, 1879. His incumbency at Pine Ridge was one evincing the highest courage, skill, and administrative ability. A force of fifty Indian police was organized by him, and admirably trained in cavalry and infantry tactics, under the command of his chief clerk, who had been a soldier during the war. With this force the agent was able to thwart or to subdue the frequent attempts of Red Cloud to create disorder. In 1884 a serious outbreak was threatened by this chief, who was used as a tool by certain men with whose selfish and dishonest schemes the agent had interfered. Senator Dawes, the champion of Indian interests in the Senate, writing of this affair in 1884, said:

For days the life of every white man there was in peril, and nothing but the courage and prudence of McGillicuddy saved them from a horrible massacre. Red Cloud, overpowered by the law, preferred charges against McGillicuddy. They were investigated by a special agent sent from Washington, who reported against McGillicuddy. He then asked a hearing before the Secretary, who sent another inspector for re-examination. This inspector reported in favor of McGillicuddy, not only exonerating him from the charges of Red Cloud and the report of . . . , but reflecting severely upon [the former inspector] himself. Red Cloud enlisted Bland in his favor, who induced the Secretary to send out a third inspector to investigate the conduct of McGillicuddy. This report not only declared the charges false, but highly commended him for the work he was doing at that agency.

Senator Dawes further says: "The Senate Committee, of which I was a member, was at this agency last summer and took much pains to ascertain the truth of this matter. They were unanimously of the opinion that at no agency which they had visited, or had any knowledge of, had so much been done for the advancement of wild Indians as at this place." The writer can, from frequent personal observation, fully confirm the truth of Mr. Dawes's statement. Pine Ridge at that time, and so

long as McGillicuddy was in charge of it, although one of the most difficult agencies in the service, was a model of efficiency and order.

Upon the advent of the Democratic administration there began, to the surprise of many, and to the regret of all of the friends of the Indians, a general proscription of those Indian agents and employees who had served under the previous administration. In vain were earnest protests presented. The incumbents at every agency on the Sioux reservation were changed, with the single exception of Standing Rock, where the agent, Major McLaughlin, one of the best men in the service, was probably saved by his own good record and the political influence of the Roman Catholic Church, of which he is a devout member. In two instances these changes were manifestly for the better; in most of the others they were seriously for the worse. The latter was manifestly the case at Pine Ridge and Rosebud. Under McGillicuddy's successor there was a steady deterioration in the *morale* of the agency and in the efficiency of the police force. At Rosebud the former agent, Mr. James G. Wright, to whom the public owes a debt of gratitude for years of wise, patient, and successful service, was succeeded by an agent whose career in the Indian service was one of ignominious failure.

Out of fifty-eight Indian agents in the entire service, upward of fifty were changed. The removals in the other grades of the service were general. In some instances, as has been frankly and gladly admitted, these changes were for the better; but the general result was deterioration, not improvement. Where changes were fortunate and happy in their results the friends of the Indians were prompt to admit the fact, and stood ready upon the incoming of the Republican administration to pray for the retention of every officer known to them to be deserving. Indeed, the first request made by them to Mr. Noble, the Republican Secretary of the Interior, was that agents and employees might not be removed for political reasons, but that they might be retained or dismissed solely on the ground of merit, so that the fatal rock of spoils

policy, on which the Indian management of the previous administration had foundered, might be avoided. The request was as courteously listened to as it was subsequently completely ignored. The administration adopted what was styled the "Home Rule" system of appointment, an elegant synonym for the opprobrious term "spoils system." Home rule meant, so far as the Indians were concerned, the rule of aliens and enemies, for it transferred the appointment of agents, and in many cases of subordinates, from the hands of the central and responsible authorities in Washington to the tender mercies of politicians in every territory in which Indian reservations were located. The Indian Rights Association uttered a prompt but ineffectual protest against this principle of appointment as being "unsound in theory and likely to be disastrous in practice."

No blame can be attached to General Morgan, the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, or to Dr. Dorchester, the present Superintendent of Indian Schools, for whatever evil consequences have flowed from the adoption of this phase of the spoils system. Both of these gentlemen have been earnest advocates of the merit system, and have, within the limits of their power, observed it, and beyond those limits have labored for its adoption in all grades of the Indian service. The present Indian Commissioner has, in the opinion of the writer, rendered an inestimable service both to the Indians and the public by wise, faithful, and energetic service.

Under the "Home Rule" system the inefficient Democratic successor to Dr. McGillycuddy was removed during the past summer to make room, not for a wisely selected man chosen with a view to the skilful control of the usually troublesome and now dangerous and excited elements at Pine Ridge, but for one destitute of any of those qualities by which he could justly lay claim to the position—experience, force of character, courage, and sound judgment. His moral weight and force was insufficient to suppress the threatened irruption. At all the Sioux agencies, with the exception of Standing Rock, where McLoughlin, equipped by long years of

experience, faced the storm with firmness and success, the agents had been changed by the Republican administration, as their predecessors had been by the Democratic one. But at Pine Ridge, the most important of all, the results were most disastrous. As has been made clear, it was the weakest point in the Sioux country, and here had been provided the weakest control, as though, in a spirit of malicious fun, the Government had set a timid and untrained rider astride a wicked, fractious horse, just to see what would happen!

At the time the agent took charge of Pine Ridge, October 1, 1890, the Ghost Dance was at its height. There was general discontent throughout the Sioux nation, the troubled condition added to and fomented by Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, and other agitators. But I do not hesitate to say that had a man of nerve and experience, who knew these Indians, and was known by them, backed by a disciplined force of Indian police, been in charge, an abandonment of this agency and the calling of the military would no more have been necessary than were such measures necessary at Standing Rock. It is well known that the presence of troops at an agency is always extremely irritating to Indians. It proved so in this instance.

The next scene in the drama is vigorously depicted by Dr. McGillycuddy, who had been present for some days at the agency as the representative of Governor Mellette. Under date of December 4th, he writes:

The condition of affairs when I left there last week was as follows: About four thousand of the agency Indians were camped at the agency. The outlying villages, churches, and schools were abandoned. About two thousand Brules and Wazakas were camped twenty-five miles distant on Wounded Knee Creek, uncertain whether to come into the agency or not, on account of the presence of troops. Emissaries of Sitting Bull were circulating among all of the Indians, inciting them to revolt, and ranging through the abandoned villages destroying property of friendly Indians. Indians by the dozen were beseeching me to obtain permission for them to go to their homes and protect their property, their horses, cows, pigs, chickens, etc., the accumulation of years. Runners came to me from the Brule camp, asking me to come out and explain what the coming of troops meant. They said they knew me, would believe in me, and come in. Red Cloud and

other chiefs made the same request of Agent Royer and Special Agent Cooper. The request was refused; no white man was sent to them. On Sunday last Sitting Bull's emissaries prevailed; the Brules became hostile, stole horses and cattle, and are now on the edge of the Bad Lands, ready for a winter's campaign. Many Indians who were friendly when I left the agency will join them. They have possession of the agency beef herd of thirty-five hundred head of cattle. The presence of troops at the agency is being rapidly justified. What I state, investigation can substantiate.

There are two prominent events subsequent to the arrival of troops at Pine Ridge which have especially excited inquiry in the public mind and to which I will refer. The first is the arrest and death of Sitting Bull; the second is the affair of Wounded Knee. The limits of this article will only permit an outline of these incidents.

The arrest of Sitting Bull was, no doubt, a measure necessary to prevent further spreading of a revolt which largely emanated from him. Concerning his own dangerous intentions there can be no doubt. The evidence on this point is abundant and specific. The arrest was attempted under telegraphic instructions from General Ruger, at St. Paul, to Colonel Drum, commanding Fort Yates, the military post adjoining the Standing Rock Agency, under date of December 12th. It was the expressed wish of General Ruger that the military and the civil agent should co-operate in effecting the arrest. Fortunately entire harmony existed between Colonel Drum and Major McLaughlin. The agent wished to effect the arrest by means of the Indian police, so as to avoid unnecessary irritation to the followers of Sitting Bull, and at a time when the majority of these Indians would be absent from their camp drawing rations at the agency. This wise intention was frustrated by the unexpected attempt of Sitting Bull to leave the reservation. Therefore the arrest, instead of being attempted December 20th, was precipitated December 14th. Sitting Bull evidently intended to submit to his captors peaceably, but, while dressing, in his tent for the journey, he was incited to resistance by the outcries of his son, who berated the Indian policemen and exhorted his father not to allow himself to be taken.

Upon coming out of his tent, under charge of the police, Sitting Bull yielded to his son's advice and called on his people to rescue him. In an instant a savage crowd of one hundred and fifty Indians attacked and fired upon the police. Almost immediately six of the police were killed or mortally wounded, and Sitting Bull was himself killed by one of the wounded police. The fight lasted about half an hour. The police soon drove the Indians, who far outnumbered them, from around the adjoining buildings and into the surrounding woods. During the fight women attacked the police with knives and clubs, but in every instance the latter simply disarmed and placed them under guard until the troops arrived, after which they were given their liberty. The highest praise for courage and ability was accorded the police for their part in this affair by the military officer commanding the troops who supported them.

Can American patriotism see nothing in the devotion of these men to duty, their loyalty to the flag, their constancy even unto death, which is worthy an enduring monument? Can American art find no inspiration, no elements of true dramatic emotion, in this pre-eminently American tragedy?

It were well if the same chisel which recorded in "eternal bronze" the sad and patient nobility of Lincoln might also fashion some memorial to the humble heroes of Standing Rock! The genius of Thorwaldsen and the fidelity of the Swiss Guard breathe forever in the dying Lion of Lucerne. May not the genius of some American sculptor and the fidelity of the Indian police find similar expression?

What is to be said of Wounded Knee, with its two hundred dead, its slaughtered women and children? Evidence from various reliable sources shows very clearly that Colonel Forsythe, the veteran officer in charge, did all that could be done by care, consideration, and firmness to prevent a conflict. He had provided a tent warmed with a Sibley stove for Big Foot, who was ill with pneumonia. He assured the Indians of kind treatment, but told them also that they must surrender their arms. He tried to

avoid a search for weapons, but to this they forced him to resort. The explosion came during the process of search, and when a medicine-man incited them to resist and appealed to their fanaticism by assuring them that their sacred shirts were bullet-proof. Then one shot was fired by the Indians, and another and another. The Indians were wholly responsible in bringing on the fight. Whether in the desperate struggle which ensued there was or was not an unnecessary sacrifice of the lives of women and children is another question. From the fact that so many women and children were killed, and that their bodies were found far from the scene of action, and as though they were shot down while fleeing, it would look as though blind rage had been at work, in striking contrast to the moderation of the Indian police at the Sitting Bull fight when they were assailed by women.

But responsibility for the massacre of Wounded Knee, as for many another sad and similar event, rests more upon the shoulders of the citizens of the United States who permit the condition of savage ignorance, incompetent control, or Congressional indifference and inaction, than upon those of maddened soldiers, who having seen their comrades shot at their side are tempted to kill and destroy all belonging to the enemy within their reach. That the uprising ended with so little bloodshed the country may thank the patience and ability of General Miles. Perhaps had he taken the field earlier there might have been still less to mourn.

What is the remedy? What must be done to prevent such occurrences in future? The remedy is not far to seek nor does it require many words to state its essentials.

First, the people as a body must desire and demand of the President and of Congress better things. There must be a substantial unity of opinion among various bodies of citizens as to the main points of a remedy, and unity of action in securing it; a willingness to abandon minor points in order to secure the greater ones. The necessity for abandoning partisanship in considering this great national question should be

frankly recognized. The words Democrat and Republican should be forgotten in dealing with Indian affairs. Even now there are sincere friends of the Indians who are very sensitive to any criticism, no matter how just it may be, which reflects on their own party. This is a fatal block to progress. The great religious bodies, the Roman communion on the one side, and the Protestant communions on the other, should try to recognize the value of each other's work, at least as an instrument of civilization. There should be greater co-operation between the civil and military branches of the Government, less drawing into hostile camps with the idea that there is a military severity and inhumanity on the one side, and unmitigated rascality on the other. There are military officers who would make capital Indian agents, and civil agents could be found, if the right way were taken to seek them, who can manage Indians without the intrusion of troops.

If, then, a public sentiment can be aroused on this question at once powerful, intelligent, united, and persistent, these are the simple principles and the flexible system which it should demand:

1. A single, intelligent, experienced, responsible head to control the Indian service under the President—a man who shall be permitted to form his plans and to carry them to fruition along the lines of well-defined and sound principles, and free from partisan interference.

2. An Indian service conducted in absolute harmony with the principles of Civil Service Reform—the principle of merit, not of spoils. Only thoroughly qualified men, should be appointed to serve as Indian agents.

3. The prompt appropriation of funds by Congress to permit the education of all Indian youth, and the effective management of the service. No more Indian boys and girls should be permitted to grow up in ignorance and savagery; also the prompt passage of laws recommended by the Indian Department and requisite to protect the interests of the Indians.

But to do these things, as Bishop Hare has well said, and to solve "the problem that remains, the spoils system, will require 'the uprising of a great people.'"



SPRING SONG.

By Graham R. Tomson.

So many ways to wander in,
So many lands to see!
The west wind blows through the orchard-close,
And the white clouds wander free;
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

And it's oh, for the wide world, far away,
'Tis there I fain would be,
For it calls me, claims me, the livelong day,
Sweet with the sounds and the scents of May,
And the wind in the linden-tree:
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

"Far and far, in the distance dim,
Thy fortune waiteth thee"—
I know not where, but the world is fair
With many a strange countrie;
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

So many ways I may never win,
Skies I may never see!
Oh, wood-ways sweet for the vagrant feet,
What may not come to be?
What do they sing in the heart of spring?
And where do they beckon me?

Farewell, farewell, to my father's house!
Farewell, true love, to thee!
Dear, and dear, are the kind hearts here,
And dear mine own roof-tree—
But the wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

THE PHENIX.

By Bliss Perry.

L



COUNTRESS, may I trouble you for that cauliflower?"

The Countess's eyes were hovering restlessly about the farther end of the long *pension* table, but she recollected herself instantly at the sound of this mandatory voice at her right.

"Certainly, Frau Lieutenant," she exclaimed. "Pardon me;" and as the servant was still busy at the other extremity of the room, she lifted the nearly empty platter and passed it.

The Frau Lieutenant surveyed the cauliflower with an eye trained by twenty-five years of experience at table-d'hôte dinners. The selection of fricasseed chicken was her specialty, though there was not a woman in Berlin who could be more implicitly trusted to secure the best piece of anything the first time trying; but really the cauliflower offered no opportunity for her skill. There was but one bunch still untouched, and she divided this into two exactly equal portions.

"Letty, my dear," she said in English, balancing one of these portions upon the spoon, "take this."

"But Mammachen," protested Miss Letty, a slender, delicate-complexioned girl of twenty-three, "I don't——"

"Take it, my dear," said the Frau Lieutenant, imperturbably, depositing the cauliflower by the side of the stewed mutton on her daughter's plate, and rapidly assisting herself to the remaining portion. "It is very fattening."

This last was in a tone intended for a whisper, but the Frau Lieutenant Dettmar's strident voice had a remarkably penetrating quality, and an under-sized Englishman, who sat directly opposite Miss Dettmar, looked up at the words. He was near-sighted, and the dining-room of the Countess von Eckmüller's *pension* was never brilliantly illuminated, especially on a dingy winter afternoon.

It was only two o'clock, but the murky fog was already settling down into the Dorotheen Strasse, and the corners of the high, ugly room were growing dusky. The Englishman peered across the table curiously at his two countrywomen, for such did the mother and daughter unmistakably appear to be. Stubbworth's insight into character, like his visual faculty, was not of the keenest, but he could not help noting the difference between the muscular, assertive body of Mrs. Dettmar, her square, red face, with combative black eyes overtopped by a blacker false front of hair, and the slightly stooping figure of Miss Letty, with her light-blue child's eyes, the vague pink of her cheeks, and the shyness with which she pecked with her fork at the cauliflower. The daughter had evidently the physical characteristics of her father, the lamented Lieutenant Dettmar. So Stubbworth reflected, as the result of his inspection, and wished that he might address the girl in English; but not daring to transgress the Countess's rule that only German should be spoken at meal-times, he let his spectacled eyes fall to his plate again, began to separate the bones out of his mutton stew, and to meditate upon his forthcoming edition of "Middle English Homilies," the preparation of which had brought him to Berlin.

The lower end of the table, where sat the students and the commercial young men, was uproarious, as usual. A Jewess—studying for the opera—who sat at Stubbworth's left, laughed once or twice at a student witticism so immoderately that the sedate Englishman was embarrassed, but the effervescing humor lost its sparkle by the time it reached the neighborhood of the Countess. The people there were dull. The Widow Dettmar's soup had been cold, she had lost the first chance at the stew, and she ate away morosely. The Countess said nothing, but glanced from time to time toward the empty plate at her left, and once she whispered an order to the ser-

vant. By and by the Jewess turned her dark face toward the head of the table.

"Countess von Eckmüller," she asked, "is not Herr Jarlson coming to-day?"

"Certainly," was the answer. "He was called at half-past one, as usual."

"At half-past one!" interrupted the Frau Lieutenant Dettmar. "You don't mean to say that that young man——"

"Exactly," said the Countess. "He is called at half-past one. If he does not get up by a quarter to two, I take one of his shoes, I open his door, and I cry 'Hamlet! Arise!' and toss the shoe at him. Then he gets up."

"I never heard of such a thing," cried the Englishwoman. "Did you, Letty, my dear?"

"No, Mammachen," replied Miss Letty, "but it is very funny."

"It is very irregular," said Mrs. Dettmar, severely. "He is a wild young man. One does not have to look at him twice to know that."

"No, Frau Lieutenant," remarked the Countess, "you misunderstand Herr Jarlson completely. It is only his way."

"Yes, his way. I know men. When a young actor sits in the cafés till four o'clock in the morning, and that every night in the week, and sleeps half the day, of course he is wild. He must be. Oh, I know! It's better for him to have his fling, though; he'll settle down when he is thirty. My husband used to say to me that those men were always steady afterward. They make the best husbands. As I told Letty the other day——"

"Mammachen," pleaded Miss Letty, crimsoning.

But the widow's worldly philosophy was cut short. A door opened half-way down the room, and a tall young fellow entered, apologetically. Everyone looked up.

"Here he comes," cried the Countess, with a smile on her shrewd old face. "He has risen, like—like—why, he is my Phenix."

There was a chorus of laughter. "The Phenix! The Phenix!" echoed from the students, as Herr Jarlson took his seat at the Countess's left. There was indeed something eagle-like in the curve of his nose, and the stiff masses of his hair, brushed à la Pompadour,

seemed curiously like a bird's crest. "The Phenix," chuckled the Countess again to herself, delighted at her own fantasy.

"Letty, my dear," whispered Mrs. Dettmar in English, to her daughter, "what is a Phenix?"

"I think, Mammachen," was the doubtful answer, murmured behind a handkerchief, lest the new-comer opposite should hear, "I think it was a bird. Anyway, it rose."

The Norwegian, bowing respectfully to the English ladies, proceeded to open a bottle of beer, which the Countess provided at dinner for each of her numerous family, and to empty it bodily into a huge silver goblet that stood beside his plate. It was very bad beer, in truth, but Herr Jarlson always maintained it was delicious in his Scandinavian goblet. He took a draught of it now, before unrolling his napkin, and then turning to the Countess he exclaimed, enthusiastically: "It was grand!"

"Do you mean the beer, Herr Jarlson?" demanded Mrs. Dettmar, with veiled irony.

The Phenix lifted his gray eyes to the widow's face. He had a proper terror of her, a terror not diminished by his secret admiration of her daughter.

"No, not this time," he replied, in fluent German. "It was the 'Ghosts.'"

"The ghosts? What do you mean? Do you see ghosts all the forenoon, after coming in at four o'clock in the morning?" The widow was so amused at her joke that she did not hear Miss Letty whispering that Herr Jarlson meant a play.

"It was Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' Frau Lieutenant," explained the Countess, quietly, "given at the Residenz Theatre yesterday."

"Ah," said the widow. She was not interested in such matters.

"It was a feast to my soul," Herr Jarlson went on; "almost as good as hearing it in Norwegian again."

"You must tell me all about it later," said Countess von Eckmüller. That was the first representation of "Ghosts" in Berlin, and it had not yet become fashionable to discuss the play at dinner.

"Herr Jarlson," spoke up the Jewess, "did you remember?"

"Certainly, Fräulein," and the Phenix unbuttoned his frock-coat and pulled out a complimentary ticket to "Siegfried," which he asked Stubbworth to pass to her. She thanked him so effusively that he forgot to mention that the ticket for which she had applied through him had really not been granted, and that he had presented her with his own instead. As an accredited student of acting and a fellow of some promise in his calling Herr Jarlson's name stood higher on the complimentary lists than did hers.

It was curious to see how the Norwegian's appearance changed the atmosphere of the upper end of the table. The Countess became chatty. The servant brought a new dish of cauliflower, expressly kept hot for Herr Jarlson, but Mrs. Dettmar had a helping from it, and was thereby put in good spirits again. Miss Letty glanced across the table timidly, from time to time, and wondered why the Phenix did not brush his hair like other people; he was such an odd young man. She fancied how he would look with a moustache—such a mustache, for instance, as had Major Vischer, her formal engagement to whom was to be announced next week, at Christmas. The Major had a luxuriant growth upon his upper lip, but Miss Letty somehow wished he were not so bald; she would almost rather have his hair stand on end, like Herr Jarlson's. Then Miss Letty blushed to think what Mammachen would say if she knew her daughter had ventured to criticise the estimable Major Vischer. The Major had been so kind, and her ring next week would be no cheap little German affair, she was quite sure. Mammachen was right, of course; a husband of forty—even if he were bald and fat—was forty times better than no husband; and the Major was so kind; and yet—

But Mammachen was talking about Christmas, with the Countess and Herr Jarlson. "No, they should be useful," she was saying, in her polemic voice. "The idea of sending flowers as a gift! They wither in two days, and it is money thrown away. If anybody sent me flowers, I should be mad."

The Countess nodded assent, having kept a *pension* too long to differ unnece-

ssarily with her patrons; but what she was thinking of was this: "Send flowers to you? *Ich danke*. I should be more likely to send you a roast-beef rare."

"I remember the first present Lieutenant Dettmar ever gave me," continued the widow. "It was a book, and I have it yet; whereas, you see, if it had been flowers, I should have had to throw them away the day after. My husband was so sensible. Letty, my dear, what was that book that Papa gave me?"

"It was 'Proverbs of All Nations,' Mammachen."

As Miss Letty gave this information, she was conscious that both Jarlson and Stubbworth were looking at her. She thought that a certain whimsical expression passed over the Norwegian's thin lips, and she blushed again. She was very timid.

The conversation turned to other subjects, but as for the Phenix, he continued to meditate upon these countrywomen of Shakespeare until the dinner was over, and then he pushed back his chair, opened another bottle of beer, and began to talk with the Countess about the third act of Ibsen's "Ghosts."

II.

It was five o'clock in the morning, the day before Christmas. Outside, in the Dorotheen Strasse, it was bitter cold. The *droschke* drivers on night service slapped their arms and shivered on their boxes, and the tramway horses staggered on the slippery frost as the huge double-decked cars swung groaning around the curve by the Countess von Eckmüller's *pension*. In Stubbworth's tiny bedroom on the third floor, it was not much warmer. The tall porcelain stove was polished and white like a tombstone, and fully as cold. The Englishman had already risen and was seated by his lamp, wrapped in a blanket dressing-gown, and with a towel around his forehead. He was turning the leaves of a huge Latin folio from the Royal Library, and making annotations. His edition of Homilies had been almost ready, poor fellow, when a German published the startling suggestion that the

English monk who wrote them was indebted for some of his ideas to the Latin sermons of a certain Dutch bishop of the thirteenth century, whereupon Stubbworth had secured a month's respite from his duties as private tutor in the family of a Norfolk nobleman, and had spent half his year's savings in a trip to Berlin, in order to investigate the extent of the monk's obligation to his worthy Dutch contemporary. The laborious comparison promised to be singularly barren of results, but Stubbworth had the comfort of knowing that, provided his methods were sufficiently painstaking, his chances of securing a Ph.D. were not invalidated by the worthlessness of his conclusions.

It was with a slight feeling of annoyance at an interruption that Stubbworth paused in his task and listened to a foot-step coming down the corridor. He knew it well, for it was the habit of the Phenix to study his rôles in the early morning, after getting home from the *Kneipe* and before going to bed, and many a time in the preceding three weeks had Stubbworth been wakened by the actor's coming in to borrow his Shakespeare, or to ask puzzling questions about the mounting of Irving's plays.

"Come in," grumbled Stubbworth, in answer to the knock; and then he was ashamed of his inhospitality, for he had been ill the day before and Jarlson had sat by him the whole afternoon, trying to amuse him by showing a collection of Scandinavian coins, and by telling about student life at the university of Christiania.

The door opened quietly, and the Phenix entered, his latch-key still in his hand. He unbuttoned his pelisse, threw his fur cap upon the bed, and sat down, dejectedly. "Do you not feel better, Mr. Stubbworth?" he asked.

"Something of a headache," said the Englishman, "but I think I shall work it off. And you?"

The actor shrugged his shoulders. "I am freezing, for one thing. May I light a cigarette?"

As Jarlson rolled it, Stubbworth noticed that his fingers, which were of extraordinary length and delicacy, were blue with cold.

"Have you been in the *Kneipe* till now?" asked Stubbworth, handing him a match.

"Till three o'clock," was the answer. "It was stupid, to-night. And since then I have been walking the streets. I suppose, if I had been a practical Englishman, I should have had my gloves with me." He tossed the burned match toward the stove, and settled back gloomily into his chair again, muttering an imprecation upon Berlin tobacco. Stubbworth watched him silently, not having sufficient conversational command of German to say exactly what he thought. "What did you walk the streets for?" he finally asked.

"Without doubt, because I was a fool. All men are fools in Berlin; read what Heine says about it. Do you know Major Vischer?"

"I have seen him here. Miss Dettmar's——?"

"Yes, the betrothed of Mees Letty. We were both in the Café Bauer last evening; I had been reading the *Fliegende Blätter* and it lay on my table. He sent a waiter for it—and I handed it to the waiter." This last clause was in a stage tone that made Stubbworth smile.

"Well?" said he.

"But I should have flung it in the Major's face," cried Jarlson, fiercely, "and then two hours from now we should have been standing over on the Hasenheide, waiting for the word. Would you have been my second? I would have wanted you there to tell Mees Letty afterward."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Stubbworth. "The Major would have brought you down like a partridge, and it would have broken Miss Letty's heart."

"Do you think she would really care?"

"Of course she would care, you silly fellow," growled Stubbworth, affectionately. "Do you think any girl with an English mother wants to have a duel fought about her? She is to be formally engaged to the Major to-morrow, is she not? Do you suppose she would want to marry a man who had just killed you?" Stubbworth had very rarely put together as much German as that at a time, and was rather proud of it.

The Phenix tossed away his cigarette, and thrusting his shivering fingers deep

into the pockets of his pelisse, dropped his chin upon his breast.

"You would better go to bed and get warm," continued Stubbworth, virtuously, "if you have had nothing better to think of than fighting Major Vischer, while you were walking Unter den Linden."

"But I had!" exclaimed the young fellow, eagerly. "Much of the time I was thinking about her."

Stubbworth shut his Latin folio, and pushed his chair around to face Herr Jarlson. There were no love episodes in the "Middle English Homilies," and he felt ill at ease in his rôle of confidant.

"I was thinking of Mees Letty," Jarlson went on, "and the air was all like spring. Is she not beautiful?"

"Why, yes," admitted Stubbworth, wondering at the Norseman's simplicity.

"Do you think she would accept a gift from me to-day, the day before she is betrothed?"

Stubbworth stared at him. "A gift?"

"It is only a philopena. I lost it to her at dinner yesterday. But I did not think the Frau Mamma wished me to pay, and I did not know the English customs. She is really an English girl, you know, in spite of her German father and her continental life. Must I send her gloves?"

"Why, no," said Stubbworth, hesitatingly. "I don't see why you can't give her anything you like, if you fairly owe it."

"Very good;"—Jarlson's hands came out of his pockets with an inquiring gesture—"and now, could I give her a book?"

"I should think so; why can't you put it on the Christmas-tree to-night?"

The Phenix sprang to his feet. He was blessed with a volatile temperament, and notwithstanding his tragic designs of the past night, he had the healthy courage of his twenty-four years. He struck his hand into Stubbworth's just as *Don Carlos* greets the *Marquis of Posa*. "Mr. Stubbworth," he cried, "if I had had a confidant like you six weeks ago, when I first met her, all might have been different. I do not understand the English ways; I have not dared address her, and I have been afraid of the Mamma-chen. But now I will put that book

upon the Christmas-tree in spite of all the Majors in Prussia, and if she thanks me for it, I will tell her in English——"

"You had better put it in German," interrupted Stubbworth, grimly.

"*Bewahre!* It shall either be in her mother tongue or in mine; she knows not a word of Norwegian, and I shall say to her in English, '*I adore you!*' If she is angry, you will find me lying out on the Hasenheide in the morning."

And nodding his head sententiously at the astonished Englishman, who had not taken the actor's devotion to Miss Letty quite seriously enough, Herr Jarlson gathered his pelisse about him, and bowed himself grandly out of the bedroom door, in what would have been an admirable stage exit, had he not backed into a frightened servant, hurrying along the narrow corridor to start the kitchen fire. As for Mr. Stubbworth, he stood a full minute looking at the door, before he found breath enough to grumble out something to himself about love being blind. But it was chillier in his room than it had seemed before, and he lighted his pipe and wasted ten minutes in a dull dream of something that had happened in his own undergraduate days. Then he wiped his spectacles, knotted the towel more closely around his forehead, tightened the belt of his old dressing-gown, and found his place again in the Latin folio.

III.

At six o'clock that evening the whole *pension*, with a single exception, was gathered in the long dining-room. Through the crack in the folding doors at one end, there could be seen the green and gilt of the Christmas-tree, which had been selected by the Countess herself at the *Jahrmarkt* the night before. The beloved Crown Prince Frederick, wandering with his younger children through the *Jahrmarkt* also—and, as it sadly proved, for the last time—had stopped in admiration before this very tree, though they had finally decided that it was not quite tall enough. But the incident was sufficient to add to the aroma of the fir a sort of odor of royalty.

There had been a remarkably good

dinner at four o'clock, but now the table was cleared, save for a huge punch-bowl in the middle. Several toasts had been drunk already, and there were plenty more to come, for the tree was not to be lighted until eight o'clock. Each member of the miscellaneous family was pledged to do something for the common entertainment, and the Countess began, bringing out a dusty harp from behind the sideboard, and playing fantasies in a fashion which made it easy for her audience to believe that the harp had resounded in the Countess's ancestral halls upon the Oder for immemorial centuries. Frau Lieutenant Dettmar, who was sceptical about the antiquity of the Countess's title, was unfortunately not in the dining-room. The postman had brought her some letters, just as dinner was over, and she had retired to her own room to read them. She did not come back. A medical student from Madrid danced a Spanish dance amid thunderous applause, and a toast was drunk to Spain; but Mrs. Dettmar was still absent. Miss Letty, arrayed in her last season's Homburg finery, played, in the most modest and pretty way imaginable, her whole repertory of five pieces upon the guitar, and a toast was drunk to her native land; but Mammachen was not there to see. Mr. Stubbworth, under the mellowing warmth of the occasion, delivered, in broken German, an impressive homily upon the intimate relations of England with Germany, and the students insisted upon toasting England once more; and still Mrs. Dettmar sat in her room, reading those two letters.

The first was from a retired Prussian officer, an old friend of her husband. Presenting his apologies for referring to a matter so delicate, and alleging as his excuse his deep interest in the family of the late Lieutenant Dettmar, the writer made bold to inquire, in view of the approaching betrothal, whether the Frau Lieutenant was aware that Major Vischer, so far from being the man of property he was reputed, was, as a matter of fact, considerably in debt? Knowing that a mere word upon this subject would be sufficient to impress upon such a prudent mother the importance of an exact understanding of

the financial condition of her future son-in-law, the writer begged leave to subscribe himself her very humble servant and the devoted friend of her lamented husband.

In debt? Major Vischer in debt? Major Vischer, who had served under her Franz in that Holstein business and again in the Austrian campaign; who had sowed his wild oats long ago; who owned, as she supposed, that fine estate in Saxony, and who was devoted to Miss Letty—Major Vischer actually in debt! The valiant widow trembled, like a rider who pulls up on the verge of a precipice. She had almost made the one blunder of her life!

The second letter was from the Major himself. He was chagrined to inform her that his duties as staff-officer suddenly called him away from Berlin that day, to inspect the fortress of Königsstein. In vain had he pleaded with his superiors the importance of his family engagement; they had been inexorable, and the morrow, to which he had looked forward with such ardent anticipation, would behold him in Saxon-Switzerland. He hoped to return by Sylvester Evening, the 31st, and he trusted that his dearest Miss Letty would consider New Year's Day as propitious a time for their betrothal as Christmas Day would have proved, had it not been for the stern duties of his profession.

Mrs. Dettmar breathed a little easier on reading this. Providence had come to her help, she was sure. There was a whole week in which to break to her daughter the dreadful news of the Major's poverty, and to prepare her for the inevitable rupture. Miss Letty worshipped the Major! It would nearly break the dear child's heart, but that could not be helped. No girl of hers should ever marry a man who had misrepresented his income! Still, she could not bear to spoil Letty's Christmas eve.

She went back into the dining-room. The Jewess was just ending an aria from "Norma," amid rapturous expressions of delight. Then there was a moment's awkwardness. Tolerant as was this cosmopolitan *pension*, it could hardly be expected that anyone would propose a toast to the Hebrews. But Herr Jarlson was equal to the emergency.

"Gentlemen and ladies," he cried, "in token of our appreciation of Fräulein Goldschmidt's talent, I propose that we drink to the glory of Art!"

"Bravo!" called out the Countess.

Miss Letty clapped her little hands enthusiastically; it had been so quick-witted in Herr Jarlson; not even the Major could have shown a kinder heart. Mrs. Dettmar, who had taken the seat reserved for her between the Countess and Stubbworth, and at some little distance, as it happened, from Miss Letty, joined with the rest in the formal homage to Art. Then there were loud calls for the Phenix, from all over the room: "Play something for us!" "Herr Jarlson!" "Herr Jarlson!" and some of those who knew the rôles he had been studying, cried, "Uriel Acosta!" and others, "Der Prinz von Homburg!" The Phenix glanced inquiringly at the Countess.

"You must obey, my Hamlet," she said, "but you shall take whatever rôle you please."

He rose, buttoned his coat, and passed to the farther end of the room, where the students made place for him.

"It will be nothing improper, will it?" whispered Mrs. Dettmar.

"No," answered the Countess, sharply. "He is innocent as a child. He is thoroughly good; he is not so much of a worldling as you or I, Frau Lieutenant. His late hours and his *Künstlerleben* are nothing but boyishness."

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the Phenix, "I shall have the honor of reciting from the first act of 'Don Carlos,' where the *Prince* confesses to the *Marquis of Posa* his love for the *Queen*."

His face was pale and his voice husky. Instead of sleeping, that forenoon, he had been the round of the Berlin book-stores. There was a hush all through the room. Half-way down one side sat Miss Letty, leaning forward in her chair, an eager color in her gentle face. She expected to enjoy this so much. It was not often that Mammachen could be persuaded to go to the theatre, and here was the theatre come to them.

Slowly and somewhat heavily did the Phenix get under way, shaking his crest once or twice as if to free himself, but rising gallantly as he caught the gusts

of that great scene; and then ascending, whirling in swift gyre upon gyre, he swept onward down the splendid storm of Schiller's passion; and the frail English girl, who was half German after all, followed him with dilating eyes of admiration. She had never seen Herr Jarlson look so handsome.

As he paused at the end of the scene, there was a great clapping of hands.

"Is Herr Jarlson really a good actor?" asked Mrs. Dettmar of the Countess.

"That is for you to judge. I think so. He plays these First Lover rôles well, do you see, because he has so much feeling, and because he is young," she added, shrewdly; "but his voice and his face fit him admirably for old men's parts. You should hear him play *Polonius*."

"You don't mean to say that he can make a living on the stage?"

"There is no doubt of it. He has had good offers here, but prefers to make his début in some provincial theatre. He is no fool, my Phenix."

There was a fresh burst of applause from the other end of the room. Herr Jarlson was going on. "I will give you the fifth scene in that same act," he said gravely, "where *Don Carlos* makes his love declaration to the young *Queen*."

Again there was the perfect silence, broken by his husky, fervent voice. The passage was perfectly familiar to most of those in the room, but Miss Letty had never seen it acted. It made her tremble a little at the outset: that hapless love was such a terrible thing. And the poor *Queen*, to be married to a graybeard when all the while she really loved the graybeard's son! To marry the wrong person and find it out when too late—too late—it would be horrible. She wondered if *Philip II.* was fat and bald like—like a certain person; and then she was ashamed of herself, and frightened at the way Herr Jarlson looked at her. He was playing his part to her; he was pleading there as *Don Carlos* with her alone, and his gray eyes flashed so that she could not look away from them. Her heart beat hard. It was so hot there in the dining-room, and something choked her. Why could she not look away from him? Her head swam; she grasped her poor soiled fan

as tightly as she could, to hold on to herself, to make sure that it was herself and not the *Queen*. But she was the *Queen*; it was she herself who was saying:

*"Sie wagen es, zu hoffen,
Wo Alles, Alles schon verloren ist?"*

and yet it was not *Don Carlos*, but Herr Jarlson, who cried, in passionate answer:

"Ich gebe Nichts verloren als die Todten."

The room whirled around. The actor's figure was lost in a gray blur—she caught at her chair to save herself from falling.

But Herr Jarlson had stopped, and the uproarious plaudits and the clinking of glasses brought her to her senses. The Jewess leaned over and said: "You are a little faint, Miss Letty?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "not now."

"Come, Phenix," cried the Countess, "we have had enough tragedy. You must help me light the tree now." Herr Jarlson bowed obediently, and they disappeared behind the folding-doors. Miss Letty sat there, strangely ill at ease. She was thinking.

Mammachen, whose black eyes had been riveted upon her daughter and the Phenix, was thinking too. She was a far-sighted woman, and that was a very distant horizon upon which she could not see a cloud like a man's hand. But she was nervous. That letter about the Major had upset her, and she had to talk to somebody. Sitting next her was Stubbworth, blinking in the light, and awaiting fearfully the distribution of the gifts. He had inner visions of the Phenix lying out on the Hasenheide in the morning.

"Herr Jarlson is a capital actor, isn't he?" she remarked affably, in English.

"Indeed he is," said Stubbworth; "he is a man of fine feeling."

"Ah?"

"He is very good-hearted. I was ill yesterday, and he spent nearly all the afternoon showing me his collection of coins."

Stubbworth spoke with some agitation.

"Of coins? I shouldn't have supposed that he could afford to have a collection of coins."

"Why, yes," was the eager answer.

"Herr Jarlson's father is only a country

clergyman, but his grandfather is a great land-owner. He sent him to the university of Christiania, and then here; and if all goes well with Herr Jarlson, he will inherit a very neat property."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the widow. "I—I am somewhat surprised. But that is very fortunate—for him, I mean. You are quite sure, Mr. Stubbworth?"

"Quite," said he. But his voice was lost in the Christmas hymn that all the others were singing as the doors drew back. There blazed the noble tree, decked with colored candles and cheap gilt, and all the *pension* admired it immensely, laughing like children when the fir-needles caught fire or the candles burned crookedly, and most of them had no thought beyond the peace and good-will of that ever-blessed time. But Stubbworth and the Phenix scarcely looked at the Christmas-tree; they eyed the Countess as she distributed the presents that lay piled upon a table. At last she reached it; that little package upon whose reception a romantic Norseman had staked his happiness. Stubbworth himself handed it to Miss Letty; it was a *Prachtband* in ugly cover of red and gold. Herr Jarlson's card slipped from the title-page. Miss Letty's fingers shook; she did not glance at the title.

"Mammachen!" she exclaimed, in a helpless whisper. "He has sent me a gift, and I am to be betrothed to-morrow. What shall I do?"

Mrs. Dettmar took up the card deliberately. It was a very stylish card, and "*Philopena*" was pencilled faintly upon it. She opened the book; it was a copy of "*Proverbs of All Nations*."

"Letty, my dear, it is a *philopena*. He is a very sensible young man. Of course you must go and thank him."

The Phenix was standing apart from the others, and Miss Letty obeyed. "Herr Jarlson," she said, falteringly, "it was so kind—it was very good—" and then their eyes met. She stopped, but she did not turn away; a deep blush crimsoned her face, as she stood looking up at him. Nor did he speak at first. Then his English came to him.

"Mees Letty," he whispered, "*I at——*"

But someone touched his arm. It

was Mammachen. "Herr Jarlson," she said, with the black eyes straight in his face, "it was very thoughtful of you to give that useful book to my daughter. We have tea served in our room every afternoon at four; may we not see you there soon? Come, Letty, my dear, it is time for us to go."

IV.

THE *Phenix* did not go out to the Hasenheide and put a bullet through his brains; on the contrary he dragged Mr. Stubbworth around to the Café Bauer to partake of a most excellent late supper. But they did not talk about Miss Letty; the conversation was mostly upon philology and the forthcoming edition of the Homilies.

The next day, at four, Jarlson presented himself at the Widow Dettmar's room, sipped his tea with counterfeited pleasure, and answered several shrewdly disguised interrogations about himself. He was as favorably received as any young man could have been, but alas! Miss Letty, to her mother's chagrin, had gone out with the Countess to admire the Christmas display in the Passage; and had stood so long before each shop window that even the Countess's impatience did not bring them back to the *pension* before Herr Jarlson had finished his call. Miss Letty's delay had been intentional; she dreaded talking with the Norwegian again so soon after that strange moment and that inexplicable, half-uttered English sentence of the night before. Her professed admiration for the toys in the Passage was a make-shift for her frightened little heart; but Mammachen had no suspicion of this, and reprimanded her for her lack of courtesy to such a promising young man as Herr Jarlson. The widow was tempted to go farther and expose the deception of which Major Vischer had been guilty, but she did not have quite the heart to tell Miss Letty all. Her explanation, the night before, that the Major had been called to Saxony for a week on military service, must do for the present. That fact of itself should have been hard enough for the Major's fiancée to bear, and yet Mammachen

thought that Letty had listened to the news without any very deep sense of disappointment. Upon almost every other subject the widow was extraordinarily unimaginitive, but as a mother, and a provident mother, she had a sort of faith that something would happen before the week was over to make clearer her duty toward her darling child.

Nevertheless the week went by uneventfully. Herr Jarlson dropped in again for tea, it was true, but again Miss Letty absented herself. Sylvester Evening came, and as she sat with the others in the *pension* dining-room, after the eight-o'clock supper was over, the widow was sorely troubled. The Major might arrive at any moment. To be sure, she had sent a note to his lodgings asking him to come, not that night, but the next morning, when she proposed to herself to see him alone and charge him to his face with having deceived her about the property; but in his eagerness he might drive directly from the station to the *pension*, and then there would be a delightful state of affairs.

On Sylvester Evening it had long been customary at the *pension* to pass the time as merrily as possible until the old year was nearly gone, and then to sally forth to enjoy the brief carnival enacted each year in the Berlin streets at midnight. But the Widow Dettmar was in no mood for the songs and speeches and toasts which recalled the gayety of the week before. She sat in a corner with Miss Letty, and trembled whenever the door opened lest she might behold the radiant countenance of Major Vischer. The hours seemed to her to crawl so slowly by; the merriment was only a forced echo of Christmas; at any moment—to-morrow at the latest—the Major would arrive, and Letty, thanks to her mother's consideration, was still ignorant of his baseness and unaccountably obstinate in avoiding Herr Jarlson. It was provoking. Gloomily did Mrs. Dettmar survey the *Phenix* as he rose in obedience to the Countess's desire and acted *Polonius*. He was a worthy young man, with fine prospects professionally and otherwise, and yet his *Polonius*, admirable as the Countess pronounced it to be, appeared to Mrs. Dettmar to lack some of the

fervor which had characterized his *Don Carlos*. Miss Letty sat with her eyes in her lap all the time he was reciting. It was enough to discourage the stoutest maternal heart.

Eleven o'clock came, then half-past. The Major did not arrive. At a quarter to twelve, the company broke up in little parties. The Countess asked Mrs. Dettmar and Miss Letty, Herr Jarlson and Mr. Stubbworth, to accompany her. Miss Letty was very silent as she put on her wraps. Her mother, arraying herself in a fur cape and straw hat—for she had gone without a winter bonnet for the sake of adding to Letty's trousseau—watched her nervously. The old year was almost gone; with the next morning would come the broken engagement, and then another campaign on the part of a devoted mother who had already fought her best.

"Mr. Stubbworth," said the Countess, as they descended the huge winding staircase, "you shall escort Miss Letty, and you may talk English. My Phenix must watch over the Frau Lieutenant and myself." Mrs. Dettmar's heart sank again.

Dorotheen Strasse was perfectly still, save for a few hurrying groups of people like themselves. There was no moon, but the night was fine, and warmer than the day had been. They turned down Charlotten Strasse, past the black shadow of the Hôtel de Rome, and crossed Unter den Linden diagonally. The wide street was empty, but almost every building was still lighted, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and as they reached the southern side, they could see special policemen stationed everywhere. Just as the Countess's little company, keeping close together, started down Friedrich Strasse, somewhere, high up in that tranquil midnight air, a deep bell struck—one—two—Hark! There was a rush and roar of many feet, a manifold cry of confused voices, and in an instant hundreds and thousands of people poured into the narrow street, a black stream issuing from every building and alley-way, and on every lip there was the one jubilant shout:

"*Prosit Neujahr! Prosit! Prosit Neujahr!*"

"*Prosit!*" answered the Countess,

as a workman shouted his greeting in her face, for the etiquette of this carnival demanded a perfect democracy of well-wishing. "*Prosit Neujahr!*" shrieked Herr Jarlson into the ear of a policeman, who was struggling to keep the crowd from trampling upon one another.

"*Prosit Neujahr!*" called out Miss Letty, vaguely, fearing a condign punishment from some source if she did not conform to the law of the hour; and back and forth surged the tumult, and higher and higher rose the boisterous greeting to the opening year.

Herr Jarlson was in front, trying to keep the ladies from being too roughly jostled, and at the same time to guard his silk hat, which he had foolishly worn, and which was considered a fair target for friendly blows. Suddenly he stopped. A large café had flung open its doors, and hundreds of men were pouring out across the pavement; it was impossible to force a passage for the moment, and the five people from the *pension* were crowded out toward the street by the pressure from behind. The dazzling electric light from the café streamed across the disorderly mass of figures in a wide bar as bright as day; it gleamed on the faces of the men and women upon the opposite pavement.

"Oh, what is the matter over there?" cried Miss Letty.

It was only a couple of shop-girls, without escort, teased by a ring of men. The same instant that Miss Letty spoke, a short man with sweeping mustache grasped one of the girls from behind and kissed her, then let her go again, and stood there with his face full in that brilliant bar of light, laughing at his New Year's joke. It was Major Vischer, in civilian's dress. Stubbworth recognized him, and instinctively threw himself in front of Miss Letty, that she might not have the shame of seeing who it was. But he was too late.

"Mammachen," said Miss Letty, in a choking voice, "can we not go home now? I am so tired!"

"Why, yes, Letty," answered Mrs. Dettmar, who had been peering with some interest into the open door of the café; "certainly, if you have seen enough;" and with great difficulty they

all turned around and began to struggle back through the on-coming crowd. The gentlemen made heroic efforts to clear a passage, but they were all separated more than once, and when they finally emerged into Unter den Linden again, Miss Letty was leaning against Jarlson's arm, Stubbworth was supporting the Countess, and Mammachen toiled painfully in the rear. Then Stubbworth offered her his other arm, and she took it, her maternal heart beating fast as she saw Letty's slender figure close against the Norwegian's pelisse. Mrs. Dettmar knew very well that it was not conventional in Berlin to allow two young people to walk together like that; but then, did not Napoleon win his battles by ignoring the Prussian rules?

The Phenix and Miss Letty walked together, therefore, across Unter den Linden and up the silent Charlotten Strasse. They walked slowly, the wide night above them, the uproar of the carnival growing fainter behind them, and before them was the New Year. They said little. The obligation to which Miss Letty had struggled for a whole week to be faithful had been suddenly, and by no act of hers, destroyed. She was certain that the Major could not have loved her, any of the time; but her chagrin was already lost. It seemed hours since that moment back in Friedrich Strasse; that was at the Old Year's end, and now she was living in the New, as she and Herr Jarlson passed slowly, quietly toward home.

As they reached the *pension*, the others were close behind. Herr Jarlson unlocked the door, Miss Letty passed in, and he followed her. The Countess's foot was already on the lower step, when Mrs. Dettmar stopped.

"Wait," she said, "let us see if we can't still hear that shouting."

The three listened. Stubbworth thought he could detect a distant murmur; the Countess declared she could hear nothing at all; Mrs. Dettmar seemed to be in doubt.

"Wait," she insisted, "let us listen once more." But this time, after a longer trial, they all agreed that the noise had died quite away.

Miss Letty and the Phenix were awaiting them on the landing. Mammachen's sudden curiosity about the shouting had given these two a minute's time together. A minute is not much, but it is long enough for a simple English sentence.

When Mrs. Dettmar and her daughter were alone in their room, the girl broke down.

"I cannot marry Major Vischer," she sobbed, hiding her face upon her mother's robust bosom. "I do not love him. I cannot love him."

"Don't cry, Letty, my dear," said the widow, gently stroking her daughter's hot cheek, "don't cry—don't cry. If that's the way you feel about him, Mammachen will arrange it—Mammachen will arrange it."

Mammachen arranged it. Two years later, when Dr. Stubbworth visited Berlin to get material for a new edition of the Homilies, the Countess told him on the night of his arrival that his old friend Herr Jarlson was playing Second Old Man with great success at the Deutsches Theatre, and that he might be seen sitting by the side of Mammachen almost any Sunday in the English chapel, gravely reading the responses. The next morning Stubbworth took an early stroll in the Thiergarten, and whom should he meet coming down the Sieges Allée but the Phenix, pushing a baby carriage with one hand, and with a play of Shakespeare in the other.



WHAT IS RIGHT-HANDEDNESS?

By Thomas Dwight, M.D.

I.



THE spiral growth of a graceful climbing plant at first sight suggests nothing like right or left handedness; but the analogy, when once seen, is very striking. As the young plant begins its upward course, it is clear that to make the coils which it is its nature to describe, it must turn either to the right or the left. It might be supposed that its deviation to either side is the result of an accident; but this is impossible, for, though the individual plants of some kinds do twine indiscriminately to either side, some orders curl to the right and others to the left. More remarkable still, some species twist in the opposite direction to that of the larger families to which they belong, and finally, sometimes a particular plant grows the wrong way. This is clearly analogous to being left-handed.

As we look at vertebrate animals, and those invertebrates which present lateral symmetry, that is, which have two corresponding sides, we observe in some cases an astonishing want of symmetry. A familiar instance is the lobster, whose claws are strikingly different. The young male narwhal has two tusks in the upper jaw, of which the left one grows into a long lance, while the right remains undeveloped. Sometimes the right one sprouts out instead of the left, and in some extremely rare cases both have grown long. A most curious formation is that of the flat-fishes, such as the sole or the flounder, which swim on one side, and when full-grown have both eyes on the same side of the head. Some kinds have the right side up, some the left, and now and then a perverse fish swims on the wrong side and is of reversed structure. The great majority of vertebrates show no such discrepancy

between the two sides of their bodies, but a close examination often reveals greater development, or signs of greater use, of one side, or one limb, or one organ. It looks, not to speak it profanely, as if nature's journeymen had been given symmetrical models to copy and had failed to make the sides match. The more this is looked for, the more it is seen, if not in form, at least in function. I do not remember ever to have questioned one thoroughly familiar with animals who did not give some instance of a preference for one side, even in kinds whose shape would not suggest it.

Knowing this, one smiles at the high-flown language in which right-handedness is sometimes quoted as a human characteristic, as, for instance: "He" (man) "is the first of the animals—not, as the philosophers of the last century said, because he possessed a hand, but rather that he has a *right* hand. I consider the preponderance of the right hand not as the cause of the superiority of man, but as the immediate consequence—as the most eminent sign—of his moral pre-eminence."*

Fine words! but only another instance of the folly of insisting on any radical difference between man and brutes other than that of man's spiritual soul. Very nearly twenty years ago Dr. William Ogle tested the monkeys at the London Zoo. Let him speak for himself. "If standing close to a monkey one offers it a nut or an apple, the monkey takes it with the nearest, and so the most convenient, hand, be this the right or the left, and will proceed to use both or either indifferently in conveying it to his mouth. But if, instead of standing close to the monkey's cage, one stands, bait in hand, at some distance—at such a distance, that is, that right and left hand are equally distant from the tempting morsel—the monkey will stretch out one of its arms as far as

* Professor Ball, quoted by Mr. Sibley in *The Nineteenth Century*, May, 1890.

possible through the bars of the cage, and in the great majority of cases the arm thus extended will be the right one." Moreover, he found that, with an occasional exception, each monkey always puts out the same hand. Of twenty-three monkeys, twenty were



Fig. 1.—Prints of Middle Fingers of a Symmetrical Pair of Hands.

right and three left-handed. The preference for a particular side exists also in birds. Dr. Ogle found that every parrot had a favorite claw for grasping the bars of its cage, while it handled the nut with the other. Of eighty-six parrots, sixty-three invariably held on by the right leg and twenty-three by the left. I undertook to verify Dr. Ogle's observations about parrots, shortly after the appearance of his paper. I have forgotten which side was used the most, but I satisfied myself that every parrot had a favorite side. If one watches, night after night, perching birds asleep on one leg, it soon appears that most, if not all, have a particular leg to stand on.

Let us now turn to man himself. The right arm is the most used and is the stronger and larger. The bones of the right arm (the humerus and radius) are longer than those of the left. Dr. Rollet, of Lyons, measured them in one hundred arms. The combined length of the bones of the right side was the greater in ninety-six cases, that of the left ones in three, and once the sides were equal. Similar measurements by the writer, at the Harvard Medical School, show that of forty-four persons the right arm was longer in thirty-four, the left

in seven, and that three times they were equal. Professor Hitchcock's measurements of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine Amherst students seem to show a greater proportion of preponderance of the left side, but they cannot be compared with the others, because the upper arm and forearm are measured separately, and it sometimes happens that the longer humerus has the shorter radius. He found that the girth of the left upper arm exceeded that of the right in 16.2 per cent., and that of the forearm in 10.1 per cent. Professor Hitchcock has kindly written me that some years ago he tested the relative power of pressure of the two hands in three hundred and twelve students and found the right the stronger in 78.25 per cent., the left in 13.7 per cent., and equality in 7.80 per cent. We must not infer from this that all those who had the stronger left hands were left-handed. Professor Hitchcock has done me the great favor of compiling from his records the measurements of forty students who were left-handed. For reasons which will appear later I include in this group one who was called ambidextrous. Now, of these forty the left hand was the stronger in only twenty-one, the right was the stronger in seven, and the hands were equally strong in twelve. This proves that strength alone is not the criterion. The same table shows that the same may be said of size. There can be no doubt of the general greater size of the right arm, but these very valuable observations by



Fig. 2.—Prints of Forefingers of a Woman's Hands—decidedly different.

Professor Hitchcock teach that the skill, the ease, the readiness, the *dexterity*, in short, which is the essential characteristic of the favorite side, though usually associated with greater development, is yet distinct from it.

Another point of comparison between the hands is the arrangement of the fine lines on the front of the last joint of the fingers. These lines, which are useful for the identification of criminals, have of late received a good deal of attention. Many years ago Professor Wilder stated, in a paper on right and left, in the *Atlantic*, that Professor Jeffries Wyman had turned his attention to these lines, but without definite result, finding sometimes symmetry and sometimes utter irregularity. Such is not the writer's experience. Sometimes all the fingers of the two hands correspond; almost always most of them match, but very often, perhaps in most cases, one finger shows a wholly different type from its fellow of the other hand. It is hard to understand how such departures from symmetry come to pass. Indeed, it is at present



Fig. 3.—Prints of Forefingers of a Pair of Hands.

inexplicable; but their occurrence in structures ready formed at birth, and not liable to modification by use, is a fact of importance. Fig. 1 shows the middle fingers of a pair of hands that is symmetrical throughout. Fig. 2 represents the forefingers of a woman's hand which are decidedly different, though her other fingers correspond. Figs. 3 and 4 give respectively the fore and middle fingers of the one pair of hands. Both differ. Finally, in Fig. 5 see the same

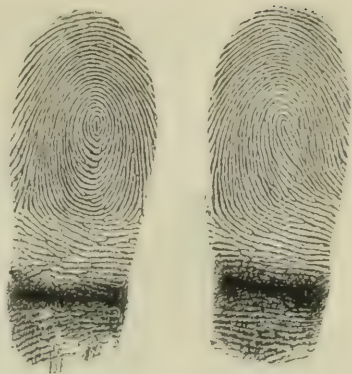


Fig. 4.—Prints of Middle Fingers of the Pair of Hands shown in Fig. 3—decidedly differing in lines.

fingers of another person. The forefingers (Fig. 5), though somewhat different, agree in the main, but the middle fingers (Fig. 6) do not.

The study of right and left, when applied to the legs, is not so simple as in the case of the arms, for at the very beginning we are called upon to decide which leg, as a matter of fact, is the better. "No boy," wrote Sir Charles Bell, "hops upon his left foot unless he be left-handed." This, however, has not been accepted by all, and recently Mr. Sibley has come out in favor of the left leg. There are several observations bearing on this point. Dr. J. S. Wight measured one hundred and two living men and boys (the latter were few) finding that in twenty-three cases the legs were equal; in fifty-two the left was longer, and the right in twenty-seven. Dr. Garson, of England, measured the bones of the thigh and leg on seventy skeletons. In seven the sides were equal, in thirty-eight the left was the longer, and the right in twenty-five. Thus both these observers found the left leg the longer in a little more than half. Rollet's results, given in less detail, are surprisingly different. His observations on the bones of one hundred persons showed only two equal, but apparently there was no marked difference in favor of either side. My own measurements of seventy-three cases show equality in twenty-two, greater length of the right in thirty, and of the left in twenty-one. (It was thought best in this series to neglect very minute differences, such as one millimetre. Had

another course been pursued there would probably have been fewer cases of equal-

leg is the stronger; but this does not follow. He says: "As the right hand



Fig. 5.—Prints of Forefingers, agreeing in the main.



Fig. 6.—Prints of Middle Fingers of the Pair of Hands shown in Fig. 5—differing.

ity and more of greater length of the left leg.)

We find, then, this great difference between the arms and the legs, that while the right arm is almost always longer than the left, the legs are more often equal, and probably the left leg is usually the longer.

There is other evidence gained from watching the human organism in action which speaks for the greater length of the left leg. It is stated that crowds and individuals tend, in walking, unconsciously to the right, and that the "death circle" described by those lost in the wilderness is made by the same divergence. Most persons walking blindfold are said to do the same. Beyond question, however, there are by no means uncommon exceptions to this rule. Mr. Sibley* argues, on these grounds, that the left

is the more readily put first into action, so it is with the left foot; and so, in mounting horses or bicycles, it is the left foot which is placed in the stirrup or on the step." This is a very unfortunate illustration, for it is plain that putting the foot in the stirrup or on the step is a mere preliminary to the real act of mounting.

If the left foot is the one chosen for the purpose, it is because the stronger right leg is reserved to give the impulse. In fact, Sir Charles Bell used the same argument for the superiority of the other side: "The horseman puts the left foot in the stirrup and springs from the right."

That, whether shorter or not, the right leg is usually the stronger, is shown to be probable by Professor

Hitchcock's series of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine measurements of the girth, which is a far better criterion of strength than the length. He

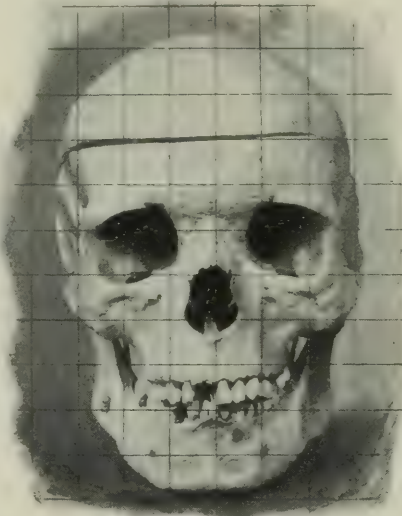


Fig. 7.—Skull of Marchant, pirate and murderer, who hanged himself in Boston Jail, 1827.
[Placed to appear as nearly symmetrical as possible—vault of skull a little larger on the right.]

* Left-leggedness, *The Nineteenth Century*, May, 1890.

found that the girth of the left thigh exceeded that of the right in only 27.1 per cent., and that of the left calf was the larger only in 36.6 per cent. Unfortunately the purpose of his researches did not require him to give the percentage of equality, nor of the greater size of the right side.

The very fact that the left leg is usually, or at least often, the longer, goes to show that it is not the one which habitually bears the weight. Everyone knows that we do not naturally stand erect and evenly balanced, like a soldier on parade, but that one leg supports the greater part of the weight, while the other maintains the balance. It stands to reason that the stronger one will be chosen by preference for support; that by this work it will become still stronger, and that the other, less subjected to pressure, will in youth be more likely to grow in length. We may freely admit that the left leg is longer than the right (should larger series of measurements prove it beyond question), and yet hold that man is not left-, but right-legged.

Now if, as may probably be assumed to be the case, most men stand at ease on the right leg, what can have determined the choice? This brings us to an interesting theory, broached quite independently by Professor Buchanan, of Glasgow, nearly thirty years ago, and by Dr. Allis, of Philadelphia, in 1887.

It is essentially that, owing to the great size and one-sided position of the liver, the right half of the body is heavier than the left, and thus a much slighter shifting of the centre of gravity is required to bring the weight through the right leg than through the left one.

The effects of this are far-reaching, for the right side, being heavier and better supported, becomes, in turn, the more stable support for the right arm in acts either of strength or precision. But the effect extends still further. If one rests on the rigid right leg, the left one being merely put out to keep the balance, the right hip will be higher than the left, consequently the spine, if we conceive it to be straight, will slant to the left, and

so will the head on top of it. The spine, however, not being rigid, adapts itself to circumstances, and tends to correct its obliquity by bending. None the less the head is not held evenly; partly, perhaps, because the spine is not quite even, but chiefly because the joints of the head are so made that it is as unnatural for us to hold it straight as it is for us to stand even. The head rests much more comfortably and securely when turned to one side. It is needless to say

that an inclination to one particular side becomes habitual, and very curious changes in the head and face result, some of which are to be seen even in the bones. When the photographer, according to custom, forces the head of his victim into a position which the latter justly regards as unnatural, as a rule he depresses the right side of the head, thus showing that it is the one habitually carried the higher.

But the remarkable fact is, that when the lower part of the face has been brought level, the right eye still remains above its fellow. Of course all this is occasionally reversed, as in the case of the skull of John D. White, *alias* Charles Marchant, pirate and murderer, who hanged himself in his cell in Boston



Fig. 8.—Skull of Marchant with Joints for Spine on the Same Level.

[The face is very slanting—the left side being higher.]

jail a few days before that fixed for his execution, February 1, 1827. Sentimentalists had not then discovered that hanging is not good enough for murderers. In the first illustration (Fig. 7) it is placed so as to appear as nearly symmetrical as possible. There is little difference between the sides; but, contrary to the general rule, the cavity for the right eye is a little the lower, and the vault of the skull a little larger on the right. In Fig. 8 the same skull is represented as it was photographed, with the joints for the spine on the same level. The face is now very slanting, the left side being the higher. Probably in life a certain compensatory bend of the spine to some extent counteracted this deformity, which otherwise would have been very striking.

The left side of the forehead is usually the more prominent, and the same side of the head the larger. As the left side of the brain presides over the movements of the right side of the body, the greater development of the one implies that of the other. It is not easy to imagine how much useless con-

The unevenness of the two sides of the head is prettily shown on the outlines found at hatters' shops. Once, looking through a large number, I threw those I examined into three piles, according as



Fig. 10.—Preponderance of Left Side of Skull—hat-crown tracing.

the right or left side was larger or they were even. Counting them after a few minutes, I found that I had thus distributed ninety-seven, so I took three more to make one hundred, which were divided as follows: The left side was the larger in seventy-one, the right in thirteen, and they were equal in sixteen. This was done wholly by eye, and without any attempt at great accuracy, otherwise the number of even heads would, no doubt, have been smaller. The inequality of the two sides is made plainer by drawing a series of squares over the outlines. Figs. 9 and 10 show some preponderance of the left side. Fig. 11 presents rather uncommon evenness. Fig. 12 is interesting as the tracing of the head of a very right-handed man. But for the curious bump, the left side is only a little larger than the right. These heads were chosen as showing only such moderate lopsidedness as is met with daily. Very much more remarkable ones could easily be found in any hatter's collection.

The want of perfect symmetry in the face is a twice-told tale. The ways of the nose are notoriously irregular. Pages could be written on its deviations from the straight path. The right side of the upper jaw is the stronger. Its



Fig. 9.—Hat-crown Outline—preponderance of left side.

troversty might be indulged in, as to whether the larger left brain leads to the larger right side, or *vice versa*. If we hold to the former view we are as far as ever from the cause of the larger left brain. The greater size of the right side of the pirate's skull points to left-handedness, which the new science of criminal anthropology tells us is more frequent among the vicious.

peculiarities would be even noticed were attention not called to them. Nay, more, it may be disputed that a moderate asymmetry is in itself a defect.

Some years ago there arose a discussion between two German anatomists as to the merits of that masterpiece, the Venus of Milo, considered solely from an anatomical stand-point. One claimed that the lack of symmetry in the face was a blunder; the other that, being true to nature it was the highest art, and gave a life to the "cold, clear-cut face," which without it were

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more.

Fig. 11.—Uncommon Unevenness of Skull—hat-crown tracing.

teeth are arranged in a smaller curve. The right chewing muscles are more developed, and evidently it is the side which does the most work. The right cheek is usually the fuller. Perhaps it is the effect of this which is seen in the unequal height of the eyes, the right one being, as a rule, the higher. Slight differences are seldom noticed, and even great ones are not obvious if attention be not called to them. Fig. 13 represents a face taken as nearly as may be from the front, which is strangely wanting in symmetry. The system of squares shows clearly the unevenness. The sides of the chin do not correspond, but the most striking peculiarity is in the eyes and ears, which are higher on the right. Curiously enough the left nostril is a little the higher, as if it were drawn up to the lower eye, showing a want of development in the left side of the face. The right cheek is fuller, and the ear, apparently, farther forward. The whole face is so uneven that it required many trials and much patience to decide which view could most fairly be chosen as a front one, yet it might be doubted if these

To verify Professor Hasse's studies, who took the latter side in the argument, an excellent cast, belonging to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, was photographed. As in the case of the face which has just been discussed there was great difficulty in deciding on the proper position, which is good evidence of unevenness.

Fig. 14 shows the higher position of the left eye and ear and the greater size of the right side of the skull. Can it be that Venus was left-handed? The right cheek is the fuller and more prominent one, giving the face the appearance of having been set askew on the skull.

This want of symmetry in the face, and particularly in the eyes, naturally suggests the question as to how far the position and slight distortion of the face may be the result of the habitually greater use of one eye, and whether its effects may not extend to modifying the position of the body and causing the more ready use of one hand. That there is some truth in the suggestion is very probable, but the question is a very difficult one, which still requires much research. Suffice it to say that this can hardly of itself be a sufficient cause for right-handedness.

There is another aspect of right- and left-handedness which has been almost completely lost sight of,

Fig. 12.—Tracing of the Head of a Very Right-handed Man.

namely, the relative sharpness of sensibility of the two sides. Such is the way of the world. We notice how men look, we make famous what they do,



Fig. 13.—A Face Showing Asymmetry of Right and Left Sides.

but little care we what they feel. In physiology we are just as stupid. We discuss the greater size of the right side and praise its greater skill, but as to how its feelings compare with its fellow's we give no thought. This is the more remarkable in that as long ago as 1834 Weber published, in Germany, observations on the subject, which were referred to by Carpenter in his article on "Touch" in the "Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology," published in England, 1849 to 1852. Still the point has been all but totally neglected, till of late years it has sprung into prominence in Italy. Weber found that simple sharpness of sensation, which is measured by the distance from one another at which two points touching the skin can be recognized as two, is generally greater on the right. He found, also, that the left side is more

sensitive to heat. Thus, if the left arm is plunged into water which is really less warm than that into which the right is thrust at the same time, it none the less will be thought the hotter. One is tempted to reply hastily that this is due to the thicker epidermis of the right side. This might be a good explanation if the hand only were concerned, but it will hardly apply to the arm. Moreover, Weber found that the left side can recognize smaller differences in weight than the right. Of fourteen persons the left side excelled in this respect in eleven, the right in two, and once there was a tie. The writer long ago published an observation on a left-handed person in whom he found tactile perception greater on the left, that of temperature on the right, while a difference in the power of determining weight was not easily detected. Professor Lombroso, of Turin, tested the tactile sensibility of one hundred and thirty-five men, finding equality in forty-four per cent., sharper sensation on the right side in twenty-nine per cent., and on the left in twenty-six per cent.

The observations have been made the basis of comparisons with the sensibility of the inmates of the asylum and of the jail, but the discussion of these studies would lead us into deep and vexed questions only remotely connected with the matter in hand. The point to be emphasized is, that as there are different kinds of sensation, and as the greater sharpness of one kind on one side does not prevent the greater sharpness of another kind on the other side, Professor Lombroso's observations on tactile sensation by no means exhaust the subject, and that it is highly probable that with more thorough examinations the percentage of cases of absolute equality in the two sides would be reduced to an infinitesimal fraction. The great significance of this will appear later.

II.

So much for the want of symmetry in the body, both in form and function. Some deviations from it are congenital, others appear later. Some are very probably acquired, and due to by no

means obscure physical processes, while others are more mysterious. The various theories and speculations concerning the cause of right-handedness are most curious. The study of the literature of a universal peculiarity, easily recognized by the savage as well as the civilized, has an interest quite apart from that of the subject-matter. It is an object-lesson on the course of thought. It shows the rise and fall of theories, and their revival, essentially the same, modified only by the fashion of the times. We see the periodicity of return of interest in a given subject, articles on it appearing, like sun-spots and meteors, in groups. The resurrection of old and refuted theories shows how many write who do not read. Broken-kneed old hobbies are trotted out again and again long after the critic thought he had mercifully put them out of pain. Not the least remarkable are the instances of what may be called scientific incredulity.

Theories as to the origin and cause of right-handedness may be divided as follows: According to one class of theories it rests on an anatomical basis, and depends on a physical cause which exerts its influence in every one of us. According to another class, man originally had no preference for either hand, but became right-handed by conventional usages, which may or may not have had their origin in some anatomical features.

For any theory of the first class to be satisfactory it must, *first*, account for difference in sensation as well as in force or dexterity; *secondly*, it must account for the occasional appearance of left-handedness; and, *thirdly*, it must not be inconsistent with the fact that most of those who have their organs transposed—the heart on the right, the liver on the left, etc.—are right-handed.

The oldest theory of this class is that of Aristotle. "The right side is pre-eminent over the left because it receives not only a more abundant supply of blood, but blood of a different quality, purer and hotter. The aorta with its branches supplies the left side, while the vena cava, which is larger than the aorta, and lies on its right, supplies the right half of the body."

Of recent theories one of the most important is the one, already alluded to, that the greater weight of the organs of the right side fixes that half of the body. Inadequate as this is to account for right-handedness, it is not impossible that it may in many cases account for certain peculiarities of structure and development.

The following explanation of left-handedness has been offered by Professor Hyrtl, of Vienna. It is well known that the arch of the aorta, the great artery that springs from the heart, gives off, first, by a common trunk, the arteries for the right arm and the right side of the head, then that for the left side of the head, and finally, that for the left arm. Now it happens once in a while that the four arteries arise separately, and that the one given off last is that for the right arm, which then pursues a longer and less direct course. Certain signs on the bodies of one or two persons presenting this peculiarity pointed to left-handedness, and the great anatomist over-hastily exclaimed that the cause is no longer a riddle. This theory, which has absolutely nothing to commend it, is mentioned because it is

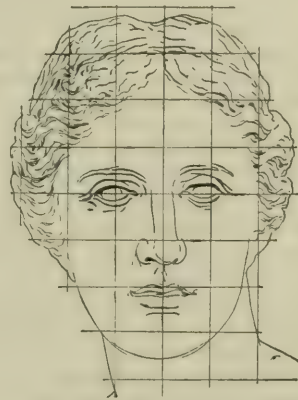


Fig. 14.—Head of the Venus of Milo—showing Asymmetry of right and left sides.

an utterly irrepressible jack-in-the-box on which refutation is thrown away. It is useless to protest that it rests on too few observations; that it could hardly have much influence except on the arm and hand; that it does not account for

sensation; that the right-handedness of those with transposed organs is fatal to it; again and again some one lights on this passage in Hyrtl and makes it public, apparently with the idea of imparting knowledge.

The greater development of the left half of the brain has often been adduced as the cause of right-handedness, and the occasional reversal as that of left-handedness. The fact may well be admitted, indeed it is hard to doubt that it has its influence; but this is no explanation till we learn the cause of the excess of the left side of the brain.

A common answer may be made to all the theories of this class, even if the accuracy of the statements be admitted, which is not always possible, that none of them meet the difficulties which it has been shown a satisfactory theory must overcome.

The theories of the second class all rest on the quite unwarranted assumption that once upon a time man was ambidextrous. Direct evidence is, of course, wanting, so that we must trust to inference. Now the only sources of inference are drawings, writings, and signs from the make of tools and weapons, and from their use. It is well known that it is easier to draw a profile or a figure looking toward the left of the drawer, and it has been claimed that the earliest rude drawings by savages found on horns face as often one way as another. The statement is not, however, to be accepted without reserve. Professor Daniel Wilson asserts that while there was a greater number of left-handed draughtsmen among palæolithic cave-men than one would expect, that there is not enough material for any general conclusion, and that the evidence is in favor of primitive right-handedness. Even if it were true that the drawings on horns faced one way as often as the other, the desired conclusion would not necessarily follow. The same thing was pointed out long ago about the figures in Egyptian sculptures, but when it was recognized that they were arranged to look toward a central figure, it was clear that it gave no clue to the right or left-handedness of the artist.

The direction of writing from left to right, as practised among us, and from

right to left, as in all Semitic languages except the Ethiopic, has been appealed to; but the answer is obscure. It is certain that the Hebrews, though writing from right to left, were never a left-handed race, for Scripture is full of passages making the right the side of honor. On the contrary, their direction of writing seems the most natural for a right-handed people. It accords with the way in which we draw profiles, and with the course (from out inward) which the hand naturally takes in throwing a ball or in striking with a bat or a whip. Our method of writing from left to right is probably conventional, and how it came into use most mysterious. It has been suggested that the introduction of ink and other pigments induced people who formerly wrote from right to left to write the other way in order to avoid smearing out what was already written; but the idea is childish, for experiment shows that there is no greater danger of this in writing one way than the other. After all, it is not clear why anyone should feel called upon to prove that primitive man was ambidextrous when we know that monkeys and parrots are not.

If we admit, for the moment, that originally man had no preference for either side, the next question is, Does the choice of the right hand depend on some cause in the organism, or is it wholly conventional? If there is no such cause, it is impossible to account for the general, almost universal, preference for the right in all tribes and languages. Throughout literature, with scarcely an exception, the right is the fortunate and favored side. It is thus not only in the most ancient languages, but in the dialects of the American Indians, of Pacific Islanders, and even of such degraded races as the aborigines of Australia.*

Let us now consider the idea that while right-handedness is conventional, the choice of the right side was originally determined by an anatomical cause. One theory, not strictly of this class, and mentioned merely as an instance of the fertility of man's imagination, is that it

* I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness for many points connected with ancient art, writing, and languages, to the learned paper, *The Right Hand and Left-handedness*, by Daniel Wilson, LL.D., *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, 1886.

arose from a primitive act of worship, the right hand being that with which the sun's course across the heavens is most conveniently pointed out. The theory just now in fashion—another of the jack-in-the-box order—sets forth that it was discovered in the early days that wounds of the left side of the body were more deadly than those of the right. Hence it was prudent to carry the shield on the left, and the sword or spear in the right hand, which in time acquired its characteristic superiority. It seems cruel to break so pretty a butterfly on the wheel of criticism, but it must be denied, in the name of anatomy, that there is more than a very slight difference in the danger of wounds between the two sides. In the next place, even if the premise were correct, there is no evidence that primitive tribes advanced against each other like paste-board soldiers. On the contrary, there is every reason to think that they often attacked their enemies from the side, or even from behind. That spears and arrows pierced the foemen from right to left, and from left to right, and at every degree of obliquity, is beyond question. To have tabulated the results would have taxed the skill of learned and able surgeon-generals; but according to this theory ignorant and brutal savages made the generalization, and apparently made it in many places. Can credulity go further? But even if we admit the theory, how are we to account for left-handed men? Why were they not killed off? Were they wicked and perverse people who refused to listen to the good prehistoric surgeon-general, when he told them to carry the shield on the left, and who, through some lapse of justice, escaped their deserts? The latest suggestion is, that as it happens oftener on the right than on the left, the eighth rib is continued to the breast-bone instead of joining the one above it, as it ought to; this would in these exceptional cases make the right side a little more stable support; but the effect, at best, would be very slight, and the theory is purely fanciful.

If there be some such anatomical cause for the choice of the right hand—and it might be rash to say certainly there is not—it is at least none that to

the writer's knowledge has ever been advanced. Though, as has been shown, it is incredible that convention alone determined the general use of the right hand, there can be no question that many acts performed habitually by one hand or the other, are so performed only because it is the fashion; and also that many things which it is the custom to do with the right hand could (by most people), after a little practice, be just as well done with the left. It is said that when cricket was first played in Canada, left-handed batsmen were much more common than now. It does not necessarily follow that left-handedness was more prevalent, but only that the custom of standing at the left of the wicket was not fully recognized. It is certain that civilization, involving as it does the associated acts of many persons, should bring with it a conventional use of either hand which is not found in lower races; but this by no means proves that with them the sides are equally good.

Although growth and use go together, it is certain that the right arm of a right-handed man, or the left arm of a left-handed one, is not always larger than its fellow. Professor Hitchcock's measurements of the girth of arms and forearms show that of the former 16.2 per cent., and of the latter 10.1 per cent., are larger on the left, which is more than left-handedness should account for. Statistics fix the proportion of left-handedness in the neighborhood of five or six per cent. To be sure it is said to be greater among criminals, but then we should not look for these at Amherst. Moreover, of Professor Hitchcock's forty left-handed young men, the left upper arm was larger only in 57.5 per cent., and the left forearm in 65 per cent. This shows that the impulse to use a particular hand rests on something more subtle than mere size. All attempts to account for it by purely mechanical theories have failed completely. It is an instinct, an inborn impulse, with which reason and education have nothing to do. Side by side with this instinct exist the various departures from symmetry which have been discussed. Some of them, such as the finger-markings, are congenital; others, as the un-

evenness of the face, appear later, and very probably are influenced by mechanical causes; others, again, like the unequal development of the two sides of the brain, perhaps depend on the laws regulating growth. The impulse to prefer one side would, in many cases, lead to its greater development, but, as just shown, it does not in all.

Like other instincts, that of right-handedness has its advantages. It is clearly a good thing that when a movement is to be made there should be no hesitation which side is to start first; that we should not stand fixed, like the hypothetical donkey, starving, between two equidistant and equally attractive bundles of hay. It is possible that the want of symmetry (itself to some extent due to unequal use) may in turn help the manifestation of this impulse to use one side, but the impulse exists first. This is proved by the occurrence of left-handedness, and of exaggerated right-handedness, even in the nursery. Education, though it cannot uproot the tendency, restrains it. The characteristics of an educated left-handed person, which would first attract attention, are more likely to come from an uncommon ability to use the left hand, than from any deficiency in the right. Thus a billiard-player who makes a shot with his left hand as well as with his right, was probably originally left-handed. He is called ambidextrous; but the fact is,

that his right hand has been educated as the left hands of most people have not. His right arm may even be the larger. The inborn impulse does not show, but it still exists, none the less. The most perfect ambidexter I ever knew, whose skill in writing and drawing with either hand is proverbial, has declared that he cannot drive a nail, carve, or whittle with his right hand.

Want of symmetry between the sides is something essentially different from right-handedness. The latter is seen in function; not necessarily in form. Wrongly considered a human characteristic, it is found more or less developed in animals, and something analogous to it exists even in plants.

To call right-handedness an instinct, may seem to some an evasion of the question, an explanation which does not explain, but this criticism is not just. We, at least, have seen what right-handedness is not. We call certain phenomena electrical, though we do not know what electricity is; and in the same way we may call others instinctive, though we must content ourselves with defining instinct as an inborn impulse to certain actions for the benefit of the individual or his descendants, depending neither on reason nor experience. When we understand instinct, then, and no sooner, we may hope to understand right-handedness, and to know why it is sometimes reversed.



WHERE THE ICE NEVER MELTS;

THE GRISE OF THE U. S. STEAMER THETIS IN 1889.*

By Robert Gordon Butler.

TWOSCORE years ago—it was in August, 1850—a vessel lay at anchor far to the north, beyond the Arctic circle. To the south of her rose a lofty, cone-shaped island; to the north, to the east, to the west, beyond the narrow lane of open water wherein she lay, stretched, for untold miles, the blue ice, that, hard as granite, yields nothing to the blaze of the sun. Above her was the gray Arctic sky, colder even, to behold, than the blue ice itself. All around was the silence of the Far North—the terrible Arctic silence that drives men mad with the longing for some sound. Only the coming and going of the vessel's crew gave life to the scene.

The vessel was *Her Britannic Majesty's ship Investigator*, Captain McClure; the place was the mouth of the great river Mackenzie; the island was that named in honor of the famous astronomer, Sir William Herschel.

For nearly twoscore years no vessel crossed the waters of the Mackenzie Bay; Herschel Island, unvisited for more than a generation, was but a name on the maps. At last one summer drove back the ice farther than before in forty years, and the west wind helped it; and then, through the narrow lanes of water and through the shifting ice came nine vessels—eight of them dingy craft, whaling vessels; but the other a trim ship, whose sails were white, whose metal work shone, from whose peak fluttered the stars and stripes—the United States steamer *Thetis*, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Stockton, the first man-

of-war that ever reached Herschel Island, the first vessel ever to fly in that lonely place the flag of the United States.

Eight hundred miles to the west of Herschel Island, to the north of grim Siberia, lie Wrangel Island and Herald Island, for years thought to be the southernmost points of an unknown polar continent, and only recently discovered to be islands, perhaps outlying posts of the land, yet unknown, of the western Arctic. Few vessels have ever visited these gloomy islands; only two parties have landed on them. In the early fall of 1889 a ship came out of the eastern sea of ice, and held straight for these lonely islands until she could have landed her crew; but she needed not to do so—the islands were desolate; so the *Thetis* sailed eastward again, having sailed in less than thirty days from Herschel Island to Wrangel Island, a voyage which no vessel had ever made before.

The *Thetis* is a famous old vessel. Once she was a Dundee whaler; then she was purchased by the United States to take part in the expedition to relieve Lieutenant Greely and his companions in the eastern Arctic, and in her welcoming cabin the miserable survivors of the Greely expedition were brought back to civilization; but she never made a more noteworthy voyage than that of 1889, the principal events of which are here to be related.

Far beyond the Arctic circle, the most northerly point in the vast territory of Alaska, and therefore the most northerly point in the United States, lies Point Barrow, where gather the American whalers, following always farther north the ever-retreating whale; and there, when the number of vessels which visit the place is considered, occur probably more shipwrecks than at any other place on the globe. A shipwreck is bad enough, wherever it may be; but a shipwreck in the Arctic is terrible almost beyond conception. At Point Barrow, to

* The following account of the cruise of the United States steamer *Thetis* is compiled from Captain Stockton's diary of the voyage and from conversations with him; the illustrations are from photographs by Assistant Paymaster John Q. Lovell of the *Thetis*. My task has been merely that for which Captain Stockton could find no time, the writing of a story which tells itself.

Success in Arctic work profits a navigator little; failure is rewarded. Because a vessel is brought safely from the Arctic it is assumed that she has run no risks. That this assumption is wholly false, and that the successful navigator is worthy of at least as much honor as he who fails, this account of a part of a most noteworthy voyage will show.

R. G. B.

be sure, the shipwrecked men found some relief; for there, for many years, has stood the building wherein dwelt Lieutenant Ray and his companions for two long years, which after their departure became a shelter for shipwrecked crews, a storehouse for such treasures of food and fuel as passing whalers could spare.

In 1889 Congress authorized the erection at Point Barrow of a building suitable for a house of refuge; and to carry the necessary materials for the house, and the clothing, food, and fuel wherewith to stock it when finished, as well as to stand by to help any whaler who might get into difficulty, the United States steamer *Thetis* was sent on special duty into the Arctic, under command of Lieutenant-Commander Charles H. Stockton.

On April 20th, of last year, the *Thetis* sailed from San Francisco, having on board, besides the commander, nine officers and a crew of eighty-six men, many of whom had seen Arctic service before, some on the revenue steamer *Rodgers*, others on the *Thetis* herself when, under Commander Schley, she sailed in search of Greely and his men.

The voyage to the north was made by way of Sitka, Alaska, Unalashka, one of the Aleutian islands, and Point Hope, one of the rendezvous of the Arctic whaling fleet. At the latter place Captain Stockton learned of the loss of the bark *Little Ohio*, in October, 1888. No news had been received from her since September, 1888, and though she was generally believed to be lost, this was the first account of her wreck.

For nearly a week before the *Little Ohio* met her fate the wind had held from the northeast; the weather had been very cold, and heavy snow had fallen. In the afternoon of October 3d the fresh breeze increased to a violent gale, and the snow fell heavily, driven almost horizontally by the fierce wind.

Just before this blizzard began the *Little Ohio* had been off Cape Lisburne, with the land plainly in sight. At eleven o'clock in the evening the starboard watch came on deck, and Captain Allen went below, leaving his second officer, Mr. Niles, in charge of the deck. Niles stepped upon the deck-house to get a

better view of his surroundings, and at once saw a glare of white directly ahead. He took it for young ice, and ordered the helm hard aport, to sheer off from it; but the vessel had not begun to answer her helm before she struck, not against a pack of young ice, but upon the shore, and, swinging around, lay with her starboard side parallel to the beach.

Roller after roller, coming with the full force of the heavy gale, struck the helpless vessel, lifting her bodily and throwing her closer inshore; the spray leaped completely over her lower yards. Almost immediately after she struck casks began to appear to leeward, showing that her side was dangerously crushed. Captain Allen had dashed on deck as soon as the *Little Ohio* struck, and, as soon as he could, gave the order to cut the masts away; but no one could use the axe, as it was impossible to stay on the deck without clinging to shrouds or ropes with both hands.

To escape the terrible blows of the waves, some of the men went up the mainmast, others up the mizzenmast, and for a time seemed to be safe. Those of the crew who did not go into the rigging gathered on the cabin steps, between the galley and the cabin-door; but the house could not long withstand the waves, and soon fell in, trapping many of the men under it. Then, as if the fall of the house was a signal, the ship went to pieces, breaking into three parts—at the mizzenmast and just abaft the tryworks; there was a rush of water, a shout from the men, cut short by the roar of the descending wave, and with a sort of moan, the *Little Ohio* disappeared.

Thirteen men were carried ashore by the waves, reaching land almost as by a miracle, through the driving snow and the *débris* of the wreck, dashed about in the water and the air; four others found themselves on shore when the mainmast fell.

Once on shore the men started for the village at Point Hope, Tigarah by name. The way by the beach was three miles, but the men cared only to get out of the wind, and turned aimlessly inland until they had got behind the hills, when they turned southward to the village.

The captain of the whaling station at

Point Hope took the wrecked men in, persuaded the natives to give up half of the wreckage picked up alongshore, and fed and clothed them. On October 12th the steamer *Belvidere* passed close inshore, and seven of the men, in Captain Bayne's life-boat, put off to board her. Almost within sight of the shore the waves swamped the boat, and with the seven men died all hope of the others getting away from the village.

Two of the survivors died during the winter; five were taken on board the *William Lewis* when she reached Point Hope, and the other three found berths on the *Thetis*; and that was the end of the *Little Ohio*.

From Point Hope the *Thetis* went southward as far as St. Michael's, the port for the Yukon district, and then north again, until, after stopping at many places and sounding out rivers and harbors, on Monday, July 29th, she dropped anchor off Point Barrow, finding there before her the United States Revenue Marine steamer *Bear*, an old shipmate of the *Thetis*, like her laden with material for the house of refuge.

This most northerly point in the United States is a long, low, characterless point of sand, with the scanty vegetation of the Arctic as its sole natural ornament—lichens, moss, and ferns. In shape it is like the letter F, without the middle bar of that letter; the upper bar extends to the eastward, and an anchorage is formed to the east and south of the point, to which the whalers betake themselves when the wind blows from the south and west. On the point stands the building put up by the War Department in 1881 for Lieutenant Ray and his men; after they had returned, the Department lent the building to the Treasury Department as a house of refuge for whalers; and then a whaling company obtained the use of it as a trading station. The sand had sunk under it in one corner, and the house had become, in consequence, very leaky; but it would do at a pinch as a storehouse, and even as a place of refuge.

After the usual exchange of naval courtesies preparations were made to land the material for the new house of refuge which was to do away with that "pinch." Two whale-boats lashed to-

gether, with a platform built upon them, served as a raft on which to carry the stuff through the surf, and the steam-launch *Achilles* (*Achilles*, according to story, was the son of *Thetis*) did yeoman's service in towing the unwieldy construction from the steamer's side to the shore, where sailors hauled it through the surf. Once on shore, the carpenters turned to with a will, and hammer and saw made Point Barrow ring throughout its length and breadth.

The new house of refuge stands nearer to the beach than the old house, directly opposite the anchorage, and within a few score yards of the shore. It is larger and more substantial, and doubtless will prove more comfortable than that in which Ray and his men suffered during the winters of 1881 and 1882. Except for the absence of a porch, and for the comparative deficiency of window area, the house of refuge is not unlike an old-fashioned farm-house, with its long sloping roof and its "lean-to," so evidently a kitchen. It is a frame building, with double walls and double windows, carefully built, and intended to withstand the severity of an Arctic winter; and within it are stored clothes, food, and fuel sufficient to warm and feed one hundred men for nine months at a time.

The erection of the house of refuge, however, was not Captain Stockton's sole duty in the Arctic; he was instructed to assist the whalers if they should be in need of aid, and to cruise with them as much as might seem necessary. Accordingly, when Captain Healy, of the *Bear*, assured him that he should stay at Point Hope until the house was completed, Captain Stockton determined to follow the fleet to the eastward, and make a short cruise in almost unknown regions. So at seven o'clock in the evening of August 8th, he ordered the vessel underway, leaving the *Bear* and two or three sailing vessels still at anchor. The new house of refuge stood up boldly as the *Thetis* stood to the north and east to avoid the shoal that surrounds the Point, the smoke pouring from its chimney giving evidence that warmth, at all events, was ready for any shipwrecked sailors who might appear.

Almost immediately the Thetis found ice. It was scattering, but very plentiful, and could not be avoided; and two hours after leaving Point Hope, the Thetis was forced to turn into it. It offered at first little resistance, and she held on her course parallel to the land until day. Friday, August 9th, found the ice thicker and more stubborn, and the eastward progress was possible only by hard knocks and constant blows. At one time the Thetis had to turn back and seek a more open channel or lead. Captain Stockton himself ascended the foremast, and for eight hours on a stretch conned the Thetis through the ice, at midnight coming stiffly down the shrouds to retire to a cabin made dark by heavy curtains, there to discuss what he soon learned was a most excellent dish for an Arctic traveller—"macaroni *au gratin*, and plenty of it."

Early on Saturday, August 10th, the first of the whalers was spoken—the Balaena; later in the day the Belvidere was passed, which said that the others of the steam fleet were but a short distance ahead. Leaving the Belvidere, the Thetis kept on, insinuating herself through the ice and making considerable progress eastward. At last, however, the ice ahead thickened greatly, and as a steamer was sighted in the lane of clear water between the pack and the shore, Captain Stockton worked the Thetis free, and held toward her.

She proved to be the Beluga; she lay under the lee of a small gravel island, the westernmost of a group of islands midway between Return Reef—where Sir John Franklin turned about, sixty-three years before—and Lion Reef, which Captain Stockton thereupon called the Midway Group. The island, because it had on it a wooden cross erected by whalers years before, he named Cross Island.

Sunday kept both the Thetis and the Beluga busy. The floe to which the Thetis was moored dragged, and the ice began to pack around her propeller and rudder, set down upon it by a "witch current," a current which has no known origin or reason for existence. Backward and forward swung the rudder; crash would go the ice against the blades

of the propeller. A sailor was ordered to the wheel to hold the rudder; but he was thrown completely over the wheel. Then men were hung in ropes over the sides of the vessel, to fend the ice away from the precious rudder and propeller; but again without avail. Finally, diplomacy came to the rescue of force; the engines were put in motion, the propeller revolved rapidly, and thus a new current was created, which, little by little, carried away the ice from its dangerous proximity to the rudder. Then the Thetis cast off her moorings and stood back to Cross Island.

Early on Monday morning, August 12th, both vessels got under way again, and, the Beluga leading, left the friendly shelter of Cross Island and entered a lead in the great ice-pack. The lead became more and more confused, and about ten o'clock the two vessels made fast to a huge floe, to "wait for something to turn up." With no land-sharks or saloons to entrap the sailors, "liberty day" was robbed of its terrors, and all the men of the Thetis were allowed to "go ashore" on the big floe. A football was contrived, and a violent though unscientific game was played, governed by the rules of the "North Pole Amateur Football League."

The lead opened again in the afternoon, and the Thetis led the way through it, finally pushing through the broken ice into clear water near Lion Reef. The Beluga had some trouble and did not follow the Thetis; but the latter obtained little advantage by her move, for she had to put back into the ice to avoid running ashore, and passed the night moored to a floe.

On Tuesday the Thetis found her way clear, and pushed ahead to Camden Bay, where Captain Collinson wintered in 1853-54. The Beluga joined her there, having been imprisoned by the ice, which closed behind the Thetis, and had been compelled to turn westward to seek a new lead. This she had found finally, and so had made her way out of the ice, with a bent propeller and a scraped bottom, however, to emphasize the risks she had run.

Early on Wednesday the two vessels started eastward again, stopping to speak with the natives at Barter Island and

Manning Point, two summer rendezvous of the Esquimaux. Many of the Esquimaux, as seen from the *Thetis*, presented a brilliant appearance, clad in "calico" or cloth that matched Joseph's coat of many colors. On closer exami-

board the *Thetis* that night; on learning that the *Thrasher* and the *Orca* were still at Herschel Island, Captain Stockton determined to push ahead, and so expressed his intention, considerably to the dismay of his guests, who impressed



House of Refuge at Point Barrow.

[Established by the United States Government, and erected by the United States Revenue steamer *Bear*, and the United States steamer *Thetis*, August, 1889.]

nation, however, it was evident that the natives had been in communication with the steamer *Thrasher*, whose captain had shipped a bolt or two of cotton whereon were printed American flags in strips, the "calico" thus giving a brilliant and truly patriotic seeming to the Esquimaux who were fortunate enough to deal with that vessel.

While lying off Manning Point, about noon the smoke of several steamers was seen to the eastward, and at four o'clock five vessels themselves appeared, the *William Lewis*, Captain Sherman, leading. They had been as far as the Mackenzie River, but, frightened by the appearance of ice, had turned westward, and were making for the safety of Point Barrow as rapidly as possible. Since leaving the Mackenzie they had met no ice.

The captains of the whalers dined on

upon him the dangers that lay before him.

However, on Thursday, August 15th, the *Thetis* got under way, and turned to the eastward, the faithful *Beluga* following, rather to the surprise of Captain Stockton. The five whalers remained behind. With clear sky, through little ice, the *Thetis* plunged along, the engines doing their best, and everything promising well.

The British Mountains, which are on American soil, and the Buckland Mountains, which are in Canada, were passed about eleven o'clock; and between them lay the low sandy spit, Demarcation Point by name, which marks the northern limit of the international boundary line between the United States and Canada. Herschel Island came into sight soon afterward, and at half-past one

o'clock the *Thetis* let go her anchor off the southwestern point of the island, the first man-of-war to reach it.

Herschel Island was discovered by

The first anchorage of the *Thetis* was at the southwest side of the island, in an indentation of the shore which Captain Stockton, in honor of the faithful, though unofficial, consort of the *Thetis*, named *Beluga Anchorage*. Here a party of officers and men was sent ashore, who erected a wooden cross, bearing a brass tablet giving the name of the *Thetis*, and the date of her visit. At the foot of the beacon a bottle was buried, in which was placed a list of the officers and men of the vessel, and a synopsis of the cruise, which will be of interest and value to the future explorer.

From *Beluga Anchorage* the two vessels held on to the north and east to the eastern side of the island, until the *Thetis* dropped anchor alongside of the two whalers in search of which she had made her voyage, most successful even though uneventful. The *Beluga* followed her, and the four vessels—the *Thetis*, the *Thrasher*, the *Orca*, and the *Beluga*—swung to their anchors as quietly as if they lay in some landlocked harbor of the south, instead of in a bay open to the blasts of an Arctic winter, unvisited save by vessels that can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

On Friday, August 16th, a quick survey was made of the island. To the bay wherein the vessels lay, Captain Stockton gave the name *Thetis Harbor*; and a small anchorage further to the east received from him the name *Pauline Cove*. Two of the officers were sent to sound out the channel between the island and the mainland; and Captain Stockton himself went ashore to the highest point of the island.

From the summit he could see far in every direction. To the south lay the mainland, to the west the coast along which he had come; to the north lay the vast ice-fields wherein Collinson and McClure had struggled a generation before; to the east—

To the east lay the mysterious pas-



Onnyah, the Belle of Point Hope, Arctic Ocean.

Dr. Richardson, who was with Captain (afterward Sir John) Franklin, in 1825, on his second expedition to the Arctic. As determined by the navigator of the *Thetis*, it lies in latitude $69^{\circ} 32' 45''$ north, longitude $138^{\circ} 57' 15''$ west, about one-third of the way through the so-called Northwest Passage. The island is about sixteen miles long from east to west, and from one to four miles wide; it is about five hundred feet high in its highest part, and its surface, sloping from the centre to all sides, is smooth as if worn by glaciers; and that it was once covered by glaciers is indicated by the moraines and gullies along the shore. Its soil is a rich vegetable mould, wherein ferns, lichens, and Arctic flowers grow luxuriantly.

sage, to win which so many men fought and died ; through which McClure and Franklin finally made their way ; that passage the very name of which makes one's heart beat more quickly — the Northwest Passage—the unknown way through the icy north to the Golden Indies, which for three hundred years baffled the efforts of the bravest and most skilful navigators. One-third of the distance through that passage, through which only two vessels have come, had the *Thetis* travelled ; she was a staunch ship, well provisioned, even though not especially prepared for Arctic work ; her officers were skilled, her crew picked men, some of whom had seen much service among the ice. To the east, as far as the glass could see, all was clear ; Mackenzie Bay was open, the wind would hold back the ice. The vessels at Herschel Island needed no help ; they could take care of themselves. What hindered, then, to push on through McClure Straits and Melville Sound and Lancaster Sound, until Baffin's Bay should be reached, and the *Thetis* should carry in triumph the American flag where no American flag had ever been before, and should add another ray to the aurora won in the Arctic by American sailors and soldiers ?

It was merely a matter of duty. Into the north had the *Thetis* been sent to do a certain task ; to help the vessels of the whaling fleet, not to push through the Northwest Passage ; a duty not so glorious to do, but of vastly greater importance ; that was in the way of such a trip, that, and that only.

A gun from the *Thetis* recalled all her people, and early in the afternoon she

weighed her anchor and headed out of the anchorage to the north, leaving behind her the three whalers—the *Beluga*, the *Orca*, and the *Thrasher*.

At first the *Thetis* stood to the north-east and then to the north, until, in the middle of the afternoon, she was ten miles northeast of the island. There, free from any shore current, a float was put overboard, a log of wood carrying in a canister the name of the *Thetis*, the date and the place of its launch ; this was done to help determine the drift of the Arctic currents. Then the *Thetis* put to the westward.

But, as she turned, Captain Stockton sent an old sailor to the foretopgallant-masthead, a man acquainted with ice, accustomed to the Arctic, and his keen eye could see no ice in any direction ; nor could he even see the yellow "ice blink" that fifty miles away points out the presence of ice that the eye cannot directly see. Never before had there been such an opportunity—But the *Thetis's* path lay to the westward, not to the eastward.



Esquimaux Boats.

That night, as she held on her course, darkness came on, and stars showed themselves for the first time since the *Thetis* had entered the Arctic Ocean—



DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR,

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

The Thetis (on the right) and the Steam Whaler Beluga (on the left) in the Ice off Lion Reef, Arctic Ocean, August, 1889.

the blessed darkness, for lack of which the sailors go insane in the incessant light of the short summer. The coming of the stars is a sign that the season nears its end; it is also a sign of hope to the men worn out by the continual daylight; it removes the strain from their minds; it makes those who have succumbed to the strain better; it shows that the night is indeed come, when man can sleep.*

Early in the morning of Saturday, August 17th, a vessel was seen in the sky, which was identified as the William Lewis, bound eastward; and four hours later she was spoken. Then came three others—the Narwhal, the Grampus, and the Jessie Freeman—all bound east to Herschel Island. They had repented of their earlier fears, and were determined now to push on to the Mackenzie and share in any luck that might come along there. Bidding them farewell, Captain Stockton held on, hoping to reach Cross Island; but the ice became thicker and the lane of open water became shallower, and as the perceptible darkness made navigation both difficult and dangerous, he determined to stop for the night, and so made fast to a large ground floe.

The Thetis remained at the floe all night, and on Sunday was found to be close to Cross Island, where she had spent two days of the preceding week. Two or three ice floes were seen and recognized as old friends; but the Thetis stopped not to renew the acquaintance, and pushed on past Cross Island, past the other and unnamed islands of the Midway Group, and then across Harrison Bay to Cape Halket—a good run, which increased the general hope of reaching Point Barrow the next day. But off Cape Halket the wind changed; from the northeast it swung to the west, and began to pile up the ice ahead of the Thetis. Keeping as much inshore of the ice as the draught of his vessel would allow, Captain Stockton held on, dodging the larger pieces of ice; but when he reached open water again a heavy

fog had come down, and again he had to make his ship fast to a floe for the night.

Monday, August 19th, opened with snow; the wind was from the west-southwest, the ice was getting heavier and heavier, and the prospects of reaching the Point were anything but favorable. In fact, something more than merely reaching Point Barrow was in question; should the ice close in between Point Barrow and Icy Cape, the Thetis might be compelled to winter in the Arctic, a contingency which Captain Stockton did not view with entire pleasure. So on he pushed, edging inshore as much as possible, until finally the lead which he followed came to a sudden end, and he had to ram through into another lead.

From one lead to another the Thetis made her way painfully, finding each lead shoal rapidly, and having, finally, to choose between dangerous ice and dangerous shoals. The ice was the less dangerous; and into the pack Captain Stockton sent the Thetis again, to tie her up for the night to a ground floe.

But the night brought no rest. Four times did the beset vessel change her moorings to avoid the shifting ice, continually working her engines, even when not shifting her moorings, to keep the loose pieces of ice from choking the screw and the rudder.

All day Tuesday, August 20th, the Thetis did nothing but change her moorings to avoid being nipped. The floe, to different parts of which she had been moored all night, drifted to the north, and was being ground and shut in so fast that the Thetis dropped astern and chose another floe instead; but this second proved no more reliable. It drifted so rapidly to the southwest that the Thetis let go barely in time to avoid being nipped—and even the slightest, most playful nip in the Arctic has dangerous results.

Finally the Thetis was tied up to a large ground floe for the night. It was then early afternoon; and the appearance of a polar bear offered a relief from chasing leads. But the bear retired after his dignity had been affronted by a shot fired at him, so that it was felt that his visit had not been enjoyed so much as it might have been.

* Almost every vessel in the whaling fleet had at least one sailor on board whose mind had given way under the strain of the long-continued daylight, combined with the excitement and necessary privations of Arctic life. One of the crew of the Thetis lost his mind from these causes, and later managed to elude his keepers and throw himself into the sea, where he perished.

The paymaster took the bear's defection in especially bad part. He had been suffering from rheumatism, and was thought to have a personal interest in killing Bruin. At all events, he sallied from the ship, armed with a rifle and a Kodak, bent on killing something.

A harmless seal lay on the ice, offering a good shot and presenting an interesting picture. The paymaster was puzzled. He raised his rifle and covered the seal; but the thought struck him, "Photograph it first, then kill it." He dropped his rifle and drew his trusty Kodak; but before he could approach near enough to get a good picture, the seal made a convulsive jump, and dove into the water, flapping its tail in an aggravating and discouraging manner.

Overcome by his bad fortune the paymaster turned toward the ship. But there are no landmarks on a floe, and before he knew it he was lost. The Thetis was in full sight, to be sure; but along which crevice should he walk to reach the lead wherein she lay? Up one gully he ran until it was narrow enough to jump; then down the other side until perhaps a cross gully stopped his progress, and the proceeding would be repeated. So up and down, back and forth, he ran, until finally, tired and hot, he reached the ship's side, *minus* the bear that he had gone after, and *minus*, also, the rheumatism he had started with.

For a wonder the Thetis found herself undisturbed during that Tuesday night, and on Wednesday, August 21st, was still fast to the floe to which she had tied the day before. From the foretop a lead was reported, and early in the morning, with topgallant yards struck and masts housed, the Thetis was headed for it, and by ramming continually made good progress to the west and south. At one time, however, the ice closed in on her, so that she was caught between two floes, without being able either to advance or to turn about. The only thing to do was to back the vessel against the new barrier—a terribly risky thing to do, but necessary. So the rudder was lashed, and the Thetis backed against the ice. No half-way measures; no gentle tapping at the ice

to spare the rudder, but "stern all," with all the force of the engines, and trust to God that the rudder doesn't break.

So into the ice the Thetis crashed, and the ice gave way, and the vessel got clear again; and the rudder stood the strain for which it was never meant, and so all was well again.

That afternoon, almost as if in mockery, a party of Esquimaux made their way over the ice from the shore, and boarded the Thetis with venison and birds for sale. They were on their way to Point Barrow, and when they departed, men to whom the ice was home, the people of the Thetis felt more than ever their forlorn position.

Heavy snow and frost came with Thursday, August 22d, and made a gloomy day still gloomier. All around the Thetis the leads were closing, and to save herself from being caught, the vessel had to leave her moorings and steam here and there, wherever open water could be found. At first she turned to the east; but the leads there closed before her, and she broke through and turned to the west again. At last her passage was blocked by two heavy cakes of ice, and the pocket where she lay was choked with ice so that the screw could scarcely move; the loose ice, too, interfered with the rudder, so that the Thetis could not be kept full upon the cake of ice against which she was ramming, but would fall away from it, striking useless, glancing blows. Finally ice anchors and ropes were put on the ice, and the vessel's head was held upon it. Then, with a "take off" of only forty yards, she tried again, with success at last, and worked into open water, where, under clearing skies, she made fast for the night.

All day Friday, August 23d, the floes kept moving to the westward, closing in again on the Thetis, and her experiences of Thursday were repeated with increased danger and difficulties. Pocketed, she rammed again and again without avail, the ice clogging screw and rudder, and preventing her from striking fairly on her object-ice. It was a matter of life and death for the Thetis. Between two heavy floes, exit and entrance barred, the vessel stood no chance

if the floes should come together. That they should come together was probable; the wind was unfavorable; no human being could do anything to keep them apart.

So the work of ramming was continued well into the night, hope growing less and less with each vain attempt. The *Thetis* was being driven against the ice-wall; officers and men, wearied by the long strain of the day, stood waiting for the blow which only too probably would be of no avail, when, without warning, screw and engines stopped with a shock that threw everyone to the deck. The vessel shivered from stem to stern, the engines groaned, and the steam roared through the escape-pipes. For a moment all was confusion; the *Thetis* had not rammed the ice, for she was surging ahead through the ice-blocked water, some distance from the barrier. Then officers and men hurried about, and soon it was discovered that a floating cake of ice had blocked the screw, stopping the engines completely while they were working at their full speed. The chief engineer reported that no damage had been done; but the accident was the last straw, and, wearied out and discouraged, Captain Stockton ordered that work should cease, and that the *Thetis* should be moored to the floe to wait for morning.

But Saturday opened clear and fine, the wind had swung round to the north and east, and a few hours' rest had put new spirits into the *Thetis's* people. The engineer confirmed his report as to the condition of the engines, and work began with renewed confidence. Ice anchors and ropes kept the *Thetis* up to the ice; little trouble was experienced with the floating ice in the pocket, and finally, after three hours, the ship broke a channel for herself, and pushed her way into the long-desired lead, the men cheering as the *Thetis* broke through the last barrier and floated again in open water.

She was not yet out of the ice; but what lay before her was open and scattered enough to let her hold on her course; so with no further trouble she cleared the edge of the great pack, and after three hours' steaming brought up in the western anchorage at Point Barrow, and let her anchor go among a

number of old friends, none the worse for her fight with the ice that never melts.

That night the officers drank to the eastern trip of the *Thetis*, to Herschel Island, and to her safe return through the ice; and on Sunday, August 25th, they attended a service on board, which Captain Stockton conducted as a thanksgiving for their safe deliverance from the dangers of the Arctic.

Stories of danger appeal most forcibly to those who have passed through dangers; and doubtless the circle around the wardroom fire, while the *Thetis* lay at anchor off the House of Refuge, contained better listeners to the stories of the whaling captains than they had ever had before.

This was one of the stories told: Years ago, in 1876, thirteen whalers were caught in the ice-pack. Every effort was made to break out, but in vain; the vessels were firmly fastened in the ice, and all the time the Arctic current was stealthily carrying them further and further into the north. They were eighty miles in the pack; eighty miles of ice were between them and the open water; so it was decided to abandon the ships. But three men did not wish to leave the vessels. They were comfortable; the ships were safe; they were in no danger; they would not leave. So the captains and their crews departed, and only three men were left to man the thirteen vessels.

For two days the refugees toiled over the uneven ice, over hummocks, around leads; launching their boats when necessary, making slow progress, but always getting nearer and nearer to the open water. On the third day two of the captains bethought them of valuable furs left behind on their vessels, and knowing that they could rejoin their friends again, they decided to return to their ships and recover them. So they left them, and in a single day passed over what the fugitives had needed two days to cover.

As they drew near the vessels a feeling of awe came over them; the ships were so still, so lonely there, in the great ice-field, that it seemed almost wicked to board them, to disturb their quiet in any way.

The captains descended into the cabin.

Worn out by their day's long march, excited by the strangeness of the surroundings, the sight that met them was a shock. In the captain's stove burned a bright fire; over it hissed a kettle, and before it, book in hand, and looking up over his spectacles at the intruders, sat comfortably the steward of the vessel, while the other two men sat by smoking.

The steward did the honors of his habitation; the captains took supper with him, and slept in warm beds; in the morning he urged them to stay; they begged him to return. Neither was convinced, and at last the captains departed with their furs, leaving the steward in his comfortable quarters, and started back after the weary train in the middle of the great ice-field. Often, while in sight of the fleet, they turned and looked at it, and thought of the lonely occupants of the lonely vessels. Each time they looked the vessels were visible less distinctly; and at last, when they looked they could see nothing but the still, cold fields of white ice.

From that day to this no human being has seen aught of those thirteen vessels with their lonely crew. In the heart of the great ice-field—the ice that never melts—lie the vessels; and in one of them sit the steward and his companions, waiting for the coming of a captain greater than he who interrupted them twice seven years ago.

Within four days after the *Thetis* all of the vessels to the east of Point Barrow, except the *Orca* and the *Thrasher*, had returned to the Point. They reported clear water all the way from *Herschel Island*; the northeast wind, which had cleared away the ice from before the *Thetis*, on her last day in the pack, having done the same for them before they had tried conclusions with the ice.

As the *Orca* and the *Thrasher* were well prepared for wintering, Captain *Stockton* determined to sail to the westward at once; so on August 30th he left Point Barrow, and after stops at *Cape Smyth*, *Point Lay*, and *Icy Cape*, on September 5th turned west for *Herald Island*, the westernmost whaling ground. With steam and sail the *Thetis* reached the ice on September 6th, and stood south a few miles from the pack until *Post-Office Point* was rounded—a

point of ice about a third of the distance between *Icy Cape* and *Herald Island*, where is a cask in which passing vessels leave letters to be taken by other craft.

The next day the *Thetis* overhauled several whaling vessels, one of which, the *Jane Grey*, manned her rigging and cheered for the *Thetis*, a compliment returned by *Uncle Sam's ship*. The *Thetis* had rescued the *Grey* in 1888, when the latter had been capsized, and the captain of the *Grey* had resolved always to honor his preserver; so up in the Arctic, with the pack only a mile away, the vessel manned her rigging and passed the most stately of marine compliments.

At half-past twelve of Sunday, September 8th, the *Thetis*, standing westward, sighted *Herald Island*, high, gloomy, and forbidding—a little, inaccessible rock in the middle of the great Arctic Ocean. Ten years before, almost to the day, Captain *De Long* had been caught in the ice where the *Thetis* now sailed free; not a trace of ice was visible now, the high rock bore but little snow, and the *Thetis* plunged along within two miles of what, until within a few years, had been deemed an outlying spur of a vast Arctic continent, so seldom had it been seen.

Still westward steamed the *Thetis*, and as gloomy *Herald Island* sank behind her, gloomier *Wrangel Island* rose before her—like *Herald Island* believed to be an outpost of an unknown continent. The island lifted itself up plainly; *Berry's Peak* towered aloft as the *Thetis* drew near, grander and more gloomy than ever, in the dusk of an autumn day.

There were no sails in sight, and Captain *Stockton* determined to put about, more than satisfied with the trip he had made—from *Herschel Island* to *Wrangel Island* within thirty days! Never before had such a voyage been made.

So the *Thetis* turned eastward again, leaving the great, lonely island behind her, and the land sank slowly back into the ocean whence it had risen, and the sun went down and the moon came up; and from the land of ice the *Thetis* steamed southward, out of the frozen ocean, victor in a hand-to-hand struggle with the powers of the Arctic, and doer of deeds that no vessel ever before her had done.



JERRY.

PART THIRD (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER XIII.

"Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after."



WHEN Durdens opened its doors and windows the next morning, the world was white, and the snow was falling with dangerous swiftness. The excursionists

were dismayed, and fears were soon floating about that they would be snowed up in these wilds. If they could get so far as the first station from which the road was properly built, they would feel safe; but with much more snow the loosely built track would be impassable.

The belated directors were roused by the conductor of their train at an unbearably early hour, considering it was the morning after a supper, and were advised to make an immediate start.

Soon the towns were in confusion, and the ladies—all of them at Paul Henley's—were in a great flutter of excitement. The people who had not been to the supper realized the position immediately, but it was a hard matter to move the exhausted revellers.

"A wagon!" Mrs. Greg cried, plaintively; "and Charles, where is he?"

The servants were at a loss. Where was Mr. Greg? Where in the two towns was he to be found when his own house was empty?

"Ask Mr. Wilkerson," someone suggested, and Jim Short ran as fast as he could to Mrs. Milton's.

"Mr. Wilkerson?" he asked breathlessly of the old woman, who was smoking busily, with her knees in the fire almost.

"Jerry Wilkerson is done eat an' gone, Jim Short, an' youuns mighter knowed it if yer hedn't stuffed yerself plum foolish las' night;" and Mrs. Milton replaced her pipe in her mouth and turned a stolid gaze on the fire.

Jim paused a moment in the open door; he must venture another question, and he asked, desperately,

"Whar?"

"Whar?" scornfully. "Go an' fin' out; an' if youuns don't shet that door mighty quick, I'll jest git up an' knock thet same stuffin' outer you," turning to look over her shoulder; but Jerry stood there between her and the despised Jim, asking what was wanted.

"Drat if I knows," the old woman answered, sullenly, and Jim, taking courage, gave his message, that the ladies wanted Mr. Greg and a wagon, and he had come to Mr. Wilkerson to find both.

"And where is Mr. Henley?"

"Mr. Paul's deep in the bed, sir."

"Very well," and Jerry stepping outside closed the door after him, while Mrs. Milton walked to the window to watch him down the street.

"If he'd a-tole me hisnseff," she muttered, "I'd a-made the folks stan' roun'; but to hev thet Henley an' Dan Burk a-talkin' 'bout it, an' a-tellin' it like it were stole—it jest hurt me to death, it did," drawing a deep sigh and return-

ing to her place by the fire; "an' I sets a heaper sto' by Jerry Wilkerson; an' I 'llowed I'd gie him all I hed when I gits ready to be planted; an' I *will*," wiping her nose with her apron. "Jerry Wilkerson is my man!" and she smoked vehemently.

The celebration had been a failure; a failure that was unexpected, but thoroughly realized by all parties.

"An' Paul Henley spiled it," Mrs. Milton said, openly, "all alonger hisn sneakin', onderhanded ways!"

But, good or bad, it was over now, and the people were going away helter-skelter, in dreadful fear of being snowed up, and expressing very unflattering opinions of the climate.

It was a melancholy end to all the high hopes of both the inhabitants and the guests, and no one felt the failure so keenly as Jerry. He worked with all his mind and strength to get the train off, for under the present circumstances the longer the people stayed the more harm it would work for him.

The owner of the horses and wagon was sleeping off the drink of the night before, and though the harness was primitive enough, Jerry had to hunt for someone to show him how the thing was managed. At last, however, it was ready, and he drove down to Paul Henley's, where the ladies, many of them in tears, were waiting for him anxiously.

Out they trooped, bag and baggage, with Paul bringing up the rear, and looking decidedly the worse for wear.

"Dear Mr. Wilkerson!" and Mrs. Greg clasped both his hands effusively, "you come like a guardian angel; do you think we can get away?—and where is Charles?"

"You can get away if you go immediately," Jerry answered, literally; "but if you delay you may have to stay with us for a month."

There was a general outcry at this, and the whole party began to scramble into the wagon, with or without help.

"There can be no such need for haste," Paul remonstrated, impatiently, "and Greg has not come yet."

"He must meet them at the other station," Jerry answered, decisively, gathering up the reins, and taking his place next to Edith Henley, who was seated

in front. "Will you come?" he added, without looking at Paul.

"Of course!" Isabel Greg cried, and Paul climbed in beside her.

The drive to the station was short, but it was heavy, and the wind that had them at its mercy was cruelly cutting.

"I shall never again yearn for the West," Edith Henley said, plaintively; "and I do not see how you and Paul have managed to live here so long, Mr. Wilkerson."

"I have never had any other home," Jerry answered, "and I like it."

"Paul does not," she went on, creeping a little nearer to Jerry, so as to be more sheltered from the wind, "and says he will leave very soon."

"Finally?" came involuntarily from Jerry.

"Yes, just as soon as he has made arrangements out here that will give him plenty of money;" then there was silence between them until the shed was reached where the half-frozen, thoroughly demoralized excursionists were huddled together. The train was only waiting for these ladies, as the directors were to be picked up at Eureka, so the farewells were short.

"Good-by, Mr. Wilkerson, you have been so kind," and Mrs. Greg held both his hands, while her soft brown eyes filled with tears; "you must come to us this summer at Newport; be sure you come!" Then Isabel and Edith shook hands with him; and the other ladies said things he could not hear; and Paul, and Jim Short, and the maids, all loaded down with innumerable packages, went in, and the door was shut.

Then the train backed slowly down the grade. It was a precarious experiment with snow on the track, and Jerry watched anxiously, afraid of some accident, and warned the Durden's people not to be surprised if the whole party were back on their hands before night.

But his watching could not help matters, and he took his way up to the dam; he wanted to be alone, and there was a fascination for him in the swirling water drawing down into black eddies, and dashing into angry foam over the rocks. Up and up he climbed until he reached the dam, where the water spread into a lake almost. But above

and below this lake, how the water tore along, flinging the spray far to the right and left—a mighty power; and in the summer it was only a silver thread that wasted to spray as it fell!

Jerry stood and watched it, heedless of the bitter wind—heedless of the snow that was banking silently on the path—thinking idly and aimlessly.

How much had Paul injured him, and what a lovely thing Edith Henley was. If he made a fortune he could win such a creature as that, and if he failed?—

His thoughts seemed to pass out of his keeping, and the bitterness of the night swept over him. If he failed he would commit an awful crime, and all the world would turn from him. An awful crime to kill the man who had ruined him? It might be a crime over in the civilized States, but out in the wilds men were killed for much less—sometimes for nothing. Kill him? Ay, if he were hanged for it!

The snow deepened marvellously while he stood on the dam, and his way to Mrs. Milton's was one long fight, so that the evening was falling fast when he reached the door. He was cold and tired, and stopped to rest by the fire in Mrs. Milton's room.

The fire was low and the room in shadow, and the door into the kitchen was shut; but he could see a light in there, and hear voices quite distinctly through the thin walls.

He did not heed them just at first, any more than he heeded the rattle of pans that told him supper was being prepared; but presently Mrs. Milton raised her voice angrily, and her words caught his attention.

"I tell you, Dan Burk, thet Jerry Wilkerson come by thet money hones'; I knowed all along as Joe Gilliam were a-savin' money, an' you knowed it too; an' if Joe Gilliam's money wuzn't hones' an' b'longed to 'Lije Milton, it's pisen sure thet youuns's money ain't hones' an' b'longed to 'Lije Milton too!" and she slapped her hands together vigorously.

"Lord, Mis' Milton, don't git so mad," Burk laughed, uneasily. "I ain't said nothin' against Mr. Wilkerson; but it do look reelly curious for him to have sicher lot; durned if these men

didn't say thet he owns the most of Durden's Mine!—buyin' it for the people!" scornfully.

"An' Jerry Wilkerson did buy it for the people, Dan Burk," and Mrs. Milton's voice rang higher than before, "an' youuns is jest a-strainin' yerself to lie; 'cause Joe Gilliam warn't no deader ner you when Jerry buyed it, an' Jerry never hed no money then—consarn yer bleary old eyes!"

Then there came a movement, a scraping of chairs, as if Burk meditated a retreat.

"Goin', is yer?" Mrs. Milton went on; "well, I'm glad, an' jest youuns 'members thet I'm agoin' to tell Jerry Wilkerson if I hearn 'bout this agin; an' you kin jest be skeary, sure, 'cause he'll shoot the gizzards plum outer the las' one thet lies 'bout him; an' don't you furgit it;" and she slammed the door violently behind her vanquished visitor.

Jerry sat still for a moment while there came a clang of pans, as if Mrs. Milton were venting her wrath on them; then he put off his hat and coat, so as to look at ease and unhurried, and walked slowly into the kitchen.

"Whom must I shoot, Mrs. Milton?" he asked, standing before her with his hands in his pockets.

Mrs. Milton started guiltily, dropping a pan.

"Lord! Jerry Wilkerson, you took me orl to pieces," she exclaimed, while Jerry picked up the pan and put it on the table; "did you hearn Dan Burk a-lyin' hisseff inside out?" she went on.

"He does not know how to do anything else, Mrs. Milton," Jerry answered, quietly.

"An' youuns choosed him fur yer pard?" she asked, losing her usual stolidity in blank surprise.

"I chose him only because he seemed to be the friend of everybody, while I knew no one."

"Jest so," angrily, "friens alonger orl the folks," shaking her head, slowly; "I've knowed him nigh onter thirty yeer, I hev, an' Dan Burk allers sweeps his leaves the way the wind's a-blowin', he do; drat 'im!"

"And the wind is blowing away from me?" Jerry asked, with a smile on his

lips—a smile that did not reach his tired eyes.

"Youuns kin jest bet on thet, Jerry Wilkerson," she answered, vehemently, stopping her work and gesticulating with a fork, "an' if you hed jester come to me, Jerry Wilkerson, an' a-said, 'Mis' Milton, Joe's done left me a heap of money, an' I'm a-goin' to sen' it down East,' I'd a-said, 'Orl right, Jerry Wilkerson, Mandy Milton ain't agoin' ter blab,' an' it would a-been as soff as mud when the folks commenst a-sayin' thet youuns hed a lotter money hidin' down East—Lord!" going back to the bacon she was frying, "I could a-curled 'em up liker pig's tail; drat 'em!"

Jerry sat down, clasping his hands over his head, and tilting his chair back.

"It would have been better," he said, slowly; "but I did not know you then, Mrs. Milton."

"Thet's true," she acknowledged; "Joe never let youuns go anighst nobody ceppen the doctor an' thet blasted Henley; an' now it's him thet is a-doin' orl the mischief an' the meanness."

"I know it," Jerry answered; "he talked last night until I put my pistols down on the table."

"I'll bet on youuns," and the old woman chuckled, grimly, "an' I'll bet thet them city men looked sorter onressless; like thar were a brier sommers on the bench."

Jerry laughed a little.

"They did," he said; "but Greg spoke well."

"Greg's a right tastey little chap," Mrs. Milton allowed; "but I reckon hisn's mammy made him go roun' in frocks too long; Greg allers wants sumpen to lean aginst; an' as fur thet Henley," stabbing the bacon fiercely as she took it from the pan, "he's done busted his'n gall-bag young; drat 'im!"

"How will they hurt me, Mrs. Milton?" and Jerry watched to find out what she knew.

"They ain't said yit," shaking her head, "but youuns'll know jest as soon as I knows."

"Thank you, Mrs. Milton," and Jerry drew his chair to the table where the supper had been put.

"It ain't no thanks I wants from youuns, Jerry Wilkerson," and she pour-

ed out a great bowl of coffee and put it by his plate. "I jest wants yer to stay har, jest so old Mandy Milton kin grip a han' as b'longs to her, an' hev a hones' cretur to tuck what she hes to leave. I've been a savin' woman, Jerry Wilkerson," pausing with her arms akimbo, and looking down into Jerry's astonished eyes, "an' I've done saved a right smart of money; an' jest you live har so thet I ken know thar's sumpen as is Mandy Milton's, an' when I'm gone, youuns kin hev it orl, sure enough," wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron as Jerry stood beside her with his hand on her shoulder.

Here was a true friendship given to him without any seeking on his part; without any motive behind it save that the old heart that offered it was lonely. After all he would not have to buy trust and truth; it was here, offered to him freely, simply, by this ugly old woman, whose little eyes, deep-bedded in wrinkles, were shining with something like tears; and they were truer than Mrs. Greg's soft brown eyes, he could see that now; and the hand held out to him was hard, and distorted by work, but it was held out to him when he stood on the verge of failure!

There was a strange feeling in his throat, and he could scarcely say the simple "I will, Mrs. Milton," that sealed their compact: then he sat down again, and Mrs. Milton put all the dishes about his plate, talking rapidly the while.

"My boys would a-been jest like youuns, if the measles hedn't tuck 'em off; and when you goes a-trompin' roun', I jest 'llows thet it's my Sammy done growed up, I do," again resorting to the corner of her apron; "an' jest you let these pore creeturs roun' this yer town come a-howlin' 'bout yer," fiercely, "an' Mandy Milton'll make 'em pisen sure thet thet's a-stannin' on the wrong end; jest youuns bet on thet!" sitting down vigorously and filling her plate with supper.

"I would not worry about it," Jerry said, quietly; "people always think you are afraid when you explain things, and make excuses; I do not intend to say a word."

Mrs. Milton put down her knife and fork, and pushed up her glasses.

"Jest so!" she began, sarcastically, nodding her head slowly, "thet's the way the doctor done; jest the way, an' the folks don't know this minute if he wuz a raskil er a angil, they don't," again attacking her supper. "Jest youuns keep yer mouth shet, an' when the folks is done a-cussin' an' a-lyin' 'bout yer, then jest fall off a rock an' gie 'em orl yer money, an' they won't care a durn; thet's the way, jest you grip onter thet, an' they'll tuck orl you is got, an' furgit you termorrer. Golly!" taking a long draught of coffee, "I know what you don't, Jerry Wilkerson, thet cussin' is the best thing for mos' folks; cuss 'em tell they're skeered thet you'll shoot 'em, an' they'll clean yer boots alonger their tongues, you bet!"

"Well," and Jerry rose wearily from his place, "they have not ruined me yet, and maybe they will not."

"Mebbe," slowly, "an' mebbe the snow'll not melt, mebbe; but it won't be fur lacker tryin'. Jest you shoot a few, an' knock down the res, an' they'll think thet Jerry Wilkerson's the biggest man in 'Meriky—thar ain't nothin' you've done thet's made youuns look so big as knockin' down Dave Morris."

Jerry laughed again; the weary laugh that comes of despair—that laughs because that is as good as tears or expositions.

"Good-night," he said, pausing with his hand on the door, "and believe that I am truly thankful to you, Mrs. Milton, for your trust and friendship given me now when the world is turning away from me."

Mrs. Milton scraped the plates violently before casting them into the pan of hot water that stood near.

"Youuns is welcome, Jerry Wilkerson," she answered, tersely; "but don't say nothin' mo' 'bout it—it makes me feel rale puny when I hears sich largin' words, 'cause I ain't got none to jaw back; jest youuns go 'long an' ress, an' git up a little sperret 'ginst the mornin'; don't say nothin' mo'," and Jerry, obeying her, shut the door and went upstairs slowly.

He was weary unto death: no aim nor end that could be claimed by man seemed to him worth the exertion that would be necessary to win it. The reaction

from a great effort and a great passion was upon him: he had worked to the utmost of his strength, physical and mental, only to find himself thwarted at every point; only to find himself undermined and on the brink of ruin.

He turned restlessly on the bed where he had thrown himself.

It was impossible that he should fail. If Eureka did grow equally with Durden's, it would help him, not hurt him. And if the people had found out that he had money, that would not harm him, they could not take it away; he was sure of this now, for he had heard Mrs. Milton say that Dan Burk's money had come from the same place as Joe's. Dan Burk would keep quiet, and Mrs. Milton was his friend; beyond this, how could the people have any feeling against him, or harm him because of the money? he had said publicly how he got it. He was sure it was all safe except the stream, and this last fall of snow would make it rise; he could see it now swirling and foaming on its way. And sleep overtook him as he lay there—the dreamless sleep of exhaustion; and the faint daylight creeping in the window showed him white and haggard, with the bands of silver hair on his temples grown broader, and the lines on his face deepened and drawn.

A worn, weary face that even in sleep had an anxious, eager look on it; and all the youth and hope gone from it.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark."

A GREAT stillness had fallen over the town—a stillness of disappointment and reaction—and out of the stillness there arose a sound like the whispering of the wind as it creeps by in the summer night—inarticulate, intangible, and yet a sound caused; a fact that would have an effect.

There was nothing to take hold of; nothing that could be answered; no points that could be fought for and won; no place where a stand could be made.

Day and night Jerry listened and watched; Mrs. Milton fumed and fretted

because she could hear nothing, going about among her neighbors more than ever before in her life; condescending even to a conversation with Jim Short, if so be she might gain a little information.

And Greg was uneasy. Paul had been inclined to make a friend of him at first, but after the decided stand Greg had taken at the supper he had been less effusive. He was pleasant and cordial still; regretted the failure of the excursion and the hasty departure of the ladies; invited Mr. Greg to dinner to meet Mr. Henshaw and Mr. Mills, and after dinner read aloud criticisms from the papers on Durden's and Eureka, and on their relative merits as investments; in all of which the danger from the stream was enlarged on to the detriment of Durden's.

"You should write a piece," he said to Mr. Henshaw, "giving your views on the subject."

Mr. Henshaw rubbed his head in a troubled way.

"There is danger in it," he said, in his slow, literal way—"danger I am realizing more and more every day—danger I did not dream of when I wrote my first letter; and perhaps it is my duty to explain the true state of things."

Paul laughed lightly.

"Scarcely your duty to direct the investments of people," he said; "but you should rather build up the credit of Durden's; you must stand up for it."

"And you need not be so anxious about it," Greg added.

Mr. Mills shook his head.

"I should be," he said, gravely.

"Well," said Greg, "I am not, and my father is in very heavy."

Paul's face sobered a little. Would the failure of Durden's influence Isabel Greg's fortune materially, he wondered.

"I should advise him to draw out a little," he suggested, "at least until the danger from the spring snow is over."

"I do not admit the danger," Greg answered, stiffly; and the next day advised Jerry not to let Henshaw write any more public letters about Durden's.

All was very easy and smooth in the way things were going: the lunch-room in Eureka was gaining favor every day; the *Durden's Banner* had constant no-

tices of people who were negotiating for homes in Eureka, and Jerry was in receipt of many letters as to the leasing of the lots left by the doctor.

From his broker Jerry heard that more Durden's stock had been bought in for him, and that there was no fluctuation about it; the excursion had done good, Mr. Glendale thought, except for a dangerous stream which had of late been brought before the public in connection with the mine; this was a little unfortunate, but when the summer came it would be all right again; and he held all stock according to Mr. Wilkerson's orders, ready to sell at a moment's notice; but if he contemplated selling, now was the time to do it; only telegraph the word "sell," and he would understand.

Only one word, and he would be safe out of all this turmoil and worry, and much benefited by the speculation. And why should not he? Everybody knew the danger now as well as he; why should not he withdraw, and so thwart all Paul's schemes by leaving him no one to scheme against?

The thought of the people had no weight with him now, for day by day he could feel them drawing further and further away from him. There was nothing said or done, but there were no hats lifted now as he passed, and there was always a cessation of talk, and a separating of any group he happened to approach; and he felt that he was free from any responsibility for them. There was no reason why he should not withdraw if he wished; while, on the other hand, one dividend declared and his fortune was made—a great fortune such as he had dreamed of, the gold that was to lie about him like chips. And Edith Henley, could not he win her? He remembered how she had crouched behind him that day when he drove her to the station—and the revenge would be so exquisite.

Fail! He could not fail—he would not fail!

And he would make feverish efforts to push the work on, to have this one saving dividend declared; but Mr. Henshaw would not be hurried. And now another conscientious scruple had entered as a factor to retard things: was

it honest to go on spending money in putting works into a mine that was not safe? Would it not be right to wait until the threatened danger was over?

And to this Jerry uttered a point-blank *No*; but somehow the idea crept out among the people, and along with it another idea that a dividend would double Jerry's already suspicious fortune; and that then he could and would sell out, leaving the rest of the shareholders to scramble out as best they could.

And the men who worked in the mine because they were shareholders were sullen, and worked unwillingly; and there was no money to increase the force of day-laborers; and Mr. Henshaw urged nobody, for he thought the work ought to stop—a stolid, passive resistance that made Jerry's blood boil!

And at the end of the forlorn street, standing where Jerry could see it every evening as he came from his work, was the little building known as the telegraph office; every evening when he was weary and harassed the thought would come to him that one word sent from there would free him from all this anxiety. Anxiety? He had worked too hard, he had borne too much, he had fought too long, he had weathered too many storms, to give up now when success was in such close grasp of his hand—to give up and acknowledge himself beaten!

But the murmur swelled as the work in the mine was retarded, and as the snow melted, and each day the miners were more unwilling.

Jerry said no word of remonstrance, urged no haste; he was so eager to win that he saw too many sides of the problem before him. If he urged them on, they would say it was for his own benefit, and so resist; if he did not urge them, they would say he had money enough to carry him over the delay; if he urged Mr. Henshaw, he would stop to argue on the honesty of the proceeding, and so publish their weakness; if he urged the Company, they would instantly lose confidence in the venture. The tension was dreadful; to stand and watch the work diminish day by day in quantity; to watch the people growing more and more restive; to watch the water that from the dam spread out

into a small lake creep up higher and higher; to watch the days that might each one mean a fortune slipping by unheeded: how long could he bear it?

If only they would have the sense to realize their own good, and drive forward now, before the snow melted, the declaration of a dividend.

But he could not tell them this: putting it into words made him realize how it went against all the teachings of his life, all the instincts of his nature. To say, "Work hard while the stream is yet safe, force the declaration of a dividend; then, if the danger increases to peril, sell, and so double your investment." He could not say this; he might do it, but he could not look his fellow-men in the face and say it. If it were to be done, it must be accomplished by a side pressure of some kind; and he said to Dan Burk:

"Mr. Glendale, who bought out the half of every Durden's man's share in the mine, when they were pushed in the winter, is willing to buy the other half if they will sell now before a dividend is declared."

"He wants all the profits," and Dan laughed.

"Of course," quietly, "and they will be great."

Dan shook his head.

"Mebbe, an' mebbe not," slowly; "but I ain't got no capital to hold over no longer, an' he kin have all of mine;" then, with a smile, "I hear thet you're agoin' to sell, yourself."

The color crept up into Jerry's face, and he longed to teach the man a lesson with his fists; but it would not be expedient just now, and he answered, quietly:

"That is a lie, Burk, and you know it."

"Just so," and Burk smoothed his sleek hair as if in deep thought. "Well, it's a lie then; an' Mr. Henley's just done sellin' all of his stock, an' the same Mr. Glendale that wants it so bad," still smoothing his hair, "bought it for you, Mr. Wilkerson," looking up suddenly as if to surprise some tell-tale expression on Jerry's face. Jerry met the look quietly as he answered:

"Your new master teaches you well, Burk, but not well enough; you will outwit yourselves very soon. Tell Mr.

Henley that there is an old saying 'That a dog that will fetch will carry.'

"I'll tell him," Burk answered, while his forehead seemed to flatten back with rage, "an' mebbe I don't understand it, an' won't remember it, mebbe. All the same, tell Mr. Glendale he kin have all my shares."

Jerry laughed.

"Very well, when I have occasion to write again I will tell him."

"An' mebbe *when* a dividend is declared, I'll be sorry," Dan said, as Jerry turned away, "mebbe."

Reaching his office Jerry sat down trembling from head to foot; anger was no name for his frame of mind. He had not gained anything by his effort to excite Dan's covetousness in the mention of a dividend, Paul had undermined him too carefully, but he had found out more clearly his own danger, and that it was greater than he thought. And he had found out that Paul had held Durden's stock; of course he had bought it only that he might injure the scheme by selling at a critical moment; and he had sold now!

"I should have killed him long ago," Jerry whispered to himself.

The days crept on; and a sullen, fitful sleet took the place of the snow that had been falling intermittently ever since the excursion. Looking back, and straining his memory, Jerry could not recall any spring like this one; and the only gleam of hope was that it was growing colder.

Mr. Henshaw still hesitated, watching the stream conscientiously, going day after day to stand on the dam—*anxious, miserable, ruinously honest!*

Longer and longer the days seemed to stretch, until to Jerry they spread into desert-wastes of time. The level sweep of water at the dam was so high that the little film of ice which was gathering along the edges was barely an inch below the top; but this film of ice was a hope!

The silver bands of hair on Jerry's temples grew wider; the lines on his face grew deeper; the light in his eyes grew into a painful brightness that glittered and flickered restlessly.

More of the stock had been bought in his name; loan after loan had been

negotiated for him, that he might buy the shares that now seemed daily on the market; he could not understand it, nor why the people seemed to be returning to their allegiance to him. Hats were lifted now when he passed, and the greetings offered him were more hearty. But Greg grew more and more grave, Mr. Henshaw more and more uncertain, and Mrs. Milton lifted a warning voice: "Thar's somethin' wrong sommers," she said; "if only youuns'd kill a few, Jerry Wilkerson."

The number of shareholders who worked in the mine steadily decreased. Every day, as Greg called the roll, the answer would come for two or three, "Stopped work;" often Jerry stopped them to put them at other work—often they paid money instead of work—but at last, when he realized that many had never returned to the mine, it struck him that they must be selling out. None of the directors had sold any stock, as far as he could find out from his father and brother, yet it was creeping out in New York that Durden's was selling secretly because unsafe. Something was wrong, and Greg went to see Jerry for the first time in weeks.

"The Durden's people must be selling," he said, abruptly, as he took off his hat and coat.

Jerry looked up quickly.

"That solves the problem," he said; "Glendale could not trace the stock."

"I am sure of it," and Greg walked up and down the room impatiently.

"I was afraid the directors were giving in," Jerry went on.

Greg shook his head.

"Father and Van Dusen have bought more; and I came to-day to tell you," and Greg stopped in his walk, "that father urges the declaration of a dividend even if a point is strained to do it."

"Then they must send me another engineer," Jerry answered; "Henshaw will not be hurried."

Greg took another turn up and down the room.

"I have not been able to say this," Jerry went on, "because I have too much at stake: my urging a dividend would only have convinced the shareholders that the investment was not safe, and it would have been a race to

see who could sell out first, and the scheme would have collapsed ; urging Henshaw and the people would have caused the same distrust ; my only plan was to wait."

"It is all true," Greg said, slowly, "but I had not realized it ;" then suddenly, "I will say it," and he turned to put on his coat and hat—"I will telegraph this minute," and he left the little office hurriedly.

Jerry listened to his footsteps as they rang on the frozen ground ; listened until the sound faded from his hearing, then put his face down in his hands. Was help coming at last ? would any response be made to this appeal ? were the shareholders anxious enough about the investment to take any steps ?

His imagination sprang forward like an unleashed hound. Henshaw would be roused from his lethargy, a dividend would be declared ; then—? A shudder as of the parting of soul and body shook him ! Then gold would fall into his hands as the stream fell down the mountain side—brimming up—flowing over—slipping through his careless fingers !

And it was growing colder—surely his luck had turned ! Ice was lord of water—ice would save him. Colder and colder it grew as the night fell ; colder and colder through the long, dragging hours that each one found him waiting and watching ; colder and colder ; bitter, merciless, intense. The pines up on the mountain-side bent down their sturdy heads under their glittering loads of sleet—the beams of the houses creaked and groaned and jerked ; great masses of rock cracked and fell in the silent night, clanging out sharply as with a protest against their fall. The morning dawned, and no sign of life, save smoke from the chimneys, showed the presence of man in the town ; and the old people and the children cried because the cold was killing them.

Twenty-four hours passed, then Greg came with a telegram :

"The board has met ; unanimous vote on your proposition ; much stock in the market. No one selling here."

"CHAS. T. GREG."

Jerry read it, then looked up quickly.

"You were right," he said.

"Yes," Greg answered, "the Dur-

den's people are selling ; every day as I call the roll one or more shareholders answer, 'Stopped work.' I thought you had them at work elsewhere—or that you knew it ; Henshaw knew it."

Jerry walked up and down the room restlessly : the race was becoming breathless : the prize was so near !

"This freeze is a godsend," Greg went on, "it makes all safe as long as it lasts, and the order from the board may be for Henshaw to declare a dividend before the thaw comes ; I hope they will make it deucedly strong."

Jerry did not answer—he could not, the issue was too vital to him for any discussion ; for him life or death was held fast in this freeze.

A dividend while the freeze lasted would put a hundred men to work to save the mine before a thaw came ; if Henshaw hesitated, if a warm wind came, his ruin was inevitable ; so he could not discuss it.

"And we must not say a word until Henshaw comes to us," Greg went on ; "it must seem as if all the anxiety was with the Eastern shareholders. If Henshaw should find out that the fears originated here, he would be as cautious and stolid as ever, confound him ! Mills would have saved us long ago."

"I was too anxious to be honest when I described the engineer I wanted," and Jerry laughed. "Honesty only pays when, as in the copy-books, it is policy."

Greg shook his head.

"I would not say that," he said, in a troubled way ; "it does not sound well."

"No," Jerry answered, "it does not sound well."

Another night had fallen, black and cold as death : would not the houses, as well as the rocks, fall in this awful coldness ? People were found frozen on the roads ; wild creatures came down and sought shelter near humanity ; wolves had been found in the mines, and in the nights they were heard wandering up and down the streets and crying, seeking shelter against the outsides of warm chimneys.

Cold such as never had been known in Durden's ; and the old people and the little children lay down and died.

It was too late in the year for such a freeze to last forever, Mrs. Milton had

said; and much of it had gone when Mr. Henshaw came up to Jerry's office, where Greg and Jerry watched for him with sickening anxiety. He looked drawn and blue with cold, his long, thin nose looked pinched, and behind his spectacles his mild blue eyes were distressed and watery.

"What shall I do?" he asked, before he had taken off his hat or his clumsy woollen gloves that his "Sue" had knit for him; "a telegram from the directors that a dividend *must* be declared; too much stock on the market."

Jerry's eyes gleamed, but for a moment he could not speak, and Greg took the coarse paper from Mr. Henshaw's hands while he divested himself of his out-door wrappings.

"I had not an idea that it would have such an effect as this," Mr. Henshaw went on, putting his large overshoes carefully aside; "I thought it was right to let the poor who had invested know the danger, and Mr. Henley thought so too; you knew all the danger, Mr. Wilkerson," turning to Jerry, who was looking into the fire steadily, "and you, Mr. Greg; and besides, Mr. Henley said that both of you were well enough off to tide over even a failure," looking anxiously from one to the other, "so he negotiated the sales of the poor people's shares while it was yet time; and he showed me a letter from a broker which said it would not hurt the venture, as Mr. Wilkerson was anxious to buy all the stock he could get, and was rich enough to do it with safety. But," his voice steadying from distress to dignity, "I have not sold my own shares, I have been anxious only about the very poor." Then a silence fell.

To Jerry many things were explained as Mr. Henshaw went on; Paul's hand was in all his trouble, and Paul might succeed yet. The room seemed to spin round him; it was an agonizing moment; he felt he must realize something in order to steady his mind, and he fastened his eyes on Mr. Henshaw's great overshoes that were ribbed up and down the instep, and turned up a little at the toes that looked as if they might often touch each other; and the heels would fit an African!

Jerry smiled a little, the huge black

things looked so ugly, and so narrow-minded, and so honest.

Then Greg said sharply, as he took a turn up and down the room:

"I cannot see why you went to Henley for advice."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Greg," and Mr. Henshaw drew himself up more stiffly in his chair; "Mr. Henley came to me with the advice, and came on behalf of the poor, as represented by Daniel Burk. Burk was the first to sell his shares, and said Mr. Wilkerson knew that he was selling."

Jerry shook his head.

"I told Burk only that I was not afraid of the stock," he said; "that selling even then, when I spoke to him, the stock would bring twice as much as he gave for it."

Greg paused in his walk.

"That was unwise," he said; "of course, hearing that they would all want to sell."

"It was that, or a strike which would have ruined us," Jerry answered. "As it is, the crisis has come gradually, and we will soon be safe."

Mr. Henshaw shook his head, as he looked mournfully into the fire.

"If we declare a dividend before a thaw comes," he said, "we will save ourselves but defraud others. I know how many people will be induced to invest in this mine because of this dividend, and how their money will be sunk in the restoration of the mine after the stream has flooded it. I know how all who hold shares now will quadruple the amount they invested, and that many of them will save themselves entirely by selling out the moment the dividend is declared. I know all this, and I know it is not honest—it is not honest!"

"Damnation!" and Greg drove a log into the fire viciously with the heavy heel of his boot.

"It is true, Mr. Greg," Mr. Henshaw went on, "and every hour I live I repent having invested in the mine; if I had not done that, I could have worked with a clear conscience, simply obeying orders; as it is, I am so much interested myself that I am afraid always of forgetting the cause of the poor, and acting for my own good only; and even if we succeed now before the freeze breaks, I

cannot bear to think of the poor who may invest, expecting immediate returns; and Mr. Henley says he understands how I feel about it, especially now that I am ordered to send a telegram that will authorize a dividend."

"Have you told Henley that?" Greg asked, quickly.

"Yes," mildly; "he was with me when it came, and is such a friend of your family."

Greg stood by the window silent; silence was their only safety now; and into Jerry's mind there came the memory of some words of thanks this simple, honest gentleman had said to him when he had lent him money to invest in the mine: "I thank you, in the name of my wife, and of all my little children," he had said; "you free us from anxiety for the future." He was a simple, honest gentleman, this engineer; and Jerry's face burned as he thought, "Too honest for us."

Then Jerry looked up slowly.

"How much did you invest, Mr. Henshaw?" he asked, his voice falling quietly on the silence.

Mr. Henshaw's face grew more mournful still.

"Two thousand dollars," he answered, as if the world must tremble at the amount; it was so much to him—indeed, it was all to him!

Jerry looked into the fire.

"Will you take six thousand for it?" he asked, "and be free to obey orders?"

"Six thousand!" and Mr. Henshaw took off his spectacles to wipe them, and Greg turned from the window quickly.

"Will you take it?" he said.

Mr. Henshaw looked helpless.

"You must remember," Jerry went on, "that you may be worth three times as much as I offer you, if you hold your shares; but if you would rather be out of it, and free of responsibility, I offer you six for two."

"No, no!" Mr. Henshaw faltered, "it is not that; six is too much; but I cannot bear to let you risk so much."

Jerry laughed.

"Five or ten thousand more can make very little difference to me," he said, "for if I fail, I am ruined."

The words were said so quietly that Mr. Henshaw scarcely took them in, or

believed them; Paul had impressed him so thoroughly with the idea of Jerry's wealth, that ruin in connection with him seemed absurd.

"We will say six," Jerry went on, "and you can make the transfer immediately, and telegraph the same to your man of business," putting a chair near the table, and arranging all necessary materials for Mr. Henshaw, "and I will telegraph Glendale to pay cash."

"Yes," and Mr. Henshaw took the seat prepared for him.

"But write your telegram to the Board first, Mr. Henshaw," Greg interrupted, "so that I can send it; they are anxious."

"Yes, yes," and Mr. Henshaw began to write, and Jerry also.

Greg walked up and down the room; he could not be still; the game he had watched so long, and from which he had held aloof, had drawn him into its vortex at last, and had become painful in its excitement. He looked at Jerry in wonder; with all at stake—his money, his reputation, his whole future—he quietly paused to help a poorer man out of the venture, and betrayed by neither word nor sign any feeling against the enemy who was systematically planning his ruin! This crisis was an awful test of a man's strength and firmness, and yet Jerry did not falter: he must succeed—failure would be too cruel!

"You take this down at once, Greg," Jerry said, reading over the despatch Mr. Henshaw had written to the Board, "and telegraph your father to send the news back instantly to the *Banner*," and Greg saw a little shiver run over Jerry as he held out the paper.

"I will," he answered, and went away quickly: his pity, his impatience, and his admiration were too great, he could not bear to watch Jerry now, and hated himself because that once he had turned away from this man.

"And now for the transfer of your shares, Mr. Henshaw," and Jerry turned to the table again.

Presently it was all done, and Mr. Henshaw stood looking into the fire.

"You have put me under great obligations, Mr. Wilkerson," he said at last, "and I cannot do anything that will ever show you how deeply I feel your action in this matter, and how much I

appreciate your generosity;" then more slowly, "and I cannot see what I have done to deserve this kindness."

"Do not speak of it," Jerry answered, quickly; "it is no risk for me, and as I persuaded you into the speculation, I could not do less than help you out when it became obnoxious to you."

"It was not in order to persuade me to send the telegram demanded, for I should have had to do that in any case,"

(To be concluded in May.)

Mr. Henshaw went on, in a preoccupied way, as if hunting for Jerry's motive. "I can see no motive except to relieve my conscientious scruples; I shall never forget it, sir," and Mr. Henshaw wiped his spectacles again—"never forget it: will you shake hands, Mr. Wilkerson?" and he wrung Jerry's hand; then putting on his careful wrappings he went his way, wondering why Jerry's hands were so cold—cold and clammy as death!

THE RELIEF OF CAPTAIN NELSON.

By A. J. Mounteney Jephson.



BEFORE continuing my story,* I would like to speak about the life and customs of these Man-yema slave raiders, and in order that I may make the history of the slave trade in western Central Africa clear, I must take my readers back to the time when the then reigning Sultan of Muscat conquered Zanzibar and made Said Said, his son, Sultan of the island and of a long strip of country on the east coast.

When Said Said began to reign, the island of Zanzibar became overrun by an influx of Arabs from Muscat; some cultivated the land and lived as merchants. They did an enormous trade in palm-oil and cloves, which they grew on Pemba, a good-sized island to the north of Zanzibar; others occupied themselves by hunting for ivory and slaves. On the mainland, opposite Zanzibar, they built a town called Bagamoyo, which was a kind of depot for all the trade from the interior. This trade consisted chiefly in ivory and slaves, and Zanzibar soon became the greatest slave market in the world. The Arabs pushed their way farther and farther into the interior, until they had reached a country called Unyamwezi. Here they built a large settlement called Tabora, which grew to be the great up-coun-

try depôt for all merchandise coming from eastern Central Africa. Trade, however, developed so rapidly toward the West that before long another settlement, called Ujiji, sprang up on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganika, and this tapped all the trade of western Central Africa. The Arabs heard stories from the natives of Ujiji of a great river to the west, with beautiful countries on its banks, where food in the shape of corn, goats, and cattle existed in abundance; where the people were rich and badly armed, and where ivory was as the grass of the plains, so common and plentiful was it. Fired by these exaggerated stories, the Arabs in haste sent their caravans across Lake Tanganika into the mysterious West, and pushed on until they had reached the great river Lualaba, which is the Congo. Here they heard from the natives of bloodthirsty cannibals to the west, who lived in caves by the banks of the river; of spiteful, cunning, vicious dwarfs who jealously guarded their huge stores of ivory in their homes in the dark aisles of a great forest, which stretched far, far away to the setting sun, many months' journey; some said, in its dark shades were the homes of fierce men of gigantic stature, who used huge bows and spears, and trained savage dogs to tear out the vitals of their enemies in battle. Others said the great forest extended to the uttermost end of the earth, where a

* See "Our March with a Starving Column" by the same author in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for March.

great serpent lay motionless and coiled around the world. Undismayed, however, by these reports, the Arabs, in their feverish thirst for ivory, forced their way on down the river, until they reached a rich country called Manyema. Here they built a town called Kasongo, and this is now the stronghold of the slave raiders, who roam over the great forest of Central Africa, and devastate and depopulate vast tracts of country in search of ivory or slaves. From Kasongo there is now a regular trade route which leads east, many days' journey, to Lake Tanganika; it passes through Ujiji and Tabora and reaches the coast at Bagamoyo, which is six hours' steaming from Zanzibar. It takes the Arab caravans which leave Kasongo nine months' marching to reach the coast.

The Arabs, then, nearly twenty years ago, reached Manyema, where they settled down and built strong stations and intrenched villages. They sent parties of their slaves round upon raiding expeditions; they stirred up one native chief against the other, and profited by the quarrels which they fomented. Numbers of native warriors were shot down in these raids, and the women and children were taken prisoners. The women became the wives and concubines of the Arabs, and their slaves; the children were brought up in the Arab camps and learned to talk Ki-swahili, which is the language of Zanzibar. Ki-swahili will, I think, eventually become the language spoken throughout the whole of Central Africa, and the numerous native dialects will gradually die out and be forgotten. These Manyema boys, who are brought up as servants in the Arab camps, after some time gain a slight veneer of semi-civilization; they give up their cannibal habits, adopt the dress and customs of the Arabs, and profess to become Mohammedans, giving themselves airs of great superiority.

But this thin veneer of civilization cannot eradicate the cruelty from their savage natures. The Arabs arm them with guns and send them out in large bodies, under the leadership of some chief slave, to search for ivory; and numberless companies of these Manyema bandits now roam over the whole

of Central Africa in this cruel search for slaves and ivory.

Human nature is much the same all the world over. In civilization we know that no one is so despotic to the lower classes as a man who has risen to power from those very classes; no one so conservative in things which affect himself as a radical in power; no landlord so hard upon his tenant as a landlord who is a tenant himself. Thus in Africa, no master is so cruel to his slave as a man who has been a slave himself. And so these semi-barbarous slaves of the Arabs are terrible in their wanton cruelty to those whom they have in their power. The Arabs themselves, God knows, are cruel enough, but the ingenuity with which their Manyema slaves torture and destroy poor helpless natives, to whom they are only superior in that they have guns, is absolutely diabolical.

Far more cruelty is practised and lives lost in the search for ivory than are ever lost in making slaves, and even at this distance of time I can hardly think of the evidence of their cruel work which we saw in the forest without my blood boiling in my veins.

Parties of sixty or seventy Manyema slaves are sent out armed with guns; these creep up and surround a village in the night, and just before morning dawns they fire a volley into the village. The panic-stricken natives rush out, abandoning everything in their flight, while the Manyema dash in and loot the village. A certain number of men are shot down in the first rush; the women and children are captured and carried off by the slave raiders. After looting the village the Manyema settle down there for a few days, until all the goats, chickens, etc., are eaten. In some cases a few of the women and children are given back to the surviving natives, who come timidly in to treat with the marauders for their ransom with such tusks of ivory as they may have hidden in the forest. The Manyema then leave the village, only to return again and carry on the same tactics when they think the unfortunate natives have again collected a sufficiently large stock of ivory to make it worth their while.

Mr. Stanley has said that we may consider every tusk of ivory brought to

the coast means the death of a whole family of natives. Five tusks mean the destruction of a village, and ten the destruction of a whole district. This is no exaggeration.

In the forest we came upon whole tribes and districts ruined and devastated; there was hardly a native hut left standing in the districts through which the Manyema had left their baleful trail. The natives in terror had fled to the woods, where they picked up a living upon roots, insects, etc. As soon as the natives in their mad fear had left the neighborhood of the villages, the troops and herds of elephants, which abound in the forest, come in at night and trample down the defenceless fields. It is surprising what a large tract of banana plantations a herd of elephants will trample down and destroy in one night. For three whole months we had been marching through a district devastated by these bloodthirsty Manyema slave raiders, and it was now that we struck upon Kilonga-longa's camp at Ipoto.

Khamis, his chief, told us that Kilonga-longa was then at another station on the river Lenda, over which we had crossed at its confluence with the Aruwimi, many days back in the forest.

The Manyema camp at Ipoto was filthy in the extreme and very unhealthy. There were absolutely no sanitary arrangements whatever; the people were all herded together like animals, and the smell of the garbage, decaying vegetable matter, etc., which was lying about close to the huts in great heaps, was at times perfectly sickening. Three-quarters of the people in the Manyema camp were little more than savages, having been captured and made slaves by the Manyema at a comparatively recent date. The country all round had been raided and devastated by the Manyema, and there was not a native village to be seen anywhere within miles of the settlement. Khamis told us that within a radius of six days' march from Ipoto there was no food to be got, the whole country had been raided by his people, and the natives had retired to the woods. Raiding parties were still constantly sent out and the devastated circle was becoming larger and larger month by

month. So much country had been laid waste that he intended soon to despatch a strong party of men under one of his chiefs to form a new station in a country to the east which had not yet been touched. This party, after establishing itself securely, would send out fresh raiding parties all round, until the country, like that round Ipoto, had been completely drained of ivory, women, goats, chickens, etc., and the ivory raiders would then move off again to fresh fields and pastures new.

And so this cruel work now goes on day after day in the heart of the great forest of Africa, until the whole land is drenched with blood, and this fair country is fast being turned into a wilderness where the inhabitants live in fear of their lives. The dusky warrior watches anxiously, spear in hand, at the entrance of his village for any signs of the approach of the dreaded Wa-tomba-tomba. The mother nervously clasps her baby as she lies down at night to sleep, knowing that at any moment she may hear the sound of the slave raiders' guns, and be forced to fly with her little one into the dark recesses of the woods. It is a picture which makes one pause to consider why this cruel work should go on. Why should not all civilized people band together and say, "We will not permit this foul wrong to be done?" The first question which arises is, given the wish of all civilized people to go hand in hand to prevent it, what can be done to stop it? how are they to act? The answer to that is easily given. This ivory raiding is only made possible because the Arabs possess powder and guns; were the Manyema only armed as the natives are, with spears or bows, they would never dare to go on raiding expeditions, for the natives could hold their own against them. Let the traffic in gunpowder be stopped, and the slave raiding would quickly collapse. Let all Europeans who have territory in Africa see that no powder finds its way to the Arabs. I know it is a hard thing to do, for if the ordinary trade routes along which powder finds its way into the interior were stopped to-morrow, no doubt a hundred new channels would open the next day. There is no use in two or three nations stopping it;

all must band together in solemn good faith, if any good is to be done.

In this scramble for Africa, where France, England, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, and Holland are all taking over great tracts of country, the natives themselves seem to be the last to be thought of. As I have said once before, when I see this scramble for Africa going on, the French saying, "Quand on veut dessécher un marais on ne consulte pas les grenouilles," always recurs to my mind. We hear of the wonderful capabilities for trade, etc., which exist in these magnificent countries; we hear about its being an outlet for the surplus population of Europe; we hear of one nation quarrelling about its "rights" with another nation; but do we ever hear anything about the rights of the natives, who are the lawful possessors of the soil? Surely, if we take their country we at least have some duties toward them in return; and it seems to me that the first duty we have toward them is to protect them from that baleful private enterprise of "Christian Traders," who have already brought a blight on the west coast by the liquor traffic, and now are in a fair way to depopulate the heart of Africa by their accursed traffic in guns and powder. It can only be stopped by a combined, patient, and vigilant action of all the Powers possessing territory in Africa. A solemn, earnest determination that the unfortunate Pagans shall no longer be sacrificed to the enterprise of "Christians."

I am not one of those who believe that philanthropy alone will ever accomplish this; people would soon tire of giving large sums of money, and the feeling of interest would quickly languish. Any scheme, to be a success, must be self-supporting and paying, and fair trade must go hand in hand with philanthropy, if anything of value is to be accomplished. The two things are not incompatible, and I often think missionaries would gain more converts if they *traded honestly* as well as preached. How is it that Mohammedanism has spread so rapidly in Africa? I refuse to believe it is because Islam is a lower religion than Christianity, and permits of more license; but I firmly believe it is because every Mohammedan trader is

also a teacher, and carries his Koran with him. Natives are like children: they must first be approached and taught by things they are accustomed to. They understand a just system of exchange, which is, after all, nothing but fair trade. Begin with this first, if you like, and you will find they will take to the religious side quite easily when once you have gained their confidence. I was much struck, I regret to say, in Africa, by the inferiority of the Protestant mission stations to those of the Roman Catholics. The Protestant missionaries, as a rule, did not seem to have as many converts or friends as the Roman Catholic missionaries had, and I attribute it partly to this cause.

The first thing a Roman Catholic missionary does in Central Africa, after building his house, is to clear the ground, plant beautiful gardens; and cultivate fields. The natives understand this, and there is at once a common interest between them, and a friendly footing is established. The natives gain confidence, and the missionaries are then able to speak to them on the subject nearest their hearts. The Protestant missions I have seen, with the exception of three or four, have scarcely any really fine gardens or fields. Is it not the same as teaching children in a Kindergarten? When their lessons are about the common objects they know, how infinitely more interesting they find them, and how much less of a task?

I remember Miss Thackeray, the gentle, earnest director of the Universities' Mission in Zanzibar, telling me about the slaves she had sent to her by the officers of the British Navy who had captured Arab slave-dhows and released the slaves. She told me when they first came to her they were like frightened animals, and how she used to take them out alone into the beautiful gardens and fields round the Mission Station of Simba-m'bweni, and show them the growing corn, the flowers, squirrels, and birds, and all common objects they were accustomed to. They were at once quieted and soothed, and gradually gained confidence.

She told me how she had once asked a little slave-girl, who appeared to be greatly terrified when she was first given

over into her care, what made her so frightened. The dusky little maid answered, "Oh, lady, I thought when you took me you were going to kill me and eat me." "But why?" asked Miss Thackeray. "Because, lady, your face was so white and your nose so long." "And what made you trust me first?" asked Miss Thackeray. The little maid answered, unhesitatingly, "Because you showed me the trees and birds and corn-fields, and I saw you were like us and cared for such things."

And this makes me think it is the want of *sympathy* between Europeans and Negroes which causes the two to stand so far apart; once have a common sympathy, and everything else will follow.

And so I say, let *fair trade* and mission work go hand in hand together; just exchange will be the common sympathy, and religion will follow naturally.

It was on October 18th that we entered Ipoto, the Arab settlement in charge of Khamis, the Manyema chief; we had taken twelve days to reach it, having left Nelson's starvation camp on October 6th.

On our arrival the Manyema appeared sympathetic and friendly. Khamis sent us two goats as a present and a basket of Indian corn, which being divided gave us twenty-seven heads of corn each. He also gave Stanley a good-sized hut and a smaller one was given to Stairs, Parke, and myself. The huts were wretchedly made of leaves and rough boards, the floors were of mud and very uneven; the roof low, and the whole hut was very dirty and full of vermin. But to the latter we had long been accustomed and our clothes were infested with them.

The amount of corn given to our men was scanty, four heads of corn apiece was given out to them until Mr. Stanley could make arrangements with Khamis for buying food. There was great difficulty about this, for some weeks before a canoe containing all our money in the shape of cloth, beads, brass wire, etc., had been upset in the river, which was so rapid that we had been unable to recover any of our bales; all our large supplies were behind at Yambuya, in charge of Major Barttelot.

Meanwhile Mr. Stanley did all he could to obtain food for the starving people from the Manyema. He gave them handsome presents of various sorts; a gold watch and chain, a revolver, a blanket or two and such things, in order to gain their good-will and enable him to make terms with them for feeding the men. He also tried to persuade Khamis to lend him a band of men to carry relief to Nelson. Khamis promised he should have the men directly he could spare them, which would be in two days, when he expected one of his raiding parties to return. With this promise he had to be contented. In the afternoon the Manyema brought beans and Indian corn with a few chickens and bananas to sell; after their first small present had been given they told us they would give us nothing more, but we must pay for everything.

We ransacked our boxes and turned everything out to see if there was anything which would strike their fancy, and we were soon in the humiliating position of trying, like shopmen, to lay out our goods so that they would show to the best advantage. Such poor clothes as we had we turned out. What a rag fair it was! Stairs would be trying to tempt some fat, well-fed Manyema slave to exchange a few heads of corn for a scarlet cummerbund (waist-belt), the brightness of which he thought might attract the fancy of his wife. I, hiding the holes as well as I could, would be trying to get some sort of a bid for a tattered jersey, or an old flannel shirt without any sleeves; while Parke, dear soul, with an insinuating smile which would have charmed a bird off a twig, was trying to persuade a woman to give him a small basket of beans in exchange for an old tattered pair of duck trousers, which he said he was sure would fit her husband beautifully. He was holding them up and artfully trying to hide from her the fact that they were patched in the seat with a piece of an old blue and white checked coverlet! But it was of no use, for the sharp eyes of the Manyema spied out the holes and rents, and we had to lower our prices in the most heart-rending manner!

For a whole week I remember Parke tried to get rid of those old trousers, he

used to send Muftah, his boy, out with them regularly three or four times a day to take them round the village and see if he could not get a purchaser. After a day or two the appearance of Muftah and the trousers used to be the signal for roars of laughter from the Manyema, but at length they got tired of them and used to shut their doors indignantly in Muftah's face when they saw him coming. Muftah himself at last became sick of them, and disposed of them to a slave for two heads of Indian corn and a handful of beans, and received a severe reprimand from Parke for disposing of so valuable an article of clothing for such a contemptible price.

Ah, well ! it was a good thing that even in those days we could sometimes laugh.

The best price we ever got for anything was for four empty brandy bottles, which Stairs, who had a mania for storing up rubbish, had fortunately saved. For the first bottle we had asked the modest sum of ten heads of corn ; this was immediately paid, and several people came to try and buy a bottle. Seeing how much bottles were in request, we at once raised our prices, and invented a sliding scale, and for the fourth bottle got the wonderful price of thirty head of corn and a basket of beans. It was surprising that bottles should have fetched such high prices, for Parke, for his mess uniform coat and waistcoat was able to get a few bananas only. It was purchased by a big, fat Manyema chief, who was rather struck with the red cloth and brass buttons. We used to see him proudly parading the camp in the short jacket. He could only just button it across his chest ; the peak behind about reached to the small of his back, and the bottom of the waistcoat ended too soon, so that there was a broad roll of tight black skin very much *en evidence* between the bottom of the waistcoat and the top of his loin-cloth. However, he used to think himself a great swell, and was the admiration of all the women.

Among things which sold wonderfully well were needles. Before leaving for Africa a lady had presented me with an enormous housewife which contained several hundreds of needles.

The Manyema women came in numbers to buy these, and these needles alone kept me in food for four days. Scissors, knives, looking-glasses, mosquito nets, and anything which took their fancy went in those days to feed ourselves and our servants, until we were stripped bare of almost all that we had. Ah ! the humiliation of it all, to see the fat, sleek Manyema slaves looking scornfully at the poor little rags we were offering for sale, as they passed some rude jest among their fellows which provoked a laugh at our poverty-stricken kits. Hunger and Central Africa are great levellers of pride and caste.

Mr. Stanley, too, had great difficulty in getting any corn for the men. The Manyema chiefs proved so obdurate to our appeals to them for food to feed the men that our Zanzibaris began stealing corn from the fields, and at last, driven to madness by hunger, took to selling their rifles and ammunition to the Manyema. This was just what the Manyema had been aiming at ; they had almost from the first determined to starve the men into selling them their rifles. The loss of our rifles meant death to the whole caravan, but still, in spite of punishments and warnings, the men continued to get rid of their rifles secretly to the Manyema, until it seemed that the expedition was on the verge of destruction. At length, a man was caught in the act of selling his rifle, and he was tried by court-martial and hanged. This had the effect of stopping the wholesale loss of guns, but men who are starving have no reasoning powers, and we were obliged to take the guns away from all our men, and store them in our hut.

For some days after our arrival at Ipoto we had heard no news of the chiefs we had sent ahead seventeen days before, but at last, on the twenty-second day after they had left us, they reached us, accompanied by the faithful Uledi. They were all fearfully pulled down and greatly changed. Alsasi, the Lion's son, who was formerly a laughing, jolly little fellow, was like a different man, and though we eventually brought him out with us to Zanzibar he did not recover his spirits, and was never the same again.

It appeared they had wandered along

the south bank of the Aruwimi, and had existed upon toadstools only, till, finding no trace of the Arabs, they had turned back and had encountered the boat's crew, who were bringing the boat up the river over the rapids. Uledi had taken them on board, landed them on the north side, and had escorted them up to the Manyema camp.

One day we heard a great firing of guns and thought it was the raiding party we were anxiously waiting for who were arriving, but it turned out to be a native chief who some Manyema were escorting into the camp. He was the chief of a country near by, and for seven months had been fighting the Arabs, but he had now come in to try and make terms with them, bringing Khamis a present of two magnificent tusks of ivory. I went round to see him after he had arrived, for I had never yet seen a bush native on a friendly footing. I found the old chief (Sultan he called himself) sitting, smoking a long pipe, on an antelope's skin on the veranda of Khamis's house.

He was the most repulsive-looking old object I ever saw. He was dressed in a spotted deer-skin and had a battered iron crown on his head. He had absolutely no nose and his eyes were bleared and shifty-looking; he spoke in a wheezy voice, saying a few mumbling words and then stopping to suck at his pipe or spit copiously upon the ground. His followers, who were seated round him, were rather fine-looking men, they all had their faces tattooed, and examined me and my clothes in astonishment, for I was the first white man they had ever seen. It is curious that a crown should be one of the insignia of royalty even in the middle of the forest of Central Africa, where no breath of civilization has ever penetrated. We had come frequently upon these beaten-iron crowns in the native huts, and had always been told by the natives that they belonged to the chief of the village or country.

The next day the long-looked-for raiding-party arrived, and Khamis said he could give Mr. Stanley some men the next day to carry relief to Nelson.

That night Mr. Stanley sent for me and told me I was to return with a

certain number of my men, and such Manyema as Khamis would give me, and march back to Nelson's relief as fast as I could. He told me that the day after I started he intended to start on toward the lake, taking Stairs with him. Parke was to be left in the Manyema camp to look after the sick. After bringing Nelson up to the Manyema camp I was to hurry on after Mr. Stanley with such men as I had with me, and try to reach him before he gained the open country. I had known for some days that I was to be sent on this mission, and had carefully got together a small supply of flour, as there was no food of any sort to be got in the wilderness through which I must pass on my way to Nelson's camp.

The following is Mr. Stanley's letter of instructions which he handed to me before starting.

"ARAB CAMP,
October 24, 1887.

"DEAR MR. JEPHSON: I present you with a few memoranda as a reminder of what you have been so good as to promise to perform.

"1st. You will take ten men, inclusive of Rajab-bin-Jumah, and accompany the Manyema party to the relief of Captain Nelson and his party at the camp on the south bank of the Ituri River, near its junction with the Ihuru River.

"2d. The route to be taken is from here down to the boat, which will transport you and your party across the Ituri River.

"3d. You will then turn down river along the south bank until you strike our road, which by its markings and cuttings you will easily distinguish.

"4th. On arrival at the little river, crossed by a big log, where our runaways left us, I hope you will be able to search for some traces of the box of Emin Pasha's boots. If you meet with any of the deserters bind them sure and fast.

"5th. It is impossible to surmise what may have befallen Nelson's party. Many may have deserted, many may have died. On the other hand, they may have been more fortunate than we and found food. Murabo has cheered me greatly by saying that he directed Umari where to find food. If so, well, and yet I fear. On arrival take down the

names of all alive at the camp. Check off those able to follow you back to this camp. Those unable to follow must struggle the best way they can. The relief party by no means will wait, nor can any help be obtained for love or money for their carriage here. Even if Nelson is unable to follow, I fear that unless you can bribe the Zanzibaris to carry him, both you and he will find it difficult to reach this place.

"6th. On arrival at Nelson's you must exercise your best discretion as to what we can do without, and what is indispensable. From Nelson's list I pick out the following as indispensable to us :

Remington boxes.....	45
Maxim gun.....	3
Nelson's personal effects.....	3
Rifles, 30, loads.....	6
Maxim effects.....	1
Brass-rod boxes.....	5
Boat boxes, say.....	2
(Here, take what is necessary. If you have fifty bolts and washers more than what the boat has in now I think you have enough.)	
Sounding line.....	1
Hoes and axes.....	2
Bag of flags.....	1

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"Bottom boards, extra rowlocks, plates, etc., reject if you cannot carry. I trust to you to do your best. The relief party will march quickly, and I give eleven days for your going and returning. After all have been landed on this side at the landing-place, you can then, unless there are strong reasons for waiting a little, take the boat to pieces and carry section by section up to the Arab village, leaving it with Nelson and Parke. Take the spanners with you, cold chisel, hammer, auger, or chisel you may have. Then collect every man the doctor declares *really* fit for travel. I fancy you will have thirty. Boat's crew, ten men, your own party ten, and two boys, Umari and some seven or eight of his men, and perhaps four or five of the party left here by me convalescent and recovered, such as M'gongeni, Uledi Nakhoda, Baraka, etc. Then get some of them here to show the road out of the village which we took as far as the forest—our traces will then be clear enough for your following us.

"Take the five loads of brass rods, and for prudence sake take two boxes of ammunition. One load between two men for rapid marching, that you may overhaul us before we get too far. There is no likelihood we shall stop anywhere until we get well out of this famine-stricken district. You don't want to take a tent with you, except a tarpauling when you come after us.

"*And for God's sake* don't forget to bring the bag of flags with you, for its absence may be fatal to some of us, inasmuch as we may be shot at without a flag (in Emin's province), as through Williams's folly it was left behind.

"Yours faithfully

"HENRY M. STANLEY.

"To A. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, ESQ.

"P. S.—Select the best *axes* on arrival here and bring them on with you, as well as *hoes*.

"H. M. S."

On October the 26th I started off to relieve Nelson. Mr. Stanley gave me a small supply of flour and two chickens for Nelson, it was all he could manage to scrape together, but fortunately I had managed to collect a fair amount of corn, which with care I might make last twelve days, especially if I eked out this scanty supply with such roots or toadstools as I might be able to pick up on the way. On parting, Mr. Stanley gave me a few more words of instruction and warned me to be very careful how I treated the men until I had relieved Nelson and passed the Manyema camp; after that he told me I was to hurry them up as much as I could, for if once he got out into the open country before I caught him up, I should not be able to follow him. He told me what I was to do if by chance I should arrive too late and find that Nelson had perished. He seemed greatly affected at the possibility of such a thing. He wished me good luck and I started off, clenching my teeth with the feeling I had a hard task before me, though it was a mission I was glad to be sent on.

It was 1.30 before we got clear of the Manyema camp. On reaching the river I found Uledi and the boat's crew waiting to ferry us over to the other side

of the river, and by 5 o'clock the whole party, seventy in all, was transported; we camped for the night and I gave out thirty rounds of ammunition to each man. I rigged up a tent out of a tarpauling and put the bag of food I was carrying to Nelson under my pillow, for the men were still in such a hungry state that it was unsafe to trust it out of my sight.

Next morning I was up before dawn and got the men off as soon as it was light enough to see the path; I took my place in the rear, closely following the man who was carrying our food. There had been heavy rain in the night, and the track was in a very bad condition for travelling; there were numerous rivers to cross, which I just waded through, as I did not care to ask the men in their weakened state to carry me across; they needed all their strength for rapid marching. At noon we reached the camp where we had crossed over to the north side of the river, when, two weeks before, we were trying to find our way to the Arabs. The arrow-marks on the trees were still quite fresh and plain, pointing the way across the river; but Mr. Stanley's instructions to Khamis Parry, which were written in ink on a blazed tree, were hardly legible now from rain and exposure. Soon after this a terrific thunderstorm came on, which made the road still worse, and we constantly sank up to our knees in the thick mud in which the elephants or hippopotami had been wallowing. My boots, which were worn out and had nearly parted with their soles, were constantly pulled off my feet, and I had every now and then to stop and hunt for them in the mud. We reached one of our old camps at 4.20 o'clock, and I found, to my annoyance, that the Manyema had crept into the little huts which were still standing and refused to go on. It was of no use attempting to move them, and as the thunderstorm was raging harder than ever I reluctantly got my tarpauling rigged up for the night, having done three and one-half of our former marches in the day. My boy was just able to kindle a small handful of fire in my tent, with a little dry firewood, which he found in one of the old huts. He made a plateful of porridge, which we

shared together in the smoky atmosphere of my tent. There we sat in the dark, in cheerless dampness, while the storm raged around us. The dazzling lightning flashed vividly among the trees, the thunder rolled and shook the earth, and the hurricane lashed and ground the tree-tops furiously. Giant trees crashed around us, the whole mighty forest groaned and wailed as if possessed by demons, while the rain fell in torrents and soon turned the camp into a swamp. It was at such times that one most realized the full horrors of our forest march. For then sad thoughts would rise up in my mind as I sat brooding there over the hard deaths of our faithful men; of the expedition split up and divided into four separate parts; of Mr. Stanley marching on toward the plain, every day farther and farther from me; and then, above all, the one absorbing thought which filled my mind, "Is Nelson alive, or shall I be too late?" It was then one asked one's self, "How long is this to last? Shall we ever again see light and home?"

At such times in life a man feels he would give anything if he could again possess the simple, unquestioning faith of his childhood. I am not much given to psalm-singing or quoting poetry, but I remember that night, as I sat in my tent, unable to sleep from anxiety and care, an old hymn which I must have learnt in the nursery kept recurring to my mind, and carried with it a certain amount of comfort.

However, this feeling soon passes. I was up early to get the people started at daylight, and the broodings of last night were soon forgotten in work. It is wonderful how responsibility steadies one, and the feeling that for the time being everything depends on one's self prevents one from ever giving in; it is only when one feels that one is useless, or there is a lull in the work, that gloomy feelings creep in to worry and depress one. Well, we got off by daylight, and I hoped to do a long day's march, and, if possible, to reach Nelson's camp that day, even if we had to travel in the dark. But, as is so often the case in Africa, I was disappointed. In my journal, under the date of October 27th, I read the following words:

"The Manyema promised to go far to-day, but at a place near where I had before returned to mend the boat, when We had spent three miserable days of hunger and uncertainty there, with the men lying in their shelters at night



"One day we heard a great firing of guns."—Page 506.

I was nearly dropping from hunger, they all stopped, saying they were hungry and must go and look for fungus and climb the trees in search of fruit; the consequence was, I pushed on with my own men, leaving them to follow. When I got to the place where our deserters had left us with their loads, I searched all around to see if I could find any traces of Emin Pasha's boots, or anything else they might have thrown away from their loads, which they had probably opened to see what they contained. After searching for some time and finding no traces of the loads, we started on and reached our camp, opposite the island where Feruzi Ali had received his death-wound, at about one o'clock, the Manyema coming in about half an hour after. They brought with them some fungus and a little fruit, and asked me to allow them to halt an hour to enable them to rest and cook it. I, too, had gathered a little fungus, which I found by the path; so we halted and had it cooked. I was so hoping to get to Nelson to-day, and now we cannot possibly reach him till to-morrow morning. The old camp looked very dismal indeed.

groaning all round us. I never expected to see it again. This going over the scenes of our sufferings, when the remembrance of them is so vivid in our minds, is very depressing, the more so to me that I feel we are going on a mission which may turn out to have a very sad ending, for we know not what may have happened to Nelson, and we are not safely through our prospects of starvation yet. At this rate I shall never catch up with Mr. Stanley. I had my food cooked just where Stairs, Parke, and I had had our food cooked before, and had talked so dismally over the fire, on the night of my birthday, October 8th, which was about the most miserable one I've ever spent. We had talked of the poor chance Nelson had of being relieved yet awhile, yet we none of us expected his relief would be so long in coming. As I march along I make all sorts of conjectures as to whether I shall find Nelson alive; I should like to march from morning till night to solve the question quickly, but I dare not press my men, in their weakened condition and with their scanty diet, to do too much."

That night I camped at dark only four and a half hours' march from Nelson's camp; I find that day's march fairly clearly described in my journal, as follows:

"October 28th.—Almost before it was light I started the people off, but in my feverish anxiety to reach Nelson's camp I hurried on with one man only, and soon got far beyond my people, whom I told to follow me as quickly as they could.

"How vivid every incident of that miserable march appeared as I passed place after place where we had had such difficulty in urging forward our starving people who were carrying the boat. Here was the stream which had taken us so much time and trouble to get the boat sections across, and there was the bank with the fallen tree up which we had had to drag the loads and cut our way through the bush. Here, on the road, we passed three skeletons; they

have happened at Nelson's camp. The bodies were eaten clean by the red ants which abounded in the forest, and I could only recognize who the men were by such poor cloths as still remained folded round the waists of the skeletons; we had passed several farther back on the road. They were grim reminders of the days of starvation when we were wandering on hopelessly in search of food, and until I saw these proofs of our hunger I hardly realized how bad had been our case, and how narrowly had the whole caravan escaped annihilation. The man Borafia, who was with me, was one of the very men who had helped to carry the boat, and at several bad places he said, 'Look, master, do you remember the trouble we had here?' or 'See, B'wana Bubarika, this is the place where Ferhani fell under his load and we carried him into camp.' All was passed by rapidly to-day as I marched quickly along through



The women of the forest march in a stooping posture.—Page 513.

were probably some of the men we had left in Nelson's camp, who tried to follow us but had fallen by the wayside from hunger and exhaustion. It gave one a fresh feeling of horror at what might

bushes and streams, regardless of anything, so that my patched old clothes were soon split and torn and my knickerbockers hung in tatters from my knees. I picked up any fungus or fruit

which I saw growing near the path, until I had my hat and handkerchief full of toadstools, for I knew well that every soon got to camp. As I entered it not a sound was to be heard but the groans of two men dying in a hut close by; the



* Here, on the road, we passed three skeletons."—Page 510.

atom of food I could get would be wanted by Nelson and the starving people. As I neared Nelson's camp my anxiety to know his fate became intense, and with labored breath I hurried on faster and faster, with a feeling in my throat that was almost physical pain.

"When we were within about half a mile of the camp we suddenly came on a half-starved man wearily searching for tree beans or fungus; it was Abdullah, one of the sick men whom we had left with Nelson. For the first few moments he regarded us with a kind of dazed surprise. Eagerly we plied him with questions, and learned that Nelson was alive but almost done for, and was in the last straits of hunger. Without waiting to hear more I pushed on and

whole place looked melancholy and deserted.

"I came slowly round the tent and found Nelson quietly sitting there. He started up with an exclamation of astonishment, and we clasped hands."

Thus, twenty-two days after we had left him, I found him still at his post. Mr. Stanley has compared him to the Roman soldier found standing at his post after the destruction of Pompeii. I immediately had one of the two chickens I had with me put down to the fire, and some porridge was soon simmering in the pot. After seeing the food being got ready, I returned to Nelson's tent to hear his experiences during the twenty-two days he had been left,



'Nelson started up with an exclamation of astonishment, and we clasped hands.'—Page 511.

while Borafia went round the camp to see his friends. After about two hours my people came into the camp, and all crowded round Nelson's tent to greet him. The state of the camp was pitiable. We had left fifty-six men with Nelson, and on mustering the survivors I found there were only six left, and two of these were lost in following me back to the Manyema camp. The dead bodies of some of the men, in various stages

of decomposition, were lying in the huts; the survivors had been too weak and dejected to bury them, and my men threw them into the river.

I wrote down in my journal that night the various details as Nelson told them to me. They are as follows:

"Seventeen men had died in the first few days. Jumah Unyamwezi, Stairs's chief, with eight men, two of whom were my boys, Almas and Nasibu, had stolen

the big canoe and had gone down river in the night. Umari, Nelson's chief, with sixteen men, had gone off in search of food and had not yet returned. They have been away twelve days, and I am inclined to think they have deserted. But Nelson has great faith in Umari and will not believe it. . . . The sixteen men with Umari were, so Nelson tells me, all in the last stage of starvation, so perhaps some catastrophe has happened to the party and they have not been able to find their way back. Suède, who stole Mr. Stanley's box of clothes, and Rehani, who deserted with Parke's clothes on our way to the Manyema camp, had come into Nelson's camp at night, and after making an attempt to steal some rifles out of his tent had jumped into one of the canoes and had gone down river, taking with him three or four men from the camp. Six others had died, and out of the fifty-six men left with Nelson only six men are left, two of whom are in a dying state and the other four are so reduced by hunger that I do not expect more than three of them will be able to drag themselves after me to the Arab camp. Nelson's two boys, Osmani and Fickerini, have kept him alive; they have gone out every day and have brought him in a small supply of M'bungu, a pleasant enough tasting fruit but not one to exist upon, and they were able to get it only in very limited quantities. Nelson's despair at being left in this way, with men daily dying round him for want of food, and the feeling that something had happened to the expedition and that Mr. Stanley had been obliged to abandon him, must have been terrible. He told me he was unable to sleep at night from anxiety, and just dozed a bit during the day. He had some twenty rifles all loaded ready in a row in his tent, in case of an attack from the natives. Umari had tried to persuade him to leave the camp, as Mr. Stanley was evidently unable to relieve him, and to go down river to where they might find some food. Nelson was sorely tempted to do so but felt that he could not leave his post. . . . Poor old chap, he looked fearfully haggard and pulled down, and there were deep lines round his eyes and mouth which told

plainly of starvation and sleepless nights, of anxiety and care. He looked altogether shrunken and small and moved about only with pain. His feet and legs had been bad some days before we left him, but since that time he had had no less than ten ulcers on them; five of them are now well, but he is only just able to get on a large shoe and walk. It does me good to see how he enjoys the porridge, chicken, and beans I got ready for him. We sat up till late last night, for there was much to tell him of our experiences since we left him, and of Mr. Stanley's plans. He seems quite resigned at the idea of being left with the Arabs. He does not know what the Manyema camp is like, and I haven't the heart to tell him yet. Indeed I do not think he could go on with us in his weakened state, and his feet are not likely to get well yet awhile, particularly if he is obliged to march. He is greatly interested in hearing all about our difficulties before reaching the Arab camp and is much amused at the idea of our eating Mr. Stanley's old donkey. He was unable to sleep last night from excitement, and woke me up at about twelve o'clock and we sat round the fire smoking and drinking some of my coffee till nearly daybreak.

"Early next morning I mustered the people and began to give out the loads. One-third of the people whom Khamis had given me were women, who I found were in many ways better carriers than the men. They usually carried their loads on their shoulders, in the manner peculiar to all the natives in the forest. They fasten a broad band of banana fibre or bark to each end of the box and hoisting it between their shoulders pass the fibre band across their foreheads and march along in a stooping posture with a stick in their right hand to support them. I found I had more loads than people, so I was obliged to leave thirteen cases of ammunition, and seven or eight other loads behind. I dug a hole in the sand and buried them." (Where they were eventually found ten months afterward by Mr. Stanley when he returned through the forest to search for the rear column.) I started off the Manyema early, but it was nearly midday before we had got the extra loads buried, and

my men and I started off and left Starvation Camp behind us. Nelson had gone ahead with the Manyema and got on much better than I expected he would be able to. I came upon him sitting down with his two boys by the side of the path, resting, and after seeing he was all right, I started on for camp to get food and a bed ready for him by the time he arrived. I sent the men ahead and remained with Nelson, for I did not like losing sight of him, but I kept my faithful chief Rajab-bin-Jumah and a few men to act as an escort. We got slowly but steadily along, and though he marched most pluckily he had to rest so often that we were always a long way behind the column. On reaching the camp where we had spent the memorable night of my birthday I found to my disgust that the Manyema had found a small canoe which we had before hidden by the river bank, and that a good many men and loads had already crossed, intending to go back to the Arab camp by a path on the other side of the river. It was my intention to stick to my written orders and return by the same road as we had come, for the boat was waiting in readiness to take us across the river near the Manyema camp. Besides, too, I was to have left my chief Rajab-bin-Jumah to take the boat to pieces while I hurried on to the Arab camp with the loads, and we should thus have saved a day.

Commands or entreaties, however, were useless; the rest of the Manyema were determined to cross, and said if I insisted on their going by my road they would throw away their loads. As I was entirely in their hands I had to submit, which I did with a very bad grace. The road on the opposite side of the river proved to be abominable, and on the next day, I grieve to say, I lost my favorite chief, Rajab-bin-Jumah. Nelson last saw him climbing a tree in search of food, but from that day to this we heard of him no more. I think in his weakened state he must have fallen from the tree and been killed, and I mourned for the loss of my true and faithful friend. He was a favorite with Europeans and Zanzibaris alike. He had always been with me wherever I

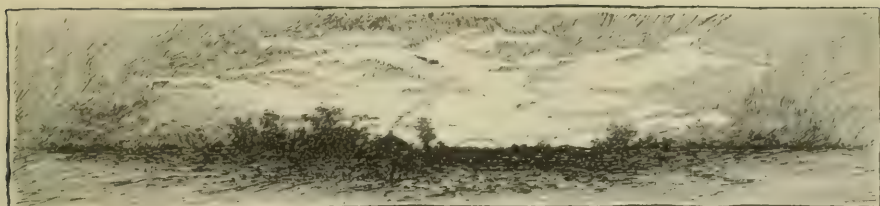
went, and his kind, quiet, *gentlemanlike* ways had always been a great comfort to me. My heart was sad and I experienced a strange sense of loneliness and loss when I felt that he was no longer following me, ever ready to help or advise me.

And so Nelson toiled slowly and painfully toward the Manyema camp, until at length we struck our old path and I knew exactly where we were. This part of our track, like the other, was marked here and there with skeletons.

Here is another little extract from my journal:

"Nelson came up utterly tired and worn out; he just threw himself down on the bed I had prepared for him. His appearance frightens me, he looks so haggard and worn and old. This marching every day knocks him up terribly, and he cannot go on much longer. He wants me to leave him behind to follow, and go on ahead to look after the loads, and get my work with the boat done, so that I can follow Mr. Stanley quickly, before he gets too far. But I do not like to lose sight of him, and now I've brought him out of danger I won't let him go until I've landed him safely with Parke. I can, of course, only make very limited marches with him; but in two days more we must reach the Arab camp, for I know now exactly where we are."

On November 2d we finally reached the Manyema camp, in eight and a half days since I had left it to carry Nelson relief. In spite of Nelson's weakness we had done the journey in two and a half days less than Mr. Stanley had allowed us; Nelson had done the journey most pluckily. Here I left Nelson in the tender care of our good surgeon, Dr. Parke. Taking the few men with me who were able to travel, I followed on Mr. Stanley's track, and found him encamped in the district of Ibwiri, which I reached on November 17th, just three weeks after I had left him. It was a great relief to be with him again and be able to report that Nelson was well and safe. That evening, relieved of a load of anxiety, I lay down and slept as I had not slept for many a long night.



NIGHT.

By Archibald Lampman.

COME with thine unveiled worlds, O truth of night,
 Come with thy calm. Adown the shallow day,
 Whose splendors hid the vaster world away,
 I wandered on this little plot of light,
 A dreamer among dreamers. Veiled or bright,
 Whether the gold shower roofed me or the gray,
 I strove and fretted at life's feverish play,
 And dreamed until the dream seemed infinite.

But now the gateway of the all unbars ;
 The passions and the cares that beat so shrill,
 The giants of this petty world, disband ;
 On the great threshold of the night I stand,
 Once more a soul self-cognizant and still,
 Among the wheeling multitude of stars.

THE STORY OF THE FRESH-AIR FUND.

By Willard Parsons.



IN the summer of 1877, when pastor of a small church in Sherman, Pa., I came to New York and gathered a little company of the poorest and most needy children I could find. They were taken out among my people, who were waiting to receive them as their guests for a fortnight during the midsummer heat. Others took the place of the first company ; and at the end of the season the good people had entertained sixty poor city children for a fortnight each ; and that, too, without any compensation save the consciousness of having done a sim-

ple Christ-like act of charity to one in need. This somewhat novel experiment of taking little ones from the wretched city tenements to comfortable country homes was a most gratifying success.

The object first aimed at was the physical improvement of the poor. It was only after months of earnest thought and careful planning that the Fresh-Air project was launched, even in this small way. The work was started with the hope of proving that bodies diseased, enfeebled by poor and insufficient food and foul air, could be benefited by a two weeks' stay in better surroundings.

In the plan of carrying on this experiment, there were three main factors to be considered, viz.: 1. To get the money.

2. To find the temporary homes. 3. To select the children.

First, as to raising the money : It was an easy matter after the success of the first season to induce the New York *Evening Post* to take up the enterprise, and raise the necessary fund to carry on and enlarge it, which it did successfully for four years.

When the plan of continuing the enterprise was discussed in the spring of 1882, the friends of the "Fund" most heartily welcomed the willingness of the New York *Tribune* to take it up; and it was then transferred from the *Evening Post* to the *Tribune*. By the law of natural selection such a humane undertaking will best crystallize around a journal of the character of the *Tribune*. The large circulation of that newspaper and its well-known interest in philanthropic labors of like character, together with the high class of people the journal reaches, have given the best possible support to the "Fresh-Air Fund."

Money in abundance for all possible needs has always been forthcoming. The mere statement in the *Tribune* that \$3.00 would give a poor child a fortnight in the country has been all that was necessary to fill the treasury. It is a most significant fact that more than two hundred thousand dollars have been sent as *voluntary* contributions, and it has never been necessary to employ any collectors.

Every sort of entertainment has been given to swell the fund, from children selling pin-wheels and wild flowers by the wayside, netting, perhaps, a few coppers, to the more pretentious fair and festival, netting its hundreds of dollars; from the boys' circus in the barn to the finished entertainments in public halls. Children have pulled weeds in the garden and boys gone without their Fourth of July fire-crackers; the small savings-bank of the dead child has often been sent to bring life and happiness to the poor sick one; in fact, from Maine to California, from Canada to Florida, from South America, from the Old World, and even from Africa, have come voluntary contributions to carry on this most humane work among the poor of our overcrowded city.

Beginning in a very unobtrusive way—at first with a party of only nine children, and, as I have said, with sixty for the entire season—the work has grown steadily and rapidly till it has greatly exceeded the wildest dreams of its manager. The growth of the scheme from its inception is best illustrated by the following table :

	Number of children sent for two weeks.	Number for one day.	Expenditures.	Cost per child.
1877...	60	\$187 62	\$3 12
1878...	1,077	2,990 29	2 77
1879...	2,400	6,511 54	2 71
1880...	2,540	600	5,519 71	3 35
1881...	3,203	1,000	8,217 64	2 54
1882...	5,500	21,325 06	2 85
1883...	4,250	5,700	14,908 67	3 36
1884...	6,253	1,000	18,756 14	3 00
1885...	6,650	6,073	19,863 95	2 98
1886...	8,336	1,600	24,092 09	2 89
1887...	7,743	22,783 85	2 94
1888...	10,920	25,636 64	2 35
1889...	10,352	24,978 29	2 42
1890...	11,193	18,029	23,804 11	2 12
Totals	80,482	34,002	\$222,565 60

It is thus seen that during its fourteen years 80,482 children have been sent to the country for a fortnight's vacation, at a total cost of \$222,565.60, or at an average cost of only \$2.75 per capita.

The various transportation companies cheerfully make large reductions from the regular fare. No salaries or office expenses are ever paid from the fund, and many helpers voluntarily give their services. Who can instance a charity where \$2.75 invested will do as much good?

The second question is most constantly asked : "How do you find the temporary homes for the children?" I have never found any value in circulars and but very little response even to personal letters. I have only found success by personal appeals. Among my own parishioners a practical interest was aroused as soon as I had shown them something of the condition of the poor children in the tenements, and the simple plan of relief was most heartily adopted. After the success of the experiment, other communities were more easily interested and were quite ready to offer hospitality.

I begin early in April a systematic visitation from town to town. A call

is made on the various clergymen, the editor of the local paper, and, if possible, a few of the leading citizens. A brief explanation of the work—a few words to show the condition and needs of the tenement-house children and the great benefit of a fortnight's trip are usually sufficient to awaken a practical interest. Then a local committee is appointed and the success or failure in that community is due, to a large extent, to the zeal and earnestness of this committee. The local committee finds out how many children can be provided for, and, when ready for their company, reports the result and arranges with the manager the various details for their coming. Every possible opportunity for getting a knowledge of the work before the people is seized upon. At any and every sort of public meeting that can be heard of, permission is asked to present the cause. Almost without exception, a few minutes are granted.

Since the charity has grown to such proportions it is not possible for me to give much time to the country visitations, and several people who are thoroughly familiar with my methods, and in whom I have perfect confidence, have been most successful in arousing an interest in the cause in the country. A railway ticket given is often the only expense necessary to send some of the city missionaries, physicians, or clergymen into their native regions, where (with an extended acquaintance among the people) it is easy to induce them to throw wide open their hospitable doors. In every case there is a great deal in personal solicitation.

In answer to the third question, I may say that it is no easy matter to select the children for these trips. Everyone who has had the care of getting a band of children ready for the country will most readily testify to the truth of this statement. Last summer nearly two hundred workers among the poor aided in the selecting and preparing the children for the country. These workers are from the Church Missions, Bible Missions, Hospitals, Dispensaries, Industrial Schools, Day Nurseries, Model Tenement Houses, and kindred organizations.

When the local committee has reported the number they can receive their list is apportioned among those who have children to send. A record is kept of all organizations and individuals who apply for a share in the benefits, and the first one to apply is called upon for children for the first company to start. Before the season is over all have abundant opportunity to send their most needy ones. The children selected manifest all degrees of ignorance of the country—from those who imagine they know all about it, having played under the trees in a city square, to the boy who was shown a large herd of Alderneys by his farmer-host, and, after intently watching them chew the cud, asked, "Say, mister, do you have to buy gum for all them cows to chew?"

Those who apply for a chance to send their children to the country are instructed that they must be poor and needy, without any infectious disease, clean, and free from vermin. A physician then inspects each child: Dr. C. C. Vinton was the examining physician last year, and he examined nearly fifteen thousand children, of whom about five thousand were sent into the country. Each day the Board of Health furnished a list of the houses where there was any contagious disease; which was of immense help. With that list before him, it was easy for the examiner to stop any child who came from an infected house. The majority were refused on account of their hopeless condition as to vermin. It is a herculean task to get the average tenement-house child in a suitable condition to be received into country families.

What is the effect of entertaining these poor children upon their country hosts? Will they receive such guests a second time in their homes? Is there no danger in bringing children directly out of their low surroundings into families where the children are so differently trained?

The danger is much less than would at first appear. Those who select the children are, for the most part, trained workers who have a personal knowledge of each child and its surrounding, and they send only such as are somewhat

fitted to enter the new home. The judgment of these Christian workers is by no means infallible, yet the average result is remarkably good. The children are on their good behavior. Self-respect is engendered. The entirely new and comfortable surroundings usually bring out the best in the child, and the fortnight vacation is over before the novelty has worn off.

A clergyman in northern New York, after having entertained one hundred children, wrote as follows: "They have left a rich blessing behind them, and they actually gave more than they received. They have touched the hearts of the people and opened the fountains of love, sympathy, and charity. The people have read about the importance of benevolence, and have heard many sermons on the beauty of charity; but these have been quickly forgotten. The children have been an object-lesson that will long live in their hearts and minds."

"We want to thank you," wrote another minister from Massachusetts, "for giving us this opportunity to do so much good. Any inconvenience to which we have been put during the two weeks is insignificant now, as we look at these thirty glad faces and think of the purifying and strengthening influences that have come into their young lives during these two weeks' stay with us." These two letters are fair samples of hundreds of others I receive every year.

Many people become strongly attached to the children, and follow them into their wretched homes with letters and substantial gifts. These country letters are highly prized and religiously guarded. Nearly two thousand of these letters were forwarded to me last year, containing invitations for the child to repeat the visit. I can now recall no community where hospitality has been given once, but that some children have been invited back the following years.

The success of the charity turns upon the country friends' willingness to receive the children into their homes, and as yet they have shown no signs of being weary in this service; each year the number of free places has increased. To the hospitable country family the largest share of the work has fallen, both in practical care and personal touch. To

them belongs the greatest credit! They have given hospitality and a rich personal service during the busiest days of the year. It is given too—not grudgingly, but with wonderful heartiness.

Nothing has ever so strengthened my faith in humanity as the kind and loving way the country people have received these stranger guests.

Is there in the fortnight's outing for the poor anything more than a merely pleasant holiday? What good can accrue from taking a child out of its wretched home, and after two weeks of comfort and decent living, sending it back to its old surroundings? One minister writes: "It will only make the child discontented with the surroundings where God placed him."

I contend that a great gain has been made, if you can only succeed in making the tenement-house child thoroughly discontented with his lot. There is some hope then of his getting out of it and rising to a higher plane. The new life he sees in the country, the contact with good people, not at arm's length, but in their homes; not at the dinner, feast, or entertainment given to him while the giver stands by and looks down to see how he enjoys it, and remarks on his forlorn appearance; but brought into the family and given a seat at the table, where, as one boy wrote home, "I can have two pieces of pie if I want, and nobody says nothing if I take three pieces of cake;" or, as a little girl reported, where "We have lots to eat, and so much to eat that we could not tell you how much we get to eat."

This is quite a different kind of service, and has resulted in the complete transformation of many a child. It has gone back to its wretchedness, to be sure, but in hundreds of instances about which I have personally known it has returned with head and heart full of new ways, new ideas of decent living, and has successfully taught the shiftless parents the better way. One little girl talked so much of her trip last summer and described the country life in such glowing terms, that her father came to inquire where it was his child went, adding, "I should think it was Heaven, from the way she talks about it."

Many a girl has begun, immediately on her return, to persuade her mother to adopt the ways of the country mother. In scores of instances that have come under my personal observation, children have become so delighted with the country life, with its possibilities for the poor, that they have persuaded the family to migrate, the country friends gladly helping them to a home, and giving work to make them independent.

One of the most serious problems of country life is to get help for the necessary household work ; to be sure the few hundred people that have been helped by this charity to locate permanently in the country is but a drop in the bucket, and does not go far toward solving the "help" question ; still it is a little aid in the right direction.

Even supposing it was nothing but a bright and pleasant holiday, and that after the two weeks of good and wholesome food, with pure air to breathe, the children were to go back to their old life—that is no small gain. We who do not live in tenements and, perhaps, are not obliged to work till the cheek grows pale, never think of objecting, when it comes our time for a fortnight's rest, because after the holiday we must return to our toilsome place. The change is thought necessary for those who have everything to make it least necessary ; then certainly the holiday is none the less beneficial for those whose whole life has been simply an exhausting battle with fearful odds against them.

A physician tells us we must take the loved one to a different climate if we would save his life, and we lose no time in obeying his orders. To thousands of the poor the same words have been spoken. The same change was the only hope ; and the only change possible was, perhaps, a ride on the ferryboat. To thousands of poor mothers the physicians have said, "Your child only needs pure air, with wholesome and nutritious food." Perhaps delicacies to tempt the appetite have been ordered when only the plainest and coarsest necessities are procurable. In thousands of such cases the Fresh-Air Fund has come to the rescue, and given both the pure air and the wholesome food, with results most happy.

Let me give two or three instances where the moral influences exerted by the simple and kindly life (sometimes with eccentric people), have resulted most happily on the child.

In 1878 a Mrs. Y——, who was noted far and wide for her penuriousness, wrote me : "Homes are ready with me for two boys and two girls, if your work is for the *virtuous class of unfortunate children*. Please be plain and frank in the matter, for I don't wish to have anything to do with a work that is not *all right*. *God give you wisdom*." The italics are not mine. Someone had frightened her by the statement that all the poor city children were illegitimate.

One of the quartet sent to this place was a little fellow from one of the most wretched homes that drink has caused. The boy had never before known kind treatment, and the pure, simple, and wholesome life, with the abundant food of the hillside farm, stirred his nature to the very depths and called out all his latent energies. A few months ago, while in a bank, a well-dressed fellow immediately behind me in the line, reached out his hand, saying :

"I suppose you don't know me ; but I am Henry C——."

"Why," said I, "you must be the boy that Mrs. Y—— spanked and fitted out with a complete suit of homespun, with the jacket sleeves of a different color !"

"Yes, I am the identical boy. I can't tell whether it was due to the spanking or to the Joseph-like coat, but that two weeks changed my whole life. I went to work when I came back, and have been with the same firm ever since. See here," said he, and he opened his bank book, showing several thousand dollars he was about to deposit for the firm, "don't that look as though the firm had confidence in me ? I literally came up out of the very lowest slums, and my present prosperous condition is due to the interest that family in the country has always taken in me since my visit with them in 1878."

In the earlier days of the work a bright boy of ten was one of a company invited to Schoharie County, N. Y. He endeared himself so thoroughly to his entertainers, who "live in a white house

with green blinds and Christmas-trees all around it," that they asked and received permission to keep the lad permanently. The following is an exact copy of a part of the letter he wrote home after he had been for a few months in his new home :

DEAR MOTHER

i am still to Mrs. D—— and i was so Busy that i Could not Write Sooner i drive the horses and put up the Cows and clean out the Cow Stable i am all well i pick stones and i have an apple tree 6 Feet High and i have got a pair of new pants and a new Coat and a pair of Suspenders and Mr. D—— is getting a pair of New Boots made for me We killed one pig and one Cow i am going to plow a little piece of land and plant Some Corn. When Mr. D—— killed the Cow i helped and Mr. D—— had to take the Cow skin to be tanned to make leather and Mr. D—— gave the man Cow skin for leather to make me Boots i am going to school to-morrow and i want to tell lizzie—pauline—Charlie—Christie—maggie—george and you to all write to me and if they all do when Christmas Comes i will send all of you something nice if my uncle frank comes to see yous you must tell him to write to me i Close my letter

From your oldest son A——.

A year after that time the mother died. Some time afterward an uncle began writing for the lad to come back to the city—he coveted his small earnings. But the little fellow had sense enough to see that he was better off where he was. Finally the uncle went after the boy, and told him his brother was dying in the hospital, and was calling constantly for him. Under such circumstances his foster parents readily gave him permission to return with the uncle for a visit. Before they reached the city, the uncle told him he should never go back. He sent him to work at Eleventh Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, in a work-room situated in the cellar, and his bedroom, like those in most tenement houses, had no outside window. The third day he was sent upstairs on an errand, and as soon as he saw the open door he bolted. He remembered that a car that passed Fourth Street and Avenue C, would take him to the Peoples' Line for Albany. He ran with all his might to Fourth Street, and then followed the car-tracks till he saw on the large flag "Peoples' Line." He told part of his story to the clerk, and

finally added, "I am one of Mr. Parsons' Fresh-Air boys and I have got to go to Albany." That settled the matter, and the clerk readily gave him a pass. A gentleman standing by gave him a quarter for his supper. He held on to his appetite as well as his quarter; and in the morning laid his twenty-five cents before the ticket agent at Albany, and called for a ticket to R——, a small place fifty miles distant. He got the ticket. After a few miles' walk from R—— he reached his new home safely, and there he proposed to stay. He said he would take to the woods if his uncle came after him again. This happened ten years ago.

About a year ago, a letter came from the young fellow. He is now an active Christian, married, and worth property, and expects in a few years to have his farm all paid for.

A few days since I was stopped on Broadway by a well-dressed and prosperous-looking young man.

"I am one of your Fresh-Air boys—I am John ——." I readily recalled the boy. In 1878 he was one of a party taken to central New York. It had been a hot and very dusty ride, and at the end of the journey this Five Points boy looked so thoroughly disreputable, that the person who was to take him utterly refused to accept such a dirty and ill-looking boy. The tears of the lad, when he found that no one wanted him, flowed in streams down his dirty face, while the two tear-washed streaks, the red and white and black spots about his eyes and mouth, gave him a most unpromising look. Before I reached the hotel with the sobbing and "left over" boy a man came out of a small butcher shop and so heartily and kindly invited the boy to stay with him that the tears ceased instantly. A thorough bath and a new suit made a wonderful transformation. The family took a great interest in and became strongly attached to him. The change from the wretched Cherry Street tenement, with its drunken and often brutal parents, to the clean and cheerful family of the butcher, where he was kindly treated, made a strong impression. The family kept track of the boy by corresponding with him, and have claimed a visit from him every year

since. He is now married, lives in a comfortable flat, and has a good position as a commercial traveller.

Each child was chosen the first year on account of its physical needs. The late Dr. White, of Brooklyn, most carefully examined every child sent out, the entire sixty having passed through his hands. He kept a careful record, and the following extracts from a report which he submitted to a medical society will show the success of the undertaking on its physical side :

All were taken from the very poor, though not from the class that usually beg from door to door. They were selected mainly with reference to their physical condition, and were suffering more or less with some chronic disease, born of neglect, privation, filth, and foul air. Prominent among the diseases represented were scrofula, consumption, chronic bronchitis, asthma, hip-joint, and spinal troubles. Among them were confirmed cripples, as well as those in the incipient stage of more or less incurable diseases; while others were simply in bad health, delicate, or sickly, the result of impure air or insufficient and improper food. Enfeebled by want and disease, bred in poverty and filth, no wonder their faces, for the most part, were thin, pale, and haggard, and even their smiles feeble and sickly.

Of the effects of the trips he says generally :

Appetites improved, coughs ceased to be troublesome, ulcers healed, growing deformities were arrested, cheeks filled out and grew ruddy, spirits became buoyant, the step elastic and childlike, while the sickly smile gave place to the hearty laugh of childhood; or, as very happily expressed by a friend, "They went out men and women—they came back little children."

To the educated physicians to whom the report was addressed this general statement meant a good deal more than the words indicate to most laymen. We who are not physicians do not understand as physicians do how important the general building up of the system is in the treatment of positive disease, and very few persons not trained in the medical schools would think of a hygienic vacation as an effective method of treating physical deformity. In such a case we should hope to make the unfortunate child happier, perhaps, by sending him to the coun-

try, but beyond that we should not venture to hope for good. Yet here is what the physician reported to his associates of such a case :

Another marked case of improvement was a boy, five years of age, who had been suffering more than a year with disease of the upper dorsal vertebrae. The disease had been detected in its earliest stages, and as the mother, a widow with five young children, was very poor and unable to give proper care or suitable food to the little patient, I had him sent to a hospital established for treating such cases, expecting he would receive such special treatment as his case required. After a residence of some months in the hospital, finding that nothing was done for him excepting allowing him to live there, and that he was constantly growing worse, the mother clandestinely brought him away. I found him in constant pain, nights restless and sleepless, appetite gone, emaciation extreme, and deformity increasing. In that condition he went to the country with his little brother, seven years old, for nurse and guardian. A few weeks' residence there produced a marvellous change. He came back hale and hearty, health completely established—his spinal trouble arrested—indeed, cured.

That little fellow's cure cost some contributor to the fund about three dollars, and a family in the country a fortnight's hospitality.

The following are additional extracts from Dr. White's interesting report :

The whole number selected under my own supervision was sixty. As to diseases, they were classified as follows :

General debility	31
Deformities.....	7
Hip-joint disease.....	5
Spinal disease.....	2
Knee-joint disease.....	1
Consumption.....	5
Bronchitis.....	4
Chorea.....	3
Chronic ulcers.....	2
Total.....	60

All those whose health was being slowly undermined by living in the impure air of crowded and badly ventilated apartments, or from insufficient and improper food, as well as those enfeebled by a previous attack of some acute disease were classed under the head of General Debility, without reference to the cause of their physical condition. Nearly all of this class returned home completely restored to health. All others were greatly benefited by the trip, and, if not cured, in many cases with disease arrested for the time being at least. All the cases of consumption improved. One

young woman, aged twenty-three, inheriting phthisis from her mother, and suffering for more than a year with hemorrhages, harassing cough, and profuse expectoration, was so exhausted by the trip on the Annex to the Erie Railroad depot that Mr. Parsons had misgivings about the propriety of her going on, fearing the result. She was carried through safely, though soon after arriving at her destination an attack of hemorrhage prostrated her still more. She returned, after an absence of six weeks, literally another being, resuming labor which sickness had interrupted, in the shop where she still continues to work.

I afterward learned that the family who had entertained this girl were straining every nerve to save enough to pay interest on borrowed money, and thus avert the sale of their farm. While writing this article I have heard that this girl is now living in a comfortable home of her own, apparently as well as any one; and it was only last summer that the eldest of her four children enjoyed the farmer's hospitality. It may be of interest to add, that a lady, who had been interested in this girl, when she heard of the farmer's financial condition, made a most substantial gift to help him out of his difficulty.

Dr. White also says in his report that "very marked improvement was observed in nearly all cases of joint and spinal diseases."

I have given more space to this report of the first year of the work for the simple reason that when but few children were sent out, it was comparatively easy to watch the results closely. Now, while many thousands are sent each year, selected by about two hundred different workers, it is far more difficult and well-nigh impossible to have a personal knowledge of many of the children. Yet I am fully convinced that when the children are carefully chosen the same good results always obtain. The following brief reports from responsible people, thoroughly familiar with the work, surely support this conviction:

The superintendent of one of the missions that has sent a large number of children into the country says: "In the fall I can tell by just looking in their faces, which of the children have been in the country. They are fatter, ruddier, and their whole expression is changed and improved."

The superintendent of another of the

Church Missions, who is also a physician, told me that he selected the weakly ones each year for the country trip, and he found the benefit so great that they were the stronger ones during the winter. He instanced several cases where particularly puny children, predisposed to nervous and lung difficulties, had been entirely restored to robust health.

One of the missionary nurses said to me recently: "There are about two hundred children sent to the country from our mission each year. These nearly all live in the crowded tenements where four families occupy each floor. I constantly visit among the sick in these poor families, and I notice that those children who had a fortnight in the country are much stronger physically, and the improved condition lasts during the winter."

The chairman of the local committee in one village community weighed every child in the party on arrival, and again after fourteen days in the country. The average age was ten years. The least gain was shown in a four-year-old boy, who added only one pound to his weight. The greatest by an eleven-year-old girl, who gained nine pounds. The average gain for the entire party was four and nine-tenths pounds.

A missionary from one of the City Mission chapels says: "During the eight years I have been connected with this chapel, we have sent out through the Fresh-Air Fund many hundreds of children. I believe this fortnight in the country to be of incalculable benefit, both educationally and physically. In a number of instances the entire family of a beneficiary of the fund has been led to move to the country. No small part of the good accomplished is the building up of health, and instances come constantly to my notice where the two weeks in the country have, I believe, saved the life."

Dr. Vinton says: "In an experience of several years I have seen much benefit received physically by children sent into the country for two weeks. The first child I sent under the *Tribune* Fresh-Air Fund was Annie —, whom I had been treating throughout the summer for St. Vitus's dance, and for whom place was made in the last party

of the year. She came back after two weeks, rosy-cheeked instead of pale, heavier by a number of pounds, and without any trace of her nervous trouble."

"In August, 1889," he adds, "I accompanied a party of about one hundred and twenty children to Franklinville, N. Y., and again took charge of them on their return to the city two weeks later. The improvement in the physical condition of many of these children was very noticeable, eyes and faces which before had been wan and sunken, bearing the evidences of health. The same changes were noticed in a party I brought back from Waterville in the summer of 1888, most of whom I had examined two weeks previously."

Dr. Daniel, who has long taken a professional interest in the work, writes to me:

Last summer I sent 235 children on excursions of the Fresh-Air Fund. I shall comment upon them under the following classification:

1. Thirty-five children re-invited by their hosts of former years. Of these not one had been ill during the preceding year, nor has been since. I have either seen or heard directly from all of these, and for obvious reasons these are the children who show the most physical improvement.

2. One hundred and four delicate children, *i.e.*, children who are weakly without recent acute illness. Of this number I can count thirty-five who were not at the time under treatment in the dispensary. These were sent either to care for younger children or because they were not very strong. All were benefited by the change, as far as I know. Of this class I can give the least positive evidence because I have seen possibly only one-half of them.

3. Forty-seven children recovering from acute illness. These included typhoid fever, measles, and acute pulmonary diseases, such as pneumonia and bronchitis. All were improved, except two, increased in weight and with better appetites.

4. Twenty-five chronic invalids. These included consumptives, those suffering from tuberculosis of the glands, chronic heart diseases and bone diseases. Of this class three were decidedly worse after the vacation, and the rest were slightly improved; the greatest improvement being in the appetite. All of this class are continually under my observation.

5. Twenty-four children of the striking cloak-makers. This class showed the most improvement, excepting only the first class. These children were taken into the country simply because they were hungry and had been for several weeks. All returned very much improved in appearance and evidently in weight;

the pale face and the hungry appearance had disappeared. Doctor Brown took these children to the country and returned with them, and her testimony agrees with mine. I have seen at least one-half of these children since, and they still remain well.

I should classify the children again into the very poor, that is, those continuously poor, and children of a class who are able to have the actual necessities of life. About one-half of the children I sent last summer (not including the cloak-makers' children) belong to the very poor class. These were not so much benefited as the better class, because, 1, they are in a state of chronic hunger; 2, the time is not long enough to make much of an improvement, and 3, the slight benefit derived is not permanent, because they return to the same mode of life.

Of the two hundred and thirty-five children twenty lived above Fourteenth Street, two west of Broadway, four in Hoboken, and the others lived east of the Bowery as far south as Chatham Square; fifty-seven lived in rear tenements and twenty-eight in basements.

I have sent children for six or seven years, but have not definite statistics, yet my impression is that at least one-half of the children sent are improved physically. The most marked improvement is in appetite and general appearance. I can say that I believe the Fresh-Air Fund is the best plaster we have for unjust social conditions of the people.

One of the most gratifying results of this Fresh-Air enterprise has been the readiness with which the idea has been taken up by others, till to-day there are vacation societies for about every class of the poor. A great many of the city churches now provide fresh air for the sick poor. Various societies and hospitals have their country summer homes. Missions have their cottages by the sea. Working girls' vacation societies provide a fortnight in the country for working girls who need the change; other societies have sprung up which provide for mothers both with and without young children. King's Daughters' circles open houses for a few weeks or for the season, and send into the city for the quota of inmates.

The Bartholdi Crèche has been organized to help women with small children who are unable to leave home except for a few hours at a time. New York *Life* has started a summer village, where a deserted hamlet, containing a score of cottages beautifully shaded, is turned into a populous village, and where three hundred at one time can find ample accommodations. Unoccupied houses in many a town have been

temporarily fitted up for the little city sufferers.

The best results are obtained where the children are received into the country families, for there the great moral influences are best exerted, yet all these other plans do a vast amount of good.

There has also been a marked growth in the direction of day excursions. More than a score of times last summer invitations were sent from some of the suburban towns, for ten, twenty, or one hundred of the poor, to come out as their guests for a day. Transportation and most abundant food were supplied. One gentleman, who only stipulated that his name should not be published, gave for the entire season the use of a grove on the Hudson. He also supplied all the money for barges, music, and milk. Through the generosity of this one man, more than eighteen thousand of the city poor had a day's outing.

Not only have various organizations in New York been quick to seize hold of this Fresh-Air idea and adopt some phase of it for their own poor, but the interest has been very marked in other cities. Committees have waited upon the writer, from Boston and Philadelphia, or have sent for instructions, to aid them in starting a Fresh-Air Fund for the poor—in each of these cities they now have a prosperous Country Week. Also from Hartford, Troy, Albany, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and San Francisco, have inquiries and committees come. Quite a number of other cities of less importance have also sent to ascertain how such a work can be started.

Committees have also visited New York, to find out the *modus operandi*, from Toronto, Montreal, St. Johns, and London and Manchester. In London there is now a large work done for the poor, either in the way of day-trips or a week's stay in the country. Germany and Italy, too, have sent for information on the subject. Dresden, Stuttgart, Vienna, and Berlin have each joined the movement, and there is now a prosperous Fresh-Air work in each of these cities. Some time ago a lady from the Sandwich Islands wrote for full information concerning the work. She was to present the plans in detail at a large gathering in Honolulu. The latest call for reports and statistics came from Russia.

This Fresh-Air movement all began in a small hamlet in northeastern Pennsylvania; among a small flock, not one of whom was rich enough to purchase the most modest house in New York. The first band numbered only nine—since that eighteen cars have been necessary to accommodate a single party. The little enterprise so simply started in 1877, has made its influence felt from Canada to South America, from Boston to San Francisco. There has never been an organization or staff of officers. The constitution and by-laws are made and amended from day to day as required, and have yet to be written. Perhaps the time is near at hand when the work should be more systematically developed. I am quite certain that a large number of skilled and paid helpers could be employed with most satisfactory results.





THE POINT OF VIEW.

MUCH of the very clever writing in which the present generation of American writers so far excels the passing generation must seem to dispassionate and deliberate observation characterized more sharply by other qualities than that of repose. It has a dozen distinct merits ; it is apposite ; it is composed with "the eye on the object"—as Wordsworth complained that eighteenth-century English poetry was not—it is almost never divagation ; it has the reader in mind. But it is energetic, often uneasy—sometimes almost febrile in its anxiety to hit its own mark, and almost never penetrated with the sense of leisure and of the serenity and composure born of leisure which denote the workings of the truly philosophic mind. Hence a book like Mr. G. E. Woodberry's recently published "Studies in Letters and Life" has the effect of an agreeable diversion, and as such is a really noteworthy production. In the jargon of the day, "many of us" may well be "grateful" to the author for "giving us" something placid and detached ; something wholly unrelated to current street and forum discussion ; something conceived and executed without any care of making any impression, conveying any special views or setting forth any body of doctrine, and colored by that intimately personal quality only to be obtained by following our own sweet will, with plenty of large leisure in which to do it. We are not likely, perhaps, to have many such books—books which chronicle the reflections of an earnest but unperturbed

mind meditating such subjects as "Laudor," "Crabbe," "Illustrations of Idealism," and "The Promise of Keats."

Yet one may legitimately question, I think, whether, so far as criticism is concerned (and Mr. Woodberry's studies are "essays in criticism" or they are nothing), there are not drawbacks about this sequestered and serene attitude. Those who maintain it give us pleasure for the moment, and by the contrast they afford to the hurried and impersonal writing of which, currently, we have so much. But our delight in their productions has, after all, little of the satisfactoriness of what is positive. "Man worships best in common, he philosophizes best alone," says Matthew Arnold ; yet philosophy is not precisely criticism—criticism indeed has ceased to be philosophic, at least systematically—and the philosophizing that Mr. Arnold was thinking of was undoubtedly the working out of one's own intellectual salvation, without a thought of the propagandism of print. For this the closet undeniably affords the most favorable environment. For criticism, as criticism is now understood, being "in the swim" is far more nearly indispensable. It does not thrive in the atmosphere of the cloister, which is, on the contrary, hostile to its hardiness, its sap, and its fruitfulness.

Sidney's muse, counselling him to look into his heart and write, was addressing the poet. The muse of criticism—if one may fancy for a moment such a divinity—would surely give different advice. She would

say, we may imagine, in most prosaic fashion to the critic inclined to lonely meditation: Sir, the one important thing for you to do is to come out of your retirement, and, at whatever shock to your sensibility, note how the world is going. Cease these contemplative communings with your own spirit. If you are not clear about the value of certain things, fix the difficulty up with yourself before you put pen to paper. Endeavor by observation and the cultivation of your perceptive faculties to provide material demanding communication rather than contemplation. Treat your mind anyhow not as your own play-ground, but as the alembic for a synthesis of phenomena which concern others as well as yourself. Think less about "the ideal life" and more about your fellow-men. Your individual self-perfection is the most laudable thing in the world to strive for; but as the nucleus of a gospel it is insipid. Frequent the busy haunts of men who occupy themselves with kindred pursuits—not literally of necessity, but sympathetically and in imagination. It is in union that there is strength. Remark tendencies, try to sum them up, to point out their significance and direction. Few men can be Ruskins—*et encore!* And do not imagine that you can permanently attach and benefit your kind by the mere force of correct, gentle, and chaste diction on the one hand, or of setting an example of repose and serenity on the other, because nowadays warfare of any kind—even literary criticism—is accustomed to weapons of more robustness and reality, and in this sphere preaching by specific precept is far more efficient than preaching by general example. And the most important of all things is to be in harmony with one's time and environment. Be sure, O critic! there is something magic in this, however it may transcend consciousness. See, for instance, how much finer is Mr. Woodberry's essay on Browning—a piece of real criticism—than are his lucubrations about "the ideal life."

OWING to the complications of modern life, and the large increase in the list of creature comforts which polite people have come to regard as necessities, marriage has become a vastly more serious undertaking than it used to be, and is deferred until a

later period of life. People in cities who have been used to wear good clothes, and to have servants to wait on them, and to go out of town in summer, no longer marry when the girl is eighteen and the man twenty-two. The man is apt to be nearing thirty before his income will stand the matrimonial strain, and the lady is proportionately experienced. It would not be quite accurate to say that, though it is harder to get married than it was, it is as easy as ever to become engaged. That would not be quite true. The difficulty of getting income enough to marry does defer, and even prevent, a great many betrothals; nevertheless, engagements do often happen when the prospect of marriage is remote, and a reasonable percentage of them last until marriage ends them. Long engagements are not popular, but enough of them are running to make the behavior of their beneficiaries a fit subject for comment in the interest of human happiness.

All the world loves a lover, but lovers make a serious mistake when they presume too far on the strength of the world's regard for them. The polite world loves its lovers exactly so long as they are interesting and agreeable. When they cease to be so its sentiments toward them take the form of anxiety to have them married, which may indeed be so extreme as to result in practical efforts to put them in the way of pairing, but which is more apt to take the form of what is vulgarly known as the cold shoulder. Lovers who are intelligent, and who are disposed to make themselves agreeable, ought to be exceptionally charming. They are enveloped in a pleasant blaze of sentiment which makes them interesting. So long as they are nice, all kind people are in a conspiracy to indulge them and make them think that life is lurid with rose-tints. Their politeness is the more appreciated because it is thought to involve especial self-sacrifice, and whatever they do for the community's amusement is rated above its ordinary value because they have done it.

All the worse, then, when lovers regard themselves as temporarily exempt from the ordinary obligations of politeness, and abandon themselves to spooning and mutual absorption. The sort of courtship that goes on for hours behind closed doors, that insists upon seclusion and resents a third

person, that thinks first of the beloved object and not at all of any one else—this may do for a six-weeks' intermission between maidenhood and marriage; but long engagements should be conducted on radically different lines. Was there ever a dearer sweetheart than Lorna Doone, whose maidenly reserve allowed John Ridd one kiss a day, and no spooning whatever? And do you remember Mary Garth, so true to her not-any-too-eligible Fred, and yet so strait and strict with herself? Engaged or not, she must surely have been a welcome companion in any house, Fred or no Fred. And again that dame in silver gray who married John Halifax—be sure that her betrothal was a modest and unselfish one.

Lace yourself straitly, Mistress Lucy, and encourage Colin to understand that while you stay under the paternal roof the obligations of that shelter are on you, and forbid you to concentrate all your courtesy on a single guest. It will be time enough to be engrossed and exclusive when the parson has given you his blessing, and having a roof of your own you may properly decide whom it shall shelter, and what shall be the measure of its hospitality.

THE form in which an important public function presents itself to the imagination of a sensational, but skilled, newspaper writer, may throw some light on the subject-matter—though it must be studied, of course, with proper reservations. The *Juge d'instruction* of France is an official whose type of character and course of action are obscure to an American, because there is nothing like them within the field of his own observation with which to compare them, and he can form a conception of them only by contrast with things familiar in the same line, always a process liable to mislead. I was recently struck by the following passage in an article in *Le Figaro*, *à propos* of a visit to the cabinet of M. Guillot, one of the most eminent of the Parisian judges of the class named:

"The tables were loaded with papers tied in bundles, one 'case' to each bundle. On the several covers these words were to be read: '*Affaire un tel: viol—affaire un tel: meurtre—affaire un tel: rapt.*' By huge piles are measured the filth and dirt of Paris, assorted here in order that in them the judge

may thrust his hands, his intellect, his soul. And into them he plunges deep. Every day, for long years, he descends into this pit—it is his mine—drags through the mud with his lantern, that at once reveals and sees, traverses these subterranean galleries, careless of the fire-damp and the crumbling walls, indifferent to the hatreds he gathers, to the vengeance he lays up for himself, to the death that he is, perhaps, hastening. And when he reascends to the upper air, and with professional modesty and self-abnegation announces what he has seen, done, discovered, we are filled not so much with amazement as with admiration."

I am inclined to think that there is no judicial officer in our beloved land of whom the most audacious "journalist" would ever be tempted to write in this vein, and I am sure that there is none who would not be mystified and offended to find himself thus written of. And yet, with all due respect for the general theory of criminal jurisprudence in our society, and in the mother-country, from which we inherit it, I venture also to suggest that the function of this eminent *Juge d'instruction*, even as indicated in the perfervid imagery of the *Figaro* writer, is one that is extremely useful, and one, if we could get it performed in our country without the abuses to which it has given rise in France, that would, in the language of the advertisements, "supply a long-felt want." One needs to be only moderately familiar with the life of our great cities to know that there exist in them the *souterrains* explored by the French *Juge d'instruction* with perhaps too great zeal, but here hardly explored at all; that the cases in which their denizens are dragged to the light before the courts are relatively insignificant, while of these cases only a small part are dealt with firmly, thoroughly, justly.

There are, practically, but two ways in which crime can be brought within the range of the law in the United States—by the intervention of the police as direct witnesses, or, in the case of murder, through the coroner's court, and by complaint, usually from some victim. By these methods it is not common to get much more than indications of the commission of crime, more or less conclusive. The system, the machinery, the organization by which such in-

dications may be followed up, are, for the most part, clumsy, slow, inefficient. Very much turns on the prosecuting attorneys; but these officers, chosen by popular election, for brief terms, rarely re-elected, untrained, sure to be changed so soon as experience shall have given them some little training, do not and cannot perform the work done by the *Juge d'instruction*. Nor does the defect stop here. When the accused have been arrested, indicted, and brought to trial, the proceedings are guided by courts which, partly from conviction, partly from tradition, and sometimes from sheer laziness, give a distorted and mischievous interpretation to the maxim that "every man must be held innocent until he be proved guilty." Granted that there is a sense in which this is sound, there is another sense in which it is unsound. Much depends on what is taken to be proof. I think it is not to be denied that the rules by which testimony is admitted or excluded—originating in the purpose of the English courts to protect innocent persons from

prosecutions often malicious, and accusations often false, under laws frequently unjust and arbitrary—do now sometimes produce effects unfair to society and partial to the criminal class. Taken in connection with the requirement of a unanimous verdict from twelve jurors, selected by a process that carefully sifts out intelligence and competence, the result, in a large proportion of cases, is the escape of the guilty at the cost and risk of the community. I am even tempted to go so far as to say that in a large class of criminal cases the presumption of innocence for the accused is, if not wholly unfounded, at least much too obstinately maintained, and that the rights of society are ignored or violated. By what change of law or practice this wrong may be corrected I shall not venture to suggest; but I may be permitted to ask whether the legal profession would not serve the State and honor itself by a serious effort to conform the accepted presumptions in criminal cases to known facts? At present the presumptions and the facts *se jurent*.





DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

BROADWAY—THE TWENTY-THIRD-STREET CROSSING.

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AN OCEAN STEAMSHIP—THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

By J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. Navy.



Watching for the Sun on a Cloudy Day.

I.

WHEN the breeze is piping free and the tide is running strong none but a master-seaman may be trusted to haul out of the Liverpool Docks a great Atlantic liner. Should it be a leeward ebb, with the Mersey spinning under a flurry of squalls and snarling in angry eddies, a quick eye must mate a clear wit to make the trick a deft one. The manoeuvre is always a delight to the mariner, let bo's'ns, hopelessly spliced to such traditions as topsails reefed in stays bawl what they may about the dead days of seamanship. For here are unfolded the mysteries of the art, and here are exercised all the higher qualities of the sailor, and just as much, believe me, as in the old times when the gray piers and oozy quays were crowded to cheer our

famous clippers warping in and out to the music of barbaric "chanties."

Beach-combers, shore-huggers—mere Abraham's men—will tell you the poetry is gone out of it all, and will, with much damning of their eyes, and shifting of their quids, and hitching of their tarry trousers, try to persuade you that steam has ruined the genuine sailors of story and of song. But this is mere transpositional nonsense, for above and beyond everything he who commands a ship, smoker or sailer, as it may chance, must first of all be a seaman. The demands of modern sea life have increased the responsibilities of the mariner, and in like measure the professional attainments required are deeper, broader, and higher than ever before.

What the task of hauling out is, you may best judge by noting the bulk to be moved, for you can never measure properly the enormous dimensions of these great steamers until you see them looming in their true proportions above the walls, and undwarfed, as they are in the open, by the frame of sea and sky. The bulwarks tower like the walls of a fortress; the enormous decks sweep with a sheer knowing no broken curve; the wheel-house lifts its windows above the life-boats, swarming sternward like a school of pilot-fish; still higher the bridges, often double-tiered, span and grip the sturdy stanchions; and dominating all, the elliptical funnels rake jauntily, and the yardless spars taper till they fine away at their shining trucks into graceful coach-whips.

Shipsshape and Bristol fashion, point-device in paint and polish, the massive hull glides over the quiet waters of the basin; you catch the sheen of gleaming

clumsily ahead, the other circles astern, and then the ship swings easily, rounding the jagged corner in the hedge of stone with a gentleness leaving feet to spare. The bow and stern enter fairly, straight as a mason's level, the open gateway; a strain is taken on the line leading from the quarter to the pier end; a moment of rest, of expectation, succeeded by one of doubt, follows, and then the hail rings out blithely from the after-whaleback, "All clear, sir."

The handle of the annunciator connected with the engine-room is jammed to "hard astern;" "ding! ding!" rings the signal from below; the water gushes in a turbulent torrent from the outboard deliveries, the engines throb fiercely, backing with all their strength, and as the lines are rendered, slacked, eased, let go, the steamer clears the pier-end with a rush, shoots far into midstream, and thus begins, wrong end foremost, her voyage westward. In the optimism of the moment the chief officer and the bo's'n grow garrulous upon the recalcitrant subject of anchor



Captain's Breakfast.

brasses, of glistening air-ports, of glazed white, and lacquered black. Obedient as a broken colt to the touch of the helm, quick in response as a high-bred dog in a leash to the guiding hawsers, she moves calmly—fit exemplar of strength rightly tempered by even will—toward the sharp turn where the gateway opens to the river. Winches chatter noisily; windlasses clink, clink musically; capstans rattle with slacking cables; jets of steam dart viciously; ripples stream sternward to the bubbles of the foamless wake; the tremulous minor, more a wail than a song, of the docking gangs working the warps, answer the cheery "Yo heave-ohs" of the people on ship-board; and the quick, sharp orders from the bridge are echoed by high-pitched answers from the mates, watching with wary eyes everywhere. One screw turns

gear; the junior officers feel they quite deserve the good luck which makes them the hustling, bustling mates of a crack racer; and maritime Jack, still a little groggy and very much unwashed, blesses the stars that have let begin another "v'yage with an 'arf crown left of his hadvance," and the prospects of "some bloomin' American tobaccy" as soon as he's clear of the tideway.

"Not a bad job, sir," said the pilot, as the anchor takes the bottom and the ship straightens astern from her cable; "seemed ticklish a bit for a minute when they 'eld onto the spring so long, sir; but 'ere we are, bung up and bilge free, and with the looks of a good run, barrin' the fog per'aps, for the morrer."

The captain answers smilingly, for these two are old friends, and, what is more, the hauling out has been a joint

enterprise, though the senior gets the credit, as he should. After a careful survey of the anchorage and a word with the chief officer, the captain enters his cabin and buckles down to the routine work, and there is always plenty of that awaiting him. He glows pleasantly over the handy, seamanlike way they have left the dock, for nautical critics are plenty and keen, and if he had not taken up his berth in the river so cleverly, the ill news would have grown apace, till, with unfair variations, it reached the ears of their high nobilities—the directors.

Clear-headed, brainy, driving men, are these master-mariners, and bearing patiently a responsibility that needs an iron will and a courage faltering at nothing. There is no royal road to their station, nor can willing hands make them what they must be. They cannot crawl through cabin windows, nor, for that matter, come flying in a pier-head jump through the gangway with one leg forward and the other aft. They have to fight their way over the bows, and struggle out of the ruck and smother in the fo'ks'le, by sturdy buffeting and hard knocks, by the persistent edging of stout shoulders backed by strong hearts and steady brains. If it is in them they will make their way in the end surely, and may set the course and stump to windward as they please, while others haul the weather-ear-rings, and drink their grog protestingly. No; master-mariners are made, not born, and, unlike many of their brothers in the government service, have to rise by energy, pluck, merit—why enumerate

them?—by a hundred qualities the world is better for owning.

Old Pepys knew how this sea-kissing goes, and tells us of his favors in this wise: "That," he writes, "which puts me in a good humor both at noon and night, is the fancy that I am this day (March 13, 1669) made a captain of one of the King's ships, Mr. Wren having sent me the Duke of York's commission to be captain of the *Jerzy*, . . . which doth give me the occasion of much mirth and may be of some use to me." Think of that, you venturesome die-hards, who linger all your lives at the lower sheerpole, a post-captain by the scratch of a pen, and above all men given to a lubberly scrivener and an Admiralty clerk at that.

All these elder merchant-masters are sailor-men, some so deep and dyed in it that if you scratch them they ooze tar, and this briny saturation has been invariably acquired under sail. After they have had their ships and made many a voyage, deep water and home, round both Capes, east and west, wherever winds may blow and freight, the mother of wages, may linger, they shift into steam, but always in a subordinate place. Should they stick by one employ they are sent from ship to ship, working their way upward until they become chief officers of the choicest vessels in the line. Here they must wait for dead men's shoes, or resignation, or forced retirement; but when the chance comes they are given



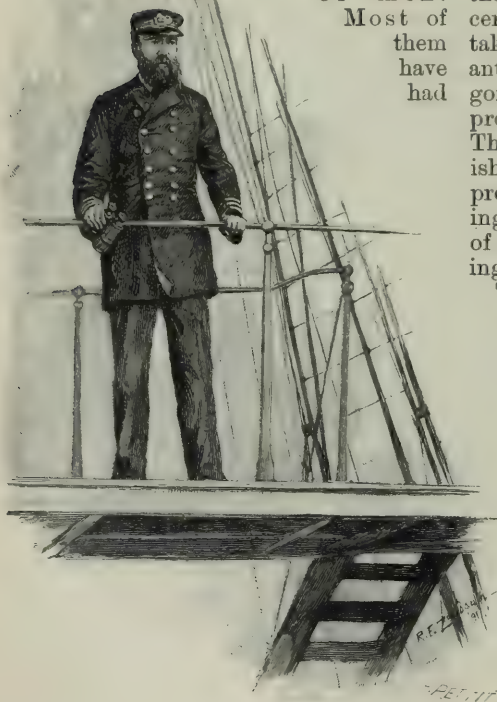
The Cook.

the command of the smaller and less important steamers upon some subsidiary route. Then they enter a new line of promotion, and weary are the years of

waiting, and bitter sometimes the disappointment, before they reach the high-water mark of their service. And with this hardly earned promotion do not come, as in other professions, ease, comfort, and proper recompense for duty well done, but heavier responsibilities, harder work, and greater self-sacrifice; what is worse, and this to the shame of the great steamship corporations, these gallant men, even at their prime, receive the most inadequate pecuniary recognition for the burden imposed, for the mental and physical qualities exercised, for the experience brought to bear; indeed, in no other trade or profession is equal ability so badly paid.

The junior officers belong to all sorts and conditions of men.

Most of them have had



The Skipper.

to fight their way, though some have parents who could well afford to pay a handsome premium for their sea ed-

ucation in the training-ships stationed off the principal ports. Here they are given a strict man-of-war tuition, though the routine of studies and drills is, of course, modified to suit the results expected. After their apprenticeship is served they go to sea, usually in sailing ships; and when later they choose steam, they join as fourth or fifth officers, and enter upon a career where their future is a hard but an assured one. In the large employs they are encouraged to enter the Naval Reserve, and are given time for their drills and opportunities to qualify for the higher certificates of the merchant service; and so much are these privileges esteemed that you often find on the best steamers of the transatlantic liners one-half of the officers holding masters' certificates and junior commissions in the auxiliary government service. Under the new regulations some of these officers have, besides the guard-ship drill, taken a regular tour of duty as lieutenants and sub-lieutenants on board sea-going men-of-war, and so far this has proved a capital plan for both services. The nationality of the officers is British, naturally, though English and Irish predominate, the Scotch, somehow, taking more kindly to the engineering part of the business, and the Welshmen staying at home.

There is a well-founded belief that the deck people are not sailors; nor, indeed, are they in the majority of ships, that is, not sailors in the true meaning of the word; but, on the other hand, neither are they the mere swabbers of decks, scrubbers of paintwork, handlers of the forward and after ends of trunks, or reefers of hat-boxes and travelling-rugs their critics would have us believe. They belong to a special class, not a very high one from the maritime point of view, and are reasonably well fitted for the work expected. This you may see at fire quarters, for example, a drill which, in these times, is always held before the passengers

come on board. As the alarm is sounded by the rapid ringing of the ship's bell, and the commands are hoarsely shouted



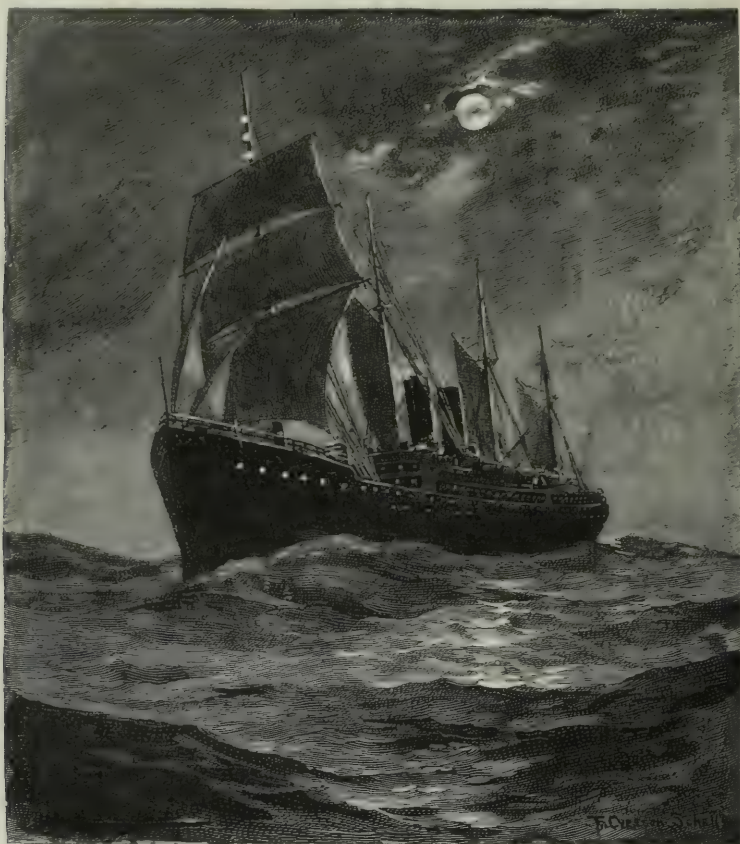
Down the Channel in a Fog—A Narrow Escape.

along the decks, you may notice, as the men rush to their stations, the absence of the alertness, neatness, forehandedness which characterize the man-of-war's men; but they are sturdy and strong and willing, and the echoes of the orders, "Fire forward! Main deck. Quick's your play," have scarcely ceased, before a dozen hose are coupled and run out, bucket and fire-extinguisher lines are formed, axemen and smother-

ers are gathered, and hand and steam pumps started with an energy promising a world of water. Grimy greasers and stokers rush from below; stewards hop about as none but a steward can; and butchers, bakers, and electric-light-makers rally in their appointed places, eager for work, but in the motley of Falstaff's draft. The captain, watch in hand, receives the reports that all the departments have assembled and that

abundant streams have been in operation (overboard, of course, but in the neighborhood of the fire) in blank minutes—let us say three, as a fair average—from the time the alarm was first given. Do you wonder if he smiles and says to

rest, for there is no rest fore and aft when a voyage is begun. Cargo and stores have to be hoisted out of the lighters, holds have to be stowed, gear secured. All day long the cargo winches rattle, and the tackles rise and fall com-



The Night Signal of a Disabled Steamer.

his chief officer, "Very creditable, sir ; very well done. You may secure, sir ?" Very well done it is, and when you remember this is the first drill and many of the hands are new, you may feel reasonably assured, should any ordinary fire break out, that it is all Lombard Street to a Tahiti orange it will be subdued most promptly.

The pumps stop, the hose are uncoupled, under-run, and reeled, and, everything being secured, the ship returns to its normal condition. But not to

plainly. Alongside a double bank of lighters cling, and through cargo-ports and over the rails the freight pours ceaselessly. The twilight deepens with stars ; ashore the roar and traffic of the busy town are hushed ; the river banks are deserted. But under the dazzling arc-lights on shipboard, and far into the night, toiling men and swaying bales and boxes cast fantastic shadows on the breezy water, and about the decks, and in the cavernous holds gaping unsatisfied for the fruits of trade and barter.



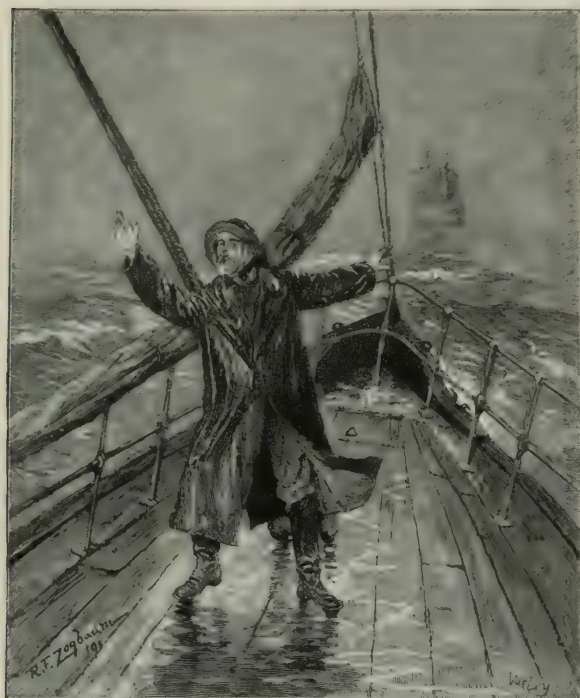
"Must, all hands."

II.

The next day the passengers come on board, and the company's servants in the

parts, and as he goes over the side the captain waves his hand in salute and then gives a quiet order to the chief officer.

The wheel is shifted, the capstan reels noisily, and link by link the chain comes home. At last, after a vicious tug or two on the cable, the ground is broken, and, smothered and sputtering with cleansing water from the hose, the anchor, ring and stock, appears above the foam-streams rippling at the bow. When the cat-fall is hooked the ship's head swings around with graceful sheer, the engines slightly increase their speed, the wake straightens its curves, the ensign dips in answer to salutes, and a long blast from the whistle sonorously claims the right of channel. Slowly, carefully, the gallant ship threads her way among the fleet of inward and outward bound shipping; the shores darken with moist shadows and gleam in broad bands of fading sun-drift; the lights of Birkenhead and Liverpool glisten, blaze, twinkle, fade; the

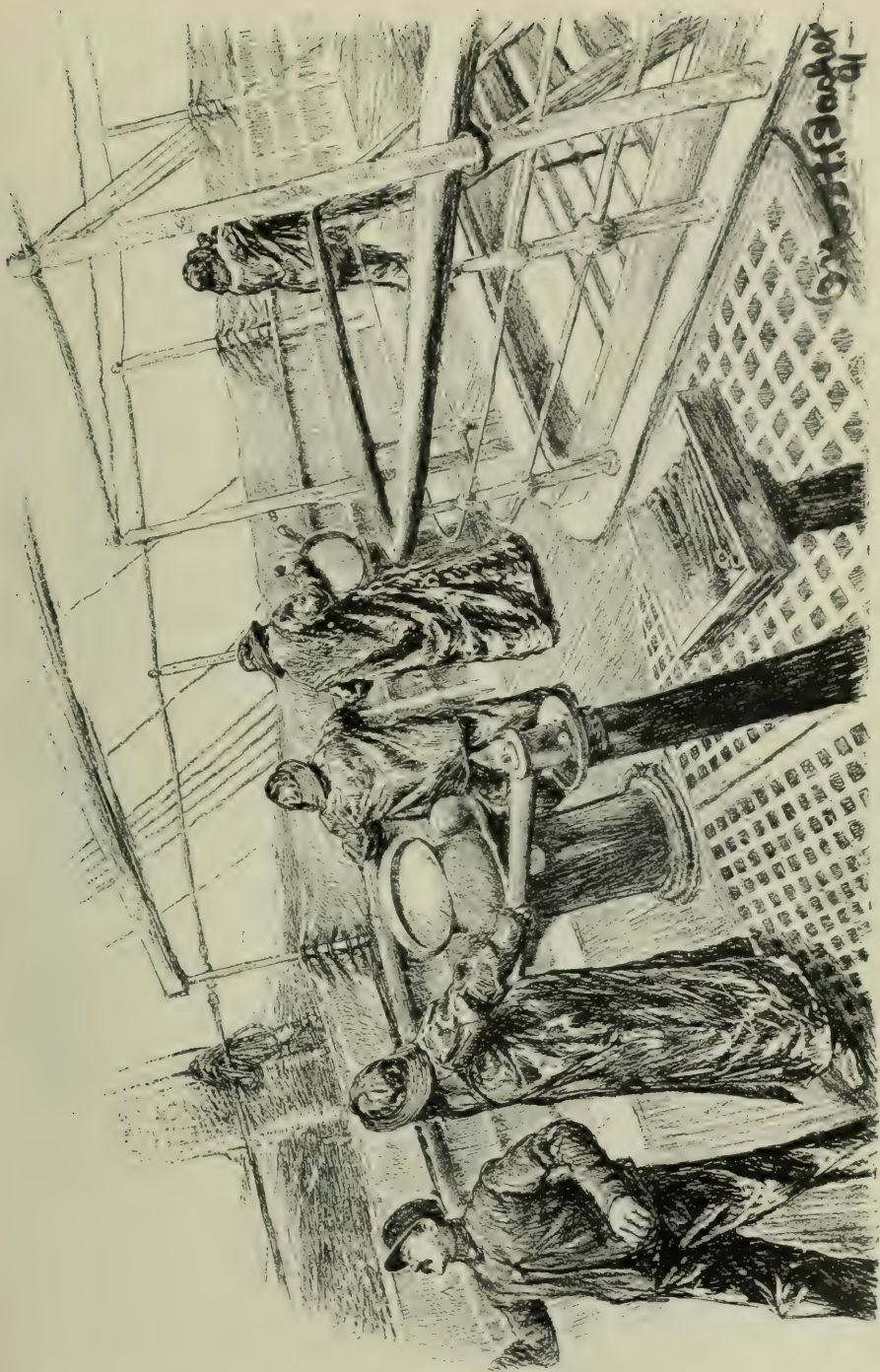


The Deck Lookout—"Danger Ahead."

tenders and lighters gleefully escape, after banging about and muddling the baggage so mercilessly that state-room trunks yawn bruisedly in the holds, and huge chests, bursting with useless trophies of travel, lumber up your narrow quarters below—this, to the despair and tears of forlorn women who pursue the hapless purser with unrelenting fury when they learn that nothing can be unearthed until after the ship has left Queenstown, and that until then they must hopelessly shift for themselves. Steam is spluttering and flickering in little curls at the escape-pipes, the officers—every button of their best coats on duty—are at their stations, the pilot is looking wiser than ever pilot could be, and on the bridge with the impatient captain lingers a representative of the company. By and by, after the final instructions are given, this person de-

breeze blows with spice of salt and briny coolness; the stars blink from silvery steel into points of golden fire; and in the west, where the splendor and warmth deepen seaward, the rolling mists, as yet resplendent in borrowed radiance, close, broodingly, as a pall. Sails burn in the heart of the sunset, and long trails of smoke show where other ships have sunk below the verge. Finally the bar is crossed, the lanterns on board the Northwest Light-ship flame in the star-gemmed dusk, and with a swinging grip of the wheel the ship is headed, at half speed, just as night is falling, to clear the lights of Holyhead.

Upon the bridge the pilot and the officer of the watch peer "ahead and astern, look to windward and to lee;" the ship slips and slides, now to port and now to starboard, dodging the fleet intershooting this marvellous waterway



On the Bridge in a Gale.

with a wealth of craft no other waters know; and the lookouts glue their eyes to the worried landsman's ears, their labored throbbing seems a devil's tattoo



Washing Down the Decks.

to their quadrants of observation, reporting lights and sails till the confusion would be inextricable, save to these steady nerves finding the pathway safely. Down the coast the vessel runs in the darkness, fearing naught while the stars shine and the horizon circles clean cut above the foam-capped waters. But as the night grows the air loses its briskness, a light haze shrouds the sea, and the Channel fog rolls, ghostlike, landward. Soon only the upper stars glimmer, the moisture drips from the rigging, the iron rails and deck-houses are damp and clammy, and the lights are aureoled with a dull cloud of gray and yellowish mist.

The captain takes his place upon the bridge, the engines are eased until,

answering the grumbling and rumbling of the fog-whistle. Below, brawny, silent men stand at the levers, ready at an instant to stop and back, or go ahead, just as the emergency may direct. Outside the pilot-house the quarter-master strains his ears and peers nervously into the gloom, yet alert to pass any command given to the junior officer and to his messmate at the wheel. Signals from fog-whistles drift into them from other groping ships, and, at times, spectral hulls and ghostly sails loom close aboard, creeping out of the curtained night or slipping landward or seaward in search of hidden port or roadway. At regular intervals the lead is cast and the depth of water read from the scale by the unhooded glare of a lantern, and on the

chart the positions given by the soundings are pricked, to guard against the tricks of treacherous currents.

And so the cheerless night drifts sadly into a wan morning, and the ship creeps warily down Channel, the weary vigil taxing the brains and bodies of those who must seek no rest because of the lives entrusted to their care.

III.

AFTER the pilot has been discharged and the mails received at Queenstown, and the ship has taken her departure from the Roche Point Light-ship everybody settles into the routine of life at sea. From the beginning watches have been kept rigorously, and the interior discipline and rules are so well-jointed that the ship seems to run herself. You hear no jarring of the cogs, feel no rough edges in the mosaic, though the government is, as it must always be, the hand of steel in the glove of velvet. The care of the ship is unremitting, even in details which if set down here would

seem trivial and finicky, and every hour of the day has duties which are performed heartily and thoroughly to the foot of the letter by the officers. The number of these may vary on each line, even in different ships of the same employ, but in the largest steamers there are, besides the captain, three seniors and two juniors. The three seniors keep the watches, and each during his tour of duty has, as the captain's representative, the direct charge of the ship. The two juniors stand watch and watch, that is, four hours on duty and four hours off, with a swing at the dog-watches, and carry on, under the direction of the senior officers, the routine of the ship. Normally the officer of the watch takes his station on the forward bridge, and the junior officer sticks by the wheel-house, where, after collecting the data he writes the log-slate hourly, and sees that the quartermaster steers the given course to a nicety. The first night at sea the starboard watch (the captain's in marine law) has the eight hours out, that is, from 8 P.M. to midnight and from 4 to 8 A.M.; and on the



The Stoke Hole.

home voyage the mate's watch (the port) enjoys the same sweet privilege, thus sanctifying the ancient saw, which insists, under penalties dire, that the captain must take her out and the mate must take her home again.

The officers vary in their methods of keeping watch, new ships having new rules, as Simple Simon is supposed to have said when he was hustled aft to stow the jib. But to my mind, those favored in the larger steamers of the White Star Company are the best. Here the chief officer stands the watches from six to eight and from twelve to two o'clock, night and day respectively; the second officer keeps the watches from eight to ten and two to four o'clock; and the third officer those from ten to twelve and from four to six o'clock. This watch-keeping seems easy enough, even interesting and exciting, at least so

bed and walking on a roof is anything but gay, even in fine weather. In stormy seasons it is such wretched work that then be mine rather to woo my bucolics, my farms and gardens, my forest glades.

Leaving out of question the responsibility, try and measure the physical misery when gales are howling, and spray is flying, and icy seas are shooting over the weather bulwarks, and the ship is slamming along, wallowing in the hollows or wriggling on zenith-seeking billows. It may be at night, when you cannot see a ship's length ahead, and around you, threatening disaster and death, are a dozen vessels; it may be when the ice is moving and the towering bergs lie in your pathway. Then those dreadful middle watches, when after a hard tour of duty, you are roused out of a comfortable bed, and jumped, half awakened, into the chill and misery



In the Fo'castle.

I have heard not only from the casual gentleman who worries about critically in fine weather, but from that uneasy minded shuttler who skips across the Western Ocean half a dozen times a year for no reason any sane man has yet discovered. But, dearly beloved idlers, do not deceive yourselves, getting out of

of the gale-blown night with every nerve and muscle strained to the breaking-point. No, it is, believe me, the hardest kind of hard work, and it so saps the body, and warps the temper, and makes the best old before their day, that no self-respecting mother will let her daughter marry a man who knows an

oar from a fence-rail, if he has learned their differences—watch-keeping.

The fourth and fifth officers being young and hardy, and presumably with much to learn and suffer—for suffering somehow is considered an essential in sea training—are not supposed to need adequate rest nor sleep, and if that is not wearing on shipboard, go find me a ballad-monger to weave a rhyme for their comfort. The crew stand watch and watch; but as they can always steal a comforting nap, and have no responsibility, they know little of the mental wear and tear. The *bo's'n* and his mate look out for the pulling and hauling, and for the dreary singing which the "chanty" man weds to them. Their tempers are always on edge, and it is their part to buffet and bluster. These are the gentlemen you usually hear, in season and out, bellowing about decks a highly garnished sea *argot* which no one attempts to translate or deems of serious meaning. Occasionally, too, you may detect them to leeward of the houses, skylarking gloomily, in moments of forced gaiety, with skulkers and sea-lawyers, "fetching them," as they describe the pastime, "a belt under the jaw," or airily promising to "knock" their "blooming 'eds off." These, of course, are the vagaries of delegated authority, and should not lessen your regard for them, as they are generally good sailor-men after the heavy insular fashion. You must remember, also, they enjoy a prescriptive privilege of being most noisy, of wearing tremendous boots and very shabby clothes, and of trilling, like sea-larks, upon little silvery whistles, which are known indiscriminately as "pipes" or "calls."

In each watch there are three quarter-masters, generally fine specimens of the British tar, a joy to the eye and a com-



The Deck Steward.

fort to the soul, notably in bad weather, when they cheer you with a smile that soothes as the words they may not utter; for by a maritime fiction they are always supposed to be at the wheel, and you must not, under fear of keel-hauling, talk to them. How patronizing and sympathetic they look, what a lot they seem to know, what beautiful *guernseys* they wear, and with what ease they guide the mighty vessel. Before the introduction of steam steering-gear two men were always required at the wheel, and in bad weather there were four, and sometimes six, with frequent reliefs; and yet, with all this beef, many a poor fellow has been maimed for life by being tossed over the wheel-barrel or jammed by the spokes when the ship swung off with sudden lurch or broached to before the fury of the gale. To-day it requires hardly the strength of a boy to "restrain the rudder's ardent thrill," even in the heaviest blows, for



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHEN.

Night Signalling.

Illustration by C. J. BUTLER.

the wheel in evidence is merely the purchasing end of a mechanical system that opens and shuts the valve governing the steam admitted to the steering cylinders. But be it lever or not, the sailor grasps it still with the old familiar pose, swaying it, "for the good ship's woe and the good ship's weal," with curved arm and gripping fingers as he pores over his compass and keeps its lubber's point, in fair weather or in foul, plumb on a course marked to a degree of the circle. He stands a two-hours' trick and then changes places with his relief, whose station has been outside the wheel-house door. The third quartermaster keeps his watch under the after-whaleback, ready to throw into action the hand steering-wheel when the signal is given, and as this happens seldom, his watch is apt to be a dreary one. The pumpwells are sounded regularly by a carpenter, so that possible leaks are sure of rapid detection; and hourly every light and every corner of the ship is inspected by one of the two masters-at-arms, who constitute the police force of the ship. They have under their special care the steerages, and a part of their duty is—as their phrase goes—"to chase" the steerage female passengers off the upper deck at dusk, and to see that they remain in their own apartment until sunrise.

First-class ships muster from twelve to fifteen men in each watch, and all of these are shipped as seamen. Of course the majority are such only in name, though there is always a definite number of sailors among them. Indeed, to fly the blue flag at least ten of the crew, in addition to the captain, must be enrolled in the Naval Reserve, and to be an A B there, one must hand, reef, and steer deftly. These are the people who in port stand by the ship; that is, those who take, as required by law, their discharges in Liverpool on the return voyage and continue to work on board at fixed wages per day while the ship refits and loads. All hands, from the skipper to the scullion's mate, must ship at the beginning of each run—must "sign articles" as it is called—before a Board of Trade shipping-master. As the law has always regarded

Jack as "particularly in need of its protection, because he is particularly exposed to the wiles of sharpers," great stress is laid in these articles upon his treatment, and therefore they exhibit in detail the character of the voyage, the wages, the quantity and quality of the food, and a dozen other particulars which evidence the safeguards thrown about these "wards of the Admiralty" by a quasi-paternal government. Jack knows all this, and be sure he stands up most boldly and assertively, at times with a great deal of unnecessary swagger and bounce, for all the articles—"his articles"—allow him.

The boatswain selects the ship's company, and the sea-birds flutter on board usually a few hours before the vessel hauls into the stream. They fly light, these Western Ocean sailors, and their kits are such as beggars would laugh at even in Ratcliffe Highway. Generally they are in debt to the Sailors' Home—they pay seventeen bob a week for their grub and lodging—and many of them just touch their advance money, as a guarantee of receipt, and then see most of it disappear, for goods fairly furnished, into the superintendent's monkbag. But they are philosophers in their sad way, and are apt, if they find themselves safely on board with a couple of shillings in their 'baccy pouches, with a pan, an extra shirt, a pannikin, a box of matches, and a bar of soap, to feel that the anchor cannot be tripped too soon as they are equipped for an adventure anywhere, even to the "Hinjies, heast or west," as their doleful ditty announces.

Under way or at anchor they do not have many idle moments. In the middle watches the decks are scrubbed with sand and brooms and brushes, for the old, heroic days of holy-stones are over, and a hundred pounds of effort are no longer expended for an ounce of result. It might interest the passengers—especially those who look upon a sailor as so much unthinking brawn—to hear the archaic vocabulary and the emphatic dialects in which many of them are sworn at by these same mariners. Indeed, passengers are a careless, slovenly, and untidy lot, and there is scarcely a sin in the maritime decalogue of cleanliness they do not commit unthinkingly. The par-

ticularly offensive ones are soon singled out and labelled with briny, offensive names; and though they know it not, the fore-castle is at times lurid with the blood-curdling anathemas launched upon them. In the morning watch the paint work is scrubbed, and a deft cleaner is Jackie; and finally, when the weather permits, the brass work—bane of every true sailor—is polished till it blinks like the rising sun in the tropics. This scrubbing and burnishing and cleansing runs in appointed grooves through every department, and in no perfunctory way, for each day the ship is inspected thoroughly, and upon the result depend the reputation and the advancement of the subordinates.

Very formal indeed is the inspection, when, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the captain, accompanied by the doctor, begins his royal progress. At the borders of each province he is received by its governor, who conducts him through its highways and its byways, through its lanes and shaded groves. The purser and the chief steward are answerable for all concerning the passengers, and scrupulous and minute is the examination given to the saloons, store-rooms, pantries, kitchens, bakeries, closets, bath-rooms, and to such cabins and state-rooms as may be visited. Then follow the steerages and the "glory hole"—this last a den sacred to the discomfort of the perennially nimble, of the tip-extracting, uncannily cheerful, and sorely tried stewards. The chief officer is responsible for the boatswain's locker, the fore-castles, the upper decks, the boats, the whalebacks; in short, above and below, wherever dirt might breed disease, no nook nor corner is omitted, not even that seething cauldron where the lungs of the ship breathe steam and her ponderous muscles drive the mighty screws.

IV.

THE engine-rooms and stoke-holes of a great steamer are forbidden ground, are lands *taboo*, save to those specially asked to visit them. Here no interruptions may enter, for speed is the price of ceaseless vigilance, and horse-

power spells fame and dividends. When you come to measure the region fairly, it broadens into a wonder-land; it shapes itself into a twilight island of mysteries, into a laboratory where grimy alchemists practise black magic and white. At first all seems confusion, but when the brain has co-ordinated certain factors, harmony is wooed from discord and order emerges from chaos. It is in the beginning all noise and tangled motion, and shining steel and oily smells; then succeeds a vague sense of bars moving up and down, and down and up, with pitiless regularity; of jiggering levers, keeping time rhythmically to any stray patter you may fit to their chanting; and, at last, the interdependence of rod grasping rod, of shooting straight lines seizing curved arms, of links limping backward and wriggling forward upon queer pivots, dawns upon you, and in the end you marvel at the nicety with which lever, weight, and fulcrum work, opening and closing hidden mechanisms, and functioning with an exactness that dignifies the fraction of a second into an appreciable quantity. Cranks whirl and whirl and whirl incessantly, holding in moveless grip the long shafting turning the churning screws; pumps pulsate and throb with muffled beat; gauge-arms vibrate jerkily about narrow arcs, setting their standards of performance; and everywhere, if your ear be trained to this mechanical music, to this symphony in steam and steel, you see the officers and greasers conducting harmoniously the smoothly moving parts, as soothed with oil and caressed with waste they work without jar or friction, and despite the gales tossing the ship like a jolly-boat, on the angry ocean. It is a magic domain, and one may well wonder at the genius which, piling precedent upon precedent, chains these forces and makes them labor, even on an unstable platform, as their masters will.

In the stoke-hole, however, one leaves behind the formal and mathematical, and sees the picturesque with all its dirt unvarnished, with all its din and clangor unsubdued. Under the splintering silver of the electric lamps cones of light illuminate great spaces garishly and leave others in unbroken masses of shadow. Through bulkhead doors the

red and gold of the furnaces chequer the reeking floor, and the tremulous roar of the caged fires dominates the sibilant splutter of the steam. Figures nearly naked, gritty and black with coal, and pasty with ashes, and soaked with sweat, come and go in the blazing light and in the half gloom, and seem like nightmares from fantastic tales of demonology.

When the furnace-doors are opened, thirsty tongues of fire gush out, blue spirals of gas spin and reel over the bubbling mass of fuel, and great sheets of flame suck half-burnt carbon over the quivering fire wall into the flues. With averted heads and smoking bodies the stokers shoot their slice-bars through the melting hillocks, and twist and turn them until they undulate like serpents. The iron tools blister their hands, the roaring furnaces sear their bodies; their chests heave like those of spent swimmers, their eyes tingle in parched sockets—but work they must, there is no escape, no holiday in this maddening limbo. Steam must be kept up, or perhaps a cruel record must be lowered. Facing the furnaces, the hollow upscoping of the stoker's shovel echoes stridently on the iron floor, and these speed-makers pile coal on coal until the fire fairly riots, and, half blinded, they stagger backward for a cooling respite. But it is only a moment at the best, for their taskmasters watch and drive them, and the tale of furnaces must do its stint. The noise and uproar are deafening; coal-trimmers trundle their barrows unceasingly from bunker to stoke-hole, or, if the ship's motion be too great for the wheels, carry it in baskets, and during the four long hours there is no rest for those who labor here.

In the largest ships the engineer force numbers one hundred and seventy men, and in vessels with double engines these are divided into two crews with a double allowance of officers for duty. One engineer keeps a watch in each fire-room, and two are stationed on each engine-room platform. Watches depend upon the weather, but, as a rule, the force, officers and men, serves four out of every twelve hours. Should, however, the weather be foggy or the navigation hazardous, the service may be more onerous;

for then officers stand at the throttles with peremptory orders to do no other work. In relieving each other great care is taken; those going on the platforms feeling the warmth of the bearings, examining the condition of the pins and shafting, testing the valves, locating the position of the throttles, counting the revolutions, and by every technical trial satisfying themselves before assuming charge that all is right. In the stoke-hole the same precautions are taken, the sufficiency and saturation of the water, the temperature of the feed, injection, and discharge, and the steam-pressure being verified independently by both officers.

The pay of the chief engineer is said to be about £30 per month, in addition to a commission upon the saving made in a fixed allowance of coal for a given horse-power and an assumed speed. As some ships are economical, this reaches at times a handsome bonus. And it is well this pay should be large, for many of these officers have given their best days to one employ and deserve much of it in every way. It is said that some of the old chiefs are the greatest travelers in the world, so far as miles covered may count. Here, for example, is one who has made in one line 132 round trips, or traversed 841,000 shore miles—a distance four times that between the earth and the moon; and still higher is the record of another, who completed before his retirement 154 round trips, or made in distance over one million of statute miles.

The messes of the crew are divided into three classes: First, that of the seamen, quartermaster, carpenter, etc.; secondly, that of lamp-trimmers and servants and miscellaneous people; and thirdly, that of the stokers, greasers, and trimmers. The seamen sleep and mess in the fore-castle, the stewards in the glory hole, and the engineer force in the port fore-castle, or, on board the new ships, in an apartment just forward of the stoke-hole. In all these quarters the mess-tables trice up to the under side of the upper deck, and the bunks are two or three tiers deep. As a rule the men provide their own bedding and table-gear, the company agreeing to give good food in plenty, but nothing

more. This seems shabby, even if in these degenerate days we need not hope to find a ship's husband like Sir Francis Drake, who not only "procured a complete set of silver for the table, and furnished the cook-room with many vessels of the same metal, but engaged several musicians to accompany them." I am afraid the only music you will hear in these dreary quarters is the shout when the "snipes," as my lieges the stokers call the coal-trimmers, rush in at eight in the evening with the high feast known as the *black pan*. This olla podrida consists of the remains of the saloon dinner, and is always saved for the watch by the cooks and bakers in payment for the coal hoisted for the kitchens and galleys. It is a grewsome feast, as one may well imagine, but it is the supreme luxury in the sea life of the stoker and his pals, and is enjoyed point, blade, and hilt.

Thrown together as the people are for a run only, you find little of the mess-mate kinship which is so strong in longer voyages among seafaring men. Should any one of them become unfit for work through sickness (and very ill he must be when the doctor excuses him from duty), his mates, the one he should have relieved and the other who would have relieved him, each stand two hours of his watch. But as the attendant abuse is great, and the curses are loud and deep and bitterly personal, no one, save a very hard case, will leave his work as long as he can stand up to it. As for kindness and usefulness, or any other saving grace, they are unknown; are, in the grim pessimism of this iron trade, never expected. It is a hard, hard life, measured by decent standards, and, *mes-sieurs*, when you stray below, and, as tradition demands, they "chalk you"—ring you about with the mystic circle which means drink-money—be sure the ransom is not niggard, be certain that with it you lend them from your brighter world the sunshine of a cheery greeting, the tonic of a friendly smile.

For, God help them, they need it always.

V.

THE inspection is finished a little after seven bells, and one by one the officers straggle on deck with their sextants.

Should it be a fine day, with moderate weather, the noon observation for latitude is a simple one and is always sought; though, in the open, these people running in regular lanes can place great dependence on their engine revolutions, their well-tryed compasses, and, if the speed is not excessive, upon their taffrail logs. When the sun crosses the meridian twelve o'clock is reported, and "eight bells are made" by the captain, for no lesser personage dare trifle with the astronomical proprieties hedging about this occult ceremony. The ship's time, however, remains unaltered, until the clocks are corrected at midnight from calculations based upon the chronometer ticking stolidly in the chart-room. In the sweep of modern progress the sacred rite of heaving the log is no longer celebrated. The speed is now too great for that rough-and-ready hit-and-miss at distance run; and with its disuse, worse luck, a fund of old-time pleasant railery has been eclipsed. "How fast are you going, my man?" was an invariable question of the inevitable, curious passenger to the Jackie walking away with the dripping log-line. "Fourteen and a Dutchman, sir," would be his answer, or, if again pressed, "Thirteen and a marine," he would reply gravely, to the joy of his grinning shipmates and to the mystification of the questioner. But now no longer does the reel turn swift, no longer does the sand run dry, no more the chip dances on the waves or tugging line strain brawny muscles. To-day the speed is read off from a little cylinder which twists its dials on the weather rail.

The observations are worked out independently by the chief and second officers, and the former submits his results to the captain. Of course these calculations cannot have the exactness of astronomical work ashore, and luckily on the high sea this is not needed. On the contrary, over-precision often multiplies the error, and it is good navigation if you can say with assurance that the ship is anywhere within an enclosing circle five miles in diameter. Of course it is widely different when a vessel is running in for the land or coasting, for then the soundings, the cross-bearings of well-known marks, and the contour lines,

enable the position to be marked with very great accuracy.

The noon position of the ship is—next to dinner—the great event of the day, and many are the pools and bets made on the figures of the run; not only as to the distance, but as to the probable time of arrival. For if the voyage be now half over, the novelty of sea life is at low ebb, and the passengers, save a few irrepressible spirits, have lapsed into a gentle melancholy induced by the monotony of water, water, water everywhere. They are tired of the sea, of the ship, of the cooking, of each other, in short, of everything, and are anxious only to arrive. They have divided and subdivided, and differentiated into cliques, and have nursed dislikes, usually founded on feminine fancies, until these have become mortal antipathies. In a perfunctory way they follow a routine which finally drags a lengthening chain. They get up and pitchfork on their clothes, and eat, lounge about, doze, muffled to the eyes, in lashed steamer chairs, read languidly, gossip spitefully, and eat, and eat, and eat, and then, wearied to bitter boredom, go to bed again. The men drink more than is good for them, indeed some of them have an eager and a nipping air all day long; and as for smoking, why, those who can are blowing moist and soggy weeds and fondling explosive pipes from morn till dewy eve. The noisy ones—and what nuisances they are with their aggressively robust health and unfailing cheerfulness—play all manner of stupid sea games, horse-billiards, quoits, and shuffle-board, and sometimes venture upon such silly practical joking that you wish a sea would wash them overboard.

No one sees much of the ship's officers except perhaps the ubiquitous purser and the amiable doctor, and how these two, harried and beset as they are by a hundred cares, by the little miseries of other people, can present an unfailing front of courtesy, can go smilingly and cheerily about their duties, is one of the sea mysteries yet unsolved. Blow high or low, and in fair weather or foul, they are ever the same, bright, beaming, optimistic, encouraging—

“fresh as a garden rose, soothing as an upland wind”—and knowing the strain put upon you by silly men and fretful women, gentlemen, I salute you, *chapeau bas*.

In the beginning there was a struggle for seats at the captain's table, and heartburnings are not unknown to those who sit a little lower at the feast. But these are not the wise or wary ones, not the tough and devilish sly travellers who know their bread will be best buttered by rallying around the purser or forming in hollow squares about the shrine where the doctor sits enthroned. The captain's duties permit him to go below rarely save at dinner-time, and as for the other officers, they live and mess alone and are as cloistered, so far as the passengers count, as the preaching friars of Saint Dominic.

Once in every voyage boat drill is held, and sadly insufficient for the people on board is this same boat equipment. But the drill is usually a passably fair one, and, given time, adequate perhaps for any demands made upon the ship by outside distress. And let it be added that never yet, when the word has been given, have those gallant men who walk their watches so quietly and so uncomplainingly, been known to fail if succor were needed by helpless mariners. It may be that death stares them in the face, that their mission may be another tragedy, but they never question. Honor to them and to all the unrecorded heroes, the uncrowned martyrs of that western passage. Who may number them? who tell their gallant deeds? True descendants are they of those “who first went out across the unknown seas, fighting, discovering, colonizing, and gravating out channels through which the commerce and enterprise of England have flowed out over all the world.”

You may count, as a rule, upon disagreeable weather in the Western Ocean, and this tries the temper of people who might be saints ashore; and, say what you will, even under the most promising environments, women are out of place on shipboard. However, if the days are reasonably pleasant as the voyage shortens, the monotony becomes so much a habit as to be no longer a burden.

The little animosities which seemed eternal disappear, and friendships are made, and toward the end all but the hardened cases, the mental dyspeptics, or those to whom sea-sickness is a serious matter, really enjoy the voyage.

The tonic of the sea-air courses like an elixir in the blood; young women begin to take notice, and you hear rippling laughter, and see, in place of gloom, the sunshine of happy smiles. This is usually the season when the concert is given, and the uneasy spirits of the ship exploit the talent they have discovered. Usually there are a dozen mild rows over this performance, and invariably a great dispute as to the distribution of the money. This is apt to divide the ship temporarily into two warring camps, but in the end the ship's officers have their way, and the American dollars jingle musically in English contribution boxes. More or less jollity is always afloat in the smoking-room, for here eddy the flotsam and jetsam of the ship. Here, too, the speculative gentlemen, their friends and lambs, usually play cards from early forenoon till the lights are turned out. There is not much growling among these industrious workmen, though at times when Jack pots go one way, and the kitty or widow is large enough to make the losers boisterously assertive, you may hear sharp words over the reckoning. As for those who enjoy a quiet rubber, they must find another retreat; the smoking-room is ruled by the gods of clamor.

And so the last days are apt to rush along pleasantly enough; the solitude cheered by passing vessels and the lazy routine of the ship enlivened by conge-

nial companionships newly found. The edge of the Grand Banks is skirted happily without injury to the daring fishermen; the Georges are rounded, and then, oh, happy hour for many homesick hearts! the cry "Sail ho" rings out with a newer meaning, and a graceful pilot-boat wings toward them like the fabled sea-bird. How they greet the bluff pilot, coming as he does to their seeming helplessness out of the known and the enduring. The speculative passengers find an especial interest in the incident, for no pools are more favored than those made on the number of the boat, no bets more frequent than whether the figures are odd or even. After the assurance that the "pilot is really on board" over-sanguine and inexperienced females madly rush below and pack their trunks and get ready for an immediate shore-flitting, afraid, perhaps, they will be late; but there is many and many a tossing mile yet to steam ere the services of the adventurous pilot will be needed.

Still, a new delight possesses everybody, and it grows as the hours fly, until at last, it may be at night, perhaps, some one bursts breathlessly into the crowded smoking-room or bar, and cries exultingly: "There she is, Fire Island Light, right over the starboard bow." Joyous faces gather near the crowded bulwarks, and eager eyes hail with gladness the shining petals of that rose of flame which blossoms unfailingly above the shoaling waters; for the voyage is nearly over, and the morrow means to some the marvels of an unknown land, to others, luckiest and happiest of all, home and dear ones.



The Boatswain's Whistle.



AN ALABAMA COURTSHIP.

By F. J. Stimson.

PART FIRST.

1.



I MUST first tell you how I came to be ever a commercial traveller. My father was a Higginbotham—one of the Higginbothams of Salem—but my mother, Marie

Lawrence, was a far-off cousin of the wife of old Thomas Lawrence, the great tobacconist of New York. Horatio Higginbotham was both an author and an artist; but he neither wrote nor painted down to the popular taste; and as he was also a gentleman, and had lived like one, he left very little money. Not that he took it with him when he died, but he had spent it on the way. It costs considerable to get through this world, if you travel first-class and pay as you go. And, at least, my father left no debts.

He left my dear mother, however, and his assets were represented by me, an expensive Junior at Harvard. And as none of the family counting-rooms and cotton-mills seemed to open the door for me—so degenerate a scion of a money-making race as to have already an artist behind him—I was glad to enter the wide portal of Cousin Lawrence's tobacco manufactory.

Here, as in most successful trades, you were, all but the very heir-pre-

sumptive, put through a regular mill. First, a year or two in the factory, just to get used to the sneezing; and then you took to the road; and after a few years of this had thoroughly taught you the retail trade, you were promoted to be a gentleman and hob-nob with the planters in Cuba, and ride over their landed estates.

I got through the factory well enough; but the road, as you may fancy, was a trial in prospect. When my time came (being then, as you will see, something of a snob) I was careful to choose the wildest circuit, most remote from Boston and from Boston ways. The extreme West—Denver, Kansas City, Omaha—was out of the question; even the South—New Orleans, Charleston, Florida particularly—was unsafe. Indiana was barbarous enough, but went with Ohio and Michigan; and I finally chose what was called the Tennessee Circuit, which included all the country west of the Alleghanies, from the Ohio River to the Gulf States. Louisville belonged to my Cincinnati colleague, but the rest of Kentucky and Tennessee, from the Cumberland and Great Smoky Mountains to the hills of Alabama and the plains of Memphis, were mine.

And by no means uninteresting I found it. I travelled, you must know, in snuff; and the southern mountains, with the headwaters of the west-

ern rivers, Cumberland, Alabama, Tennessee, are the country of the snuff-taker in America.

The civilization, the picturesqueness of our country lies always between the mountains and the seaboard. Trace the Appalachian summits from their first uprearing at Tracadiegash or Gaspé, to that last laurel-hill near Tupelo in Mississippi—on the left of you lies history, character, local identity; on the right that great common place, that vast central prairie, lying stolidly spread out between the Rockies and the Blue Ridge, producing food. Heaven keep us from that central plain, one would say, and from the men and moods and motives that it breeds—but that out of it, in the very unidentified middle of it, the Lord upreared a Lincoln.

However, my beat lay so well to the south of it, lurked so far up in the mountain alley-ways and southern river-cañons, that I found much to study and more to see. The railway did little more than take me to the field of labor; the saddle or the wagon or the country stage must do the rest. My first trip was to the east of my dominions; my headquarters were at Knoxville, and from there I rode through some thousand miles of mountain and of cove; and different enough and remote enough it was from all that I had known before and from all that might know me or look askance upon a travelling-merchant selling snuff by sample. But this was but a breather, as it were; and on my second journey I was ordered to replace my predecessor, Jerry Sullivan, at his headquarters in Chattanooga, and take entire charge of that country. Already I had contracted a prejudice for the slow and unconventional modes of travelling; and after I had seen Jerry Sullivan, a genial Irishman, and had formal delivery of his office, and he had gone back with evident delight to his beloved New York, and I had sat there alone a day or two, I thought that I would open out the business westward. And looking at the map it occurred to me that the Tennessee River was the natural avenue to my domains in that direction. Luckily, I made the acquaintance of a young land-pro prospector, with ro-

mantic instincts like my own; and the second evening after this idea came to me, he and I were seated in a wooden dug-out canoe, my parcels of samples and his instruments in the waist of the boat, drifting swiftly down the brown stream at sunset, under the lofty shadow of the Lookout Mountain.

The stream was shallow, and its waters so opaque that six inches looked like six fathoms, and it happened not rarely that we ran upon a sand-bar in full mid-stream; but a hard shove at the pole would send us off, usually sideways, careening in the swirl. When we were not aground our time was rapid—some six or seven miles an hour, with the current, and the pole, and paddle. The mountains came close around us, and the shores contracted; and pretty soon the railway took a plunge into a tunnel and disappeared. No house nor light was in sight when the moon came out. For some twenty miles or more we swung down the swift stream silently, in a country that seemed quite unsettled. And as the night made it still harder to make out the deeper places, it is not surprising that after one long, gradual grate upon a mid-channel sand-bank, we settled in a bed that all our efforts were insufficient to dislodge us from. And Arthur Coe, my companion, by way of making the best night of it possible, and the moon and the mild May weather falling in, drew out a banjo from his traps in the bow and made melodies not unpleasant to a man who lay silent in the stern, looking at the stars and smoking his pipe.

A fine range of trees lined the opposite shore and, beyond, the forest rolled up in mountain-shoulders to the sky; but not a sign of human life was visible. So that we both started when, at the end of some negro melody, the refrain was taken up by a lusty chorus, and rang far out over the murmuring Tennessee. And in a few moments a large gum canoe filled with joyous dorkies came to us from the further shore; and finding our trouble, nothing would do but they must pull us ashore and we spend the night with "Massa." Which we did, and a kind and queer old pair of gentry we found them, him and his wife, living alone with a dozen of old freed slaves,

some dozen miles from anywhere. The old, wide, one-story plantation house stood in a clearing facing the river (which used to be much more of a river, with many steamers and cotton-craft, "befo' de wo'"); and we had quite a concert before we went to bed, with all the cigars and other accompaniment that we needed. There were no young people in the house, only old massa and missus and the old slaves; and we heard some story of deaths in battle from the latter, as we all sang a hymn together before we went to bed, and took one final glass of whiskey; and even the negroes were allowed a taste of something, for wetting their whistles they had blown so well.

Thus it was, almost every night; and the long days were spent in drifting down the river; and even Coe was in no hurry to get to the place where he was to survey his railway or prospect his town; and either the people were so lonely, or their good will was so great, that they gave orders for snuff in a way that was surprising. Only one thing struck us—the absence of young people; not only of young men, but of girls. Coe said he thought the people were too old to have any children; but what had become of the children they should have had twenty years ago? "War-time," said Coe, as if that explained it.

So we got down into Georgia, and then into northern Alabama; and the river wound so that we were two weeks on the way. Coe was to prospect near a town called Florence, or Tuscumbia; places that then we never had heard of.

That day, at dawn, we ran on Muscle Shoals. Fresh from a night under the wild-grape vines, blossoming fragrantly, with a sweetness troubling to the spirit, acrid, whereunder we had slept like one drugged with love—we had got into our canoe at sunrise or before, and pushed out into the stream. It lay broad and still and shimmering—so broad that we ought to have noticed its two or three miles of surface could scarce cover but three or four inches of depth. But our eyelids were heavy with the wild grape—as if its breath had been some soul or phantasm of what was to be its fruit—and so we paddled dreamily to the mid-stream and ran aground.

"I say!" said Coe. But there was nothing to be said, and there we hung, two miles from either shore, and the sun rose full up stream, and gilded us.

In all that inland lake was but a hand's-depth of water, flowing swift and softly over sand and shells. We took to our poles; hard choosing it would be which way lay deepest; and, one at either end, "Now, then!" from Coe; and we moved, or didn't move, or for the most part spun around upon the grinding shells, and Coe fell out of the boat and splashed shallowly upon his back upon the sand.

So all that day we labored; and the sun grew hot, so that Coe at noon sought wading for the shore to some shelter in the wild grapes; but that, half a stone's-throw from the white clay bank ran swiftly some two fathoms deep of river Tennessee. So he came back and swore, and I laughed; and we set at it again. Meantime the slow, deep-laden scows, with appetizing tents for shade, spun downward close under that vine-shaded bank and jeered at us.

Late in the afternoon, raw-handed from the poles and raw in visage from a straight-down sun, we got away. Still breathless, burning, we two swung down the smooth stream, narrower, though still a half-mile wide; here it ran in curves by bold cliff-points, castellated into white, vine-garlanded turrets of the strangely worn and carven limestone. No Rhine could be so beautiful; for here all was unprofaned, silent, houseless, lined by neither road nor rail.

The sun was nearly setting, and Coe's soul turned to beauty, and again he began to marvel at the want of womankind. No country was visible behind the river-banks; and he stood up and studied carefully the shore through his field-glass.

"I think this is the spot," he said.

"Tuscumbia?" said I. But Coe was rapt in study of the river-bank.

"Do you see her?" said I, louder.

Suddenly Coe turned to me in some excitement. "Paddle hard—I think it's the place." And seizing his bow paddle he drove it into the stream so deep that had I not steadied the craft she had rolled over. Englishmen can never get used to inanimate objects; deft is not their word.

So we rounded, always approaching the shore, a bold promontory; in four successive terraces three-hundred feet of ranged limestone towers rose loftily, adorned with moss, and vines and myrtle-ivy, their bases veiled in a grand row of gum-trees lining the shore. No Rheinsteins ever was finer, and as we turned one point, a beautiful rich-foliaged ravine came down to meet us, widening at the river to a little park of green and wild flowers, walled on both sides by the castled cliffs; in the centre the most unsullied spring I have ever seen. And all about, no sign of man; no house, or smoke, or road, or track, or trail.

"This is it," said Coe again, as the canoe grated softly on the dazzling sand, and he prepared to leap ashore.

"What," said I, "Tuscumbia?" For there is a legend of this place; and of Tuscumbia, the great chieftain, and the Indian maiden, and their trysting by the silent spring.

"No," said he; "Sheffield. That gorge is the only easy grade to the river for many miles. Through it we shall put our railroad, and this flat will do for terminal facilities—eh!" and he leaped clumsily; for the loud report of a shotgun broke the air and the charge whisked almost about our ears and flashed a hundred yards behind us in the Tennessee.

With one accord we ran up the ravine. There was no path, and the heavy vines and briars twined about our legs, and the tree-trunks of the Middle Ages still lay greenly, but when we sought to clamber over them, collapsed and let us to their punky middles.

Suddenly, as we rounded a bend between two gloomy ravages of rock, there stood before us a young girl, in the green light—her hair as black as I had ever seen, with such a face of white and rose! I stared at her helplessly; Coe, I think, cowered behind me. She looked at us inquiringly a moment; and then, as we neither spoke, turned up the side of the ravine, with her fowling-piece, and vanished by some way unknown to us. I would have followed her, I think, but Coe held me back by the coat-tails.

"Don't," said he. "She's quite welcome to a shot, I am sure."

NEVERTHELESS, after this one moment of chivalrous impulse, Coe set up his levelling-machine and began taking the gradients of the ravine up which this girl had gone. I have never known an Englishman upon whose heart you could make any impression until his stomach was provided for. Meantime I wandered on, admiring the red hibiscus blossom and liana vine that veiled the gorge in tropical luxuriance up to the myrtles of the limestone. Finally I emerged upon the plateau above the river, and found myself in a glorious, green, flowing prairie many miles broad and apparently as long as the brown Tennessee that lay hid behind me. In the midst of it one iron-furnace was already in blast.

The inn ("The International Hotel") at Tuscumbia was very noisy. I was struck by this when I went to my room to dress for supper; I had only been able to get one room for myself and Coe; there were two beds in it, but only one wash-stand. Through the walls, which were very thin, I could hear at least four distinct feminine voices on the one side, and several upon the other. There were also some across the hall that seemed to be engaged in the same conversation; and that the speakers were young ladies I had fleeting but satisfactory evidence when I opened my door to set out my water-jug for a further supply.

"Look here, young man," said the landlord to me, when I again endeavored to get another room for Coe. "How many rooms do you reckon this yer house 'll hold, with fifty-seven guests all wantin' em?"

"Fifty-seven!" said I. The International Hotel was a small two-story wooden house with a portico. "How many can the hotel accommodate?"

"Thirty in winter," said the landlord. "In summer sixty to seventy."

I stared at the man until he explained.

"You see, in the winter, they's most from the North. I hev accommodated seventy-four," added he, meditatively; "but they wuz *all* Southerners, an' that wuz befo' the wo'. They took a good bar'l of whiskey a day, they did—an' consid'able Bo'bon," and he ended with a sigh.

"Your present visitors seem chiefly young ladies," I hazarded.

"Hevn't you heard?" and mine host looked at me as if to reassure himself as to my social position. "They is society folks from Knoxville—down here givin' a play—'The Pirates of Penzance,'" and he handed me a newspaper wherein he pointed to a double-leaded announcement setting forth that the well-known Amateur Shakespeare Comedy Club of Knoxville, consisting of ladies and gentlemen of the upper social circles of that city, would appear in this well-known opera, the article closing with a tribute to the personal charms of Miss Birdie McClung, the principal member of the company.

"They hev come down in a Pullman cyar, all to themselves, quite special," said the innkeeper.

"Are any of them married, Colonel Kipperson?" said I, timidly.

The colonel looked at me with scorn; and just then a peal of rippling laughter, melodious as the waves of the Tennessee upon Muscle Shoals, rang through the thin partition, accompanied by the crash of some falling missile, I think, a hair-brush.

"Does that look as if they wuz married?" said he, and turned upon his heel, as one who gave me up at last. "Supper's at six," he added, relenting, at the door.

Coe turned up at supper, but we saw nothing of the fair actresses; and the evening we passed socially with the leading spirits of the hotel: Judge Hankinson, Colonel Wilkinson, General McBride, Tim Healy the railroad contractor, and two or three black bottles. Colonel Wilkinson and General McBride had been trying a case before Judge Hankinson, and both were disposed to criticize the latter's rulings, but amiably, as became gentlemen over a whiskey-bottle in the evening. At midnight, just as the judge was ordering a fourth bottle, the door opened and in walked a very beautiful young woman with black hair and eyes. "Good-evening, Miss Juliet," said the others as we rose and bowed.

Miss Juliet walked up to the judge, who with difficulty got up, and followed her out of the room. "Good-night, jedge," and in the pause that followed,

General McBride remarked pathetically that "the jedge wasn't what he used to wuz."

"No," said the colonel, with a sigh, "I've seen the time when he wouldn't leave a third bottle of his own."

"What relation is Miss Juliet to Judge Wilkinson?" asked Coe.

The general and the colonel started; and Tim Healy looked apprehensively at the door.

"Young man," said the general, "I wouldn't ask that question, if I wuz you."

"The jedge ken still shoot," added the colonel.

All was forgiven when I had explained that Mr. Coe was an Englishman; and we went to bed. About two in the morning the adjoining rooms became suddenly populous with soft voices. Coe started to his elbow in his cot and called to me. "It's only the Amateur Shakespeare Comedy Club of Knoxville, returning from the play," said I; and I dropped asleep and dreamed confusedly of Tusculumbia the Indian chieftain, feminine voices, and the rippling waters of the Tennessee.

In the morning I got into the train for Chattanooga, leaving Coe behind. On the platform I noticed two graceful girls, dressed in white muslin, wide straw hats with white satin ribbon and sashes, white lace mitts and thick white veils; not so thick that I could not see that they were brunettes, with hair as black as only grows under Southern nights. The train was composed of two cars; the ordinary Southern local; differing from a Jersey accommodation only in that it had still more peanut shells and an added touch of emigrant-train and circus. At one end sat a tall gentleman in a stovepipe hat, who had removed his boots and was taking his ease in blue woollen stockings. At the other was a poor, pretty woman, with large, sad eyes, petting her emaciated husband, who was dying of consumption. Just as the train started, he had a terrible fit of coughing; now he leans his head upon her shoulder, and she rests her cheek upon his forehead. Behind me, but across the aisle, are the two young ladies in white muslin.

So we jangle on through the hot

Southern June morning; and pretty soon one of the girls in white comes over and takes the seat behind me. She has thrown off her veil, and I assure you a more beautiful face I never saw; it's all very well to talk of a neck like a lily and cheeks like a rose, and eyes

"Whose depths unravel the coiled night
And see the stars at noon——"

but when you really see them you fall down and worship the aggregation whose inventoried details, in any novel, would excite weariness. Meantime, her sister had stretched herself out upon the other seat, pointing one dainty russet leather foot beneath the muslin, and disposed her handkerchief across her eyes.

How to speak to this fair beauty so close behind me I know not; I can almost feel her eyes in the back of my head; so near that I dare not look round; I fear she may be another daughter of Judge Wilkinson's. And the train jangles on, and we are winding through green dense forests, up to the mountains. I wait half an hour for propriety, and then look around; I catch her deep eyes full, "bows on," as it were, her lips parted as if almost to speak, and I—shrink back in confusion. I hear her give a little sound, whether a sigh or a murmur I am not sure; but pretty soon I hear her struggling with her window. 'This is my chance; and I rise and with the politest bow I know and "permit me," I seek to help her; but the sash is old and grimed and the angle inconvenient. Finally I have to go around into her seat; and leaning over her, I get a purchase and the window goes up with a bang and a cloud of dust that sets us both sneezing. "It is very hot," I say, standing with my hand upon her seat irresolute.

"Do you know, I thought you were never going to speak?" she says.

I sit down on the seat beside her.

"I hate being unsociable in a railway journey; but, of course, I couldn't speak first. And now there's so little time left," she adds, regretfully.

"Where are you going—not to Chattanooga?"

"Only to Scott's Plains. What's your name?"

"Horatio Higginbotham," I have to

reply, fearing she will laugh, though the name is well known in Salem. She does not laugh at all, but smiles divinely.

"My name is Jeanie Bruce. And that's my sister May. Come over, and I'll introduce you."

We walk across the car, and Miss Jeanie says to Miss May (who, it appears, is not asleep), "May, I want to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Higginbotham. Mr. Higginbotham, Miss May Bruce."

I bow to the more languid beauty, who does not rise, but smiles a twin sister of Miss Jeanie's smile, showing her little white teeth and tapping her little foot in a way to make a man distracted which to look at.

"I thought you didn't seem to be getting on very well," says the recumbent May, "but now, I suppose, I can go to sleep," and she pulls the lace handkerchief back over her eyes, and Jeanie leads me (it is the word) back to our seat on the other side of the car. "We are twin sisters; and some people can't tell one from the other. Could you?" And she takes off her hat, pushes the soft black mass back from her brow, and looks at me, frankly, sweetly.

"I shouldn't want to," I say. I think I am getting on; but she looks at me as if puzzled, half displeased.

"May is engaged," she answers, "and I am not. I have been, though."

"Dear me," I answer, heedlessly; "how old——"

"Seventeen. But I never had a gentleman ask me such a question before."

She is silent; I speechless. Yet I wish she would pronounce the *t* in "gentleman." She does not bear malice long, but asks "where I come from?"

"Boston," I say; "and I am twenty-three."

She laughed merrily, in forgiveness, with a dear, lovable, quick sense of humor. Then she scans me curiously. "I never saw a gentleman from Boston before."

"There are some there," I answer, humbly.

"Of course we see plenty of commercial travellers," she says, and the conversation languishes. I look out the window, for suggestions, at the tall mountain timber and the bearded gray moss. It suggests nothing but partridges.

"But you have not yet told me whether you can tell us apart."

Thus challenged, I bring my eyes to hers; there is something dazzling about them that always makes it hard to see her face, except when she is looking away; my eyes wander not from hers, until she does look away—out the window—and I suddenly see something familiar in the face.

"Is there much shooting about here?" I ask, abruptly, meaning game.

"Yes, there is a terrible deal. Why, my cousin, Kirk Bruce, was only eighteen when he killed another gentleman at school."

"Dear me, I didn't mean men," I say. "I meant quail and partridges. And I thought I had seen you yesterday with a shot-gun down in that green bottom by the Tennessee. It might have been men, though; for your shot whistled about the ears of my friend, Mr. Coe."

"I wondered you didn't remember me when you got upon the train," answers Jeanie. "Where is Mr. Coe?"

"He stayed behind at Sheffield," I say. "Do you belong to the 'Pirates of Penzance'?"

"Mercy, no—they're city people from Knoxville—we've only spent two winters there getting our education in music."

"Is Knoxville a musical city?"

"The advantages there are considered exceptional. We were at the Convent of Sacré Cœur."

"At the convent?" I ask.

"All our best schools are the convents, you know, for us girls. At Sacré Cœur we have instruction from Signor Maucini. I have learned seventeen pieces, but May knows twenty-four and two duets."

"Sonatas?" I say. "Concertos? Chopin? Beethoven?"

Miss Bruce shakes her head. "No," she answers, with some pride. "Our music is *all* operatic. Of course, I can play 'The Monastery Bells' and 'The Shepherd's Dream'; but now I'm learning 'Il Trovatore.' My sister can play a concert-piece upon 'La Cenerentola.'"

"What else do you learn?"

"French—and dancing—and embroidery. But I suppose you are terribly learned," and Miss Jeanie takes a wide and searching gaze of my poor

countenance with her beautiful soft eyes.

"Not at all. I am a commercial traveller," I say to justify my blushes. It was malicious of me; for she looks pained.

"Nearly all our young gentlemen have got to go into business since the war. My cousin Bruce——"

(There was an inimitable condescension in her accent of the "our.")

"The one who shot the other boy at school? Don't you think you have too much of that kind of shooting?"

"As a gentleman he had to do it—in self-defence. Of course, they were both very young gentlemen. The other gentleman had his revolver out first."

"You ought not to carry revolvers so much."

"There! that's just what I've often said. But how can you help it?"

"I help it."

"You don't say you haven't so much as a pistol with you?" And her gentle eyes are so full open that in looking into them I forget my answer.

"Well, anyhow, it wasn't Cousin Kirk's fault. He didn't have any revolver, either, when he first went out of the house; but another scholar he ran up and made him take one. Mother didn't ever want him to go to that school anyhow; several of our family had got shot there before by this other boy's family. This other boy, you see, liked a young lady Cousin Kirk was attentive to; and he sent word in to him one day to come out of the school-house to see him. And the other young gentlemen in the school, they warned Cousin Kirk not to see him, as he wasn't armed. He'd never ought to have gone out unarmed. But he went. And as soon as they met he shot Cousin Bruce in the right arm. And a friend that was with him gave Cousin Bruce his pistol; and he had to fire; and he killed him; and Cousin Bruce always says that man's face haunts him yet. And the mother of the young man was almost crazy; and afterward she called at the school with a revolver, dressed in deep mourning. And when Cousin Bruce came into the parlor he didn't know who she was; and she shot at him through the crape veil. But, of

course, she didn't hit him. And Cousin Bruce always says that man's face haunts him yet."

(I have endeavored to set down this conversation just as it happened. At the time I did not know at all what to make of Miss Jeanie Bruce. I had seen no girls like her in Salem, or even Boston. Her English was poor, her education deficient, her manners free. On all these points she was about on a par with the shop-girls in Lynn. But she was not at all like a Lynn shop-girl. Had I supposed it possible for there to be any ladies except according to the Salem and Boston standards, I should have set her down for a lady at the time.)

Here we arrived at Decatur, where I had the pleasure of taking the two Misses Bruce in to dinner, in a hotel built alongside of the railroad track, as the principal street of the town. In the long dining-room were six transverse tables, over every one of which was a huge wooden fan like the blade of a paddle. The six fans were connected together, and at the back of the room a small bare-footed negro swung the entire outfit to and fro by means of a long pole like a boat-hook; and with a great swish! swish! disturbed in regular oscillations the clouds of flies. Miss Jeanie took off the lace mitts at the dinner-table, and upon one forefinger of her pretty white hand I noticed a ring—a single band of gold setting a small ruby.

When we got back into the cars and May had gone to sleep again, I reproached Jeanie with telling me she was not engaged. "I, too, was going to spend this winter at Knoxville, and I had hoped to see something of you."

"I am not engaged," said Miss Jeanie. "The ring was given me by a gentleman, but I do not care for him at all. I only promised to wear it a few weeks, because he bothered so. I'll tell you what," she said, "to show I don't care for him and remind you to be sure and call, I'll give it to you."

I was in some surprise, you may suppose. "But I can't take a gentleman's ring —"

"It's my ring, I tell you," said Miss Jeanie. "And if you don't take it, I shan't believe you're coming to see me,

and I won't give you my address—there!"

What could I do? I took the ring.

When I got that night to Knoxville, I wrote at once to Jerry Sullivan. If they had spent two winters in Knoxville, he might have met them, or, at least, known something about them.

"KNOXVILLE, June 30, 188—

"DEAR JERRY: Tell me all you know about Miss Jeanie Bruce.

"Yours,

"H. HIGGINBOTHAM."

To which the answer came by telegram:

"H. HIGGINBOTHAM, Knoxville:

"It would take too long.

"SULLIVAN."

3.

I HAD deferred my call upon Miss Bruce until I should receive Sullivan's answer to my letter; but when his telegram came I was in a quandary. It struck me as ambiguous. And what could be the extreme haste that made a telegram advisable? Or, perhaps, was the whole thing only one of Jerry Sullivan's jokes?

Meantime I was wearing Miss Jeanie Bruce's ring. Once it struck me that if I did not mean to call upon her, I ought to send it back. But I did mean to call upon her. There never was any question about that, from the first. I did not in the least approve of her, but I meant to call upon her, if only to tell her so. Her conversation had revealed a certain indifference to human life, but she had very soft and gentle eyes. Like the face of the boy whom Cousin Kirk had shot, they "haunted me yet."

Coe noticed my ring. Oddly enough, though a foreigner, he had got into the ways of the people quicker than I had; and I saw him looking at it one day, though he said nothing. That is, nothing of the ring; he did ask me whether I had been to see Miss Bruce. So I went; they boarded in a small frame house that belonged to a Mrs. Judge Penoyer. I suspect it was this female justice who came to the door; it was a

Monday afternoon and the house was odorous with soup; but Miss Jeanie was "very much engaged." The Friday following she was out; and Wednesday I met her walking on the principal street of Knoxville with a tall young man.

"Try Saturday," said Coe that evening. "I want you to ask those girls for my trip up over the line." During the summer, Coe had got some rusty rails spiked upon his right of way; and now wished to invite the youths and ladies of Tennessee to run over them in a trial trip.

That day I found Miss Jeanie alone in the parlor, almost as if awaiting me. "I began to think you had forgotten us," said she, softly. Dear me how soft her eyes were! I said that I had called there many times.

"You could scarcely expect me to let you in when another gentleman was here!" said she. "Especially when—" I saw her look at the ring; but she checked herself. My afternoon calls in Salem had not so exclusively monopolized the lady's attention, and I looked at her, puzzled. Just then the front door-bell rang; and I was confident I heard Mrs. Judge Pennoyer tell some one that Miss Jeanie "was very much engaged."

My conversation languished. I think that Miss Bruce was disappointed. "Shall I play to you?" I saw her hesitate between "The Shepherd Boy" and a romance of Brinley Richards; and I hastened to reply, "I would rather talk."—"But you don't talk," cried she. "But I look."—"You can look while I play."—"Not so well," said I.—"I have a new piece—one they sent me from the convent, the *Sacré Cœur*, you know, where I was for some years. It is called the 'Tears of Love.' The musical instruction of the convent was very good. Sister Ignatia had studied in Italy. I suppose it was better than outside—don't you?"

I had never studied in a convent, and I don't think I made much answer, for she went on, "Of course, you know, it is pleasanter in other ways. One has so much more liberty. Yet the most Kentucky ladies are all educated in convents. But I felt that I wished to see more of society. At the *Sacré Cœur* they do not allow you to receive your

gentlemen friends except in the presence of the mother superior."

There was a freshness, a simplicity of method in this young lady's playing with the boys that quite took my breath away, and to relieve the situation I deemed it best to submit to the "Tears of Love." Of this piece of music I remember little, save that the composer was continually bringing the left hand over the right to execute unnecessary arpeggios in the treble notes. Jeanie's girlish figure was so round, and swayed so easily, that I thought this part of the music very pretty.

Then I bethought myself of the object of my visit; and I invited Miss Jeanie and Miss May, on Mr. Coe's behalf, to make the railroad trip. A Salem instinct made me include Mrs. Judge Pennoyer; I then saw in Miss Bruce's look that it had been unnecessary. Only when I got out the door did I remember that the ring had, after all, been my main object; to return it, I mean.

On the other side of the street, along by a low white-painted paling, lowered a heavy, hulking fellow in a rusty black frock coat, a great deal of white shirt, and a black clerical tie. In this garb I recognized the Southern University man, and in the man I had a premonition I saw the redoubtable "Cousin Kirk."

4.

COE was chartered by the sovereign States of Florida and Alabama to construct his line "from that part of the Atlantic Ocean called the Gulf of Mexico, in the former State," to a point "at or near" the Tennessee River in the latter. And so "a point at or near the Tennessee River" was the first object of our journey, and this proved as definite a designation as we could give it; though it had public parks and corner lots and a name—on paper. Its name in reality was "Cat Island," the only native settlement being on a beautifully wooded island thus called, midstream in the river.

"Wouldn't do to call it that, you know," said Coe, in a burst of frankness. "Famous place for chills and fever; everybody born on Cat Island, white or

black, turns clay-color ! So we thought of Bagdad—from its resemblance to the Euphrates.”

Mrs. Judge Pennoyer had come ; but so had a strange young man whose name I found was Raoul. He devoted himself to Miss May with a simplicity of purpose amazing to a Northern ear. Hardly any one knew of the expedition at Knoxville, but when we arrived at Bagdad that spacious plain was peopled in a way to delight the speculator. “Who are they ?” I asked of Coe, puzzled at his evident anxiety where I expected pride. “Who are they, O Caliph of Bagdad ?”

“Who are they ? The Mesopotamians. Dash it,” he added, “they’ve come, with their wives and children, for the trip.”

So, indeed, they had. Tim Healy met us as we alighted on the platform of the old railroad station—there was, indeed, a platform, but nothing more—and grasping Coe and me warmly by the hand said, rapidly, in the latter’s ear, “had to invite a few of them, you know—prominent gentlemen of the neighborhood—valuable political influence”—and then, aloud, “General McBride, gentlemen. Mrs. McBride. Judge Hankinson, I think you know. Mr. Coe, I want you fo’ to know Senator Langworthy ; one of our most prominent citizens, gentlemen, an’ I had the grea-at-est difficulty in persuading the senator fo’ to come along. I told him, Mr. Coe, we could show him something of a railroad already—” Coe expressed his acknowledgments.

“Sir, it was a pleasure to study the developments of my country. It does not need to be a citizen of Bagdad to appreciate the advantages of your location,” and the senator waved his hand in the direction of a rusty line of track I then first perceived winding across the prairie from the Tennessee. “Let me introduce to you Mrs. Langworthy.” A pale lady, with bonnet strings untied and a baby at the breast, was indicated by the second gesture ; she looked worn and world-weary, but I lived to learn she had an endurance of hardship Stanley might have envied, and a relish for fried cakes and bacon in the small hours of night that I am sure only an optimist

could feel. “My partner, Mr. Hanks. My wife’s sister, Miss McClung.”

By this time we were ready to start. A brand-new locomotive decorated with flowers had backed down awkwardly from the new-laid track to the junction ; and we entered what Coe with some pride informed me was the directors’ car. It contained one long saloon, two state-rooms, a minute kitchen, and a glass gallery behind.

It was amazing how we all got into it ; and when we had, I counted three babies, seven old women, and a dog, besides some twenty men. All had brought their luncheon-baskets, and the babies (except that appertaining unto Mrs. Senator Langworthy) were consoled with bottles. After a prodigious deal of whistling, we were off, and Bagdad resumed its quietude—at least, we thought so ; but even then a distant shouting was heard, and Colonel Wilkinson, his wife, and two urchin boys were descried, hastening down the track from the direction of the Bagdad Hotel. Judge Hankinson pulled the bell-cord and then thrust his head out of a window and roared to the engineer. “Stop, driver, it’s Colonel Wilkinson. How are you, Colonel ?” he added to that gentleman, who had arrived, and was mopping himself with a red silk handkerchief, his wife and offspring still some laps behind. “Almost thought you’d be left.”

“Great heavens, I wish he was,” groaned Coe in my ear.

“Never mind, the judge hasn’t brought Miss Julia,” said Tim Healy ; and this time we were really off.

I have neither time nor memory to describe that day ; though it was very funny while it lasted, perhaps all the funnier that there was no one to share the humor of it. Everybody was great on the development of the country, and everybody made speeches. We stopped at least twenty times in the first fifteen miles to look at a seam of coal, or a field of iron, or a marble quarry (suitable for the Alhambra Palace or the new State capitol, sir), or, at least, one of the most wonderful mineral springs of the world—only waiting the completion of Colonel Coe’s line of railroad to become another Saratoga. At all these places we got off

the train, and went in a long, straggling, irregular file to inspect; Mrs. Senator Langworthy ruthlessly interrupting the repast of her youngest-born at such moments, and leaving him upon a car-seat in charge of the fireman. At the quarry or mineral spring the proprietor would take his turn in making a little stump speech, standing on the edge and gesticulating into the pool, while the rest of us stood grouped around the margin. Meantime Miss May Bruce and Raoul would go to walk in the woods; and we would hear the engine whistling wildly for us to return. It was a novel interruption to a flirtation, that railway-whistle; but everybody looked upon us amiably as we hurried down to the track; live and let live, and take your time for happiness; no schedule time, as at Salem.

By the hot noon we were above the river valley and winding up the folds of fir-forest that clothed the shaggy shoulders of the mountain. Engine No. 100 puffed and strained, and reeled up before us like a drunken man. We had had our dinner; the sexes began to separate, and even the Langworthy baby went to sleep. Raoul and May were riding on the engine. I left Miss Jeanie Bruce and joined the gentlemen who were sitting cross-legged and contented in the smoking end of the car, from the glass-housed platform of which we looked already back upon the great central plain from the rising Appalachians.

"Oh, it's a glorious country," said "Colonel" Coe; and, I think, winked at me.

"Why, Senator," said the judge, "I have seen a corner-lot sold at Bagdad six times in one day, 'n a thousan' dollars higher every time."

"General," said the senator, "do you know what the original purchase of the Bagdad Land and Investment Company aggregated—for the whole eighteen hundred acres?"

There was a silence. Everybody looked at me. It dawned upon me that I was the "general," and I wondered why I ranked poor Coe.

"I've no idea," I hastened to add; fearing the senator had followed Coe's wink.

"Thirty thousand dollars," answered General McBride, as if it were a game of

"school-teacher." "And they sold three hundred acres for——"

"Fifteen hundred thousand dollars," resumed Judge Hankinson, with intense solemnity.

"Paper?" said Tim Healy.

"Cash, Captain Healy," said the judge, fiercely, "cash."

"I want to know!—Was that the lot you bought of widow Enraghty, Judge?"

A roar of laughter greeted Tim's answer. People tipped back their chairs, slapping their thighs; the Langworthy baby woke up and cried, and even the judge screwed up his whiskey-softened old face in vain.

"Tell us about it, Judge," said Raoul, who had come back from the engine and was peering over our shoulders. "I'm a young lawyer, and I want to know these tricks."

"Young man," said the judge, "I'll tell you, and let it be a warning to you when you're married, to be honest and say so" (Raoul blushed violently). "The fact was, I had been acquainted with the widow Enraghty more than fifty years—her husband had got killed in the forties, an' she was sixty-five if she was a day, and she owned that valuable corner lot opposite the new Court-house and by the building of the Board of Trade." ("Not built yet," whispered Coe to me.) "I'd been dickering with her for weeks; but I stood at four thousand, and she wanted five. Now I rode up that morning (it was a fine day; warm and spring-like, and I felt rather sanguine) and I said, 'What's your price, Mrs. Enraghty, to-day?' 'Six thousand,' said she. This raise made me kind o' nervous, an' I got rash. 'I'll give you three thousand,' said I, 'cash.' 'Here's your deed,' says widow Enraghty. And I declare she had it all ready. I looked at it carefully; it seemed all right, and I paid her the money. I kinder noticed there was a young fellow sittin' in the room. Well, sir!"

"Well, Judge?" The judge's manner grew impressive.

"Next week that young fellow—Bill Pepper he was, an' he was just twenty-one—he brought an ejectment against me. *She had married him that morning.* So Bill Pepper kep' the land, and Mrs. Pepper kep' the money."

In the laughter that followed, I became conscious of Raoul pinching my arm mysteriously. "I want a word with you in private," said he. "Would you mind coming out upon the cow-catcher? It's been railed off on purpose for observation," he added, answering my look of amazement, "and it's a first-rate place to see the cobweb trestle from. It's something about the young ladies," he added, seeing that I still hesitated, "and there's really no other place."

I looked through the car, but perceived the ladies were sitting in earnest conclave. On the front platform Mrs. Langworthy and the baby were taking the air. In the cab of the engine were the two girls. I suppose I made a gesture of assent, for Raoul nodded to the engineer, who slowed to a halt that almost threw the Langworthy's domestic group into the bed of a brawling mountain stream some three hundred feet below.

"These gentlemen want to ride on the pilot," shouted the engineer in explanation; and we took our way to that exalted perch, where, sitting cross-legged

and with hands nervously gripping the rail, I listened to Raoul's story.

The Misses Bruce, he said, were wild not to go back that day with the railroad party; but to drive to the end of the location through the woods.

"Great Heavens!" said I, "but only Coe and I are going, with Captain Healy. There is nothing but tents——"

"The ladies are used to camping out."

"But it will be so rough—there are two thousand niggers in camp!"

"The ladies are not afraid."

I certainly was; for just then, with a preliminary corkscrew-like lurch, the engine began climbing the famous cobweb trestle; the earth suddenly vanished beneath us and we looked down through a lath-like tracery of wooden girders to the foaming stream, now four hundred feet below. I heard a cry behind, and looking timidly around, I saw the pale face of Jeanie at one engine window and of May Bruce at the other.

"But—but there is no chaperone," I gasped.

"Mrs. Judge Pennoyer has agreed to come," answered Mr. Raoul, sweetly.

(To be concluded in June.)

FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

GOOD-NIGHT, Marie, I kiss thine eyes,

A tender touch on either lid;

They cover, as a cloud, the skies

Where like a star your soul lies hid.

My love is like a fire that flows,

This touch will leave a tiny scar,

I'll claim you by it for my rose,

My rose, my own, where'er you are.

And when you bind your hair, and when

You lie within your silken nest,

This kiss will visit you again,

You will not rest, my love, you will not rest.



A SPECTRE OF FOLLY.

By Octave Thanet.

THE head waiter of the Algonquin placed half a dozen telegrams and a note before him, while he sat at breakfast.

"They have just come, Sir Cedric," said the waiter. There was a suppressed, respectful smile of congratulation on his face. He had read the addresses and knew that he would be the first to address the Canadian dignitary by his title.

To his amazement, Sir Cedric did not even notice his words.

Out of the heap of envelopes he selected, not any telegram (they were all congratulations), but the note.

It was a note written on immaculately correct paper, and addressed (in the fashionable English hand) to The Hon. Cedric F. L. Hamilton, The Algonquin, St. Andrews, N. B.

The whole contents lay plain to view, on the first half-sheet :

"I shall be at church to-morrow, I happen to know that your son will be there also. If I do not walk back to the hotel with you, I shall go with him.

"ANNE."

Sir Cedric read the note over twice. From where he sat at table he could look out on the piazza, and beyond on the swelling green fields, the fir-tree hedges, the steep roofs and spires of the village, a glittering bay, and the undulating blue line that is Nova Scotia.

Of all this Sir Cedric saw only a tall

young man who paced up and down by the side of a slim, gentle-faced girl.

The sumptuous landscape was a blank to him when these figures vanished on the further side of the veranda; it became only a blurred background to them when they reappeared.

Young Cedric looked, to his father, at this moment, the ideal of an English gentleman. About him was that radiant atmosphere of health and high spirits and vigorous cleanliness that belongs to certain young Englishmen as much as a halo does to a saint.

"He is a fine fellow," thought the father, "and if he marries Mabel, I shall feel safe about his future."

But why should a cheerful reflection like that make Sir Cedric catch up his napkin to brush it over a grimace of pain?

"I was hoping we were beginning to understand each other better"—in these very words his thoughts ran—"I took no end of comfort talking over the rebellion with him. He was really losing his constraint with me. Now——"

It was insupportable to sit chained to that table; but he did not move, he compelled himself to swallow his coffee.

If the blow had fallen any other day! He felt a childish, weak longing that this one day, when the crowning honor of his long parliamentary career had come to him, might have been untarnished.

The day of his exaltation was his son's birthday, also, and had he known of it before his fancy would have dwelt on it

with pleasure. He had prepared a gift for his boy—a magnificent gift, even for a man of his wealth. The young man would be virtually independent, able to marry at once. Well, early marriages were safest. His own marriage had been his salvation; nor could he have chosen a wife for his son more to his own liking than the girl of his son's choice.

He wished now that he had followed his first impulse, when he awoke that morning, to go to his son's room and give him the deed.

Instead, he planned to go to church with the boy and tell him on the way. He had never really told Rick how proud he felt of his conduct during the last campaign. He would talk seriously to him, let him know that he trusted him, that his former anxieties—Rick had given him anxiety enough during his first years in the army—were quite past.

He longed so for a nearer friendship with the boy.

Now, how would Rick take it? What kind of a figure would he cut in his son's fancy? How does it affect a son to be able to despise his father? One ignominious vision after another surged over his mind like waves of acid that corrode as they pass.

Nevertheless, so accustomed was the politician to carry on his mental processes under cover, that all this while he was opening his telegrams with the same placid mask of a face that Sir Cedric's world knew. There he sat, to all appearance, a handsome, scrupulously dressed, elderly man, the least bit in the world stern of aspect; but undeniably a man of the world and of distinction.

Many were the interested and amiable glances focused on that symmetrical iron-gray head that still owned enough hair to allow a close crop.

At another time, for he was not devoid of vanity, he might have thought to himself, with complacency, how large a figure he made in their thoughts, and might even have been an imaginary auditor to their talk:

"Yes, a very distinguished man; he has been in the thick of it for twenty-five years."

"No, not so popular as respected and admired. Rather a cold man, I judge.

But beyond reproach every way. He is above all petty chicanery, even that esteemed lawful by most politicians. Really a remarkable man, a fine mind."

"He is a widower, you say? been a widower for twenty years. That is a long time."

"He was very devoted to his wife; she was a beautiful woman. He has one child, that young Captain Hamilton."

But to-day his vanity indulged in no such gambols; he was only conscious that people stared at him, and that he had a part to play.

Still playing it conscientiously, his pretence of breakfast over, he gathered up his telegrams with firm hands, and stopped in the hall long enough to receive the congratulations in waiting, before he went to his room. It was now time for service. He brushed his coat and fitted on his gloves carefully; he did not forget, either, to flick a speck off the gleaming polish of his hat.

"I wonder," said he, "am I going to give in to her? What a cowardly cur I am!"

Yet he was not used to consider himself a coward. He had not winced at tremendous responsibilities; once, for months, he had felt the black wings of that vulture, Assassination, flapping before his eyes, and the keenest observers could detect no change in his demeanor.

As he walked down the hall, a woman opened a door on one side and went on to the staircase, just ahead of him. She was in black silk, with a flutter of soft black draperies and a flicker of jet that rattled and sparkled with her movements.

From her garb one might infer that she was a widow just emerging out of the blackest period of woe—in clothes.

She knew how to walk, and her figure was superb. Looking at her shoulders, you would call her a woman of thirty; but when she turned a fine Roman profile to the light, there was visible that deepening of the facial lines, that sagging of the cheek curves, not to be hidden by the most brilliant of complexions. If it was a youthful figure, it was a middle-aged face.

But certainly, she did not look what she was, an elderly woman, five years older than Sir Cedric.

He scowled at the graceful shape, breaking some ugly words between his teeth.

Yet never was there a demurer creature than the sombre but modish gentlewoman, prayer-book in hand, who walked down the staircase.

"Thorold says that her last scheme was a bank"—thus the man watching and hating her, imagined the situation—"the others were caught, but she slipped away. With a good portion of her gains, too. That was quite in character, oh, quite!" A sudden, poignant remembrance twisted his nerves like a galvanic shock, so that he ground his teeth and clenched his hands—alone there, in the empty hall.

"And now she is proposing to be respectable, is she? I dare say she thinks St. Andrews a very promising place for her *début* as a middle-aged widow of wealth and position. And when she found out that the Honorable Cedric Long Hamilton was the same Rick Long she stripped clean in San Francisco, she thought she had the game in her hands. Curse her!"

Even while he raged, however, he was smoothing his pale and shaken countenance; for the church bells were ringing.

A brother member of Parliament joined him at the hotel door, and discussed the McKinley bill all the way to church. And all the way, before him, paced the slender, black-robed shape that had arisen like a spectre of folly from the ashes of his youth.

It is a pleasant path, the road from the hotel to the church; descending the hillside, past rolling fields and hills that are all shades of green, with oat-fields and turnip-leaves and dark woods of fir; until the hills climb into mountains and fade into blue with distance; thence, down through the wide streets, always bordered with a grassy strip, on either side, that the highway spares. The old houses have a gentle and self-respecting air of decay, scorning new paint, and, therefore, mellowed by summers and winters into grays soft as the hidden side of a dove's wing. Their clapboard lines and roof-trees waver with age, but not ungracefully; and their boarded windows have the touch of pathos belonging to all blinded creatures.

The town being a long peninsula, its ruined wharves and abandoned vessels are in view from any part of the hills. Those crooked masts with their ragged cordage, never to know danger again—they, too, have a pathetic side, mute reminders of the vanished glory of the port.

For all the decrepit warehouses and rotting wharves, the town is thrifty. It is marvellously neat; and not only are the gardens a jostle of hollyhocks and sweet peas and dahlias and splendid poppies, like an old-fashioned nosegay, the window-ledges also, and the tiny porches, are ablaze with geraniums.

It is a quaint, different, un-American town. Even the signs of the shops and the names at the windows are unlike their kind farther south.

Yet not once did the veiled head before Sir Cedric turn to right or left.

When she reached the little brown wooden church, she seated herself in a dark pew near the door, modestly repelling the courtesies of the usher, who would have seated so much apparent importance close to the chancel.

There she knelt.

He passed her, in this meek posture, quite aware, in spite of his squared shoulders and fixed gaze on the brass eagle of the lectern, that she was looking at him obliquely under her drooping lids; and that she smiled.

How he hated her! None the less he realized that she would take his presence at church for a flag of truce; an intimation that he was ready to treat with her.

In fact, it was as if a cyclone had struck his moral nature; all his principles were creaking and toppling. Compromise with this noisome wrecker who had despoiled his youth, offer her a safe-conduct into society as the price of her silence—was he ready to pay that kind of blackmail, he, the austere moralist, the inflexible citizen?

The hour was early, yet; the townspeople and the Canadian gentry who have summer cottages in St. Andrews, came singly, or in families, down the aisle, to settle themselves in their pews.

Scattered among them were the summer visitors from the States, easily distinguishable by their sallow faces and more vivid toilets.

The Governor of the Province and his wife walked down the middle aisle, up to the official pew in front; both (for they were old friends of his) giving Sir Cedric little friendly half-glances of congratulation.

"She will expect me to introduce her to them," he thought, and he had a grim hankering to smile, in his dismay; for he was remembering their first meeting, when she danced a frantic Mexican dance on the table of a mining-camp saloon, and made an impromptu pair of castanets out of two beer bottles.

Back went his thoughts through all the crazy folly of his youth; from its first reckless, half-generous passion, to the squalid tragedy at the end.

What a ghastly face the fellow had!—and the blood pudding in the sawdust. Tush! didn't the beast get well and die of a drunken fever years afterward! No need to pity him, in any case; for it was hard telling which was the more fathomless villain, he or his pseudo-wife.

The man whom they had duped and plundered felt his cheek burning as he remembered just through what mire they had dragged him. That drunken brawl and pistol-shot were not the worst, there was one night over the gaming-table, when the poor fool, his own purse drained dry, had staked Thorold's money.

Yes, he had stolen Thorold's money. The spectre out of the past, in her shape, sneered at him: "Thief yourself! It wasn't your money, it was your friend's. I have your letters to him where you own it, and go blubbering on about your penitence. I don't mind owning it, I stole the letters. When I steal, I call it stealing. And your son will, too!"

So real was the torment of this imaginary thrust, that he needed to set the muscles of his face to keep them steady. Why, great heavens! he had paid Thorold back ages and ages ago; and put his foot on the ladder, besides. Thorold was his confidential friend, his warmest admirer and follower. Thorold would have him the next prime minister. He swore by his judgment; while, on the other side, Thorold was infinitely useful, of course, but with all that you please of affection and trust, he certainly didn't look up to his friend.

Yet in the letters how he grovelled! and very rightful grovelling it was, too. How nobly Thorold had rescued him out of those atrocities! He felt a rush of gratitude and shame. *He* to be taking on masterful airs with that noble, patient soul! He loathed his secret condescension. How base his Philistine glory of success looked to him now, how hypocritical the pride he had caressed in his political ideals, and the purity of his private life; how futile and contemptible the triumphs over temptations! He had presumed to judge other men because he had forgotten.

"And your son will, too!"

Ah, it was too vile, thus to make a son behold his father's shame!

Those very vices had been the theme of some scathing lectures to young Cedric. God knows he had not meant to be harsh to the lad; but there were scandals afloat about him, and he was scared, that was the real truth.

Oh, if his mother had only lived, he used to think; boys confided in their mothers.

But when his wife died Cedric was a mere child, and he himself had found his only distraction from grief in an absorbing public life. Thus, inevitably, it appeared to him (but did it appear so inevitable now?) the child had grown up at arm's length from his father.

A beautiful, frank, impetuous boy, with extraordinary talent in some directions, the masters told the boy's father, but of a temperament so keenly susceptible to the physical joys of life, as well as to the moral and intellectual side, that there were grave dangers for him.

So the poor father, bitterly conscious of his own aberrations, had done his blundering best. He had sternly repressed every hint of folly. He had been angry over Rick's extravagances. Ah, that piteous anger of fathers with their sons, when the heart flames and yearns at the same instant.

Boy, can't you see that the rage you are so frightened and so sullen over is but the flimsiest covering to anxiety and heart-breaking hopes? The man is furious because his heart is torn: if he loved the worthless youngster less he could be more forbearing. No one on

earth, young sir, except the woman who bore you in torment and joy, will work for you and yearn over you and forgive you like that frowning man, who sends the chills down your spine when he opens the door on you, slinking down a dim hall at midnight, on your stocking soles!

Sir Cedric wished that he had been gentler with Rick. All those anxieties were over now. Rick was steadying himself, getting down to his work in the world. There were certain letters written during the Riel campaign, by the boy's superior officers, that the father could never read without a mist of joy and pride blurring his eyes. Bravery was well enough, but bravery was not to be compared to devotion to duty, fortitude under enormous odds, clear insight, prompt action, magnanimity to the conquered. Rick had the true English virtues, thought his father, fondly.

Why hadn't he let the boy see how moved he was? They might have drawn near enough together for Rick to understand. Now—he simply *could* not jeopard his son's affection.

Well, should he pay her her price?

His son sat a few seats in front of him, behind the young girl with whom he had walked that morning. Sir Cedric remembered how he used to sit in church—after he went to his uncle in Montreal; the past behind him, his very name changed by the new one that he had inherited, and he leading the simplest, purest, most laborious of lives as a young lawyer; and how the girl who was afterward his cherished and honored wife used to sit in front of him. Well, to be honest, he chose the seat that he had himself, simply in order to be able decorously to look at her during the service. He was no less a worshipper.

"Rick is safe, now," he breathed to himself, with an immense throb of emotion; "I may lose him, but he won't lose himself."

The service went on; Sir Cedric (whom half the congregation was watching and picturing as mentally patting himself on the back) rose and sat and knelt with the others.

The clergyman gave out the text. He was a tall man, a few years older than

Sir Cedric, who knew him well. His hair was gray and his face strong but benignant.

Sir Cedric heard the words of the text with an acrid sense of their fitness to his mood.

"Take no heed, therefore, to your lives."

The preacher spoke plainly, with no smallest effort at oratory; yet with an unstudied felicity of diction and imagery, acquired, maybe, from his loving study of forgotten masters of the pulpit; and he spoke out of a long and close experience of mankind, and a gentle heart.

Of all the congregation no one heard less than Sir Cedric, and, nevertheless, no one was affected so tremendously as he.

Every simple, truthful phrase of the preacher repeated what he had once believed, and now would betray.

In front of him hung the faded blazonry that the staunch old Tory parson had brought with him when he forsook home and country and possessions for conscience sake.

"Mistaken or not, he was a *man*, and I am a cur," thought the most envied, most unhappy man in the congregation. Once he had fancied himself able to despise men who yielded their public ideals to any stress of self-interest. Here, to save his own affections, he was meditating how to introduce this social scourge into pure, honest homes. He made short work of her plea to him that she meant to live a decent life; he knew the woman was callous as an alligator.

"It is not our business," said the preacher's mild, solemn tones, "to foresee consequences. They rest with God. Our business is to do His will."

Sir Cedric bowed his head. In that instant a vision of life as much wider than his old aspirations as it was more merciful hushed his soul into awe. And it may be at that instant, he was nearer than ever before to the mysterious following that in the prayer-book we remember as the fellowship of saints.

He would not lie; he would not help hurt other souls by his consenting silence. No, though he should be bereaved of the son who was the light of his eyes, he would not do this thing.

"And now——" the preacher lifted his arms ; the service was ended.

The woman whom Sir Cedric dreaded waited at the door. He knew that she would be there. He saw the ready smile of recognition as she half advanced one hand, pushing her skirt aside with the other.

Somehow, so solemn had been his mental exercises during the last half-hour, that his violent emotions were all stilled ; he looked at her with eyes that were strange to her ; filled with calm and sadness, inexpressive, undemanding, like eyes of the dying.

Then he passed by, on the other side.

He would have joined his son ; but an acquaintance and then another stopped him in the vestibule. He was obliged to stand bartering amenities while he saw his son walk away with his enemy.

When he was free to follow they were no longer in sight. He walked for a long time about the village and the fields by himself. It might have been two hours, it might have been three (for he did not mark the time) when he took the road up the hill. Half-way a gigantic willow-tree throws its ponderous shadows across the road. He sat down in the shade, exhausted and dizzy. A reaction of intense depression had succeeded his spiritual exaltation. Sitting thus, he saw his son approach.

The young man saw him, in turn, and hurried to him. Sir Cedric felt his boy's arm about him, and heard his voice : "Father, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," said the elder man, with the primitive Anglo-Saxon instinct.

"Lean on me, sir."

He could not be mistaken ; there was novel tenderness in the young fellow's tones ; and the assistance that he offered was a half embrace. Sir Cedric glanced up at the face bending over him ; it was pale and twitching, and the eyelids were red, as if Rick had been crying.

"Rick—did you see her?" said Sir Cedric.

"Yes, father," the young man answered, turning his head a little, and flushing ; "she won't bother us again, I fancy. I gave her a dose." He added more, of a vehement and tropical nature, which, let us hope the recording angel treated as kindly as he did Uncle Toby's oath.

"She showed you my letters, I presume," said Sir Cedric.

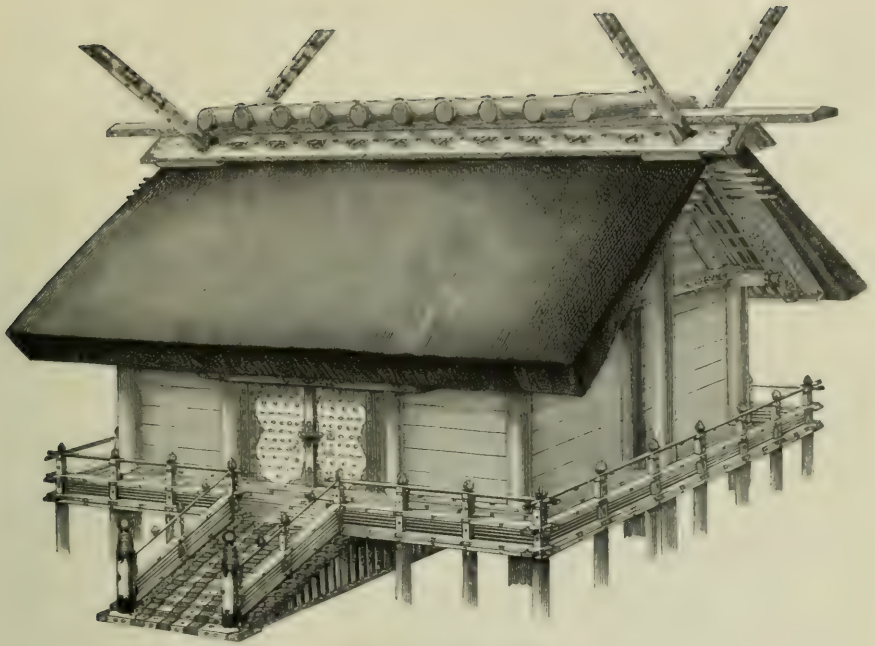
Rick felt him tremble—his father, before him ; it gave him the weirdest sensation. All at once his heart broke loose from the diffidence and constraint of years.

"Yes, sir, I did read them. I ought not to, you know ; but I didn't know just what I was doing when I began, and afterward I was so—so awfully interested I couldn't stop. But I didn't read them all. And, father, I never had known you before. The way you felt, I used to feel that way. I felt so sorry for you. And you were such a tremendously good fellow in spite of it all ! Of course I always was proud of you, but you seemed on a kind of a pedestal, and I couldn't climb up and get near enough—to—to love you, you know."

Rick choked. He could not describe, there were no words ready for him to tell how, during that hour over the letters, he had gone down into his father's heart, seen the youth so like his own, the temptations that were a mirror to his own struggles, beheld the very death-agony of turbulent passions and the birth of resolve ; and found a loveliness in the human quality of his father's errors that he had missed in the unapproachable righteous man.

But what was out of reach of his speech the man who had sinned and suffered divined.

Father and son climbed the hillside together, along a road bathed in tranquil light.



Shoden—The Principal Temple.

THE TRANSFER OF THE TEMPLES OF ISE.

By E. H. House.

AT a period when archæologists are seeking more diligently than ever before to restore the ruins of antiquity, and are painfully lamenting their inability to reproduce with exactitude the famous structures of Egypt and Assyria, it is interesting to know that in one Eastern country an opportunity is given of studying the modest architectural designs of remote ages without a question as to their genuineness and authenticity. The most renowned temples of Japan stand to-day among the groves of Ise, which were dedicated before the birth of Christ to the worship of the Goddess Tensho Daijin, unchanged, to all appearance, from the original edifices, and virtually the same in form and substance. That they are not the actual fabrics reared two thousand years ago, no one who knows the perishable nature of Japanese materials needs to be told; but the methods adopted for preserving and repeating every detail of construction with relig-

ious fidelity have been so minutely followed, that the absolute similarity of the existing shrines to those first erected is believed to be beyond dispute. In dimensions, proportions, external and internal arrangement, workmanship, and simple decorations the modern temples of Ise are literal copies of the "Dai Jingu" consecrated by the early emperors. The woods and metals used are alike, even to the number of pieces, and the manner of joining them together is also unaltered. To guard against the slightest variation, and to insure the perpetual identity of the primitive type, an imperial decree was promulgated during the reign of Temmu, about 674 A.D., commanding that from that time forth the principal groups of buildings should be recreated every twenty years. Duplicate lots of contiguous land were held in reserve for alternate occupation, and the fac-similes were set up, at the expiration of each prescribed term, be-

fore the discarded models were demolished or removed. This custom has been scrupulously observed since the seventh century of the Christian era. Previous to that date the intervals of reconstruction were less regular, though probably not less frequent, the greatest care being always taken to anticipate decay or the necessity of repair. The latest restoration was accomplished, with an elaborate and impressive revival of the ancient ceremonies, in the month of October, 1889.

Tensho Daijin, Goddess of the Sun, whose wondrous deeds are commemorated and whose relics are guarded in the older of the Ise temples, is the most conspicuous figure in Japanese mythology. Among her marvellous exploits was the universal extinction of light, caused by her retirement in a fit of anger to an impenetrable cavern. Extraordinary methods were devised by the gods in council to draw her from this seclusion. One of their schemes required the instrumentality of a charmed mirror, which the pacified deity retained, and subsequently gave to her grandson, on the occasion of his descent to earth, as one of the indestructible insignia of his sovereignty over the islands of Japan. A second token was a sword which had been torn from the tail of a dragon by Tensho Daijin's brother; and a third was a globe of matchless crystal, equally supernatural in origin. Of the numerous symbols of Japanese majesty these three have ever been the most precious and revered. Passing from the possession of the demi-gods they fell into the hands of Jinmu Tenno, the first ruler of whose mundane existence we have reasonably trustworthy guarantees, and were carried by him from his southern domain when he set forth to conquer the north and the east. Tradition affirms that at each stage of his progress he built for himself a dwelling similar to those of divine occupancy in the region of his youth, in one of the wings of which a place of honor was always assigned to the cherished bequests. During a period of nearly seven centuries they were deposited in various parts of the central province of Yamato, but the practice of keeping them in the sovereign's immediate neighborhood was

gradually discontinued. Upon the accession of Suijin, the tenth emperor, they were removed to the village of Kasanui, their place within the precincts of the court being taken by carefully wrought imitations. In order to propitiate his divine ancestress, and to secure her protection against a devastating epidemic, this monarch confided to his eldest daughter the guardianship of the regalia. In the following reign, that of Suinin, it was decreed that a permanent site for the temple of Tensho Daijin should be selected, and a younger daughter of the emperor, named Yamato, was directed to explore the surrounding country for this purpose. She chose a secluded valley in the province of Ise, encircled by evergreen hills, and commanding a beautiful view of the estuary now known as Owari Bay and its noble background of lofty mountains. Her decision having been announced and approved, she was furthermore charged with the duty of erecting the sacred edifice, of which she was appointed the chief priestess on its completion, in the tenth month of the fourth year before Christ.*

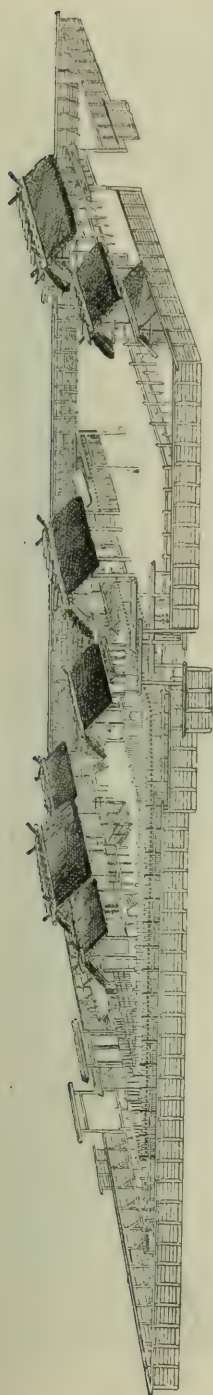
On this spot the fane of Tensho Daijin, more commonly called the Naiku, has stood for close upon nineteen hundred years. Its treasures were for many centuries under the surveillance of imperial princesses, and were never suffered to be taken from their resting-places, except upon occasions of rigorous necessity. Strange stories of the uses to which they were put in the semi-fabulous era, and of their amazing properties, are told in the ancient legends. Among them it is narrated that a son of the twelfth emperor, Yamato-dake by name, was enabled to perform unparalleled deeds of prowess, during a war of subjugation conducted by him against the eastern aborigines, through the agency of the irresistible sword, which was lent to him for the expedition by his aunt, the custodian of that period. The romantic adventures in which this emblem and its two companions bore a prominent part have been so numerous

* Some histories state that the temple was founded in the third year B.C. The incidents of the reigns of Suijin and Suinin have been confused by the author of "The Mikado's Empire," in consequence of an erroneous supposition that the two emperors were the same personage.

that the extreme antiquity of the talismans now preserved may be open to suspicion; but with respect to the foundation of their repository there is no good ground for scepticism. Students of Japanese history are well supplied with proof that the traveller who visits the sanctuary to-day looks upon the exact counterfeit presentment of the structure dedicated to her tutelary deity by the daughter of Suinin Tenno.

The second in rank of the Ise temples was built five centuries later, by order of the twenty second emperor, Yuriaka, a ruler discredibly distinguished for the violence and ferocity of his temper. His exceptional act of piety may have been dictated by a troubled conscience, for he gave out that Tensho Daijin had appeared to him in a dream, instructed him as to his duty, and enjoined upon him the necessity of establishing a house of worship in close proximity to the one over which her spirit presided. The order was executed in the ninth month of the Christian year 478, and the shrine was consecrated in the name of the Earth-goddess, Toyouke Daijin. It is popularly known as the Geiku, and as an object of reverence to the religious community is inferior only to its older companion, like which, it contains treasures of mystical endowment and memorials of the ages when the higher powers held intercourse with the elect of humanity. In the list of its somewhat less exalted possessions are also the attire and implements used by the mikados of old in performing the ceremony by which the dignity and importance of agriculture were attested—the straw hat, rain-coat, spade, etc. It is situated at a distance of about three miles from the Naiku, and the road connecting the two is now the active thoroughfare of a line of flourishing villages that have been called into existence by the multitudes of pilgrims resorting to the locality.

Extreme simplicity is the most marked characteristic of all Japanese temples in which the Shinto faith alone is recognized. The monuments to Buddha are often architectural master-works, and dazzlingly effective in the richness and abundance of their embellishment; but those which testify to the divine antecedents and spiritual supremacy of the imperial dynasty are modelled with rigorous plainness, and are almost totally destitute of fanciful ornamentation. They are built of the finest wood, chiefly cedar, the greater part of which is left bare and unprotected. No paint or varnish is ever used, but the ends of the beams are capped with gilded metal, strips and patches of which are also liberally applied for the purpose of adding strength and durability to the structure. The roofs are in most cases heavily thatched with rushes, so dexterously and compactly interwoven that no moisture can penetrate. In many parts of the country the Shinto cathedrals are of imposing magnitude, but the original patterns at Ise are as humble in dimensions as in design. The principal building, called Shoden, and devoted to memorial rites in honor of the Sun-goddess, is thirty-six feet and nine inches in length, eighteen feet deep, and nineteen feet and seven inches



General View of the Naiku.



DRAWN BY W. A. COFFIN.

The Naku.

ENGRAVED BY G. KNEILL.

high.* The two wings (*hoden*), in which the objects of veneration are stored, are each twenty-one feet long, fourteen feet deep, and thirteen feet and eight inches high; so that the combined frontage is seventy-eight feet and nine inches. These edifices are surrounded by an inner wooden inclosure five hundred and fifty-one feet and five inches long, and an outer fence, one thousand one hundred and eleven feet and one inch long, affords all the required seclusion for the few subordinate houses. The domiciles of the priests, and other mansions connected with the administration of the shrines, occupy contiguous positions, almost hidden from view in the density of the primeval groves.

Many circumstances contributed to make the recent celebration at Ise an occasion of far greater public interest than any of its vigesimal predecessors. The nation has recovered from the disorders of civil war, and the land is at peace. The old provincial barriers have been so broken down by the Government's unifying policy that the former disinclination of the several clans to co-operate in large popular festivals no longer exists. At no previous time have railroads and steamboats afforded such facilities as at present for the gathering together of vast multitudes. Above all, the past score of years has witnessed a general and active revival of reverence for the pure Shinto faith, and the opportunity for participating in its ancient solemnities was welcomed with universal eagerness and enthusiasm. The assemblage of spectators was quite beyond computation, yet—strange as it must appear to those who have not remarked the utter lack of sympathy on the part of foreign denizens with everything that appeals to the sentiment and emotions of the Japanese people—only one alien visitor was seen in the enormous throng. The ritual of the *Sengyo*, or "change of the temples," which is the culminating event in the long series of functions, was performed with an elaboration of pomp and dignity never before exhibited. Throughout the year the profusion and costliness of the preparations had given promise of unusual splendors to come.

The preliminary observances began as early as the middle of March, with the exercises of the *Richusai*, or fixing of the first pillars. From this time until the date of the *Kinetsukisai*, or wedging of the main pillars, at the close of September, repeated formalities, ten in number, marked the regular and stately order of proceedings; and the chief ceremony of the transfer was immediately heralded by four additional services in the beginning of October.

At six o'clock in the evening of the second day of that month the entire body of officiating priests was summoned by the beating of a drum to the appointed place of convocation within the temple grounds. From this spot, led by two of the imperial princes—one of whom acted as supreme director of the festival, the other being the envoy and direct representative of the sovereign—they marched in slow procession to the old shrine, attended by the governor of the province and numerous delegates from the central board of rites, all clad in resplendent brocade garments of antique pattern, and bearing sprigs of the charmed *sakaki*-tree. As they started, the gathering darkness was partially dispelled by an illumination of pine torches, and the silence was broken by strains of solemn music drawn by specially trained devotees from instruments which have long ceased to be in common use. On passing into the hallowed inclosure, each individual in the column was purified by the sprinkling of salt from the hands of an acolyte. The great dignitaries deposited their *sakaki* branches near the inner gate, while their followers knelt in prayer. The superintending prince and his immediate companions advanced to the foot of the steps leading to the sanctuary, and the envoy delivered his master's message, that the hour for the periodical change had arrived. Then the doors were thrown open, and the chief priest with his deputies entered the several divisions of the sacred edifice, presently bringing forth the reliquaries in which the treasures are preserved. Meanwhile, new and untrodden mats of straw were laid, in two parallel lines, from the old to the new receptacle, and between them was

* The Japanese foot (*kane-jaku*) is almost identical in length with ours, but is divided into only ten inches.

stretched a strip of pure white linen, about three feet in width. The mats were for the bearers of the holy burdens, but on the linen carpet, spread in token of respect for the spirits that guard the symbols, human feet were forbidden to press. A roll of rich and spotless silk was next unfolded and hung upon bamboo rods, so as to form a hollow rectangle, twenty-one feet long and six feet wide, in the centre of which the warders of the most venerated relics took their stand—for it is decreed that neither they nor the caskets which they carry may be exposed to the general gaze. The elders chosen for this exalted duty had been sanctified by many days of seclusion and fasting, and their heads and hands were now wrapped in linen cloths, in order that the vessels intrusted to them might not be defiled by the touch or the breath of mortals.

Precisely at eight o'clock the signal was given that all was ready for departure. The superintending prince thrice proclaimed the hour of removal, the edges and corners of the curtain of silk were lifted by twenty white-robed disciples, and the phalanx took its measured course toward the vacant shrine. At the same moment a religious service, conducted by the Emperor, was opened in the chapel of his palace in the distant capital, and the highest officials of the court united with the ruler and his family in invoking the blessing of heaven upon the ceremony in progress. The final march to the newly dedicated temple was the most impressive of all the pageants which the public were permitted to behold, and its effect upon the kneeling and worshipping multitude is described as deeply thrilling and awe-inspiring. To the masses in Japan the divine legacies at Ise are invested with a reality and a spiritual glory which no intrusive doubt has yet impaired,* and the passage of the holiest of emblems—the

mirror of the Sun-goddess—mysteriously veiled in the immaculate silken tabernacle, and accompanied, as many believed it to be, by the unseen presence of the guardian deity, evoked demonstrations of reverence and devotion as pure, sincere, and trustful as the heart of man could offer.

With the consignment of the objects of adoration to their allotted places, a little before midnight, the exercises of the Naiku Sengyo came to an end. The same routine was repeated, a few days later, for the transfer of the Geiku and its priceless contents, after which the throngs of devout and happy pilgrims began to disperse. Within the following week the vales of Ise had resumed the tranquillity in which they will rest undisturbed until the next recurrence of the nation's great religious jubilee. From what has been told of the origin and perpetuation of these rites the feeling with which they are regarded by all ranks of Japanese society may be easily comprehended. Even those who make no profession of piety are profoundly impressed by the conviction that the observances are coeval with the birth of their country's civilization, and from the earliest antiquity have typified the universal loyalty and confidence which constitute the chief support of the hierarchy. To the millions of patriotic subjects the Ise shrines are the most cherished symbols of faith and purity that the land contains. How they are viewed by zealots may be judged from the tragic fate of the incautious public officer who entered one of them, a year ago, without the customary forms of homage, and touched with irreverent hand the hangings behind which the sacred images reposed. He was tracked to his home in Tokio by a young neophyte—a fanatical upholder of the divine traditions, to whom the task of avenging the sacrilege seemed the loftiest of duties—and, after being watched and shadowed for months, was slain at the threshold of his own dwelling. The misguided priest was instantly put to death by the murdered man's attendants, but a significant indication of the sentiment which pervades the masses was shown in the tributes openly paid to the assassin. His burial-place was

*The single European spectator of the Sengyo was Major-General Palmer, R.E., whose report of the proceedings supplies details that could be obtained from no other source. It is fortunate that the privilege of witnessing these impressive ceremonies was enjoyed, under exceptionally favorable conditions, by a writer so thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of the occasion, and so admirably qualified to produce a lasting memorial of the event. His vivid and eloquent description of the scenes which are here briefly outlined, will take its place among the most valued of Japanese historical records.

visited by thousands of the lower orders, and thickly covered with wreaths and flowers. To this day it is a resort for humble enthusiasts, while the monument erected to the victim, who was one of the highest ministers of state, stands unhonored by the community.

It has been informally suggested to the government at Tokio that the Naiku which was dismantled last October be kept in preservation and sent to this country in 1892, as a conspicuous feature of the Japanese exhibit in the con-

templated international exposition. The disused buildings are commonly broken up and cut into fragments, which are disposed of as amulets, but it is hoped that the temple in question has not yet been thus destroyed. No contribution of greater attractiveness could be offered from the Land of the Rising Sun. It would be an object of remarkable historical interest, and would illustrate both the connection and the contrast between the past and present of Japan with singular directness and force.

AS TO SPRING.

By Edward S. Martin.

I LOVE the Spring, it is so free
From ardor and activity.
It predisposes man to shirk
All but inexorable work
When grasses start and buds foretell
The blossoms by the way they swell ;
When feathered things distract the air,
Getting their dwellings in repair ;
When eggs and bugs and flowers and weeds
Are all a-hatching, Nature needs
All the spare force there is afloat
To make her enterprises mote.

For men it can't but foolish be
To strive with her for energy.
Give in to her : give over wishing
To overcome her. Go a-fishing !
Find a fit stream and duly try
If angle-worms will justify
Their title. For the time ignore
Remote results. Consider more
The vagrant impulse of the present,
And what it offers that is pleasant.

Brief is the season of transition—
The jog-trot summer has its mission.
In its fierce sun you dare not bask.
To shun its heat becomes a task
That lasts till Fall comes back again
And nature's work is finished. Then,
When growth at length in harvest ceases,
The energy that she releases
Comes back to man and holds his mind
Down to the work of humankind.
Spring is alone the time of choice,
Respect her, then, and heed her voice.



JERRY.

PART THIRD (CONCLUDED).

CHAPTER XV.

"And wicked eyes gleamed bright with hate—
and crowds
Surged back and forth—and wild hands
waved—
And curses fled from lip to lip, and up
On the mad wind to where God waited—
silent!"



FOURTY-EIGHT hours had come and gone, and Durden's was in a state of silent astonishment. For the first time in its life the *Banner* was cried up and down the

one street of the town; the people came to their doors and windows as the shrill boy-voice broke the dead, frozen stillness—the news was told!

"Dividend declared—great fortunes made—All the world buying Durden's stock—All who had sold were sold!"

The son of the editor of the *Banner*, who had not sold, cried the news with vicious delight; absolutely jeering at Dan Burk as he handed him the paper.

"Mr. Wilkerson the richest man in America!" and the small tormentor danced on the frozen ground to keep his feet warm.

Greg heard it as he dressed and shouted like a boy at Christmas; Mr. Henshaw heard it as he waked—heard it with a struggle between his longing to have quadrupled his investment and his consciousness that there was somewhat in this almost bogus dividend that

would not be authorized by one's duty to one's neighbor; Jerry heard it as he sat at breakfast, and could not speak nor move; his heart seemed to stop its beating, and Mrs. Milton's voice as she greeted the newsboy and paid him for his news seemed far away. Everything grew red and confused before his eyes, and strange rushing sounds came in his ears as if all the blood in his body had gone to his head. He did not know if he reeled or not, just for a moment, but he knew when Mrs. Milton put the paper into his hand saying:

"Youuns is the riches' man in Ameriky, Jerry Wilkerson;" then more slowly, "an' orl outer 'Lije Milton's mine thet killed him."

"It is all pure luck, Mrs. Milton," Jerry answered, huskily, and the sound of his voice seemed to restore his equilibrium. Mrs. Milton shook her head solemnly.

"Thar ain't no luck ner no chence in thet mine," she said; "too many sperrets walks roun' in thar fur luck or chence to live thar; it's God or the devil a-helpin' youuns."

Jerry rose from the table, he could sit still no longer.

"Wherever the help comes from," he said, "I am very thankful; but I do not think it is the devil, Mrs. Milton, for Paul Henley is his own child."

"Now you're shoutin'," the old woman cried; then Jerry walked away.

Was he safe? he could have cried aloud in his joy; he felt a foolish desire to mount some high place and shout and shout until he was breathless! All

the sickening anxiety was over—his fortune was made—his enemy vanquished. Rapidly he strode up the frozen road toward his office; dismal and cold it looked, but he did not mind that—he had the fire to make, even if he were in Mrs. Milton's eyes the richest man in America! He laughed over the idea—a rich, ringing laugh that seemed to bubble over with joy; and he took Joe's old axe from the corner and went out to where the wood was piled.

Poor old Joe! surely this fortune was his, surely. He had dug it out of the earth through long years; had stored it away day by day for a poor waif he had picked up on the roadside; and there was no luck in it, the old woman had said, no luck; God or the devil had helped him!

Hard and vigorous his blows rang, and the chips flew right and left. So he had struck at life and fortune and so the gold would lie about him: and when he had enough would be as worthless as these chips. He remembered when he had said that at the Gregs' table that Fred had laughed; would Fred laugh now? and Isabel, did she know of his fortune? and lovely Edith Henley?

He gathered up his wood and went in; he must have the fire burning and his office in order before any one came; he must not look upset in the turn affairs had taken, nor surprised, not even to Greg. And he must make arrangements to put men to work on the stream below the dam; the mine must be made safe, now that he had time to be honest.

Quickly the fire blazed up; then he opened the windows, and swept and put things in order as old Joe had taught him to do—old Joe asleep up there on the mountain-side, while his fortune had grown colossal!

"Well!" and Greg came in brisk and beaming, though a little hesitating still, "I have come to congratulate you!"

"Thank you!" and Jerry shook his hand heartily, "it has been a very near thing."

"Very near, thanks to that blundering Henshaw," Greg answered, drawing a chair near the fire. "I think Henshaw must have been evolved from a black beetle," laughing; "and if my dear old Dad had not been so prompt, he might

have ruined us: but it is safe enough now."

"Or at least we have gained time enough to make it safe," and with the allowing of a doubt that he uttered more to steady his exuberant joy than because he held it Jerry felt a nameless fear creep over him.

"Why, man, it is certain!" and Greg slapped his leg emphatically; "your fortune is made, even if you have to spend half on this dividend; and who can hurt us now?"

Jerry laughed.

"I do not know," he said, the joy that he controlled in word and action ringing out in his voice, "but I am afraid to realize it all at once, so try to cool myself off with dismal possibilities."

The door opened and a boy came in.

"For you, Mr. Wilkerson," and he handed Jerry a telegram.

Things seemed to waver before Jerry's eyes as he tore open the envelope; was this a dismal possibility?

"To J. P. WILKERSON, Durden's:
from

J. C. GLENDALE, New York.

"Durden's up, await orders—three days the limit."

Jerry handed the message to Greg, then turned to the table and wrote:

"To J. C. GLENDALE, No. — Wall Street,
New York:

from

J. P. WILKERSON, Durden's.

"Wait."

And this was handed to Greg also. Greg read it over.

"Wise," he said, "try the temper of the people on the work first; but why do you sign your name before you send your message?"

Jerry laughed.

"It is one of Glendale's fads," he answered. "He said that as soon as he sees the name of his correspondent, his mind throws itself in position for the message; it does seem more simple."

"Like Glendale, the explanation is thin," and Greg laughed.

Then the paper was put into the boy's hand, the door was shut, and the footsteps of the messenger died away.

"Father will telegraph me some time to-day," Greg went on, "I will bring it up."

"Thank you." Then Jerry paused in the extraordinary pen-and-ink sketches he was making on his blotting-paper. "I should like to feel Henley's pulse," he said.

The color flashed into Greg's face.

"I should like to punch his head!" he exclaimed, "the miserable sneak! a 'dear friend of my family,' and all the while trying to kill this scheme when he knows my father is in it——"

"Hush!" and Jerry went to the door.

"Hardy, Mr. Wilkerson!" and a body of miners came in; "we've come to shake han's, Mr. Wilkerson, an' to hooray for Durden's, you bet!" and they crowded about him enthusiastically.

"Come in, come in!" and Jerry's voice trembled audibly; "I am glad to welcome those who stood by me, very glad!"

"We brought up a little beer," one man went on modestly, "to warm up our money thet's a-comin'!"

Greg laughed.

"And the money will need warming," he said, "for a freeze brought it to us," taking two tin cups down from a shelf.

"They say that Mr. Henley's sick this mornin'," and the men looked at each other knowingly as the big cup passed from one to the other.

"Are you men the only ones who have held your shares?" and Jerry's voice seemed to settle the company.

"All," was answered.

"Ten men!" and Jerry seemed to be counting them over again to assure himself.

"Ten outside of Titcomb"—the editor of the paper—"Titcomb ain't sold out."

"Eleven men, ten working men," Jerry said. "Well, you must come and have supper with me to-night; we must consult about making the stream safe," and he spread a sheet of paper on the table; "I want you to give Mr. Greg your names."

"All right," and one after another the men gave in their names.

"Come to Mrs. Milton's this evening at seven," Jerry went on, "and we will drink a health to our fortunes."

"We'll sure come, Mr. Wilkerson,

plum sure; and to the work too;" then the beer was finished, and the men went away.

"Only eleven men," Jerry said, when the little office was empty once more, "only eleven men to stand by us, Greg."

"Enough to share money with," Greg answered.

"Quite, but an awful minority when you remember all who went in with us."

"Poor fools!" and Greg threw some more wood on the fire, "they are sold enough now."

"If only they will continue 'sold,'" Jerry answered, slowly.

"What do you mean?"

"I do not trust Henley," Jerry said; "he may hurt us yet: I am sure he will try."

Greg laughed.

"You are worn out, Wilkerson," he said, in a more familiar tone than he had used in a long time. "Henley must see that we have won, and will have sense enough to give up the fight."

Jerry shook his head doubtfully.

"I hope so," he said.

Slowly but surely the crowd gathered in the lunch-room in Eureka—a glum, silent crowd. There was no laughter, no greeting of each other, no jokes; a sullen, morose crowd, but a crowd. And the seats seemed to have been prepared for them, and also the drink that was distributed free of charge.

All through the cold, slow-falling afternoon men, women, and children were drinking; drinking as if they wanted something to do—as if they wanted the excitement—drinking themselves mad.

As the night fell a dim illumination became visible; "*Free Supper*;" a dim illumination, but an old woman, hovering on the outskirts of the crowd, read it and drew nearer.

It meant something, this gathering, something against Durden's; for all the people she could recognize were people who had sold their shares long ago. Then on the frozen ground was heard the sound of wheels, and through the darkness a wagon rolled down the road; nearer and nearer, then a stop in front of the illuminated sign, and Paul Henley, followed by Dan Burk and Dave Morris, entered the lighted shop. There

arose a little murmur from the crowd, a sound that deepened as Paul raised his glass to drink their health, a sound like the turning of the tide.

Then slowly in and out of the crowd Dan Burk and Dave Morris passed, talking first to one and then to another; and the woman out in the darkness drew nearer.

The talk and hum of voices grew louder and louder, until a voice from the back of the building called:

"Three cheers for Mr. Henley, the poor man's friend!" and a disorganized shout followed that dragged along unevenly until Burk cried out:

"Three cheers for Durden's Mine!"

There was a moment's silence, then a howl arose that swept over the assembly like the cry of wild beasts; and a hubbub of voices followed where nothing was distinguishable save the anger that sounded dangerous; a hubbub of voices that was not stilled until Burk sprang on the counter, calling out:

"Listen to me!" and the crowd turned in his direction. "I am as mad as you!" he cried; "I've been plum fooled 'cause I b'lieved Jerry Wilkerson was an honest man!" then he paused for the applause that came madly from the half-intoxicated mob. "He's lived in Durden's man an' boy; all his money come outer Durden's Mine; I knows it, an' none better," pausing again and looking over the crowd that was now intensely still. "Joe Gilliam was my partner; an' nobody knows how Joe Gilliam died; an' nobody knows how Jerry Wilkerson got so much money down East; an' nobody knew that Jerry Wilkerson hed bought most all Durden's Mine; an' nobody knew thet a dividend was a-comin' when Jerry Wilkerson says—says 'ee,"—pausing for greater effect, "'Dan Burk,' says 'ee, 'you kin git back double your money if you'll sell now,' says 'ee; an' Dan Burk trusted him, an' Dan Burk was the fust to sell out!"

"Thet's so—thet's so!" came eagerly from the crowd.

"An' Mr. Henley sold; an' Mr. Henshaw sold; an' everyone to Mr. Glendale in New York, for—Jerry Wilkerson!" pausing while a groan went up from his listeners. "An' when our children an' ole folks were a-dyin' from cold,

Jerry Wilkerson cussed us into fixin' thet dam!"

There was a dead silence, an unexpected silence that caused Dan to pause for a moment and look at Paul with some doubt.

"You are weary," Paul said, kindly, handing him a glass of whiskey; "it is hard work talking of the money you have lost."

Burk swallowed the dram eagerly, then again turned to his task.

"Fifty men stood in the water a-freezin', and a-savin' thet damned mine, an' now!" scornfully, "'leven men gits all the money! Dan Burk fooled you all inter sellin', but Jerry Wilkerson fooled Dan Burk; an' when the freeze come thet would hold the water, an' when all the people have sold out, Jerry Wilkerson orders a dividend; makes the engineer order a dividend—orders it to run up the stock; an' in two days he'll sell out an' stand free an' rich! yes, an' he'll laugh at us pore folks that has been fooled, an' are as pore as ever! An' the water'll come over the dam all the same, an' all thet buys Jerry Wilkerson's stock 'll be fooled, an' be ruined like we have been; an' all because we fixed the dam!" He ceased, and came down from the counter amid a storm of applause and angry oaths that were silenced by Dave Morris, who stood up, and asked that the crowd would drink to Mr. Henley. There was an eager rush to the bar where Paul Henley stood thanking the people for their good wishes.

And Mrs. Burk handed out the liquor; strong, crude whiskey that burned like fire—that crazed and maddened the people into brute beasts.

"To the health of the dam!" Burk cried out at last.

"Damn it!" was answered by a dozen voices.

"I'd pull it down," Mrs. Burk suggested to one bloated creature whose cup she was filling; and voices all about her took up the words—

"Pull it down—pull it down!"

"One more drink, boys," Dave Morris called, "an' we'll be fit to pull down hell!"

Then through the darkness a woman sped away—an old woman with white hair that, escaping from its fastenings,

streamed out on the wind ; and her little eyes, set deep in beds of yellow wrinkles, glowed like fire as she ran ; and her breath came short and fast, and curses with each breath ! On and on, and yet she seemed to go so slowly ! on and on over the hard, slippery ground ; how often she fell ! how often she seemed to slip back ! how far Durden's was from Eureka ! On and on, worn and almost breathless ; panting, while in her ears the wind sounded like the howling of the mob.

Were they coming ? Would not she be in time to warn them ?

On and on ; at last lights gleamed in front of her ; they seemed near, but now every step was up-hill ! Would she live to reach those lights ?

At last !

Almost she fell against the door ; the weary old woman, panting and breathless, worn and without strength she stood before the thirteen men who were laughing and talking over their quiet supper, secure and at peace.

"Git yer guns !" she cried, hoarsely, "an' go to the dam !"

Every man rose to his feet and Jerry sprang to her side. "Mrs. Milton, who told you this ?" he cried.

"I hearn 'em a-sayin' it," she panted, laboriously, "over in Henley's eatin' house," drinking eagerly some brandy and water which Greg handed her. "I knowed thar were mischief a-cookin' in Henley's free supper, an' the whole crowd is wild alonger whiskey, an' is agoin' now to pull down the dam afore any of youuns kin sell out ; git yer guns an' go !" then she sank back exhausted, "I runned orl the way," she whispered, seized with an awful shuddering that made Jerry give quick, sharp orders to the servant-girl ; then to the men :

"Get what arms and ammunition you can," he said, "and meet me at the dam as quickly as possible." Then he added : "We are few, but we are sober," and almost instantly the room was emptied.

Terribly dark, and the men collected slowly ; bitterly cold, and no fire could be made, as it would betray them. Thirteen men crouching on the broad top of the dam, which elevation gave them a murderous descending fire that must destroy whoever approached ; and far be-

low them, down the straggling village street, a few lights shone where the women waited and listened.

All was silent save the muffled cry of the stream as it writhed under its fetters of ice—a level sheet of ice from the dam out to where the broadened stream stopped against the cliffs. Still as death, with fingers stiffening about their guns, with the breath freezing on their lips and beards, the time passed slowly. Had the old woman made a mistake ?

Jerry stood a little apart, thrilling with a terrible exultation ; this night he would meet his enemy face to face—an open, free fight for fortune. If his enemy conquered, if his enemy ruined him—he gripped his gun tighter—what an exquisite joy of revenge, the stream that ruined him would ruin Paul ! And ruin—what did ruin mean ? freedom—aye, freedom from the tension and the misery of his present life, his life that almost had crazed him ! Almost ?—he drew himself together—was not he crazy now ?

A murmur arose among the men ; and the boys who had come with extra arms and ammunition were sent home on account of the awful coldness.

The lights were fewer in the street, and the sullen roar of the stream seemed to grow louder.

At last, far off, there came a hum like the hum of swarming bees, and from the Eureka side a few waving lights were seen. On they came, and the waiting men drew closer together ; no sound, only far off the flickering lights like stars ; suddenly they paused, then vanished.

"There are some sober men in the party," Jerry said, "and we must be most careful ; repulse them once, and they cannot reassemble." Calm enough his voice sounded, but his heart seemed to beat in his ears, and the blood surged and tingled in his veins.

Suddenly Greg stood beside him breathless, and caught his arm in a hard grasp.

"Whichever of us is first freed from this crowd," he whispered, "must send the message for both, and the message must be 'Sell.'"

The practical words seemed to calm Jerry, and a wild regret came into his

mind that he had not sent the message—he uttered a low oath.

"I have been waiting at the office," Greg went on, "trying to send the message, but the man was absent, and I had to come."

"If any disaster threatens, one of us must get there to send it," and Jerry cocked and uncocked his rifle viciously.

"One of us will," Greg answered, then a silence fell between them.

Suppose he should send a message now to Paul about the stream—Paul would not believe it; it could not be proved except by experiment? And of course they could repulse a drunken mob!

"They're jest a-crawlin' by the town," a man whispered to Jerry.

"And perfectly silent," Greg said, looking keenly at the black mass that now could be seen by the wan, dead light of the moon that had risen behind the gray clouds; "the leaders are not drunk."

"Mr. Henley never gits drunk," the man answered, "nor Dan Burk."

"That is true," Jerry commented, and again he cocked and uncocked his rifle; the sound brought him solace; it was better so to win success or death!

Sixteen good cartridges he had, sixteen chances against failure; would Paul fight—would he fasten his longing hands on him this night?

Nearer and nearer; the black mass came; they could hear their footsteps ringing on the ice now, and cracking through the frozen crust of the snow.

"Every man pick out his man," Jerry whispered, "take careful aim, and when I give the word fire as one man," and the order was whispered along the line.

Of course one volley would demoralize the mob completely.

Nearer and nearer; and the thirteen watchers trembled with excitement in the tense, strained silence that seemed to throb and roar in their ears!

Nearer and nearer; so that the lowered voices could be heard, and a little smothered chuckling; then Dan Burk's voice a little raised:

"Whar's the picks?" There was a pause and a little clatter as of tools being passed from hand to hand, then a voice said:

"Steady now, and move on quickly!"

A shiver ran over Jerry, an irresistible shudder like a death struggle—the voice was Paul's!

Nearer and nearer they came; making a little more noise now, feeling safe; nearer and nearer—close under the dam.

"Fire!" One low word, and a belt of light sprang along the dam—a deafening report, and wild cries and confusion!

Then a voice rang clear and high:

"Make for the dam—there are only thirteen men there!"

And the answer came:

"Fire!"

But only four shots answered—there were only four repeating rifles in the party!

Fourteen good bullets left still; and Jerry stood up to his task.

"Fire as fast you can load!" he cried, taking deliberate aim as a white face gleamed more prominently from the black mass; "every shot must tell."

More than a hundred men were attacking them; a dense, black mass of maddened, reckless brutes that the unexpected fire had not demoralized; and with everything in his favor he could kill only sixteen! His pistols! Aye, twelve more shots there; and every shot must kill a fellow-creature; every shot must send an unprepared soul to judgment—and all to save his fortune!

The thought made his hand waver for one shot. Did it miss?

The other side were firing now; and Titcomb, kneeling beside Jerry, fell back on the ice, crashing through with a wild cry!

Again Jerry fired, steadily, calmly. He could have cut every throat in that howling mob, wild and mad with drink.

Greg stood close beside him now.

"Four men have been knocked over," he said.

"Make every shot tell," was Jerry's answer in a voice that was supernaturally calm, "and if you can escape, send a telegram."

"Yes," and they fired simultaneously.

Wilder the confusion grew; cries, mad curses, groans and shrieks from friends and foes; dying sighs going up through the wan, dead light.

They were rushing up on the dam now, and only five men left to hold it!

Calmly Jerry waited, his pistols in his hands; twelve more men must die before his fortune should be wrenched from him—twelve men or he must die.

Steadily his shots told, and Greg, separated from him now, fought desperately.

"Only three men left!" he heard Paul cry out above the din; "and there stands Wilkerson!"

A howl went up from the mob, and Jerry fell on one knee. He was shot!

One moment his senses seemed to leave him; one wild, whirling moment, then he steadied himself; he could crawl away and send a telegram, he could save himself yet!

If Greg were dead, he did not know; if he were fighting yet and depending on him, he did not know; there was but one thought in his mind—the telegram that would save him!

He was out in the darkness now where the flash of the firing could not reveal him; out in the darkness below the dam, crawling over the dead and wounded; if he hurt them, if they groaned or pleaded for help, he could not stop; it was a long way and his leg was dragging.

Cold—oh, God, how cold it was! and these wounded creatures, some of them crawling away too, clutched him as he passed—clutched his weary arms and broken leg! He cried aloud in agony. Was that his voice? and was it his knife that he stuck deep in the man's warm flesh? Aye, and now he had let him go.

How far—how slow—how cold! An hour ago he could have run, could have saved every dollar.

A high, wild cry rent the air, and sharp, ringing blows as of iron on rock. They were breaking away the dam.

A shudder ran over him, and for a second he stopped; he was in the old bed of the stream and would be swept away. What frantic haste he made; the rocks and the jagged ice tore his hands, and his own blood leaked out now, warm and trickling slowly; and the other man's blood had frozen on him.

How hard they were working, and all the town seemed alive, with lights flashing here and there, and women's voices shrieking and crying aloud!

They were running by him now, and

he turned away from the main road. And did they not know that soon the stream would be loosed, and sweep them away? But he would not tell them, they might stop him; they might hold him from his task—and he had killed their husbands and sons. Let them be swept away.

Ah, ha! There in front of him he could see the light; the man was in the office!

Another shout.

Was the dam giving way? would he be too late? He listened; there was no rush of water yet, only the foolish cries of the women, who had nothing to lose now.

Another shout; a long, wild shout, then a roar as if the floods of heaven were let loose!

For one instant he lay on his face, powerless.

Nearer and nearer the rushing came, and wild, flying feet; the women were running. He started up; maybe Paul would remember to send a telegram before he could reach the office!

How long the way was; only now his leg seemed dead—perhaps it was dead. On he crawled, every moment nearer to his goal; if only the mad crowd flying from the stream would not run over him.

How the water rushed; was it in the mine yet? was it pouring down that black abyss, kissing the rocks it had known so long ago—sweeping away the crumbled white bones of the man who had turned its course? How it would laugh, and sing, and clap its hands down there in its old haunts! Ah, ha! and flow out in Eureka—ha, ha! No one knew that secret but he!

Nearer and nearer; only the road between him and the open door of the office from which the yellow lamp-light shone, and the operator silhouetted black in the square door-way.

Only the street to cross.

Was that noise the people coming back—that wild shouting and firing: the mad, drunken mob, and the people afraid of them? And up and down the street the quick closing of windows and doors. Would the operator close the door on him.

Great God, he was moving back!

One last supreme effort—his hand was on the sill; the door must crush his fingers if it closed!

His face blanched to a ghastly white; his eyes, strained and burning, fixed the man with astonishment; a stranger in Durden's, he yet knew this spectre to be Jerry Wilkerson!

"A thousand dollars if you send a message!" and the wounded man dragged himself half in the doorway—"a thousand dollars!"

"All right," and the operator stepped to the instrument.

"And no other message to-night."

"All right."

"To J. C. Glendale——" panting heavily.

"J. C. Glendale," the man repeated, while the instrument clicked busily.

"Number ——."

"Number ——."

"Wall Street."

"Wall Street"—steadily, although the shouts and shots of the crazy mob were very near.

"New York."

"New York"—the man repeated it after a second's pause, for the shouts rang all about them, and the wild shots were hitting the house!

Jerry's words seemed to come so slowly—his breath seemed thick.

"From J. P. Wilkerson, Durden's," he gasped.

"J. P. Wilkerson, Durden's," the man said.

"Sell!" Jerry shrieked.

The instrument stopped—there was one shrill cry, and the operator fell dead across the wounded man.

CHAPTER XVI.

"The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies."

"He aint no better, an' kent never git no better," Mrs. Milton said, in a voice that was harsh and bitter with anger and grief, and she looked suspiciously at Greg, who, with his arm in a sling and his head bandaged, looked almost as worn and thin as Jerry lying on the bed between them.

Jerry lying still and helpless, with drawn white face and vacant eyes—

vacant eyes that made Greg remember his father's warning.

"He's allers a-countin' them chips," Mrs. Milton went on, pointing to a pile of dry chips that lay under the sick man's hand, "or he's a-talkin' to this little passel," drawing from under Jerry's pillow a small package wrapped in old newspaper.

The sick man held out his hands, so white and tremulous, while a wistful look came into his eyes.

"It's Mammy's," he said, "Mammy's."

Greg looked up in surprise; Mrs. Milton shook her head, catching a sob in her throat.

"He's been a-talkin' thet away ever sence he were brunged har," she said; "he's done gone backer orl his'n larnin', an' orl his'n trouble, to his'n mammy," and she gave Jerry the little bundle.

"It ain't wuth nothin'," he said, looking up at Greg wistfully, "it's nothin' as'll do youuns no good—it's Mammy's—Mammy's," his voice falling fainter.

Greg turned away. Was it only that he was weakened by wounds and the awful loss and ruin that he had endured that he leaned against the mantelpiece sobbing so pitifully?

"The new doctor says thet he kent las' out the night," Mrs. Milton went on, "an' thet aint nary soul to pray alonger him ceppen youuns, Mr. Greg."

Greg shook his head.

"I cannot," he whispered, huskily, "I do not know how."

A tired sigh came from the sick man, causing both watchers to turn.

"I cannot count them," he said, wearily, in the voice and language that Greg was accustomed to hear from his lips. "But what is the use," he went on, "of counting gold that is as common as chips; as chips that I can throw into the water. Ah, the water! how it boils and surges—how it laughs and sings as it goes back to its old home—and it will flash into the sunlight again at Eureka—Eureka!"

Mrs. Milton went hastily to the bedside.

"He'll git wild in a minute," she said, "an' thet'll kill 'im," and again she drew the poor little bundle from under the pillow where he had hidden it. "This allers makes him quiet."

"It's Mammy's," and again the weak hand clasped the bundle, "an' mebbe Dad'll forgit them rails, mebbe he'll furgit," the voice sinking gradually, then the tired eyes closed and he seemed asleep.

Greg came back to the bedside now, and the young physician from the railway camp joined him there; he seemed excited.

"They have caught Henley," he whispered, "but the people must not know it—they would kill him."

Greg's eyes flashed, and he drew a sharp breath between his clenched teeth. Then aloud the physician said:

"Wilkerson cannot possibly live," and his hand was on the fluttering pulse, "and it is most fortunate; for his fortune is gone, and his debts are enormous, and he could never recover his mind; it is most fortunate."

"Git away!" and Mrs. Milton pushed the astonished stranger aside roughly—"if Jerry Wilkerson wuz as big a fool as youuns," she said, "Mandy Milton'd be proud to tuck keer of him fur ever—jest youuns 'member thet; an' pay orl he owes, an' glad to do it too—an' Mr. Greg knows it."

"I beg pardon," and the young man stepped back, "I meant no harm."

"Mebbe not," sharply, raising Jerry's head on her shoulder that the labored breathing might be a little easier—"an' if youuns kent do nothin' fur him cepen to be thankful he's a dyin', jest go 'long; me an' Mr. Greg kin 'ten' to him."

The doctor took up his hat, when suddenly a hand clutched his shoulder, and the old woman drew him to her, looking in his face with burning eyes.

"Kin youuns pray?" she whispered hoarsely.

He shook his head, and the hold on his shoulder relaxed.

"Notter soul to pray fur him," she muttered, smoothing back from the sick man's brow the hair that had grown so white—"notter soul—but God'll know!"

The sick man's eyes opened.

"Mammy's gone to God," he whispered, "the doctor tole me thet."

"Yes, honey," the old woman answered, soothing him as gently as a mother would her little child; then all was still save the fire that whispered and sighed.

The doctor lingered near the door; Greg leaned against the mantelpiece with his hand over his eyes; the old woman stood as if cut in stone, holding in her arms the dying man; the clock told off relentlessly the flying moments, and the solemn hours gathered full and fell.

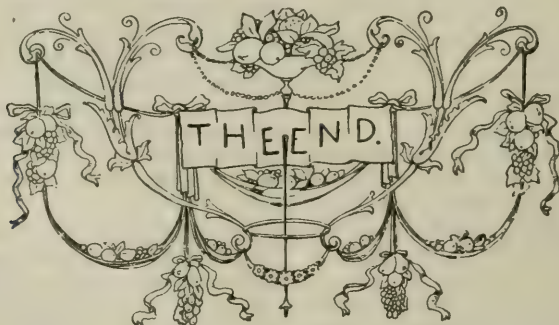
Slower and slower the breath came; the heart struggled in its beating; the poor hands held close with pitiful faithfulness the little bundle wrapped up so long ago.

He could not last much longer.

The doctor held the failing pulse; Greg drew a little nearer; Mrs. Milton bent a little under the growing weight in her arms.

Slower and slower the pulse-beats came; the eyelids quivered—there was a little sigh, and the tired eyes looked up—wistful, pleading, pitiful!

"I never knowed, Mammy, I never knowed," he said, and the journey begun so long ago among the Southern hills was ended.



BROADWAY.

By Richard Harding Davis.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.



BROADWAY means so many different things to so many different people.

The business man has his own idea of it, and it suggests something quite the

contrary to his wife, and still another point of view to his son ; in this it differs from almost every other

great thoroughfare of the world. When one reads of the Appian Way, one thinks only of magnificent distances and marble. The Rue St. Antoine brings up a picture of barricades and gutters splashed with blood ; and the Boulevards are reminiscent of kiosks and round marble-top tables under striped awnings. But all Broadway is divided into three parts, and which is the greatest of these, it would be difficult to say. There is the business portion of Broadway, and the shopping district, and still farther uptown the Broadway where New Yorkers and their country cousins once used to walk to look at the passers-by, and where now only those walk who wish to be looked at. And yet Broadway has, from the Battery to 159th Street, where the cobble-stones break up into a dusty country road, its own dear individuality. It may take on the color of its surroundings from point to point, just as the same column of mercury passes through zero and freezing-point to fever heat ; the clerks who board the surface cars at the Equitable Building make room for the shoppers at Union Square, and they, in turn, empty the car to give place to those who live still farther uptown ; but it is the same familiar yellow car which carries each of them, and which runs on all the way.

The business man knows Broadway

as a street blocked with moving drays and wagons, with pavements which move with unbroken lines of men, and that are shut in on either side by the tallest of tall buildings. It is a place where no one strolls, and where a man can as easily swing his cane as a woman could wear a train. Pedestrians do not walk steadily forward here, or in a straight line, but dodge in and out like runners on a foot-ball field. They all seem to be trying to reach the bank to have a check cashed before three o'clock. The man who stops to speak to a friend, or to gaze into a shop window, is jostled and pushed and shouldered to one side ; everyone seems to be trying to catch up to the man just in front of him ; and everyone has something to do and something on his mind to think of, too, if his face tells anything.

So intent are they on their errands that they would not recognize their own wives if they passed them by. This is the spot on Broadway where the thermometer marks fever heat. It is the great fighting ground of the city, where the battle of business goes on from eight o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, at which time the work flags a little and grows less and less hurried until five, when the armies declare an armistice for the day and march off uptown to plan a fresh campaign for the morrow. The armies begin to arrive before eight, and gather from every point of the compass. The ferry-boats land them by thousands, and hurry back across the river for thousands more, the elevated roads marshal them from far uptown, gathering them by companies at each station, where they are unloaded and scattered over the business districts in regiments. They come over the Brooklyn Bridge by tens of thousands, in one long, endless procession, and cross the City Hall Park at a quick step. It is one of the most impressive sights the city has to offer.

The gathering of the clans was less impressive and less momentous. They do not all meet on Broadway at once, but before the business day is over they will have passed up or down it, and will have contributed at one time to the hurrying crowds on its two pavements. Where they all find work is a wonder



The Sandwich Man.

to the dilettante from upper Broadway, where money is spent, not made. But he will understand when he notices that every building along the street is divided and subdivided like a beehive, and every room holds its own president and board of trustees. It would take an idle man half an hour to read the signs on the front of one block of lower Broadway, and the face of each building is a small directory.

There was a great trade parade in the city two years ago, and it gave New Yorkers a pleasing idea of their prosperity; but its theatrical display and bands of music were but a pageant to the grim reality of the great trade parade which forces its way up and down Broadway every morning in the year. There is a narrow turn in Cheapside, of which Londoners boast that the traffic is so great as to block the street for half an hour at a time; but on Broadway, for a mile, there are over four long lines of drays and wagons, with the tongue of the one behind touching the back-board

of the one in front. That is the trade parade with which New Yorkers are too familiar to fully appreciate. It represents, in its loads and burdens, every industry and product of the world. Carts loaded with boxes of unmade clothing lockwheels with drays carrying unmade food, and the express wagons, with their precious loads of silver bullion, are crowded by drays carrying great haunches of raw meat to the transatlantic steamers lying off the Battery. These are the ammunition trains of the great army of workers.

The business men of lower Broadway go down town every morning, and walk back every afternoon in good weather and in bad weather, in sickness and in health, until they grow rich. Then they employ other men to work for them, but they still go down town, through force of habit, perhaps, or because they have accumulated everything except the knowledge of how to rest, and how to spend a holiday. For eight hours of every day they are imprisoned in the business district, chained before roller-top desks, or bound down in the arms of swivel-chairs, or over ledgers which are always marked "to be continued," and which have no *finis*. At six o'clock, after they have given the best part of their day's strength and brain and energy to business, they are set at liberty and are allowed to run up town overnight, on their promise to return again, and are given three hours in which to become acquainted with their children. And some of them keep this up until they are gray-haired, feeble old men. They begin when they are quite young; when they are of the age to think that it is something important and desirable to work down town, and as office boys earning three dollars a week in their father's office, look down upon their elder brother at college, and patronize the family at dinner, and talk of "our firm," and what "we" intend to do if wheat should drop much further. As clerks, their horizon is bounded by a future raise in salary, and their life is filled with hopes that the man just above them will die, and allow them to step into his place; as partners in the firm they speak, after hours, of every other subject but that of business, and

declare bitterly that, whatever pursuit their sons may enter into, it shall not be the same as their's, of that they are quite certain. And at last, when they grow rich enough to retire, they do nothing of the sort, but still haunt their place of business, and delight in telling struggling young men how they once used to sweep out the office of which they are now the owners. That is the atmosphere of lower Broadway. A place where half the men do what they are told to do, like accomplished machines, for so much a week, and ever with the conviction that so much is not enough; and where the other half are for so many hours a day heads with superfluous bodies, with brains working one against the other, and with the same effect in the end as when cog-wheels of a watch work one against the other, they make the watch go.

Broadway proper begins at Bowling Green. This is the open breathing-place where the street rests before it narrows down and meets the fierce turmoil of the business portion just above. It is a very cosmopolitan Broadway at this point, and every house facing it seems to welcome and bid for the arriving immigrants. The offices of the foreign consuls are here, and the immigrants' boarding-houses, with their signs in almost every strange language, and the shops where shillings and francs and guilders can be changed into dollars. Men in sabots and spangled with silver buttons, and women with Neapolitan head-dresses, are too common about Bowling Green for anyone to look twice at them, and sailors, and ship-stewards on shore for fresh provisions, and petty officers with a few hours' leave in which to get rid of their money, give this end of Broadway a distinctly salty and foreign air. This is where you are stopped at every second step by too familiar young men of Hebraic features, who act as runners for the great transatlantic lines, who aggrieve your *amour propre* by offering you a steerage passage to the old country for twenty dollars, and who are as persistent as those who have rendered the ready-made clothing stores of Baxter Street notorious.

The lodging-house "shark" and the bunco steerer lie in wait about here for

the immigrant, and the more daring rogue who, dressed like an immigrant, tells you how he has been robbed on his arrival, and who wishes to sell you his watch, an old family heirloom made in Munich; and who is not the least abashed when you pry open the case and read "Toledo, O." on the back.

These are the weeds and parasites that grow in Castle Garden.

It is only a few steps farther up town from this, and you are in the rush of the business district, and are dodging past men who are talking per cents and discounts on their way to luncheon. The cross-streets are traps and pitfalls here, and you have to watch your chances to cross, and to measure your distances as carefully and as quickly as a rider does a water-jump. This part of Broadway is a valley of great buildings, and from a boat on the North River one can trace the march of the street by these mountains of brick and iron and plate-



Hot Roasted Chestnuts.

glass. They rise up above the rest of the city like shot-towers, and you see nothing up town to equal them, save the white points of the Cathedral, and the slim, graceful spire of Grace Church half-way between.

The rush is greatest about the base of one of the tallest of these—the Equit-

able Building, that great gray pile which every good stranger must visit on his first day in New York, and from the dome of which the signal flags flutter out their proclamation of cold, clear weather, in haughty defiance of the fact that the bunting itself is heavy with moist, unending rain.

Just below this, only a block to the south, is one of those strange contrasts which seem as if they could not have been accidental. This is where old Trinity Church, with its graveyard, blocks the way of Wall Street. There is no stronger contrast than this in the whole city of New York. Whether you look up Wall Street's short length to the church, or from the church steps down Wall Street to where the pillars of the Custom-House seem to shut off its other end, the effect is the same. There is something so solemnly incongruous in the mournful peace of the graveyard, with the roar of the street in front of it, in the cherubs' heads and the gaunt skull and cross-bones of the monuments, in the implements of war and of naval battles that date from the seventeen hundreds up to the days of Captain Paul Jones. The tower of the church throws its shadow directly into Wall Street, the street that seems to run with gold, and every hour its chimes ring out above the noise of the tickers, and every minute of the day its doors are open, as if to leave no excuse for those who do not snatch a moment to step beyond them.

"Every square foot of that graveyard," philosophized a young broker, so tradition says, "could be sold for more than half the men on the Street are worth, and yet the tenants are not getting any use of their money. It doesn't seem right, does it?" But it does seem right to the old-fashioned nobody who sees something more than accident in this waste of valuable building ground; who fancies that this quiet acre of land is meant to teach a lesson which those who run after the great dollar might read, if they only have the time; but they haven't the time—banking hours are so few. I never pass Wall Street but I am filled with wonder that it should be such a narrow, insignificant street. One would think it would need

more room for all that goes on there, and it is almost a surprise that there is no visible sign of the fortunes rising and falling, and of the great manœuvres and attacks which emanate in that two hundred yards, and which are felt from Turkey to Oregon. But it seems just like any other street, except for the wires which almost roof it over, and that the men one meets in it are different in mien and manner from those one meets in upper Broadway; they wear a sharp, nervous look, and they stoop, as if they had grown so from bending so often and so intently over the momentous strips of paper tape. It is rather interesting to think that the man who brushed past you may have been but a few years back one of the uniformed boys who run with cable despatches to the floor of the Exchange, and that he may in a few weeks time be looking for a clerkship in one of the banks which he did not succeed in breaking. The broad statue of Washington, with its shining knees and dusty coat, always seems to be in the most incongruous position here. Unless it is that he is guarding the Sub-Treasury behind him, and that his uplifted hand is meant to say to the bulls and bears: so far can you go, and no farther. It is a most suggestive place, is Wall Street, and one feels more easy when one gets out of it into Broadway again, where mobs of men have not swept up and down howling and with white faces, and where Black Fridays make no visible sign. And after you get out of Wall Street, it is worth while to step across into Trinity Church and note how far away the street seems, and how calmly grand the church is, with its high pillars meeting the great arches, and with the sun stealing through the gorgeous window at the west. It is almost like the cathedral of some sunny, sleepy, English town, and you are not brought home again until another sight-seer like yourself opens the screen doors, and you can hear the shrill whistle of the car-driver just outside, and his ejaculations on the head of the gentleman on the box-seat of the ice-cart, who will not give him the track. The business man comes in here occasionally to show the interior to his customer from out of town. He



Broadway at the Bowling Green.
The haunt of immigrants.

wears the preoccupied and slightly bored air of the amateur guide who has seen it before, and as he is going out again immediately, he does not throw away his cigar, but keeps it decorously hidden inside his hat. From Trinity Church he will go to the Equitable Building, to show off the marbles and elevators, and from there to all the other show-places in the city, from Cleopatra's Needle in the afternoon, to

the Spanish dancer at night. Trinity Church has a mob of its own about it once a year, but it is a somewhat different mob from the feverish gatherings of Wall Street. This is on the last night of the old year, when the citizens gather, as they have gathered since the days of Aaron Burr, to hear the chimes welcome the coming, and toll for the king who is dead, and sound a "Long live the king!" to his successor.

Broadway widens in front of the Astor House, and gives the cars from all over the city a little room in which to turn before they start off uptown again. The Post-Office shuts it off at one side, and receives half the pedestrians from the street through its swinging doors, to shoot them out once more after it has swallowed up the contributions they have made to one of its hungry maws. It is not an impressive-looking building, in spite of its great, clumsy, barn-like bulk, and it looks still more utilitarian from the other side, where the City Hall faces it over the trees of the Park. The City Hall is perhaps as correct, or one of the most correct, pieces of architecture in the city of New York; it is simple, direct, and graceful, with the quiet dignity, in the balance of its two wings, of a Colonial mansion. Every known, and hitherto unknown, order of architecture surrounds it on the border of the Park, and not one of these many specimens robs it of its place in the centre of the stage, which it has held since those days when its southern extension was backed

one side and lets in a breath of fresh air where it breaks one of the long, high barriers of business houses. The people who haunt and who inhabit the Park have nothing in common with the wage-earners and money-makers who rush through it and about its four sides. They are the real leisure class of New York, and their only duty and pastime is to sit under the trees on the circle of benches and read three days' old newspapers, which were once wrapped round the luncheons of the despised wage-earner. You will see the same men on the same benches day after day, and month after month. Their garments grow more dirty and their chins more dark, until one day they disappear altogether—the police court and the coroner only can tell where. They are tramps, with the mud of country roads still heavy on their boots; strangers stranded in the streets, without money and without hope, and young toughs from the cheap lodging-houses on the Bowery, waiting to pick up a new tool in some recent arrival from the farms of New Jersey and Connecticut. They will

find him a trifle dazed by the rush and noise, resting here because there are trees about, before he starts in on that disheartening occupation known as "looking for work." He sits with his valise tightly squeezed between his knees, and with one hand touching the small roll of money sewed up in the pocket of his waistcoat. In a few days he will make his first entrance into a pawnshop on the Bowery, and the home-made clothes will go, and his silver watch, and finally the empty valise itself, and he will leave the shop for the last time with a hopelessly lost feeling, and no impediments but the clothes he stands in. Then, when he returns to the City Hall Park, he is ripe to listen to the hints of the hard-looking young man on the bench next him, and before evening he will be one of a crowd which "hold up" a drunken sailor for his

money, and an officer will have his hand on his shoulder, while his friends of the morning scamper off, dodging the light of the lamp-posts, until they disappear finally in the darkness of the side-streets.



"Fire!"

with brown stone because no one, so it was expected, would ever live south of it, and it would never be seen.

The City Hall Park makes a pleasant break in Broadway. It opens it up on

The Park is the rendezvous for many of the "Andies" and "Barneys" of local politics, with the inevitable cigar and the habit of emphasizing their remarks with the end of the right finger, and the

Office are blazing with light, and the mail wagons rattle up over the empty streets with a great to do and unload their freight of trouble and good news where it may be scattered broadcast



Near the Post-office—Early Morning.

interrogative "see." They are waiting to buttonhole this or that employe in one of the city departments who has a "pull;" and there are numerous Italian wedding parties who find it more distinguished and much more cheap to be married by the Mayor, and who are gay in purple and green ribbons, and are happily unconscious of how evident is the purpose of their visit.

But it is at night that the Park is at its best. When the windows of the Post-

office are blazing with light, and the mail wagons rattle up over the empty streets with a great to do and unload their freight of trouble and good news where it may be scattered broadcast over the world. On warm nights the marble steps of the City Hall are black with people from the slums, and every bench holds four drowsy figures; there is hardly room for the compositors and pressmen who have run across from Newspaper Row for a breath of air between shifts, and the Park policeman is kept constantly busy rapping the feet of the sleepers in the city's free lodging-place.

Newspaper Row bounds the eastern

side of the square with the workshops of the great dailies. They rise, one above the other, in the humorous hope that the public will believe the length of their subscription-lists is in proportion to the height of their towers. They are aggressively active and wide-awake in the silence of the night about them. The lights from the hundreds of windows glow like furnaces, and the quick and impatient beating of the groaning presses sounds like the roar of the sea. "There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers on every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys enter into the statesmen's cabinet." But the ambassadors she sends to the courts to-day are a very different sort of ambassadors from those of whom Mr. Warrington spoke, and they are probably not quite so useful.

From the City Hall on up Broadway to Tenth Street the complexion of the street is utterly changed, and there is nothing but wholesale business houses, almost all with strange foreign names. This is where Broadway nods a little. There is none of the rush of lower Broadway, and none of its earnestness. The big houses deal only with firms, and not with individuals. Their windows show straw bonnets when the retail stores up town are filled with Christmas presents, and in summer their stock in trade points out what the fall overcoat will be like, and how furs will be fashioned. The proprietors stand in the doorways, or gaze out of the windows, with their customers from the country at their elbows, watching the passing crowd. Three sales a day is good business in one of these houses, and means thousands of dollars. Broadway takes a dip, geographically, from the City Hall to Canal Street, where those tiresome individuals who knew New York when Union Square was a forest, fished in the stream that gave the street its name, or say they did. It rises again until it reaches Tenth Street, where it turns sharply west. From the City Hall one can see the tops of all the horse-cars as they go down and rise again, and the street itself looks as though it stopped altogether at Tenth Street, blocked by Grace Church. There

were, no doubt, excellent reasons for placing Grace Church just where it is; but if it had been placed at the joint of Broadway for no other than the architectural effect, there would have been reason enough. There is no place where it could have been seen so well. It seems to join the two angles of the street and put a punctuation mark to the business quarter. From its corner in the angle of the L it is conspicuous from either approach, and it silently educates and teaches everyone who passes, something of what is best in architecture.

The shopping district begins about Tenth Street, and is bounded on the north by the latitude of Twenty-third, where the promenade begins and continues on up indefinitely to Forty-second Street. One is as likely to see a man here as at an afternoon tea, and if one should dare to venture in, it is only for one of two reasons: either he is the husband or brother of some wife or sister in the suburbs, who has asked him to run uptown at luncheon-time and match something for her, or he is there because the women are there, and he has come to look at them. In the first place he is entitled to your pity, and in the second place as well, for his occupation, though individually satisfactory, is not profitable. The business district is very grim and very real, the shopping district is all color, and movement, and variety. It is not the individual woman one sees here, but woman in the plural. You may have a glance of a beautiful face, or of a brilliant or an outrageously inappropriate gown, but it is only a glimpse, and the face is lost in a composite photograph of faces, the expression of which seems to be one of decided anxiety. For it is apparently a very serious business, this shopping. The shoppers do not seem to be altogether happy, for they have heard, perhaps, of a place where you can get that same lace flounce for two cents a yard less than at the other place, where you got the last lot, and they are pressing on before it is all gone. They are as keen over their bargains in trimmings and gloves as their husbands down town are over the rise and fall in oil, and they certainly do not look as if they were on



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

Below Trinity Church—9:45 A.M.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

pleasure bent. On the contrary, they seem to have much upon their minds. On a sunny, bright morning, when it is possible for them to wear their best bravery without fear of rain, Broadway holds, apparently, every woman of means in the city. Who stays at home to take care of the baby, and who looks after the flat? is a question. I use the word flat advisedly, because all the women who shop below Union Square and along Fourteenth Street live in flats. Above Union Square they occupy apartments. It is a very fine distinction. The ladies who live in flats generally come down town in the "elevated," and dress a great deal; they make an event of it, and take their luncheons, which consist of a meringue and an ice, down town. They think nothing of walking three hours at a time over hard floors, or remaining on their feet before long counters, but it would weary them, you would find, to walk the children to the Park and back again—besides, that would be so unprofitable. There is an object in going down town to shop; the object sometimes costs as much as fifty cents, and you get a fan with it, or a balloon, or a little paste-board box to carry it in. It is a remarkably dressed procession, and noticeable in the youthfulness of the attire of those who are somewhat too elderly to stand artificial violets in their bonnets, and those who are much too young to wear their hair up. There is much jewelry, and doubtful jewelry at that, below Union Square, and a tendency to many silver bangles, and shoulder-capes, and jingling chatelaines.

Union Square makes a second break in Broadway, and is a very different lounging-place indeed from City Hall Park. It is much more popular, as one

can see by the multitude of nurse-maids and children, and in the number and cared-for beauty of the plants and flowers, and in the general air of easy geniality of the park policemen, who wear white cotton gloves. They have to get along without gloves about the City Hall. Horace Greeley and Benjamin Franklin are the appropriate guardians of that busy lower park, while the graceful Lafayette and the stately equestrian figure of Washington are the presiding figures of this gayer and more metropolitan pleasure-ground. Union Square is bounded on the south by that famous strip of pavement known to New Yorkers who read the papers as the Rialto. This is the promenade of actors, but a very different class indeed from the

polished gentlemen who brighten upper Broadway. They are just as aggressively conspicuous, but less beautiful, and they are engaged in waiting for something to turn up. They have just returned from a tour which opened and closed at Yonkers, and they cannot tell why. They have come back "to reorganize," as they express it, and to start afresh next week with



Recreation.

another manager, and greater hopes. They live chiefly on hope. It is said it is possible to cast, in one morning, any one of Shakespeare's plays, to equip any number of farce companies, and to "organize" three Uncle Tom's Cabin combinations, with even more than the usual number of Marks the lawyer, from this melancholy market of talent that ranges about the theatrical agencies and costumers' shops and bar-rooms of lower Union Square. The Broadway side of Union Square is its richest and most picturesque. The great jewelry and silver-shops begin here, and private carriages line the curb in quadruple



Looking up Broadway—near Grace Church.

lines, and the pavement is impressively studded with white-breeched grooms. Long-haired violinists and bespectacled young women in loose gowns, with rolls of music in their hands, become conspicuous just above this—the music-

shops are responsible for them. And from this on up Broadway from Union Square the richer and more fashionable element shows itself, and predominates altogether. These shoppers come in carriages, and hold long lists between

gloved fingers, and spend less time at the bargain counters. The crowd is not so great, and the dressing is much richer, and as well worth looking at as that of any city in the world. These shoppers are not so hurried, either, they walk more leisurely, and stop at every candy store; and windows filled with photographs of American duchesses and English burlesque actresses are like barriers in their path. They are able to observe in passing how every other woman is dressed, and at the same time to approve their own

ment. Those you meet further up look as though they regarded Broadway not as a straight line between two points, not as a thoroughfare, but as a promenade. But in the lower part there are groups of distinguished-looking women and beautiful girls with bunches of flowers at their waists, and a certain affectation of manishness in their dress that only makes their faces more feminine by contrast. "They carry themselves well," would be the first criticism of a stranger, and they have a frank look of interest in what is going on about them which could even be mistaken for boldness, but which really tends to show how certain of themselves they are.

At Twenty-third Street the more business-like Broadway takes on the leisurely air of the avenue, which it crosses, and in which it is merged for a block or two. The rush is greatest here, and hansoms and democratic street-cars and lumbering busses with their roof-gardens of pretty girls, and victorias, in which the owners look down upon the pedestrians as if a bit conscious of their high estate, are forced into each other's company as closely as are the carts and drays farther down town. This is where quiet home-bodies of the lower half of the avenue, and the other daughters of the few hundred from above, make a dash across the forbidden ground of Broadway and pass on to the more secure footing of the avenue, as calmly unconscious of the Broadway habitué who begins to prow just here, as though he were one of the hotel pillars against which he poses. This is the most interest-

ing spot in the city to the stranger within our gates, and it is, after all, the Broadway that we all know and like the best. It is so cosmopolitan, so alive, and so rich in color and movement, and so generous in its array of celebrities. One could wear a turban here, or a pith helmet, or a sealskin ulster down to his heels, and his passing would cause no comment. For everyone who visits New York, whether he be a Japanese prince, or a political exile from Erin, or the latest imported London pickpocket, finds his way sooner or later to this promenade of the tenderloin district of Broadway. Here you will



The Pleasures of Shopping.

perfection in any plate-glass window with a sufficiently dark background to throw a reflection.

This is the part of Broadway where one should walk just before the Christmas holidays, if one wants to see it at its very best; when the windows offer richer and costlier bids to those of better taste than at any other season; and when the women whom one passes have a thoroughbred air of comfort and home about them, and do not look as though they were altogether dependent on the street and shops for their entertain-

meet face to face in their proper persons the young women whose photographs smile upon them in somewhat erratic stood that though he is in the parade he is not of it ; and richly dressed, well-fed sporting men, with cheeks tanned



"Something the Matter."

Near the Lincoln Statue, Union Square.

attire from the shop-windows, which one would think might prove embarrassing ; and the leading juveniles of the stock companies, well gloved and groomed, and with a conscious effort to look unconscious ; and the staid British tourist, with the determined air of one who wishes it under-

by the wind and sun of the race-tracks ; and white-faced gamblers, with expressionless eyes, which tell of late hours and gas-light and close air, and which seem to blink in the sun as if it hurt them. There are soubrettes, with short curly hair, given to loud and unexpected explosions of mirth. Very

handsome young women, with a showy, fair-weather look about them, which makes one think they would certainly have postponed their walk if it had rained, and who carry long silver-han-

dated, white-haired man who touched your shoulder as he brushed past, keeps a gambling-house at Saratoga during the summer months, or that the woman at his side is not his wife. They



"The Rialto."

Broadway and Fourteenth Street.

dled parasols which were never meant to be unrolled. Local politicians, celebrities whose faces the comic papers have helped to make familiar, and play-writers, and book-makers of both sorts, and many other men and women too, to whom this promenade is part of their daily advertisement. They are there to look and be looked at; and to have the passing stranger nudge his companion and whisper, "That is So-and-so, who is playing at Such-and-such a theatre" is, as Mr. Vincent Crummies declared it to be, fame, and like breath to their nostrils. They have their reward. There are some who will tell you that Broadway at this point should be as a howling wilderness to respectable men and women; but they are those who know the true character of the pedestrians more thoroughly than is altogether profitable, illustrating that too much knowledge is a dangerous thing. It is not essential that you should know that the smooth-

do you no harm, and you are not on Broadway to enlarge your visiting list, but only to enjoy the procession, of which, for the time being, you are a part. You need not take it from the point of view of the young man on the corner, with his hat knowingly slanted and his cane in his side-pocket, nor of the gaping visitor in the hotel window, with the soles of his shoes showing against the pane; but if you are a student of your fellow-men you will find enough bright faces in the crowd to send you home an optimist, and so many wrecks and failures and fallen favorites of fortune, as to make you wish you had selected to walk on the avenue instead. It is even more gayly alive at night, when all the shop-fronts are lighted, and the entrances to the theatres blaze out on the sidewalk like open fireplaces, and when every street-car goes jumping past loaded down to the railings with well-dressed theatre-goers, and when the tran-



In the Retail District.
Broadway, between Seventeenth and Twenty-third Streets.

sient strangers stand in the doorways of the big hotels, or venture out on little sorties to the corner and back again. It is at this hour that the clerk appears, dressed in his other suit, the one which he keeps for the evening, and

the girl bachelor, who is either a sales-lady or a working-girl, as she better chooses to call herself, and who can and does walk alone in New York at night unmolested, if she so wishes it, which is something she could not do in any other

city in the world. She has found her hall bedroom cold and lonely after the long working-day behind a counter or at a loom, and the loneliness tends to homesickness and to make one think, which, as everybody knows, is a very dangerous occupation; so she puts on her hat and slips down a side street and loses herself in the unending procession on Broadway, where, though she knows no one, and no one wants to know her, there is light and color, and she is at least not alone. Of course it is a dangerous place for her, as other young women who call themselves non-workers appreciate for her, and for her institute reading-rooms and working-girls' clubs and associations, of which one hears so little and which accomplish such great

with alert, insolent eyes, and who a year before was what she is now, and who sees nothing in the lighted shop window before which she stops but the reflection of the man who has dropped out of step with the procession and is hovering at her side.

There is a diagonal street crossing over Broadway just below Twenty-sixth Street, which leads pleasantly to that great institution of upper Broadway, which never changes, whether it be under the *régime* of the first or the third generation. The broad white window-shades and the tropical plants in the iron urns in front of the great restaurant, which some one called the largest club of the world, never seem to need renewing, and there is always a glimpse



"Evening Papers."

The delivery wagon near Madison Square.

and immeasurable good. But she may read how great her danger is in the face of the young woman who passes her

from Broadway of an array of high-top hats, and curling rings of smoke, and moving waiters. You may go continent-



"Visiting Statesmen."

In front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, during a political convention.

trotting all over Europe, you may lose yourself fighting tigers in the jungles of India, or in carrying a transit over the alkali plain of Montana, or on a cattle-ranch in Texas, and you may return to find snow and winter where you left dust and summer, and to find strangers where you bade farewell to friends, but the big club of Broadway will be just as you left it, with as many beautifully dressed women in the dining-room, and the same solemn-looking youths in the café, and the same waiter, who never

grows old, to pull out your chair for you at your old place at the window which looks out upon Broadway.

The promenade is best worth looking at around Madison Square, either in the summer, when the twilight lasts until late and the trees are heavy with leaves, and the gas-jets look like monster fire-flies; or in winter, when the Square is covered with snow, like frosting on a great wedding-cake, when it has settled even on Admiral Farragut's epaulets, and the electric lights shine blue and

clear through the black, bare branches, and the lamps of the many broughams dance past continually to opera or ball, and give a glimpse through the frosty pane of a woman's figure muffled in furs and swan's-down. There is something exhilarating about this corner of Broadway, where the theatres at every turn are bright with colored illuminations telling of runs of one hundred nights, and where the restaurants and hotels are brilliantly aglow and desperately busy. It is at this corner that on the nights of the presidential election the people gather most closely, trampling down the grass in the Square, and blocking the street-cars and omnibuses with barricades of flesh and blood at fever heat. One man tells how, on such a night, he spent one hour in forcing his way from Twenty-third Street to the Hoffman House, when the crowd of patient watchers was so great that men could not raise their hands to applaud the messages from all over the continent, but had to content themselves with shouting their disgust or pleasure at the sky. These are the nights when Broadway cannot hold the crowd, and it is forced into the avenue and cross-streets until the stereopticon throws the last fatal writing on the billowing wall of canvas, and the people learn that a government has changed and that they have put a new president into office, and the mob melts noisily away, and in the morning there is nothing left of the struggle that has brought so great a change over a whole country but the down-trodden grass in the Square and a few burnt-out Roman candles in the middle of the street.

In the summer, when everybody is out of town, Madison Square draws many of Broadway's pedestrians over to itself, and finds seats for them under the trees in the changing glare of the electric lamps, which turn the grass and leaves into such a theatrical and unwholesomely greenish tint. This is the people's roof-garden, it is their summer watering-place, their seashore and mountains, and when supper is over they come to the Square to forget the cares of the working day and the heat of the third-floor back, and the routine that must begin again on the morrow. Old men creep out here from the close, hot

streets of the East Side, and mumble together on the benches; mothers from the same tenement gossip about the rent, and the boy who is doing so well down town, or the girl who has gone wrong and who is "away" on the Island. And you will see lovers everywhere. You will see a young girl and a young man come hurrying toward each other down different paths, and you will notice that they begin to smile while they are still many yards apart, and that they clasp hands when they meet as though they never intended to let go. And then they will pick out a bench by itself in the shadow and laugh and whisper together as though they were afraid the birds would tell all the foolishly fond things they overhear them say. It is not as aristocratic an occupation as "rocking," it lacks the picturesque surroundings which enhance and excuse that institution at Bar Harbor and Narragansett, there is no sea and no moon, only an electric lamp that hisses and sputters and goes out at frequent intervals, but the spirit of the thing seems to be very much the same. And there are young married people with a baby carriage trimmed with richer lace than the mother herself can afford to wear, and which the young father pushes proudly before him, while the woman runs ahead and looks back to see if the baby is gaining a little sleep before its return to the stifling, stuffy air of the flat.

And sometimes—how very often, only a brief line in the daily paper tells—you will see the young man who sits by himself away from the crowd on a bench, and who is trying to work out a problem on the asphalt with the point of his cane. It is a very old problem, and some one once crystallized it by asking in a book if life is worth the living. The young man never read the book, but he is trying to answer the question by and for himself, and he has stepped from the street and has come out here into the Square to think it over for the hundredth time. He has placed a great many ambitions against very few accomplished facts, and nothing matters, nothing is of any consequence, not even success, and what is still worse, not even failure. And the girl in the case is honestly not worth all this pother—if he could only get to

see it ; but he cannot see it, and starts restlessly and rubs out the markings on the asphalt with the sole of his shoe. He is terribly in earnest is this young

on the benches, the young man will bite a hole in his handkerchief where his name was written in by one of his people at home, and will step back into



The Metropolitan Opera House at Night.
Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street.

man, and he will not pose when he has decided and the time has come to act ; he will read over the letters in his pocket for the last time very steadily, the letters from home and the letters from her, and tear them up in small pieces and throw them away with the cards that bear his name, with every other scrap of paper that might tell the world, which cares so very little after all, who he was. When it gets darker and the electric lights throw long, black shadows on the empty sidewalks, and the old gentlemen get up stiffly and hobble away to bed, and leave only the lovers

the shadow of the tree behind the bench and answer the problem in the negative. And the selfish lovers on the bench a hundred yards away will jump to their feet when they hear the report, startled and frightened, but still holding each other's hands. And the park policeman will rap for the officer on Broadway, who will ring for the ambulance, and the crowd of loungers who have no homes to go to, and waiters from the restaurants just getting away from work, and cab-drivers from the stand on Broadway will cross over and form a circle, while the boy ambulance surgeon kneels in

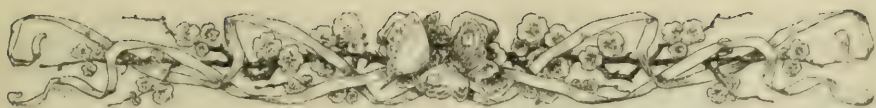
the wet grass and runs his fingers over the young man's chest. And he will rise and shake his head and say, "This is no case for me," for the young man will have settled the question, as far as he is individually concerned, forever.

Broadway, for so great a thoroughfare, gets its people to bed at night at a very proper season. It allows them a scant hour in which to eat their late suppers after the theatre, and then it grows rapidly and decorously quiet. The night watchmen turn out the lights in the big shops and leave only as many burning as will serve to show the cases covered with linen, and the safe, defiantly conspicuous, in the rear; the cars begin to jog along more easily and at less frequent intervals, prowling nighthawks take the place of the smarter hansom of the day, and the street-cleaners make drowsy attacks on the dirt and mud. There are no all-night restaurants to disturb the unbroken row of business fronts, and the footsteps of the patrolman and the rattle of the locks as he tries the outer fastenings of the shops echo sharply, and the voices of belated citizens bidding each other good-night, as they separate at the street corners, have a strangely loud and hollow sound. By midnight the street is as quiet and desolate-looking as a summer resort in midwinter, when the hotel and cottage windows are barred up and the band-stand is covered an inch deep with snow. It is almost

as deserted as Broadway is on any Sunday morning, when the boys who sell the morning papers are apparently the only New Yorkers awake. It deserves a little rest and refurbishing after having been ground down all day by the weight of so many thousand passing feet and heavy wheels, but it gets very little of either, for as soon as the watering-cart and the broom of the street-cleaners disappear into the darker night of the side-streets, milk-carts and truck gardeners' wagons begin to roll and rumble from the ferries to the early market, piled high with fresh-smelling vegetables, and with the farmer's boy sleeping on top of the load of cabbages while the father dozes on the driver's seat; and then mail-carts and heavy trucks and drays begin to bump noisily over the cobbles, and lights to glow in the basements of the hotels, and those who are condemned to open and sweep out the offices down town turn out into the darkness, still half-awake, and with heavy half-closed eyes, and, then comes the bluish-gray light and the first fresh breath of the morning, and the policemen shiver slightly and yawn and shrug their shoulders, and the gas-lights grow old and tawdry-looking, as down each cross-street comes the warm red rays of the sun, rising grandly out of the East River, and Broadway, rested and swept and garnished, takes up the burden of another day.



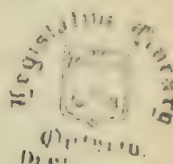
Coachmen.



A FRAGMENT OF A PLAY.

WITH A CHORUS.

By Mary Tappan Wright.



THE sun had gone down in a red ball, like an angry moon, leaving the west glowing with fiery, transparent rose. The quiet sea gleamed with stripes of delicate azure and faintest amber, and, outlined sharply against it in miniature capes and bays, the wet beach spread out in an even expanse of dark, metallic blue, a color resembling that of tarnished steel, with neither lights nor shadow. In the east enormous trails of cloud reached from the hills high into the sky, bending and curling like great plumes, reflecting in pink the deeper rose of the sunset.

But of all this four people on the shore were apparently quite unconscious. The two younger absorbed in each other were sitting on the rocks, talking earnestly, while the two older, resting after tea on their own verandah, were compelled by circumstances and the rights of property to take a passive share in the conversation going on below; and yet but one voice came up to them—the woman's, for the man, who was slightly deaf, spoke softly, almost beneath his breath.

With the air of one signing a cartel the man on the verandah drew a match along the railing:

"I have warned, I have reprov'd; I have reminded Sordello over and over again that if he will persist in carrying on his little affairs under our noses he must expect to be overheard. And now," lighting his pipe, defiantly, "I mean to stay where I am and enjoy my smoke in peace."

"I should think he might see how absurd it is!" said his wife, impatiently.

"As far as seeing goes he is all right, this time," said the master of the house, judicially, "for that is a very pretty girl, quite the best of the assortment. And if she enjoys speaking in tones that are distinctly audible at a distance of forty feet, let her alone. Beauty has its privileges."

"It is frightfully dishonorable to listen!"

"Great heavens!" said he, irritably, "how can we help listening? Does she expect us to sit in the kitchen? She must know that there is a house in this direction. Hear that now!"

"If I had thought that you would begin all this over again," said the girl, in a clear, slow voice, "I should not have come."

The man threw his head back and made some fractious reply, at which she laughed.

"Well, then, if I thought you were going on with it I should not have come. — Yes!" — responding to some query accompanied by an impatient gesture. "Of course I knew that you were here. But it by no means follows that because I came you are at liberty to reopen a subject that long since, had been——"

He interrupted her, and spoke at some length, while the girl sat looking out over the water. The color was changing in the sky and the sea was beginning to fade into gray; her profile against it was like that of a head on a Roman coin, the hair knotted low at the back of the neck, and waving in tight, curly waves from the forehead.

"Sordello is in earnest—I firmly believe," said the master of the house.

The mistress nodded and answered, "Hush!"

"To how many girls have you said the very same thing already this summer?" asked the young lady, with tranquil sarcasm.

The master of the house began to laugh.

"It is evident that she knows him well," said his wife.

"Oh, yes! I am convinced that I am different," returned the girl, "quite convinced. So were they! Now, really, Harold, we might as well go back to the hotel. There is no wisdom in beginning this over again, or in 'going on with it'—anything you choose to call it."

"She calls him Harold," said the master of the house.

"It must be his cousin Grace—the one that is on the stage."

"That accounts for her indifference to an audience!" he remarked, moving his chair nearer the railing.

"Don't make such a noise," she cautioned impatiently.

"Come now," said he. "I think we ought to make a noise. It is really outrageous for us to sit up here and never let them know. Some one ought to cough."

"Well, then, cough."

He did so, weakly.

"Bah!" said she.

The girl on the rocks looked up magnificently, and went on with her conversation.

"It is just possible," she was saying, "that my own profession may hold out to me as many attractions as yours seems to have for you!"

The young man made an eager gesture of denial.

"And yet you are asking me to give it up," the girl continued. "It amounts, practically, to that. If you can't work in the city, and I can't follow my profession out of it, in case we marry there is nothing left for me to do but to go off the stage, and I am just beginning to make it successful. Why should I throw away all my training any more than you?"

"She is right," said the mistress.

"Nonsense!" said the master. "Women who love don't reason. She doesn't care a pin for him."

"Oh, you need not fear!" went on the girl's voice. "I shall not break down. I am strong, and young, and healthy, and I like it—all! even the hardships. Why, Harold, I make twice as much a year as you do!"

The man leaped to his feet and ran a short distance down the rocks; gathering a handful of pebbles, he returned, and standing near her began to skim them out over the water, jerking forth a curt remark as he did so.

"You do not make enough for two," she asserted positively, "at least not the kind of enough that I like."

He leaned forward and looked down into her eyes.

"No," she said. "We shouldn't be one at all, at least if you mean that one to be the half of two. If we had my money and yours together we might do it. But that is out of the question. Still—Harold—don't you think you could risk a little, and try to live in the city during the winter?"

"Now, isn't that just like a woman?" began the master of the house. "She knows he can't get on without his position in that country school at Essex."

"If he cared anything about her at all he would go back to the practice of medicine," answered his wife.

"I tell you it would be the ruin of him."

"Nonsense. He is fonder a good deal of his art than of his lady-love."

"As far as I can see, she is fonder of her ease than he is of his art. What is to prevent her going and living quietly and modestly at Essex?"

"Ease! Do you call it ease to slave day and night on the stage to amuse other people?"

"Do be quiet," he answered, impatiently. "I can't hear a word she's saying."

The western sky had turned a deep orange, and glowed far up toward the zenith; but the east had darkened and

the water was streaked with lines of shadow.

"No," said the girl, in clear, gentle tones. "No; I could not let you return to the practice of medicine for my sake. It is too much of a sacrifice, in spite of everything you can say to the contrary. We should not have let this come up again. The whole thing was settled——"

He had remained standing, and now, resting one hand on his right knee, he bent toward her, talking long and eagerly. The glow in the heavens died completely away, and their figures began to blend with the gray around them; in the seclusion of the twilight the girl spoke with greater freedom.

"But I do care for you," she said. "I care too much to allow you to sacrifice all your best prospects of success. I could never make up to you what you had resigned."

There was something like an angry growl in return.

"But I couldn't! I should be only a burden and a worry. I couldn't manage. I couldn't do anything."

Again he argued earnestly; but the girl shook her head.

"I know it is a simple life; but I don't like simplicity; it doesn't agree with me! Let me alone, Harold. I have been all through the struggle once, and I cannot go over it. It is better for us both that I cannot."

For a few moments there was silence and the twilight deepened rapidly. Then one of the gray figures rose and ran down the side of the rocks toward the shore; it was Sordello.

"Harold!" she called softly; but he did not heed. "Harold!" a little louder. He turned his head: she beckoned him to return, but he slowly walked along the beach, and was soon lost to view.

"Well!" said the master of the house, "that girl deserves a whipping. Of all the selfish, artful——"

"Hush-sh!"

The girl was slowly climbing the steep path that ran by the house. It was now very nearly dark, and as she passed the verandah and turned into the road, they heard a little sob.

"Poor child, I knew she cared for him," sighed the mistress, sympathetically.

"She cares for herself," said the master, hardening his heart.

It chanced a few days later that the master and mistress of the house were sitting together in the Pine Woods, where he was making a sketch of a convenient sunny rock that lay on the hillside some distance below them. Suddenly the mistress looked up from her novel in dismay. A clear voice sounded on the other side of the boulder against which she was leaning.

"You are not fair to me," it said. "It is because I care too much for you, not because I do not care enough."

"This is unendurable," said the master, indignantly. "I am going to walk around this rock and let Sordello know that I do not intend to be made the victim of his misplaced affections twice in one week."

"If you interfere with them now," whispered his wife, "you will ruin their last chance of happiness."

"Nonsense!" he said, rudely. "There are chances of happiness lying around loose by the hundred all over the place! Why can't they row out on the bay, or go over to the Lighthouse Rocks? And there are the Sand Hills, and the Little Pine Woods——"

"Very well," said his wife, tranquilly, "do as you please; it is nothing to me. She is sorry for her last Tuesday's decision; but give her another three days to review the situation, and she will begin to realize what she has escaped."

"So much the better!"

"For her you mean? Yes; but how about Sordello? Let her once think the matter over, and she will be very cautious as to allowing her regrets to get the better of her judgment a second time."

"That was the case with you?"

"Unfortunately—no."

There was just then no opportunity for further speech, as Sordello and his cousin were rapidly approaching.

"Now, if that isn't impudence!" said the master of the house, softly, as the

two appeared further down the hill and seated themselves on the very rock that he was sketching.

"They must have seen us."

"Sordello didn't; he was looking at her."

"She did, for she turned and stared directly in our faces. One would think we were dust or stones!" said the mistress, indignantly.

"Well, when you consider the insignificance of the larger and the hard-heartedness of the smaller, she is not far wrong," said the master, philosophically. "However, as a balm to your wounded pride, I don't mind letting you know that she is short-sighted. Sordello told me. What a gorgeous red head!"

And he resumed his painting with sudden enthusiasm. The girl had taken off her large hat and was using it as a fan; the sun-flecks falling through the thin pine foliage shone like spots of burnished copper on the coils of her waving hair.

"As for 'anxiety' and 'suspense,'" she announced, distinctly, "you must confess that however painful your sufferings may have seemed to you, they have been admirably disguised. You have spent three evenings in succession down on those rocks with a different girl every time."

Sordello had been looking intently down the hill where the straight trunks of the pine-trees extended in a long vista of pinkish columns, and now as she spoke he made a telescope of his hands, and replied apparently at random.

"Ye—es," said his cousin, with a little show of offence, "I suppose it is. Perhaps you would like to go back and get your colors now."

He let himself slide down on the soft bed of pine-needles at her feet, and leaning back looked up at her, smiling mischievously.

"I wish he wouldn't make her move her head!" muttered the master of the house, not looking up from his work. The mistress rose and glanced over his shoulder.

"You are not going to sketch her in!" she whispered, disapprovingly.

"Yes, I am! going to do that very

thing," he defiantly answered. "I haven't seen hair like that in the last ten years, and if she does not want to be sketched she can move on."

"Why, we are talking in whispers!" said the mistress, taking care, however, not to raise her voice. "Disgraceful! I will not be a party to anything so flagrant."

"Hadn't you better cough?" suggested the master, with malicious memories of a former occasion.

She coughed—discreetly.

"What is the use of coughing in a whisper?" he asked.

"Do hush," said his wife.

"Did you ever know me to be jealous? Me?" the girl was saying, indignantly. "Of what should I be jealous?" and the mistress saw the mischievous smile on Sordello's face deepen, while the nature of his reply was far from soothing.

"I really believe," retorted the girl, "that you have sufficient self-complacency to think that what you are saying is true!"

Poking with his stick among the needles at his feet Sordello made another short inquiry.

"No!" she cried, inconsistently. "It isn't true, and you know it. No one is jealous nowadays. People may be hurt, or displeased, or surprised, or disgusted even, but there is no such a thing as jealousy."

Sordello looked up at her inquiringly, and boldly ventured another remark.

"I may act it well, and I may not," she answered, indifferently. "No one can tell: I do it by tradition. The glaring, tearing emotions of the old plays are a thing of the past."

"It is a relief," said the master of the house, "to think of jealousy as a passion entirely obsolete. Does this apply generally, among painters and musicians, or is its decadence restricted to lovers alone?"

"Don't talk," said his wife. "I want to listen."

"But you ought not to want to listen. I wonder now which she is? Hurt, or disgusted, or surprised? Disgusted, I suppose, judging by that ugly girl he

had down on the rocks last night. I didn't give Sordello credit for so much ingenuity."

"It seems to me that he was even more 'ingenious'"—with a spiteful little stress on the word—"before she came."

"Oh, well, this is no time for discussion. How women love to rake up things! What if he was? He is in earnest now."

"Sordello?" elevating her eyebrows.

"Sordello," with severe certainty.

"She's in earnest, I'll grant you."

"She?" elevating his eyebrows.

"She—but this is no time for discussion!"

Sordello, in the meantime, was resting both his arms on the rock and explaining something seriously. His cousin leaned toward him and listened: there was evident apprehension in the earnestness of her attitude.

"Harold! You have not! How could you? Such a terrible sacrifice!" she cried at last. "And you know how I abominate a doctor."

Sordello removed his arms, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, half turned his back, making some retort with the sullen air of a man who on doing his best to please finds it a failure.

"There is no other career but art," answered the girl, passionately; "at least there is not for you. And you sit there and sulk because I am not radiant with delight at seeing you persist in making yourself unendurable."

"For rank ingratitude and absolute deficiency of heart," began the master of the house—and was suppressed.

"I said *un-en-durable*, and I mean it. When you were studying at the medical college you were a cross, tiresome, pessimistic prig!"

Sordello took his hands from his pockets and reaching forward picked up a small cone which he placed carefully on his thumb-nail held in the hollow of his bent forefinger; taking an accurate aim he shot it at a little tree near, and as it hit the mark he shrugged his shoulders, saying something without turning his head.

"I may have thought I was fond of

you then, Harold; but now that I look back at it I am quite sure I could not have been. You have no idea how different you are; for the last five years you have been quite another man, so gay and so happy, and even—in a certain feeble way—witty and agreeable—not a bit like yourself!"

He turned his face to look up at her, laughing softly.

"Sordello is handsome," said the mistress of the house.

"He knows it," said the master.

"When such knowledge has a justifiable foundation, it is not to be condemned. Now, there are men——"

"Listen!" said he, impatiently. "What are they saying now?"

"There is but one thing to do, Harold; send immediately and say that you have reconsidered. Nothing more will be necessary. They cannot afford to lose you at that Essex school, and you might as well keep the place until you are able to do without it. It will not be long—and—and until then——" She stopped, looked carefully into the trimming of her hat for a moment, and then went on: "Harold, I wrote a letter to my manager this morning, declining to sign a new engagement for next winter."

Sordello sprang to his feet, and standing before her, apparently poured out a torrent of objections.

"I know that I shall miss it," she said, listening dejectedly to his further protests.

"Yes. I never was so happy as I have been since they let me go into it: and I suppose—as you gratefully intimate—that I am good for nothing else." She spoke sadly, mournfully even, but Sordello was not to be appeased; genuine dismay was printed on his every feature, and he spoke with an amount of energy that almost made itself audible.

"You needn't take the responsibility of it," said his cousin, a little impatiently. "I have taken it myself, although I confess to some consternation at your reception of the announcement. Still—it is not like your case. I never cared for you when you were a doctor. I can't endure doctors! It is since you have become an artist that I have liked you.

You have no right to ask me to marry anything else."

Sordello threw himself moodily on the ground again.

"You are very unjust as usual," she went on. "If I cared for the artist more than for the man, I should marry Pinxit. He is certainly a better artist than you are!"

"Had him there!" said the master, impartially.

"It is a mean, ungenerous thing of her to say," said the mistress, hotly. "Pinxit is not by any means——"

"Do stop where you are! If you once get to running on Pinxit——" He did not finish his sentence, for the girl was again speaking.

"It is not the same thing! In renouncing my own career I do you no injustice. You have been fond of me ever since I was three feet high. Off the stage, or on—it made no difference to you. You begged and implored me to marry you, and give it all up as much as six years ago, and you were going to cut your throat when I would not consent."

She waited as Sordello answered her, his back still turned.

"I am not disappointed because you didn't do it then, and as for doing it now, you might just as well have cut your throat as send such a letter as you sent this morning!"

He gave her one swift glance over his shoulder.

"A—ah!" said the mistress of the house, softly, "she would do well to consider. If he can look like that now——"

"These things work by contraries," said the master of the house; "at least that has been my experience!"

"True," she answered, with composure.

"My dear," remonstrated the master of the house, painting diligently all the time, "how often have I tried to show you that *tu quoque* is not wit?"

But the mistress of the house was not paying attention.

"What has Sordello done now?" she murmured.

"I am not as bad as you are!" his cousin was saying, angrily. "I never in my life was guilty of anything so hasty and ill-considered. Here, immediately following our Tuesday evening's talk, you go and straightway give up a position that means everything to you, without ever consulting anybody or——"

Sordello interrupted her with what seemed to be a pertinent question.

"The cases are entirely different," she cried, hotly. "Of course I did not consult *you*. With me there is no alternative. If you had given up the Essex position for the sake of taking a studio in the city——"

He made a gesture of impatient repudiation.

"You could do it, if you wished," she answered, "and as for this, it is simply another of the head-over-heels performances by which you usually have decided the momentous questions of your life."

The young man had risen slowly, as she was speaking, and stood looking down at her.

"Nonsense!" she returned, in answer to what he now said. "I defy you to mention a single occasion when you have given yourself an opportunity for second thought."

A startled smile lit Sordello's face like a flash and was gone; then with an odd mixture of triumph and indecision, he put his hand inside of his coat and drew out a flat Russia leather pocket-book; selecting from it an oblong yellow envelope he threw it on the rock beside her.

"A letter?" She lifted it very close to her eyes to read the address, but suddenly dropped it on the rock again. "Your resignation? And you have not sent it!"

"He has played an ace!" said the master of the house, sitting up straight on his camp-stool, and swelling with satisfaction.

"I told you he wasn't in earnest," said his wife.

"He looks as if he were not!" said the master, ironically. "What a pity that the more furious he gets the more softly he talks."

For Sordello, self-convicted of temporizing, was trying apparently to re-

store the balance of disparagement by a little recrimination.

"No real faith in you! No affection!" cried the girl, at last. "Harold, have I not set aside my ambition, thrown away years of preparation, and an almost absolute certainty of success, for your sake? What better proof of faith and affection could you have? Am I not willing to go and live in *Essex*?"

His answer was manifestly satisfactory to himself alone, for his cousin continued, defensively:

"I know you don't ask me to go there. Neither do you wish me, as you say, to give up my profession. But you certainly must see that as matters are you leave me no choice."

Sordello answered, shrugging his shoulders.

"And why should I defer to your judgment?" replied she, with increasing impatience. "Has it ever proved to be so much superior to my own? Look at your opposition to my studying for the stage."

Sordello remonstrated energetically.

"To be sure you came around," she said, scornfully. "But who doesn't come around when success is before him to justify it? You make as much of that as if you had stood by me when everything looked ugly and uncertain. Did I wait for you to succeed before giving you a word of encouragement? Am I not willing to sacrifice everything to your advancement?"

Sordello's handsome face was beginning to look sulky.

"I wish you wouldn't bring money into the discussion!" she replied, wearily, in answer to some short and manifestly practical suggestions. "It is not a question of money."

"She knows very well that it is a question of money," said the master of the house. "If he goes back to the practice of medicine and is once reconciled with that artist-hating old father of his, matters will be smooth enough."

Sordello had himself, probably, said something of the same kind, for his cousin answered:

"But I tell you there is no need for

you to go back to medicine. You can either come and live with mamma and me in the city——"

With a gesture of patient despair, Sordello commenced what seemed to be another labored exposition.

"That is the way you look at things," said the girl. "But as far as money goes, you have as good a right to what I earn as I have. Didn't your father pay the expenses of all my preparations for the stage?"

He smiled but did not seem convinced.

"Very well, then," she said, "let mamma and me come to *Essex*."

Again he shook his head, and counting off the fingers of his left hand with the forefinger of his right, began a reckoning in detail.

"But I can do without those things," said the girl, almost pleadingly. "Where did you ever see people who lived in greater simplicity than did mamma and I while I was studying? And we were cheerful and gay; there was never a happier house than ours."

Sordello looked puzzled; so did the master of the house.

"I thought simplicity did not agree with her," he whispered. "I do not understand."

"Men never do!" returned his wife.

"Oh, but there are different kinds of simplicity," said the girl, ingenuously. "Now an artistic simplicity is one thing, but a medical simplicity"—she shuddered—"is quite another! Don't send the letter!"

Sordello turned away and walked a short distance down the hill, as if searching for a spot wherein to think his own thoughts impartially, uninfluenced by her presence. Then, with renewed decision of manner, he returned and said his say without interruption.

"It amounts to this, then—" she replied, at last—"that you utterly refuse to recognize any third course, and insist upon reducing matters to a situation in which you leave me no alternative between either unnecessarily ruining your artistic career, or sacrificing my own. Of course I have nothing to do but accept the latter. I made this clear to you the other day."

"A pretty way to make sacrifices," growled the master of the house. "If she is going to do it, why doesn't she do it pleasantly?"

The mistress made no verbal reply, but taking out a small note-book labelled *Sauce for the Goose*, she entered this speech with the date, and then turned her attention elsewhere.

"You might as well acknowledge," the girl was saying, "that the person who lacks faith in you is neither more nor less than yourself. As long as there is firm ground beneath your feet, you swim beautifully, but you will never venture a stroke beyond your depth. It is just as it used to be when we were children. I could always 'stump' you, Harold."

Sordello threw up his head, and spoke from a haughty distance.

"I never used to do foolhardy things one minute and have to back out of them the next," she answered. "Never!" but there was in this "never" a perceptible tremor of uncertainty.

Sordello answered, looking at her keenly.

"I do not regard marrying you in the same way I should playing the game of 'follow my leader,'" she said. "For one thing, you never were the leader; for another——"

Again Sordello interrupted her, the boyish pride in his expression hardening into resentment.

"I have not made a frivolous, hasty decision," returned she, passionately. "I have been thinking of doing this for weeks. And as for the mortification of retracting it, and begging to be taken back again, I am happy in being able to show you that no such retraction will be needful!" She drew an envelope from her pocket and threw it down, a square of white, on top of the long yellow one

that Sordello had left lying upon the stone.

"She has trumped that ace!" exclaimed the mistress of the house, triumphantly.

"Bah! You might have known it," said the master.

Sordello and his cousin seemed to be dumfounded; they looked at the letters and then at each other, a long incredulous gaze. Their little storm of ill-temper and resentment had cleared the atmosphere. The girl began to laugh. It rippled out at first in an irrepressible little gush, followed by another and then another. Everything awoke with it, and the sleepy noon-day woods were suddenly filled with the jocund gurgle of birds and the joyous tinkle of clear brown streamlets. The contagion of laughter overcame them all, the master and mistress joining discreetly from a distance, while Sordello, ruefully at first, apologetically afterward, finally gave way to it with pure boyish abandon. Seizing his cousin about the waist, he whirled her from her seat, and hand in hand together they raced down the hill, the peals of their mirth returning more and more faintly to the astonished spectators, who, caught in the vortex of irresistible merriment, now found themselves stranded, wiping their eyes.

"Well—but—" hesitated the master of the house. "How did it end?"

His wife looked at him in dismay.

"I'm sure I don't know," she faltered.

"I've got her sketched in, anyhow," he said, complacently.

"You will be in honor bound to give it to them for a wedding present."

"Hum!" said the master, who strongly objected to giving away his sketches, "I am very uncertain as to its ever being called for. Marriage is by no means an inevitable conclusion."





Greenwich Palace, where Shakespeare Acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1594.
(From an engraving by Basire, published in 1767.)

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ACTOR.

By Alexander Cargill.



Shakespeare's Arms.

HOW rarely do we think of Shakespeare as an actor! And yet, contemplating the theme from a purely biographical point of view, by the aid of assured data, quite as much is known of the facts of Shakespeare's career as a

wearer of the sock and buskin as of his colossal work of authorship. In Sonnet CX., Shakespeare, referring, as some astute critics imagine, to his histrionic experiences, is supposed thus to lament of himself :

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view."

Whether the regretful reference be rightly or wrongly interpreted, is it too much to say that the profoundly interesting questions connected with Shakespeare's stage life have had too little attention from the generations of students of his works?

In his twenty-second year, as all accounts agree, Shakespeare began the serious business of life, and that in one of the most menial and unlikely capacities. If, hitherto, he had been foolish enough

to entertain, as young fanciful fellows sometimes do, any notion of attaching himself to a theatre in the capacity of actor so soon as he arrived in London, then he must have been wofully, rudely disappointed. The very doors of the place were, so to speak, shut against him at first ; and so he had for a time to pick up a livelihood as a horse-holder outside. And yet, how well and admirably he acquitted himself in the circumstances !

In a manuscript note preserved in the University Library, Edinburgh, and written, according to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, about the year 1748, there is the following reference to young Shakespeare's first employment on coming to London :

Sir William Davenant, who has been called a natural son of our author, used to tell the following whimsical story of him : Shakespeare, when he first came from the country to the playhouse, was not admitted to act ; but as it was then the custom for the people of fashion to come on horseback to entertainments of all kinds, it was Shakespeare's employment for a time, with several other poor boys belonging to the company, to hold the horses and take care of them during the representation. By his dexterity and care he soon got a great deal of business in this way, and was personally known to most of the quality that frequented the house ; insomuch that, being obliged, before he was taken into a higher and more honorable employment within doors, to train up boys to assist him, it became long afterward a usual way among them to recommend themselves by saying that they were Shakespeare's boys.

In another account, traceable to the same authority, but which has the additional value of having the endorsement of Betterton the actor, it is stated of Shakespeare's first connection with the theatre that :

When he came to London he was without money and friends, and being a stranger, he knew not to whom to apply, nor by what means to support himself. At that time, coaches not being in use, and as gentlemen were accustomed to ride to the playhouse, Shakespeare, driven to the last necessity, went to the playhouse door and pick'd up a little money by taking care of the gentlemen's horses who came to the play. He became eminent even in that profession, and was taken notice of for his skill and diligence in it : he had soon more business than he himself could manage, and at last hired boys under

therewith, they recommended him to the house, in which he was first admitted in a very low station, but he did not remain long so, for he soon distinguished himself, if not as an extraordinary actor, at least as a fine writer.

If Shakespeare began his theatrical career in these somewhat depressing circumstances, it would seem, however, according to these well-approved versions of its beginning, that he made the very best of his lot, leading as the effort did to great and glorious consequences. From the very outset of his remarkable London life, that shrewd good-sense which is not infrequently allied to the loftiest genius was a pre-eminent quality of Shakespeare's character. Whatever faults he may have committed at Stratford-on-Avon he now began to cancel, so far as that could be done, by assiduous industry and exemplary conduct, which, in the peculiar circumstances, do him no little credit.

It is not definitely known at what London theatre Shakespeare began his legitimate connection with the stage. At all events, there is no authentic record of the fact extant. Tradition has, however, assigned the honor of this rare distinction to the Red Bull Playhouse, which stood on a plot of ground, formerly called the Red Bull Yard, near the upper end of St. John's Street, Clerkenwell. But the probability is that it was at the Curtain Theatre "in the Moorefields" where he first began his histrionic career. This place of entertainment and "the Theatre," as Burbadge's place was distinctively named, were the only two theatres in the city proper when young Shakespeare first arrived in London, and were both situated on the north side of the Thames. It was against these two theatres especially that the Puritanical writers of the day hurled their bolts of denunciation. They were both the prominent objects of their wrath and invective, and suffered, so far as language could afflict them, copious floods of furious abuse.* It was to



Inside of the Red Bull Playhouse, said to have been the theatre where Shakespeare held gentlemen's horses.
(Reproduced by permission from the collection of Henry Irving, Esq.)

him, who were known by the name of Shakespeare's boys. Some of the players, accidentally conversing with him, found him so acute and master of so fine a conversation that, struck

*Such passages are found in Northbrooke's Treatise (1577-78) in a dialogue between Youth and Age; and in a letter addressed to Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary to Queen Elizabeth, and dated January 15, 1586 (Harleian MSS. No. 286), the writer (name unknown) dwells on the great number of actors at that time performing in the city of London, and deplores the fact that they not only played every day in the week, but also on Sundays. He says:—

"The daylie abuse of Stage Playes is such an offence to the godlie. and so great a hindrance to the gospel, as the

an institution thus anathematized that young Shakespeare found himself admitted. But whether it was actually on (or behind) the stage of the Curtain Theatre, or of the Red Bull Playhouse, that he made his first acquaintance with the appurtenances of the actor's calling, to which he now aspired, no direct evidence is known to exist.

If we are to credit the testimony (con-



A Puritan of Shakespeare's Time (William Prynne).

sidered, it may be said, of no great value by the eminent Shakespearian biographer and critic, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps) of a writer in the *London Chronicle* of 1769, then Shakespeare's right of admission to the boards of the theatre rested, at first, on no exceptional, personal rec-

papists do exceedingly rejoyce at the bleamish thereof, and not without cause: for every day in the weake the Players billes are sett up in sondry places of the citie, some in the name of her Majesties menne, some the Earl of Leicester; some the E. of Oxford, the Lo. Admiralles and divers others: so that when the Belles tole to the Lectorer, the trumpets sound to the Stages, whereat the wicked Faction of Rome laugheth for joye, while the godlie weep for sorrow—Woe is me! the Playe houses are pestered when the churches are naked: at the one It is not possible to gett a place, at the other voyd sestes are plentie. The profaning of the Sabbath is redressed, but as bndie a custom retaynied, and yet still our long sufferynge God forbayreth to punish. It is a wofull sight to see two hundred proud. Players gitt in their silkes, where five hundred poore people sterve in the streets. But yf needs this mischief must be tolerated whereat, no doubt, the highest frowneth, yet for Gods sake. Sir, lett every stage in London pay a weakely pention to the pore, that *ex hoc malo proveniat aliquod bonum*: but it were rather to be wished that Players might be used as Apollo did his laughing—*semel in anno* * * * * *. Nowe mee 'chinkes, I see your Honour smyle and saye to yourself, these things are fitter for the pulpit than a Souldier's penne: but God who searcheth the hart and reynes, knoweth that I write not hypocritically, but from the wearie sorrow of my soul."

ommendation. This writer says: "His first admission into the playhouse was suitable to his appearance; a stranger, and ignorant of the art, he was glad to be taken into the company in a very mean rank; nor did his performance recommend him to any distinguished notice." In a different tone Aubrey writes of him: "This Wm. being inclined naturally to poetry and *acting* came to London, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. . . . He began early to make essayes at dramatique poetry, which at that time was very lowe, and his playes took well. He was a handsome and well-shap'd man, very good company," etc., etc. The "very mean rank" referred to in the former quotation would, however, be probably suggestive of the tradition which assigns to Shakespeare the humble, but—to him—very useful, part of prompter's assistant as his first direct connection with the stage; while Aubrey's compliment as to his acting "exceedingly well" referred evidently to a later period of the dramatist's career.

But whatever claims on purely personal grounds Shakespeare may have had, by virtue of which he sought, in any capacity, an admission to the stage, there is no doubt that, having once secured his footing, his progress was marvellously rapid. And although for nearly five years—between 1587 and 1592—his London life presents almost a blank to us, yielding not a particle of trustworthy fact as to his doings, in the latter year we find him rising on the horizon, attracting considerable notice, at least as a popular dramatist. It is a most suggestive question, How was young Shakespeare employed in the interval of those years? The remarkable evidence of his fellow-dramatist, Robert Greene, is conclusive, at least with regard to one point. Shakespeare certainly could not have eaten the bread of idleness: How was "an absolute Johannes Factotum" able to do that? According to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "this interval must have been the chief period of Shakespeare's literary education. Removed prematurely from school; residing with illiterate relatives in a bookless neighborhood; thrown into the midst

of occupations adverse to scholastic progress—it is difficult to believe that, when he first left Stratford, he was not all but destitute of polished accomplishments. . . . After he had once, however, gained a footing in London, he would have been placed under different conditions." And we may be well assured that he made the most of such conditions. In addition to the literary advantages of his new associations, it may be supposed that, while fulfilling his other engagements, whether as a clever playwright or as an actor who was now acquiring a social if not a professional distinction, Shakespeare must have been carefully schooling himself to acquire proficiency in the latter capacity. For, as yet, in so brief an interval, he could scarcely have discovered of himself that he was to earn such a degree of fame and fortune as a dramatist as to warrant him to forego almost wholly his dependence on the actor's avocation.

The extraordinary testimony to the personal character of the rising author-actor left on record in Robert Greene's rancorous pamphlet, "A Groat's Worth of Wit," bears so directly on this period of his career, and is of itself so valuable, that it is impossible to omit, in a sketch like the present, the well-known reference and the singular sequel to it. Besides, it is an especially important testimony, as in the pamphlet in question not only is the earliest authentic notice of Shakespeare's London career to be found, but likewise the first discovered quotation from the works which he had already written. The date of "A Groat's Worth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance" is 1592, and it was written by Greene almost immediately before his death. This third-rate dramatist and first-rate profligate, broken down prematurely by a life of wantonness, would seem to have penned this death-bed tract as a warning to others, specially singling out those who had been his boon associates, among whom were Peele, Marlowe, and Lodge. With the horror of death in view, the wretched author, bemoaning his own pitiful career, urges his friends to profit by his example and relinquish the thankless labor of catering for the theatre. After describing the players

as puppets speaking from the mouths of the dramatists, he goes on to say :

Is it not strange that I, to whome they all have beene beholding, is it not like that you, to whome they all have beene beholding shall were ye in that case that I am now be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapped in a Player's hide* ["O tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide!"—see third part of "Henry the Sixth"] supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a countie.

The libellous reference to Shakespeare in this passage is unmistakable. The sequel to it possesses scarcely less important personal interest. Henrie Chettle, the publisher of Greene's scurrilous pamphlet, writes, three months after the death of the latter, to the following effect :

About three moneths since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booke sellers hands, among other his Groatworth of Wit, in which a letter, written to divers play makers, is offensively by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfullie forge in their conceites a living author; and after tossing it two and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have all the time of my conversing in printing hindered the bitter inveying against schollars, it hath been very well knowne; and how in that I dealt, I can sufficiently proove. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be. The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that, as I have moderated the heate of living writers, and might have used my owne discretion (especially in such a case), the author being dead, that I did not I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, *because my self have seene his demeanor no lesse civill than he exelent in the qualitie he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoves his art.**

Thus, in a few lines, the whole history, or what is likely ever to be known of it, of this early period of Shakespeare's connection with the stage is curiously summarized. His very name is mocked and travestied. But although

* The Preface to "Kind-Hart's Dreame. Containing five Apparitions, with their Inuectives against abuses reigning. Delivered by severall Ghosts unto him to be published, after Piers Penilesse Post had refused the carriage.—Invited Invidie.—by H. C. Imprinted at London for William Wright." [This interesting work is undated, but it was entered at Stationers' Hall on December 8, 1592.]

Greenes spiteful reference to it would seem, on the face of it, to have been prompted by a fit of sour, feeble-minded jealousy, and that, too, by a writer who must have seen a good deal in the new author's work and conduct to contrast markedly with his own, it, nevertheless, is most noteworthy and valuable as indicating that Shakespeare was now thoroughly approving himself in that double capacity of player and dramatist, to meet whose demands he would now, in all human probability, put forth the best vigor belonging to this period of his early manhood.

But at length Shakespeare comes to the front with the sterling stamp of genius denoting his power and worth in all his undertaken work. As a dramatist he had, by December, 1594, and ere he was yet thirty-two years of age, written no fewer than twelve original plays, in addition, probably, to much writing in the way of collaborating or remodelling pieces for the stage for such playwrights as Peele, Nash, and others. To what extent he assisted the latter will likely never be known. As a poet he had won signal distinction with his "Venus and Adonis" and his "Rape of Lucrece," the dedication of the former to the young Earl of Southampton winning him the strong personal regard of that nobleman, and also, probably, the favorable notice of many of the highest in the land. His name now became well and widely known; his work increased rapidly in all those ways which lead to suc-



Queen Elizabeth.

cess and renown, and the man himself as author, and probably as an actor likewise, was now favorably recommended to the court. And in the last connection we meet with an extraordinary fact. *The earliest definite notice of Shakespeare's appearance on any stage is, according to the high authority of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "one in which he is recorded as having been a player in two comedies before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace in December, 1594."* This fact is established by the following entry in the manuscript accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber:

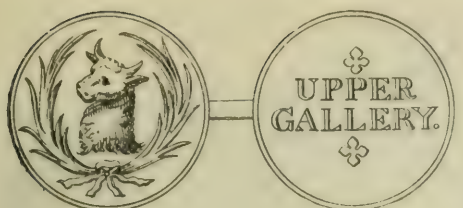
to William Kempe, William Shakespeare and Richard Burbadge, servantes to the Lord Chamberleyne, upon the Councelles Warrant dated at Whitehall xv to Marcij 1594, for two several comedies or enterludes shewed by them before

her Majestie in Christmas time laste paste, viz. upon S^t Stephens days and Innocentes days xlii. li. vj. s. viij. d., and by waye of her Majesties rewarde vj. li. xliij. s. viij. d., in all xx li. [The court was then at Whitehall.] For making ready at Grenewich for the Qu. Majestie against her Highness coming thether, by the space of viij dayes mense Decembr., 1594, as appeareth by a bill signed by the Lord Chamberleyne viij. li. xlii. s. iij. d. (MS. Ibid.). To Tho: Sheffelde, under-Keaper of her Majesties House at Grenewich for thallowaunce of viij labourers there three severall nightes, at xij d. the man, by reason it was night-woorke, for making cleane the greate chamber, the Presence, the galleries and cossettes, mense Decembr 1594 xxiiij s. (MS. Ibid.).

In view of such an important piece of evidence as this document supplies, it would seem, from the mere fact that Shakespeare was selected along with others, including such excellent exponents of the art as Kempe and Burbadge, that he had, previous to this noteworthy engagement to play before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace, distinguished himself as an actor. It is quite possible that her majesty might have desired to see for herself something of the qualities of one of her subjects who, she was probably well aware, had already acquired considerable reputation, and who, she may have reflected, was destined by the exercise of his surpassing powers, of which he had given substantial evidence, to add undying lustre to the period of her reign. But it is most unlikely that so shrewd a man of the world as Shakespeare was withal would have jeopardized his character by appearing in sock and buskin before the royal presence, without being well assured and confident of his perfect ability to do so creditably. Thus it may be reasonably supposed that now, when he was to receive so signal a mark of his queen's favor, he had passed from the ranks of the mere dilettanti, had won his spurs as an actor, and, in fact, was considered to be in that capacity of little less consequence than Kempe or Burbadge, who were at the head of the large body of actors then playing in the metropolis. From the foregoing record of his engagement as an actor, it is deeply interesting, therefore, to discover Shakespeare, in the first genuine glimpse we get of his career, moving in these courtly environments. Unfortunately there is nothing to show what part or parts he

undertook in the "two several comedies or enterludes" that were played before Queen Elizabeth on this historic occasion.

So little is known of Shakespeare's personality that it were absurd to hazard any opinion with respect to, at least, his physical fitness for a histrionic career. That he was of a fair presence, and possessed of an abundance of natural vigor, is a not unreasonable assumption, especially when his likeness, as represented in the Droeshout copy, is studied for a little. Such a picture of the poet, as he is supposed to have appeared in his twenty-ninth year, suggests a physiognomy which is happily in keeping with the idea as to what the appearance of a great original writer should be. Extraordinary force, mental and physical, strikes one as being the prominent feature of the man Shakespeare, indicated by the Droeshout likeness; and thus, the authenticity of his portrait being admitted, the popular ideal with regard to the personal appearance of the great dramatist is in no danger of ever being destroyed. But it may be taken for granted that his fitness, so far as physique was concerned, was in every respect adequate to the circumstances of the actor's profession. The tradition that he was lame would, indeed, preclude the possibility of his sustaining, with such an infirmity, almost any character on the stage. In the character of *Old Adam*, however, the faithful and tried servant of *Sir Rowland de Bois* and, latterly, of his cruel and unscrupulous son *Oliver*, in the sylvan play "*As You Like It*," it is but fair to admit that such a part would naturally submit itself for performance more readily by a lame actor. A frail and halting gait would have, in a measure, to be assumed by any player essaying the part of the old, weakly servant. Might it not have been from this very circumstance that the tradition as to Shakespeare's lameness originated? The drama of "*As You Like It*" became at once, on its appearance in 1599, a favorite with the frequenters of the Globe Theatre, who, seeing Shakespeare in the pathetic part of *Old Adam*, limping faithfully along after his new-found master, *Orlando*—since *Oliver* had discarded him—might somehow have got the impression that the player



Fac-simile of Check Tickets Used in the Old Theatres—the first at the Globe.

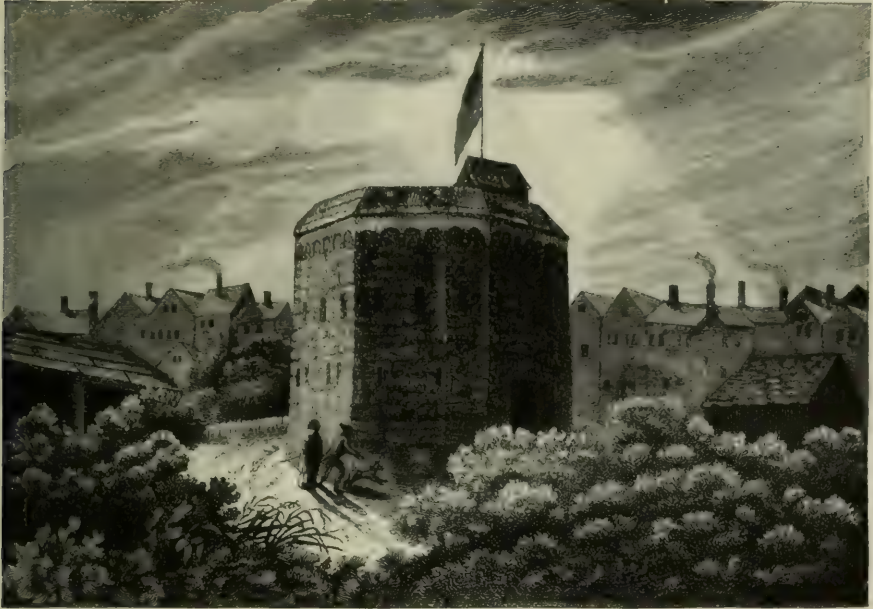
himself was lame, and hence the tradition.*

From the number of works produced by his marvellous pen between 1590 and 1604-5, some fifteen years or thereby, it might be said of Shakespeare that, during at least the greater portion of the time involved, his opportunities, not to speak of his inclinations, to advance himself in the player's art could not have been so numerous as his proficiency and excellence in it might seem to indicate. What an extraordinary man, truly, to be enabled—mechanically even—to maintain his powers under such a combination of labor which, in the exacting exigencies of the actor's calling and the original work of dramatic authorship, was demanded of him during these years! Moreover, he was not exempt, while thus employed, from those cares which fell to his lot as a parent to bear in the loss of his only son, Hamnet, in 1596; and we know, too, with much certainty, that, like a wise and happily constituted man, he did not neglect

* A valuable and interesting piece of evidence relative to the part of *Old Adam* in "As You Like It," which Shakespeare is supposed to have essayed, is that left on record by Oldys, whose account is as follows:

"One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of Charles the Second, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother &c, they justly held him in the highest veneration; and it may be well believed, as there was, besides, a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years and possibly his memory so weakened by infirmities, which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects, that he could but give them little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected of his brother Will in that station, was the faint, general and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, and one of them sung a song."

man, at least, who did that, and chose to make money by it, too! Do we not owe self to begin with, and that the good opinion her majesty Elizabeth had



The Bear Garden near which Shakespeare lived; enlarged from the "Antwerp View" of London.
(From Mr. Irving's collection.)

a modicum of gratitude—however sparingly we might yield it—to Philip Henslowe, theatrical manager and *entrepreneur*, for his share in the great Shakespearean undertakings of these days? A "grasping manager" that person may have been, but in the present instance his "grasping" was to some purpose, inasmuch as he found in the rising author a mine of inestimable wealth, containing the kind of precious metal that was wanted, and induced him, for certain considerations that, we may rest assured, were reasonable, and worth the possessing even by a poet, to yield something of his treasures.

It does seem a suggestive accident that the first really reliable record of Shakespeare's engagements as an actor should introduce him to us as playing before his sovereign. But that was not by any means the last occasion on which he was thus honored, from which fact it might well be inferred that Shakespeare in buskin had worthily acquitted him-

formed of his art was confirmed by what she subsequently witnessed of his further appearances. Of these, or, at any rate, of certain of them, positive evidence exists to show that they were neither infrequent nor exclusively associated with the royal retirement at Greenwich, but were made from time to time before the court in London. Although two years now elapsed ere we again find Shakespeare and his company playing together at the court of Elizabeth, it is by no means unlikely that in the interval they had performed several times before her majesty, who was a strong prop and patron of the stage. In the summer of 1596 the company to which Shakespeare belonged became, on the death of the Lord Chamberlain, the servants of that nobleman's eldest son, Lord Hunsdon. One of the earliest dramas selected for their representation was "Romeo and Juliet," which had been written by Shakespeare in the interim (probably early in 1596), and sold



The Bear Garden, from a view of London in 1647.

(Mr. Irving's collection.)

to Henslowe, the manager of the Curtain Theatre, where it was produced with great success. Besides that romantic tragedy, the dramatist-actor had also written "Love's Labor's Lost," "Richard II.," "Richard III.," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Taming of the Shrew." So that, including what he had written previous to his first appearance before the queen, he was now the author of at least fourteen plays, besides the poems "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece." The popularity of the new tragedy was, therefore, hardly to be wondered at, in view of the rapidly increasing fame of the writer, who probably essayed, though the fact is not mentioned anywhere, one of the characters of the piece. According to Marston, in his account of the "Scourge of Villanie" (1598), as also in his "Malcontent" (1604), and likewise according to the assertion of Danter, who issued an edition of the tragedy in the year following its production, "Romeo and Juliet" would seem to have taken the city of playgoers by storm, and enjoyed what must have been considered, in these

primitive days of the drama, a prolonged and successful "run."*

In these times of his rising popularity and increasing wealth, Shakespeare was residing in lodgings near the Bear Garden at Southwark. Here, doubtlessly, the popular artist would be frequently seen—a well-known figure. For, although his wife and surviving children still resided at Stratford, where were also other strong domestic attachments, London was now the scene of the greater part †

* That Queen Elizabeth witnessed the representation of "Romeo and Juliet" during its first extraordinary run may be pretty shrewdly surmised. The romantic character of the tragedy, apart altogether from the signal success it is said to have enjoyed for so long a period as an entire London season, as then measured, would be certain to excite the interest of the maiden queen, and secure for the play, sometime during its prolonged run, her generous and angust patronage.

† While most of Shakespeare's time was spent in the metropolis during these busy years, it is well to remember that, besides paying frequent visits to his home at Stratford, he was often on a tour in the provinces with the company of players to which he belonged, and of which he was now a very important member. The indefatigable researches of that genius of biographers, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, to whose "Outlines of Shakespeare" I owe much in preparing this article, have lately unearthed a number of curious but valuable facts referring to those provincial tours. So far as is known, the following is the more important of the list: Shakespeare's company played at Barnstable in 1605; Bath. 1596-1597, and again in 1603; Bristol, September, 1597; Coventry, 1603, 1608, 1613, 1614; Dover, 1597, 1606, 1610; Faversham, 1597; Folkestone and



South View of the Falcon Tavern on the Bankside, where Shakespeare and his dramatic companions resorted; as it appeared in 1805.

(Mr. Irving's collection.)

of his advancement as an actor, and of his triumphs of authorship. There is no doubt that in this locality, too, resided most of his actor-associates. For at this time the Bear Garden, which was situated on the south bank of the Thames, from Winchester Palace to Paris Garden—a locality which abounded with circuses and theatres of various denominations—was specially set apart for “the keeping of bears, bulls, and other beasts to be baited, and also mastives in their several kennels were there nourished to bait them. These bears and other beasts were kept in plots of ground scaffolded about for the beholders to stand safe.”

A favorite resort of Shakespeare and

his professional associates of this period was the famous Falcon Tavern on the Bankside. Here it was that the great poet *foregathered* with such players and wits as Richard Burbadge, Augustine Philips, John Heminge, William Kempt (or Kempe), Henry Condell, William Sly, John Lowin, Robert Armin, Michael Drayton, and last, though not least, Ben Jonson.

The mention of the last-named writer brings to mind a pleasing trait in Shakespeare's character, and, moreover, suggests something of his rising influence in matters directly connected with the company to which he belonged, and the important position in it he had by this time acquired. Ben Jonson, hitherto (1592) almost unknown as an author, had submitted to Shakespeare's company a new comedy he had written, with a view to its production by them. According to the testimony of Rowe, the comedy, which was the famous “Every Man in his Humor,” was about to suffer rejection, when Shakespeare interposed, having probably had a reading of the manuscript, and used his influence in its

Hythe, 1612; Leicester, 1606; Maidstone, 1605; Oxford, 1597; Shrewsbury, 1603, 1609, 1610, 1612. How far Shakespeare took part in these provincial tours up to the year 1610 or 1612, when it is pretty certain he finally left the stage as an actor, cannot be said. That he travelled considerably with his company up to that date may readily be conjectured, for he was professionally an indispensable member of it, and was one of the most interested shareholders in the concern; and for these reasons, if for no other, it is most unlikely that the members could always play together lacking the assistance of Shakespeare. Besides, there is the internal evidence of his plays, which abound in provincial references both to places and people, the facts of which Shakespeare unquestionably obtained on the spot.



(From an engraving prefixed to a copy of the works of Ben Jonson, published in London in 1716, now in the possession of the Edinburgh Mechanics' Library.)

favor. Very likely Henslowe was the chief objector to the purchase of the comedy, in which, like enough, he did not see the same elements of success which characterized the approved work of Shakespeare. Be that as it may, not only did Shakespeare succeed in getting the new play accepted and produced, but he undertook himself one of the leading parts in it. The original cast of "Every Man in his Humor" was as follows, the names of the players being spelled as given by Ben Jonson in the 1616 edition of his works :

"Kno'well".....Will. Shakespeare.
 "Braqueworm".....Aug. Phillipps.
 "Cap. Bobadill".....Hen. Condell.

"Mr. Stephen".....Will. Kempe.
 "Kitely".....Ric. Burbadge.
 "Downe-right".....Joh. Hemings.
 "Just. Clement".....Tho. Pope.
 "Mr. Matthew".....Will. Slye.
 "Dame Kitely".....Chr. Beeton.
 "Til".....Joh. Duke.

How the play was received on its first production, and—what interests us most to know at present—how the part of *Kno'well* was acted by Shakespeare, history sayeth not, and even tradition is silent on the subject. It is also known that Shakespeare played in another of Ben Jonson's plays, "Sejanus." Whether this was undertaken in fulfilment of mere professional engagements, or out of personal compliment to his friend,

taken up at interest. . . . Hee built this house upon leased ground, by which meanes the landlord and he had a great suit in law, and, by his death, the like troubles fell on us, his sonnes; we then thought us of altering from thence, and at like expense built the 'Globe,' with more summes of money taken up at interest, which lay heavy on us many yeeres; and to ourselves we joyned those deserving men, Shakespere, Hemings, Condall, Phillips and others, partners in the profittes of what they call the House, etc., etc., etc. [A fac-simile of part of this document is seen on p. 625.]

The earliest mention of Richard Burbadge as an actor proves that he must

The GLOBE on the Banke Side, where
Shakspere acted.

From the long Antwerp view of London
in the Pepysian Library.



With the drawing from which this Cut was made
I was favoured by the Reverend Mr. Henley
STEEVENS.

have begun his career at an unusually early age, and so well acquitted himself that he filled a prominent place in the company he was then connected with. It is on evidence that he played the prominent part of *King Gorboduc* in the "Seven Deadly Sins" of Richard Tarleton, the famous comedian, who was supposed to be his godfather; and for so young an actor to be entrusted with such a part would seem to point to the very rapid development of his histrionic capacity. It will also be remembered that in company with Shakespeare and Kempe, Burbadge had the honor of being

summoned to play before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace in 1594. But now, with the rapid production of the great and glorious works of his friend and associate, a rare opportunity was afforded Burbadge for the display of his dramatic talent; while, at the same time, in Burbadge Shakespeare would seem to have found an exponent of character after his own heart. The following lines, supposed to have been written shortly after his death, on the story of the tragedy of "Othello," in which Burbadge is known to have played the part of the *Moor*, would seem to be suggestive of this probability:

Dick Burbadge, that most famous man,
That actor without peer:
With this same part his course began
And kept it many a year:
Shakespeare was fortunate, I trow
That such an actor had:
If we but had his equal now
For one, I should be glad.

To what extent Shakespeare and Burbadge were thus reciprocally indebted—the dramatist to the skill and force of the player, and the player to the creative genius of the dramatist—is perhaps only a matter for conjecture. The combination of their respective talents was, at any rate, mutually advantageous. But there can be no question that it was by the histrionic excellence of Burbadge that Shakespeare was influenced and encouraged in the writing of more than one of his great plays. A glance at the list of the parts—all of them of the first importance—which Burbadge is known to have undertaken in the plays of his friend indicates the decided value at which the dramatist had estimated the gifts and genius of the player as worthy of his efforts:

Shylock.....	acted in 1593
Richard III.....	1594
Prince Henry.....	1595
Romeo.....	1596
Henry V.....	1599
Brutus.....	1601
Othello.....	1602
Hamlet.....	1602
Lear.....	1605
Macbeth.....	1606
Pericles.....	1608
Coriolanus.....	1610

It has been suggested of Burbadge that he was the original actor in every

one of the foregoing plays. There is no proof that he was so ; but it may be taken for granted that he was, at any rate, the original *Richard III.*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and, most probable of all, *Hamlet*. Here, indeed, is a renown ! Moreover, there is the additional fame of his having been taught his part in *Hamlet* by the author himself. If that be so, no actor was ever so honored, so instructed, so immortalized as Richard Burbadge ! Burbadge also performed the leading parts in a number of the plays of other authors, notably those of Ben Jonson, Webster, Marlowe, Cyril Tourneur, and Beaumont and Fletcher. When it is remembered that this actor was in many cases, especially with regard to the Shakespearean dramas, the original ex-



Kempe, from a woodcut prefixed to his "Nine Daies Wonder."

ponent of the parts he undertook, and at a time when he was personally much concerned with the routine of theatrical management of the Globe as well as the Blackfriars house, and is, moreover, known to have been a busy and skilful painter, it is not surprising to learn that he succumbed to paralysis ere he was fifty years of age. His death, on "Saturday in Lent, the 13th of March, 1618," was the occasion of numberless tributes to his genius as an actor and his worth as a man. The following epitaph was found in MS. (Sloane) No. 1786 in the British Museum, and may be quoted as a sample of the tributes that were paid to his memory :

" This life's a play, scene'd out by natures art,
Where every man hath his allotted part ;
This man hath now, as many men can tell,
Ended his part, and he hath acted well.
The play now ended, thinks his grave to be
The retiring house of his sad tragedy :
To speak his fame of this be not afraid—
Here lies the best tragedian ever play'd ! "

On the death, in 1588, of the famous comedian, Richard Tarleton, it was much lamented lest there should be no man living able to take his place on the stage, on which he had "shone lyke any sunne." But it would appear that no sooner had that untoward event occurred, which so affected the "joye and happiness" of the theatrical world, than there stepped forward to fill the vacancy a man who at once so approved his claim and worthiness to do so that there was little to regret at the exit of his predecessor.



Richard Tarleton, from a drawing published in 1792.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

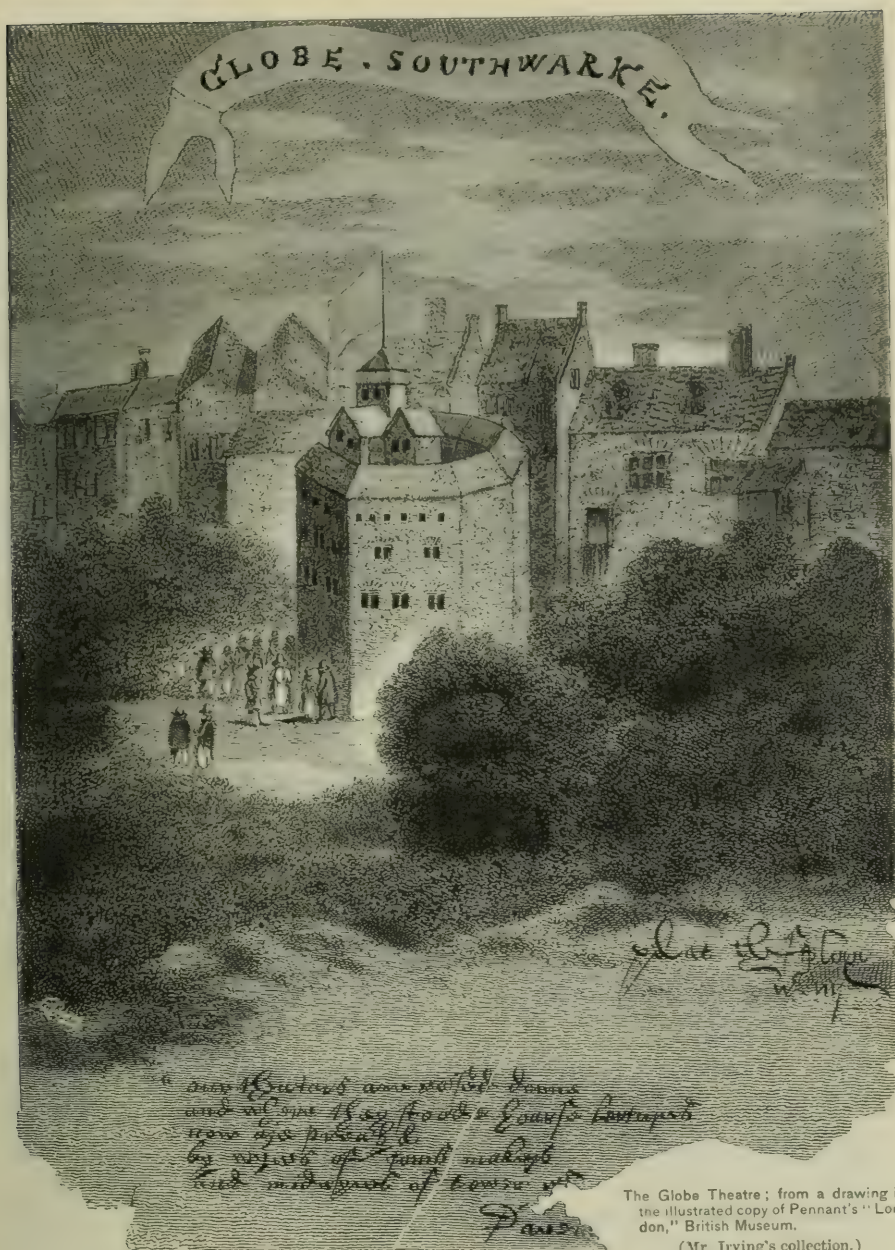
The new-comer was William Kempe, the associate of Shakespeare and Burbadge, who had, before Tarleton's demise, acquired a wide and genuine celebrity as a comic actor. Few biographical facts of "Will Kempe" are extant; the data with regard to his origin, birthplace, boyhood, etc., are almost *nil*. That he was for some time on the continent a few years before his death, which must have occurred between 1605 and 1609, is well authenticated; but beyond this, and apart from what is known of his acting and relative matters, few lives of men whose names are destined to live long present blanker pages than that of this friend and fellow-player of our great dramatist.

Perhaps the most interesting facts relating to the career of this actor, and referring to our subject, are that he was the original *Dogberry* in "Much Ado About Nothing," and *Peter* in "Romeo and Juliet." He also took the part of *Justice Shallow* in "Henry IV.," Part 2, and probably that of the *First Gravedigger* in "Hamlet," though it cannot be said with certainty that he was the original actor in these two plays when produced for the first time. It is of some consequence, at all events, to learn that Kempe was the first *Dogberry* that ever delighted an audience with the exquisite humors of the part; and when we are assured that he was almost as great a comic actor as Tarleton, we may well imagine how admirably the actor, versed, like enough, in his part by Shakespeare himself, was enabled to reproduce a perfect likeness of the character as conceived by its creator.

Of the other actors associated with Shakespeare deserving of more than a mere passing reference, the names of Heminge and Condell claim regard, not only for histrionic, but also for other and perhaps even more important reasons. The former, John Heminge, is believed to have been the treasurer of the famous company of players with which Shakespeare was connected, and it is definitely known that he was one of the principal shareholders in the concern. Henry Condell also seems to have been a player of some excellence, as, in 1599, he was one of the six actors in "Every Man in his Humor" whose names were selected by Ben Jonson to be made prom-

inent among the sixteen performers engaged in the representation of that comical satire. It is stated by Roberts the player, but without adducing any authority for his assertion beyond stage-tradition, that Condell was a comic performer. Our old performers were often comedians or tragedians as suited the drama they were to enact, and the company to which they were attached; but from the many plays in which we find the name of Condell occurring as one of the performers, there is some reason to believe that the stage-tradition mentioned by Roberts is well founded.

But it is chiefly on account of two deeply interesting historical associations with the name of Shakespeare that these two players will ever be remembered—the first is because of their being mentioned, along with Richard Burbadge, as legatees in his will, thus speaking to the poet's personal regard for his fellow-players; and the second, because of the great and priceless services they have rendered to literature in collecting and publishing his numerous works. With respect to the former, Shakespeare's will sets forth, *inter alia*, "Item, I gyve and bequeath to Hamlett Sadler, xxvj^s viii^d to buy him a ringe; to William Raynoldes, gent xxvj^s viij^d to buy him a ringe; to my god-son William Walker xx^s in gold; to Anthony Nashe, gent, xxvj^s viij^d, and to Mr. John Nashe xxvj^s viij^d; and to my fellows, John Hemynges, Richard Burbadge and Henry Cundell xxvj^s viij^d a peece to buy them ringes." This kind and affectionate remembrance of his "fellow-players" would thus indicate the undoubted personal regard which the great dramatist had entertained toward them; and probably it was out of a feeling of sincere gratitude for this token of it that they were induced, after the death of their friend, to collect and publish his wonderful works. Posterity owes a debt of regard and admiration, which it is impossible too frequently to acknowledge, to the joint labors of Heminge and Condell in rescuing the treasures of the mind of Shakespeare, who himself was strangely indifferent as to the fate of his writings, from an oblivion that would, in all human probability, sooner or later have swallowed them up.



The Globe Theatre; from a drawing in the illustrated copy of Pennant's "London," British Museum.

(Mr. Irving's collection.)

We cannot do more than merely mention the names of the other more prominent players who rejoiced in Shakespeare's fellowship. Among these, the names of Augustine Phillips, William Sly, John Lowin, Robert Armin, Law-

rence Fletcher, and, last of all, the poet's own brother, Edmund Shakespeare, may be indicated.

Phillips seems to have been, not only an actor, but a musician of some repute, and it is not unlikely that he sometimes



King James I.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

played in what we now term the orchestra of his company. His bequest to Samuel Gilburne, who had been his servant, of his "base viol," and to one James Sands, of his "citerne, bandorne, and lute," suggests that he was, at any rate, not a mere amateur. Of his acting with Shakespeare little is known for certain. But there is no doubt, as has already been pointed out in the list containing his name, that he acted in "Every Man in his Humor," and in "Sejanus," with Shakespeare. That he lived on intimate terms with his fellow-players may be gathered from his "dying will and testament," in which he bequeathed legacies to several of them, including the dramatist.

The first reference to William Sly, or Slye, or Slie, shows that, anterior to 1588, he had acted in Tarleton's "Seven

Deadly Sins." Six years afterward he is heard of as belonging to Shakespeare's company, appearing in "Every Man in his Humor," "Sejanus," and "Volpone," and as *Osrick* in "Hamlet." Sly was a native of Warwickshire, and it is supposed that he arrived in London about the same time as Shakespeare. As is well known, *Sly* is the name of the drunken character in the Proem to "The Taming of the Shrew," but there is nothing to show that Shakespeare, as has been said of him, found in the name of his fellow-countryman one suitable for the ridiculous, sack-loving customer of *Marion Hackett*. There is no evidence to show that

Sly was a popular actor, although, from the fact that he had a considerable pecuniary interest in the "Globe," we may conclude that he essayed his parts with credit to himself and his company.

As a player, John Lowin had no mean honor thrust upon him when Shakespeare himself instructed him in the kingly part of *Henry the Eighth*. That Lowin was given such a part implies that he must have been a capable actor; and there is ample testimony extant that he was. He performed in most of the leading plays of the time, and, according to Wright, in his "Historia Histrionica," was especially distinguished for having "acted, with mighty applause, *Falstaff*, *Morose*, *Volpone*, *Mammon* in 'The Alchemist,' and *Melantius* in 'The Maid's Tragedy.'" He survived most of his



Globe Theatre, as it appeared in the reign of King James I. about 1612.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)*

actor-associates, having attained his ninety-third year.

Robert Armin was, according to the testimony of his contemporaries, indebted for his introduction to the stage to no less a personage than Richard Tarleton, the great comedian. In that rare book, "Tarleton's Jests and News out of Purgatory," there is a short account of "How Tarleton made Armin his adopted son, to succeed him," which is explained by the following incident:

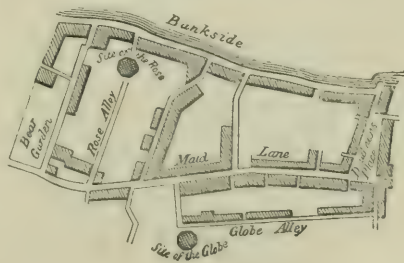
Tarleton Keeping a Tavern in Gracechurch Street, he let it to another, who was indebted to Armin's master, a goldsmith in Lombard Street, yet he himself had a chamber in the same house; and this Armin being a wag, came often thither to demand his master's money, which he sometimes had and sometimes had not. In the end, the man growing poor, told the boy he had no money for his master, and he must bear with him. The man's name be-

ing Charles, Armin made this verse, writing it with chalk on the wainscot:

O world! why wilt thou lye?
Is this Charles the Great? That I deny:
Indeed Charles the Great before
But now Charles the Less, being poor.

Tarleton coming into the room, reading it, and partly acquainted with the boy's humour, coming often thither for his master's money, took a piece of chalk, and wrote this rhyme by it:

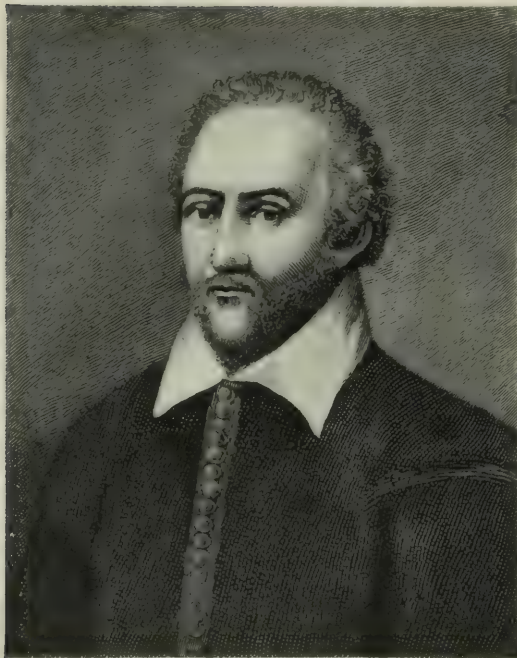
A wag thou art: none can prevent thee,
And thy desert shall now content thee:



Plan of the Bankside in 1612.

*The inscription of the above drawing says: "The Globe Theatre was originally erected in the reign of Qu. Elizabeth, and was at first a rude, inartificial building, thach'd with reeds. It is supposed to have acquired its name of the *GLOBE*, from its, nearly, circular form, or rather from its *sign*, which was *Atlas*, bearing a *Globe* on his shoulders. In the year 1603, King James I. granted a patent to Shakespeare and others (his associates), to play plays, 'as well within their then usual house, called the *Globe*, in the Countie of Surrey, as elsewhere.' Under whom it continued to flourish until the year 1613, when it was accidentally burnt, and the following year a more stately Theatre built on its site."

Let me devine! As I am
So in time thou'lt be the same.
My adopted son therefore be
To enjoy my clown's suit after me!



Richard Burbadge, from the original in Dulwich College.

And see how it fell out. The boy, reading this, so loved Tarleton after, that regarding him with more respect, he used to his plays, and fell in a league with his humour: And private practice brought him to present playing and at this hour performs the same, where, at the Globe on the Bankside, men may see him.

Tarleton's prophecy that Armin should "wear his clown's suit after him" was not, according to what is known of the latter's performances, fulfilled in the way expected of him. That he was an "honest, gamesome" actor may well be believed of him, having had the advantage of so great a master of comedy as Tarleton. But, on the whole, his name, apart from its histrionic association with Shakespeare, and as being mentioned from time to time in connection with the company playing at the Blackfriars and Globe, is perhaps remembered more in consequence of one or two rare literary tracts and pamphlets of some contemporary value than as a player. His "Nest of Ninnies," for instance, is well known to all Shakespearean students. He is said to have been performing at the Globe

Theatre on the day when that building was destroyed by fire.*

Literally nothing is known of the histrionic career of the poet's younger brother, Edmund Shakespeare. Edmund, it is surmised, had come to London attracted by the increasing fame and influence of his gifted brother, and in hope, probably, of advancing himself by his aid. It is very likely his brother would introduce him to his company of actors; but there are no accounts of the names of the parts he played, nor how he played them. The few brief years of his London life are altogether a blank; he died in December, 1607, in his twenty-eighth year. The following notice of him in the church-book of St. Saviour's is about all that has been discovered, and is touching to a degree in its sad brevity:

1607—Dec 31. EDMUND SHAKESPEARE: a player: buried in the church, with a forenoone knell of the great bell20s.

Edward Alleyn.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

A few words as to Shakespeare's rare artistic instincts, considered in their his-

* This very great disaster, involving probably one of the most lamentable losses literature ever suffered, occurred on Tuesday, the 29th of June, 1613. Many curious references to that most untoward event are extant. From these it is

trionic connection, may not be out of place in bringing this sketch of the poet-player to a close. Although Shakespeare as an actor may not have been a master

professors. The sum and substance of that advice, as embodied in *Hamlet's* famous speech to the players, has, for generations of actors, formed the truest



Globe Theatre, after the fire, from a "View of London" in 1647.
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

exponent of character, however profoundly he may have conceived the same and brilliantly expressed it in speech, it is abundantly evident that, more than any of his contemporaries, he possessed a truly remarkable knowledge and grasp of the actor's art in its minutest detail. That he had a fine, intuitive sense of what that art should be—of its true scope and power in a "well-graced" actor's exposition—goes without saying, when one merely recollects, for example, the masterful advice on acting which, by the lips of *Hamlet*, he gives to its

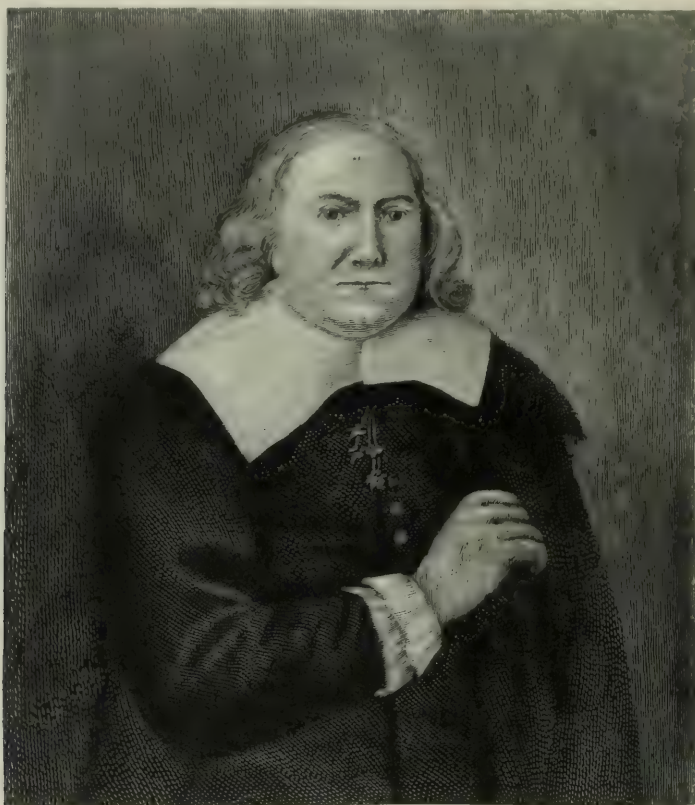
and therefore the most valuable textbook ever written on the subject. Such wisdom and understanding Shakespeare could only, of course, have acquired by a large experience on the stage. When the play of "*Hamlet*" was written, the dramatist had worn the buskin for at least ten years, and had thus, so far as the experience of time is concerned, most abundant opportunities of familiarizing himself with every form and phase of the player's art. Besides, we cannot forget that, in addition to more than ordinary histrionic capabilities and opportunities, Shakespeare was himself endowed with the very genius of insight into those subtle and complex workings of the human soul which it is the highest function and performance of the actor to illustrate and exhibit.

The speech to the players shows not only Shakespeare's thorough mastery of the actor's art, but his profound personal regard for it. *It offends him to the soul*

gathered that the fire broke out on St. Peter's day of the above date, and during a performance of "*Henry the Eighth*," though doubts exist as to its being the play of that name of Shakespearean authorship. Possibly it may have been the first performance of the new play (which Shakespeare is supposed to have finished early in that year), seeing it was owing to the bungling of some of the performers in the parts they undertook which led to the disaster. At any rate, the great historical drama, with its "pomp and circumstance," will ever be associated with a mischance which deprived the world of some of the most valuable manuscripts ever penned; for it is generally admitted that with the destruction of this theatre the original of much of Shakespeare's handiwork forever perished.

to see a foolish player travesty his profession. A good deal has been made of the question of Shakespeare's contempt, latterly, for the histrionic life and call-

therefore, according to those critics who try to make the dramatist dissatisfied and disgusted with a profession which, from first to last, yielded him very



John Lowin.

ing. Certain reminiscences (chiefly in his sonnets) of Shakespeare's life as an actor are said to be suggestive, according to some critics, of a deep-rooted dislike to that calling. It is scarcely possible to believe, from the strong personal animus shown throughout the speech to the players, that Shakespeare could ever have set his face against a profession which, in that speech, he so strenuously champions, especially when the "baser sort" of actors subject it to ridicule by their incompetency and unworthiness. Moreover, the sonnets in which the references occur were written and printed years before Shakespeare finally relinquished the stage; and it would seem

considerable profit, that while fulfilling his many professional engagements, with every apparent show of personal liking, he was all the time embittered in his soul against it.

The speech is also valuable for its autobiographical references. Here, indeed, if anywhere, we have a bit of Shakespeare's life told by himself. It is most eloquently reminiscent, not only of Shakespeare the player, wise and matured by a rare experience, but of young Will Shakespeare, the ardent and observant playgoer, and is, moreover, strongly suggestive of the first years of his arrival in the metropolis, when the greatest theatrical star of the time, Richard Tarleton,



The Swan Theatre on the Bankside, as it appeared in 1614.*
(Mr. Irving's collection.)

was making all theatre-going London laugh at his antics and drolleries.

In sketching the subject of "what is known of Shakespeare as an actor," it has been the effort of the writer to avoid as much as possible giving detailed references to the various theatres and companies of players, and the vicissitudes and changes which, severally, these under-

* THE SWAN, was the most westerly of the Playhouses on the Bankside, and must have stood at no great distance from the Surrey end of Black Friars Bridge. It was a large house, and flourished only a few years, being suppressed at the Commencement of the Civil Wars, and soon afterwards demolished.

went, from the time Shakespeare was first connected with them until his final retirement to Stratford-on-Avon. To have done this would have led to the necessity of greatly exceeding the legitimate limits of a magazine-article. Besides, it is more desirable to keep the main features of his histrionic career distinctly in view, than to incur the risk (very great in such a subject) of losing sight of them, and of the dramatist himself, in the mists of much historical research into the profound theme—Shakespeare.





TO THE DEWY WIND-FLOWER.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

MELANCHOLY nights
Also thou hast known :
The sorrow in thine eyes this morn
Doth serve me for my own.

Stay me, little friend,
Proudly all my years ;
And when I think too heavy thoughts,
Be shedder of my tears !

DREAM - POETRY.

By Bessie A. Ficklen.

NOWADAYS the world begins to concede that what I call *Myself*, and write down in the singular number, is not so simple a unit as we were wont to suppose. It is not only in insane, hysteric, or hypnotic patients that "Hidden Selves" are developed ; every man in his normal state is known to consist of many beings. The *Myself* that answers to my name, looks after my affairs, and becoming weary in so doing, lies down at night, and is lost in sleep, is only one of the many activities that belong to my organization. The *Centralself* that my weariness puts to sleep, and that I consider my personality, owes a vast amount of his powers to certain *Underselves*, who remain alive and active whether he sleeps or wakes, who know their business well, and go about it with a conscientious vigor that needs no supervision. Many of my most im-

portant physical and mental processes are carried on by them without a directing thought from the *Centralself*. In their charge are all my necessary vital functions, and all my accustomed actions. They keep my heart beating, they breathe for me, they generally eat and drink and walk for me ; they avoid blows and go around obstacles or inequalities in my path, while my mind, my *Centralself*, is absorbed in some train of thought that has no connection with those processes. They also may be taught to knit, to perform difficult pieces on the piano, and even to read aloud, to write, to talk, or to add columns of figures in the way that we call mechanical, and entirely without any help from the *Centralself*. And still the list of their accomplishments is not ended.

The Underselves are capable of high-

er and more intelligent work, which we cannot call mechanical, unless in the broadest sense of the word. They store up many memories of which the Centralself has no knowledge, and they sometimes show a greater ability for reasoning and planning than their self-conscious master. We have all tried in vain to recall some name, date, or fact, and finally given up in despair, and gone to other matters. Then, suddenly, after our Centralself has apparently forgotten all about the inquiry, the object sought has been quietly laid before our consciousness, brought there by some brain power that, like a keen hound, has kept straight along the scent, after his master had abandoned it as hopeless. Not only are memories thus brought to light, but the results of long trains of reasoning, the inferences which should have been drawn from arguments or facts, but which all effort had failed to reveal to our consciousness—nay even important scientific discoveries, have been given to us in the same mysterious way. In fact, all the phenomena that are generally referred to *unconscious cerebration*, we owe to the Underselves.

Now of all the ways in which the Underselves manifest their power, there is probably none more important or more interesting than dreaming. Here the Underselves are the "little people" who take charge of our dreams. It is thus that Robert Louis Stevenson calls them in his charming "Chapter on Dreams," and, he, being a wonderful dreamer, gives many examples of the activity and skill of his "little people." These dream Underselves are quaint and sportive folk, and though they often act the beneficent fairy and enchant us with glimpses of more than mortal pleasure, they are given to many absurd pranks and cruel practical jokes. They are sometimes physically strong enough to lead the unconscious sleeper from his warm bed out into the cold and darkness of the night, where he may awake shivering to find himself crossing an unsafe bridge, or on the verge of some dizzy height. In this class of their performances, which men call somnambulism, the "little people" have been known to go even farther, leading the dreamer on

to death, and thus becoming actual murderers, or rather, suicides. Luckily it is rare that they have this physical power. A much happier way in which they manifest their strength is in mental feats. Here the "little people" have shown a rare ability, and here they deserve our greatest respect. There seem to be, among these dream Underselves, literary and scientific geniuses; skilful mathematicians, philosophers, artists, musicians, and even poets.

The dream-poet has too long been nameless and fameless, and it is especially to him and to his poems that we wish to call attention. As it is entirely for his honor and glory that this article is written, he shall hereafter be for us *the Underself*.

We are all more or less familiar with the idea of dream-verses. Everyone has read Coleridge's dream-poem "Kubla Khan;" or has noticed the bits purporting to be dream-poetry, that from time to time appear in the newspapers; or, best of all, has himself dreamed poetry. There are few among those that recognize poetry as one of the pleasures of life, who have not carried that pleasure into their dreams—who have not at some time dreamed of reading or composing poetry. We call this *poetry*, because we wish to look at it from within, from the stand-point of the Underself, rather than that of the unprejudiced critic, who sees it only in the glare of daylight, and who, therefore, may consider this production of the unconscious muse as worthy of no better name than rhyme or doggerel. We (and this *we* is not editorial, but refers to a small circle who have for a number of years been much interested in dream-poetry)—we, because the Underself often sings to us, have always been firm believers in his inspiration. He and the other "little people" have brought to us many vivid dreams of all kinds, and he himself has treated us to much poetry—sublime, pathetic, or comic.

For a long time we had never remembered more of these dreams than the pleasure that the poetry had given us. The poem itself had not materialized, for, though on first awaking we frequently retained some idea of the words, it

never occurred to us to write them down immediately, and an additional nap or another train of thought was always sufficient to dispel them from our minds. One day, however, the admiration which we cherished for dream poems received a rude shock. It was on hearing the experience of a gentleman, who had on two occasions arisen during the night to record, first a short speech, and then a verse, that seemed to him, in his dreams, almost inspired in their eloquence. The speech was, in the dream, made by the host of a small evening entertainment, when inviting the guests to enter the supper-room. The dreamer awoke wondering at the charming and appropriate words of this gentleman, whom he had never thought capable of such an intellectual effort. But as he recovered his full consciousness, the elegant and witty address resolved itself into the following jargon :

"Respectable people, theological students, and others, are more precious than anything else, assisted by seventy-one blacksmiths."

The verse he recorded was heard in a dream, in which he saw two opposing railway trains on a single track, dash into each other at full speed. As they met with a fearful crash, these thrilling words resounded through the air :

Through all my future life a blaze
Eccentric as a cone of rays.

Immediately on hearing these dream-products, we were fired with a desire to emulate this gentleman's example—to look straight into the face of that poetry which charmed us in our dreams. To this end we resolved to jot down immediately any fragment of the Underself's composition that we might remember.

As he has given us very little prose, the result of our efforts during the last ten or twelve years has been chiefly poems or fragments of poems ; the odds and ends of dream-verse. These we have been on the alert to catch, though it has not been an easy task. It has generally demanded the exercise of great will-power, frequently of more than was possible for the half-awake dreamer. For the peculiarity of dream-

poetry is that it fades rapidly from the memory. No matter how brief the fragment is, no matter how vividly it is recalled on first awaking, or how many times the dreamer recites it over and over, and resolves to remember it, let him go to sleep again, or let his mind wander to other things, and the words are lost forever.

Coleridge had this experience with his "Kubla Khan." On awaking he remembered, he says, two or three hundred lines that had come to him in his dream. When he had written down the fifty-four lines that are preserved, "a person with business from Porlock" interrupted him, and detained him for over an hour, and when he tried afterwards to write the rest of his dream-poem, he found it hopelessly gone.

Since we have found any delay to be fatal it has become a point of honor that, whenever we awake with any fragment of dream-poetry in our clutches, we shall rise immediately and write it down, no matter how cold and dark the night. Often we have scratched it down with eyes shut and senses so affected by sleep that even the prosaic act of writing could not dispel the glamour, and we would go back to sleep believing that at last we had captured from the Underself a real treasure. But the result was always the same. With daylight the charm vanished. For without meaning we have found it almost invariably. Though it is often fine in sound and perfect in rhyme and metre, there is no escaping from the fact that to the waking mind it seldom conveys more than the ghost of an idea. It has not enough sequence for one verse to suggest the next, and it is probably only by reason of its rhyme and metre that we could grasp the smallest fragment firmly enough to drag it into the light of day. Even "Kubla Khan," which is more of a poem than anything our less talented Underselves have to offer, has, in common with all the dream-verses that are known to be authentic, a strong flavor of the incongruous. The newspaper dream-poems that we occasionally see are probably so remodelled in the remembering, that they represent just about what the dreamer would write with his eyes open. Their gentle medi-

ocrity leads us to doubt their authenticity, for, in our experience of them, the Underself's poems may have all other faults sooner than correct tameness.

There are several ways of remembering dream-poetry. One may recall only its words, without their dream-meaning; or, one may remember the thought expressed in the poem, but not the dream-words, or occasionally one remembers both the words and the idea they conveyed to the dreamer. It is very peculiar that in this last case, which is the only one where they can be compared, the ideas and the words seldom agree. This makes it clear that, if on waking, we give a correct poetical expression to the *thought* of the dream-poem, the *words* are likely to be our own and not those of the Underself.

In our specimens we have retained the Underself's exact words; but such may not be the case with the dream-poems published by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, and those dreamed by Mrs. Kingsford. These have, however, in spite of their length and correctness, some of the qualities that we have found to be common in true dream-poetry.

In her article on "Dreams," published in *Macmillan's* some years ago, Miss Cobbe gives two dream-poems. One of these is in French, though the lady who dreamed it believed herself unable to write poetry in French; and this fact seems to prove it to be in the Underself's words. Like "Kubla Khan," it was dreamed under the influence of a narcotic, and it has the impressiveness so characteristic of the dreams produced by opiates, and so frequently found in dream-poetry generally. There are eleven verses, of which the two opening ones will give a good idea:

Ce matin du haut de l'ancienne tourelle
J'écoutais la voix de la sentinelle,
Qui criait à ceux qui passaient là-bas
A travers le pont, "Dis, qui va là?"

Et toutes les réponses, si pleines d'espoir,
Remplirent mon cœur d'un vague effroi,
Car le chagrin est de l'espoir le fruit
Et le suit, comme au joursuit la sombre nuit.

This and the other poem that Miss Cobbe published appeared to the dreamer, like almost all the dream-poems we

know, as a combination of a poem and a vision.

Mrs. Anna Kingsford has published a whole volume of her "Dreams and Dream Stories," among which are a number of her dream-poems. One of these is called "Through the Ages," and deals with metempsychosis. It is probably the longest of all dream-poems, consisting of eighty lines. Its beginning is suggestive of that of the *Rubai-yât*:

Wake, thou that sleepest! Soul, awake!
Thy light is come, arise and shine!
For darkness melts and dawn divine
Doth from the holy Orient break.

Swift darting down the shadowy ways
And misty deeps of unborn Time,
God's light, God's day, whose perfect prime
Is as the light of seven days.

Here is another fragment from Mrs. Kingsford's collection:

A jarring note, a chord amiss,
The music's sweeter after,
Like wrangling ended with a kiss,
Or tears with silver laughter.

The high Gods have no joys like these
So sweet in human story,
No storm rends their tranquil seas
Beyond the sunset's glory.

Then there are others, "With the Gods," "Signs of the Times" and fragments, all of which are quite connected and quite unlike the bits we have brought from Dreamland, except in their general elevation of subject.

The Underself prefers lofty subjects, and seems always to aim at some unusually striking effect; in fact, he has a marked tendency toward bombast. In his most disconnected specimens there is generally a suggestion of vast possibilities of humor, beauty, or grandeur, a hint of brilliant but unfocussed ideas. They seem a kind of poetry in solution—something that we feel might astonish the world, if we could only present it in a settled, organized form. It seems to be what some of Browning's verse is to the uninitiated. In fact, we once, as an experiment, put one of the Underself's verses among some selected extracts from Browning, and defied a

literary club who were discussing his poetry, to distinguish the dream-poetry from the genuine Browning. This is the dream-poetry :

Enriched within the roses' prime,
Blossomed, alas, from time to time.
Endured from day to day.

This has, in common with most dream-poems, such an air of plausibility that it is easy to see why the club failed to convict it as an imposture.

After the same order as the last is the following enigma, which was pregnant with thought to the Underself, though our waking senses have never yet found its solution :

Believed by all, inspired by none,
By nature nor by art begun.

And here is a verse that the Underself put forth as a very beautiful description of the approach of winter :

Dull Autumn waves her sexless hands,
And saddens all their morning graces,
And throws white veils upon their heads,
And dims the shining of their faces.

The next is from a poem that was thought in the dream to paint the glory of dawn with a magic that made all former descriptions pale and lifeless :

Thus the white horse, plumed with the rising
morn,
Comes rushing forth to animate the dawn.

The following is the longest of the Underself's poems that we have been able to keep. It is very pathetic, and the dreamer awoke from it almost in tears :

Out in the sun and the wind together,
Mary and John were growing old ;
There when the birds were in full feather,
She gathered eggs while the sad years rolled.
There, in the brightest and darkest weather,
He pruned the trees, till his hands grew cold.
Out in the wind and the rain together,
Mary and John were growing old.
Still as the days passed, hither and thither
Wandered they, nearing Death's silent fold.
Now though trees bloom and all birds in feather,
Sleep they together 'neath wakening mould.

Besides being longer, this dream-poem is more connected than most of our specimens. But hasn't it a familiar

sound—as if we had heard it or something like it before? This dim sense of familiarity is not uncommon with dream-poetry, and this, and the fact that we are much more apt to dream poetry after reading poetry, suggest that the Underself may be something of a plagiarist, and that much of his composition is only a faint and confused echo of something we have heard when awake. This is eminently the case with the following heroic lines :

Up, up, with a shout into Clavering Hall,
Mount, mount, with the guards and the myrmidons all.

And these :

He fell, and in an inch exclaimed,
"There's castles in the air."

These last, and the following lines, seem to be not only echoes, but actual parodies of something else :

A title is drunk and the clarion is rung,
The long wire pulling the short wire's tongue.

All these seem so absurd in the commonplace light of day, that it is not easy to realize how we were affected by them. Yet it is true that we awoke thrilled by their eloquence ; they touched feelings too deep for expression ; to the dreamer all their mock-heroics were real, and all their tinsel was pure gold. For the setting of dream-poems is often superb, and they frequently seem to crown some magnificent climax, being pealed out in grand organ tones, or written on the sky in letters of light. For instance, one of us dreamed of a lordly castle that had in one of its halls a famous old oak beam, whose history seemed to ring through the air, *à la* "Excelsior," thus :

When freedom from her mountain height
Gave challenge bold and rare,
Fitz-Allen to Clan Estes gave
This oak to do and dare.

Its flame with crimson, creaming light,
Went climbing mountains high,
And burning banners blazing bright,
Lit echoes in the sky.

Here we have, in this last verse, something very creditable to the Underself, as it was dreamed by a person who had

scarcely ever in his life tried to make a rhyme.

The Underself frequently gets into a tragic mood. Here is a bit that he intended for tragedy, though the daylight rather lightens its gloom :

He laughed below stairs,
As I knelt at my prayers,
And I thought more of him than of God.

And again the Underself attempted tragedy in a poetic dream, which told the woful story of a deserted maiden, a kind of "Mariana in the Moated Grange," who waited sadly for the lover that never came. As this dream-maiden gazed into the mirror from time to time, she sorrowed over her gradual loss of beauty; but, instead of pining away picturesquely like the love-lorn maids of romance, she grew stout with age. Of all this harrowing history only these three lines could be remembered and written down :

She looked in the mirror and seemed to be
Many years older than she might,
And she drew the clasp of her girdle tight.

Next the Underself has attempted something a little different—"adorning his narrative" with a foreign tongue. The dreamer, who had been a Southern officer in the late war, thought he read this in a newspaper :

From every battle of the war,
Came many wounded, thick and thin ;
To this is one exception dread,
Crédit Comptoir de Katadin.

"This last line," he said, "seemed to be the most terse, elegant, and impressive French, the whole stanza meaning that while, in all other battles, there were many wounded for every one killed outright, the Battle of Fredericksburg was a terrible exception; that there the 'killed and wounded' were all killed instantly. In the dream it seemed that this was something that ever since the battle I had known to be true, which it is not. If anything, the proportion of wounded in that battle was larger than usual."

In this last case the sense and the words are even farther separated than

is usual. It is one of the few dreams in which the idea was remembered, and may be compared with the words. Here is another of the same sort. The dreamer thought that he read in a Sunday's paper, a long account in verse of how the insects came to survive the Flood, they having been, as he believed in the dream, either accidentally or purposely, not invited into the ark by Noah. The poem seemed to describe them as floating around on fruit and chips of bark, in a regular fleet. The only lines the dreamer recalled on waking were :

All the night,
Unto light,
Not an orange with a bug,
Not an insect on a rug,
Touched a [something rhyming with
light].

We have now a few extracts from his works, which show that the Underself sometimes descends from his grandiose flights, and tries to be funny. In these, more than in the serious poems, we can trace the general trend of each dreamer's mind. Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," who has written so much delightful dream-poetry with his eyes open, dreamed this :

It often runs in families,
Just as the love of pastry does.

One of our dreamers brought from a dream-poem this extract that is just as quaint :

'Tis a question if our latitude and civil rights
agree,
But longitude and other things are surely found
to gee.

Another dreamer, who, awake, has a very comic vein, dreamed that she saw her sister at a fancy ball, arrayed like a bandit king and standing on a table, where with much gesticulation, and amid wild applause, she sang the following song :

I'm a bold buccaneer, with bold glances,
Always in pairs I meet.
I level at those who say "Lancers,"
And waltz with the fair and the sweet.

She also dreamed, at another time, that she was teasing her mother by at-

tributing all her own shortcomings to heredity on the maternal side, as follows:

I love to see the college boys,
And copy them from afar,
And wink at them to show my joys—
I gathered it all from ma.

I love to have my purse jammed full,
And stuffed out very far,
But, pa, you can't blame me for this—
I gathered it all from ma.

Here is a flash of dream-wit, and a pun:

It can truly be said of Louisa's cork leg,
That it has two strings to its bow;
For it's tied at the top with a silken tie,
And it's buckled on below.

Here is another that deserves attention, because it seems to show more originality on the part of the Underself; it is harder to account for as an echo of something else. It was dreamed by the Southern officer, before mentioned, in camp in 1863, during a hard winter campaign "on starvation rations." He dreamed that a lady asked him to write in her album; that he tried to decline writing any more than his name, declaring that he had never been able to write in albums; but she insisted, until, in despair, he sat down and by a sudden inspiration dashed off the following:

CONFEDERATE RATIONS.

For a man, corn-bread—so—so.
Any bacon? No! no!
For a horse
O!

In his dream the writing in the album seemed to form a perfectly symmetrical inverted pyramid; the O at the apex to be read "zero."

This almost completes our assortment of dream-verses, collected with much pains and during many years. In spite of their very fragmentary character, they give us quite a good idea of the Underself's poetry in its different phases, though we might be better able to do him justice if we could have remembered more of his completed

poems. Many persons, perhaps, will take this fruit of all our labors for "the ridiculous mouse" that was born of the mountain. It will seem obvious to them that our mysterious poet, as we have torn from him bit by bit of his veil, has revealed himself to be a petty mountebank, whose poems are nothing more than "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." But he who has brilliant dreams must always keep a certain respect for that dream-self who seems a so much higher order of being than his ordinary blundering, stumbling daytime self; who seems to be endowed with such wonderful physical and mental power—moving freely through air and water, overcoming the force of gravitation, and scorning all limits of time and space; who seems to have such a profound skill in controversy and research, such a ready wit and marvellous eloquence. Does not everyone, moreover, remember feats of the Underself that have borne the light of day? Was not Tartini's Devil's Sonata, which he composed in a dream, the finest of all his productions? Did not Burdach and Condorcet solve scientific problems in their dreams?

Why, therefore, when the dream-self, this "Admirable Crichton," turns his attention to poetry, why should he not here also give some better proof of his ability than these vague and wandering dream-verses? Such was the problem which we placed before ourselves. One of our number, who has dreamed much poetry, was especially enthusiastic in seeking a solution to this problem. At last, when he was in despair of finding it, no less an authority than one of the Underselves undertook to explain to him the confusion of dream-poetry.

It is necessary to premise that many years before this dream, an old nurse in the family had been afflicted in the last years of her life with a touch of aphasia, that disease of the brain in which the patient loses to a greater or less extent his memory of words. With this old woman only the substantives were confused; she used all other words correctly. She was convinced of her sanity; and never guessing that a part of her brain had fallen asleep, she continued to ask for all sorts of impos-

sible things—plantations, cows, churches—and even grew very indignant at the stupidity of her attendants, who could not understand her demands. Now the dream above referred to was one of those dreams within dreams which are not uncommon. In it the dreamer thought that he had just waked from a dream in which he had composed some beautiful lines expressing a very original idea. In this second stage of dreaming he hastened, as he thought, to write down the words. What was his surprise to see in his dream that he had written a senseless jumble of words, though he still retained very clearly in his mind the thought that the verses were intended to convey! He tried to summon up the proper words, but they would not come. Then he recalled the case of the old nurse, and felt that his condition was like hers—that sleep had rendered him temporarily *aphasic*—that he had really originated a brilliant idea, but that, though his sleeping brain was still enough of a poet to understand rhyme and metre, it had lost the power of formulating its thoughts correctly in words.

There is no doubt that his explanation is true in some cases—those of the dreams we have already mentioned, from which we have remembered not only the senseless words, but also the sensible idea that they were meant to convey. There are a number of these, in which the aphasia is more or less marked. The one already given, with the French ending "*Crédit comptoir de Katadin*," is about the most aphasic, the remembered words bearing little relation to the remembered meaning. The following verse expresses its meaning much more clearly, though it still has a touch of aphasia :

One should be very sure in picking his bone,
That the likeness he finds to another alone.

The dreamer remembered that this was meant to express very epigrammatically, that sharp dealing may injure one's self much more than the person

deceived. A slight change will bring this near to its real meaning—for instance :

One should be very sure in picking his bone,
That the likeness he finds is another's alone.

i.e., that he is not picking his own bone—preying on himself.

Now here is a fragment in which the aphasia has disappeared, and the words are evidently quite correct.

The terms I use may mystic seem,
But I'm writing upon a mystic theme.

And there are others like this in the examples already given; so we may suppose that the Underself varies from very serious aphasia to a perfectly correct use of words.

Dreaming, like all other phenomena, cannot be justly estimated without taking into consideration its highest development. Robert Louis Stevenson declares his belief that his sleeping brain is more skilful in the construction of plots and stronger in inventive genius than his waking brain. Mrs. Kingsford declared the same—and more. She said that she had, all through life, gained the greatest assistance in daily perplexities from the nightly counsels of her Underself. And there are many other like cases, where, not only in sleep, but during insanity or the delirium of fever, or in a hypnotic trance, the Underselves have delivered inspired addresses, composed poetry, and shown in many ways a wit and brilliancy beyond the waking power of the Centralself.

In spite of all the absurdities that we have quoted from him, we claim that our dream-poet is neither a fool nor an impostor. If he has often surrounded his utterances with mystery, it is only after the manner of the true genius :

"Weave a circle 'round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

A TOLEDO BLADE.

By T. R. Sullivan.



THROUGHOUT the whole December day the wind had been rising; and the road followed by the lumbering diligence had passed sometimes out of sight of the sea, but never beyond the sound of it. The coast was the wild and rocky one of southwestern France, doubly desolate now between the dull sky and the dull waves which were rapidly lashing themselves into a fury that only the Bay of Biscay knows. Far away on the left bristled the jagged peaks of the Pyrenees, veined with snow in all their gullies. As the frontier formalities were concluded and the four lively mules dashed down into Spain, the only passenger in the banquette thought he had never been called upon to face so dreary a prospect. He drew his hood forward about his ears, muffled himself more closely in his long blue cloak, and thanked the heaven above him, forbidding as it looked, that his day's journey was so near its end.

In spite of the foreign cut of these outer garments, the traveller was English by birth and early education. But he had travelled much, and had been in Spain before, though, as it happened, never in the north; he therefore knew something of its ways, and having the gift of tongues, he could speak its language with creditable fluency. His dress accorded well with the character of the man, whose ease in adapting himself to the circumstances of the moment made him to this extent remarkable. He was the son of an army officer who had fallen in the Peninsular War; years had elapsed since that conflict, yet it was scarcely remote enough to be chronicled with calm judgment, and the names of its dead were still remembered. For this December wind whistled itself away in times now called good, before steam and electricity had scarred the earth,

when travel was adventure to a certain degree dangerous, to the last degree uncomfortable. Neither danger nor discomfort, however, counted for much with the present adventurer, as has already been implied. His clear blue eyes were very keen; his features were finely cut, and although he was not a soldier, a huge yellow mustache gave a martial look to his face, which was said to resemble his father's very closely. Along the journey of life he had advanced beyond that fortieth year declared by the poet to be the age of reason; but years with him went smoothly and lightly; in his youth, to be sure, he had lost his heart more than once, but had always found it again, and he remained a bachelor. Not a hair of him had changed its color, and he still looked too young to be reasonable.

For a few miles farther the coach toiled slowly on, skirting deep indentures of the shore—black gulfs whitened here and there by the foam of the wintry sea tossed up in the twilight—and passing through villages and small towns that struck the Spanish note at once in their want of thrift and in their all pervading air of sombre dilapidation. Then, at a sudden turn in the road, the driver pointed with his whip to the lights of a city gleaming across a wide, shallow bay where the breakers held high carnival; and admonishing his mules by word of mouth in the Basque dialect, and by much cracking of the lash in a language of his own, he attained at length the headlong pace essential to the last mile of his course. In a few moments more the wheels rattled over a wooden bridge, crossing at its outlet a stream of sluggish current that contrasted strangely with the turbulent water into which it flowed, and after a jarring interval of rough pavement finally stopped before the *Fonda de la Posta* in San Sebastian, the fortified capital of the province.

An old porter limped forward from the inn-door, holding up his lantern.

"Hola! Manolito! You bring foul weather. And how many souls come with you?"

"What would you have, Father Sanchez? but one."

"I thought as much," growled the watch-dog, under his breath; then changing his tone to one of great civility, he added: "Will it please the Señor to descend?"

The stranger, leaping lightly down, was met at once by the landlord, who greeted him obsequiously.

"You are welcome, Señor; your fire is already lighted. That is, if the Señor traveller calls himself Sir George Grayling."

"Yes," replied the other; "I am he."

"Good. The Señor's letter was received, and we shall do our best to make him comfortable. Here, Josefa! Show the caballero to his chamber."

The room, a large one overlooking the sea on the harbor side of the town, was uncarpeted, bare, and gusty, but scrupulously clean; at its further end roared and crackled cheerily a fire of drift-wood, before which Sir George Grayling installed himself, while the sharp-eyed, ruddy maid-servant dragged in his luggage.

"Will the Señor dine below? There is no one else."

"By all means; and the sooner, the better. It appears that a storm is brewing."

"Yes, Señor, the fishermen have all put in. You are come at a dull moment. The summer is our season. Now there are no visitors, no sports, no bull-fights; we shall not keep the Señor long."

"Who can tell that? I must explore the city."

The girl smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "*Santo Dios!* It is a poor place to one who has seen the world. There are few monuments—a church, a castle——"

"A castle, yes," interposed the traveller. "It is there, as they tell me, that certain soldiers are buried."

"*Hé*, it is true; and they are Englishmen—the Señor's friends, perhaps."

"Perhaps. Is it far to the place?"

"No, Caballero," replied Josefa, cross-

ing to the window and pointing out of it. "One takes the road leading from the port where it winds up the rock. The men sleep at the top of the cliff toward the sea, under the castle wall. A quiet place, easy to find; for the rest, to-morrow, if the Señor desires, Father Sanchez will guide him there."

"I shall not need a guide," returned the Englishman, slipping a coin into her hand.

"At your commands, Señor," she said, with a low reverence, as she left the room. "Soul of the devil! It is a piece of forty reals; they are princes, these English."

The dinner proved to be chiefly remarkable for a fish of great size and corresponding delicacy, served with olives; and Sir George Grayling, who was somewhat of an epicure, enjoyed this the more from the knowledge that such a dish could not be procured again until the storm abated. With the other courses he made short work.

"The mutton of Guipuzcoa is uninviting," he reflected, while he lingered for a moment over a few withered nuts and apples and his bottle of astringent wine. "The town, too, is a hole, evidently, in which the elements have conspired to beleaguer me. I must steal a march upon them, if I can, and see what their hole is like."

But so far as the quay was concerned, the wind and water had already gained possession. Scudding clouds obscured the stars, and the sea beat against the stone rampart over which great puffs of spray were blown. Out in the harbor the ships' lights fairly danced to the pitiless music of the advancing gale.

"I am in for it," sighed Grayling, after a short reconnaissance; "this will last for days." Then he turned aside into the main street, which, like many another *Calle Mayor*, was absurdly narrow and dark, with public buildings most forbidding in their aspect. The theatre might have been a prison. As its doors were closed this seeker of distraction strolled on to a little square at the street's end, upon which the cathedral thrust forth an imposing façade. Here all artistic expression of the place seemed to be concentrated; for the niches gleamed with marble statues, con-

spicuous among which, over the central portal, writhed the patron saint of the city, as usual, bristling with arrows. Several cloaked figures passed up the broad steps before the church as Sir George approached; and finding nothing better to do, he followed them.

The long aisles were dimly lighted, and the pillars of the nave rose into impenetrable gloom. Grayling felt his way along them to one of the side-chapels, where he found an illuminated altar with a service in progress. Upon the outskirts of the little group assembled there, he hovered for a while, indifferent to the ceremonial itself, but pleased with its effectiveness as a show, and gradually becoming interested in its devotees. Nearly all of them were women, some hard-featured and rough-handed, in homespun peasant garb; others upon whom the dull respectability of trade stamped itself as plainly as if they had worn its symbols embroidered on their sleeves. Two or three, only, seemed to be of higher rank; and one of these, whose face he could not see, at length arrested his wandering eyes and thoughts. She was young, of course, and her figure was slender and singularly graceful; she wore black, but even in the faint light he could perceive that this must be of fine material, and that it fitted her to perfection. In the inevitable lace mantilla, put on coquettishly, she had pinned a great red rose; and her fan hung from her waist by one of those flexible silver girdles, not often seen out of Venice, made in the form of a snake. The rush-bottomed chair she knelt in was drawn somewhat apart from the others, and she seemed to be completely absorbed in her devotions. While these continued, Grayling tried in vain to substantiate his growing conviction of her youth and beauty. His curiosity was aroused, and he waited impatiently for an opportunity to gratify it.

As the office ended and the group broke up, a little old woman, with the bearing of a servant, crossed the chapel and whispered to the kneeling girl. She rose immediately, handing her prayer-book to her companion; and then turning, stopped for a moment to shake out the folds of her dress. In that moment

the man's heart made a great bound; his hope confirmed gave way to sudden fear, which a new hope as suddenly replaced. He had never seen a face like that; high-bred and delicate in every line, glowing with color; and the eyes—the eyes were wonderful. Black as the lace she wore, deep, lustrous, and almost too large for perfect beauty—he had not known that such eyes could be! She was taller than he thought, older, too—a woman, not a girl; but still a young woman, twenty-five at most. Ah, but down here in the South they matured early, married early; of a surety, this was the pious consort of some rich hidalgo. Alone, though; then why not his widow? Alone; then even if she were married—so swiftly, so strangely, and so fiercely may run the thoughts of a lonely man; so, at a breath, the dull embers of an Anglo-Saxon may leap into a firebrand.

Unconsciously she held him thus immovable, and coming nearer, became for the first time aware of his existence. To his astonishment this seemed to startle her. She stopped short, turned deathly pale, and caught the servant's arm with a look, if not of terror, of something very like it. Eying her mistress in wonder, the woman stopped too, waiting for her to speak; but she had already recovered herself, and had changed her mind; after another glance at Grayling, suggestive only of discreet disdain, she deliberately turned her back upon him and passed him by on the farther side of the chapel, without giving her companion a word of explanation.

But Grayling was too quick for her. She must leave the church by the central door, he knew; and gliding through the darkness as stealthily as an assassin, he reached it first, to wait, muffled in his cloak, at the angle of the porch, in the shadow of the outer pillars. Here he was invisible—a deeper patch of shadow, nothing more; but on her, when she passed, the light of the street-lamp would fall. And presently she came; he could have touched the silver girdle as she brushed him by. A jewelled dagger gleamed there that he had not seen before—a woman's weapon, a toy upon which her fingers rested lightly. She was gone in an instant, with a flashing smile, a merry word or two, meant only

for the attendant's ear. But Grayling caught the words and laughed as he repeated them. To what could they refer, if not to his own unguarded admiration? "Manuela, Manuela! what if the day I pray for has really come?"

Though he longed to follow, he had not the means, for her carriage waited at the foot of the steps, and she was whirled away into the night, while he plodded his way back to the inn through drenching rain, of which he was hardly conscious. The storm had come, but any delay that it might cause would prove acceptable rather than vexatious. He had sought distraction, to find a form of it that, skilfully handled, should outlast the most determined stress of weather.

In spite of much commotion without and within, he slept late the next morning. When Josefa brought up his cloak, which had been drying all night before the kitchen fire, she did not venture to disturb him. At the end of the corridor was a long window with a sheltered balcony, whither she turned in this idle moment to get a look at the storm. The rain had ceased for a time, but the wind was still hard at work, and the surf, running high before it, threatened to make ducks and drakes of the sea-wall. Already one or two of its huge stones had been dislodged; and through the gap torrents of foam were breaking. In an archway opposite stood a knot of people, drawn together by the unusual sight. One among them, an old woman, came forward, greeting Josefa warmly.

"Eh, Manuela!" she returned, "it is a wild morning."

"Truly it is, and bad for the affairs. Such weather brings few guests."

"Ah! *desgracia!* We have but one. Happily, he is a noble Englishman and rich!"

"An Englishman? How is he called, then?"

"*Valgame Dios!* Who can say? Such names they have!"

"Who knows? He comes, perhaps, to find a villa for the season."

"Not he!" replied Josefa, laughing. Then changing her tone, she added, mysteriously, "I think he comes to find a grave."

"A grave? What exciting news for

my lady! Dearest, I implore you, seek me out his name."

"Nay, that is no difficult matter. Look! Here is the man's cloak, with his name marked inside. Do you see? The mischief is that I know not how to speak it."

"Speak for me the letters, then."

This was accordingly done, to the visible joy of Manuela, who recorded each letter as it came. She would have gossiped further, but that the noble Englishman rang his bell, and Josefa withdrew abruptly in response to it.

She lost nothing, however, for he was in a talkative mood; sitting up in bed while he slowly dissolved the sugared *panetela* in the chocolate she had brought him, he discussed the weather and its probable effect upon all inhabitants of the city. From that he passed easily to the discussion of one inhabitant in particular, describing her accurately, and finally inquiring her name.

Josefa's first answer was a peal of laughter.

"*Por Dios!* the affair becomes serious. If the lady's servant has not been asking me the same thing about the Señor!"

"What—Manuela?"

"Manuela, yes. Pray, how did the Señor know?"

"No matter; who is her master?"

"She has no master, Señor."

"Ah, her mistress is a widow?"

"No, Caballero; she has never married. Her father, Don Diego de Mora, was one of the chiefs of the province. He died many years ago, at the time of the great battle when the castle was besieged. And the Señorita lives alone with Manuela in a house outside the town, on the Madrid road; the stone house with high walls that one sees there through the trees."

"Josefa, you will drive me mad. Once more, what is her name?"

"Costanza, Señor; Doña Costanza de Mora. How can I serve the Señor further?"

"By leaving me alone, that I may rise to find my purse and reward you."

"The reward can wait if the Señor will but take me into his service when he marries," replied Josefa lightly, as she retreated.

The wind held through that day in undiminished vigor. To face it at the shore-line was more than difficult. Nevertheless Grayling made two expeditions with all the tempest in his teeth. The first concerned itself with the fulfilment of that purpose which had led him into Spain, and which, as Josefa had half-divined, was none other than his first visit to his father's grave. A narrow road, rising gradually, encircled the steep and lofty rock under which the city nestles. In a few moments he came in sight of the citadel-towers springing from its summit, formidable as the rock itself. Then he met the howling blast and saw the ocean spreading desolately away five hundred feet below him. Fighting his way inch by inch, he rounded the rock to a point of comparative shelter under an angle of the fortress. Here, in their acre of turf still keeping its summer freshness, beneath white headstones carefully tended, he found the English graves, a dozen in all, perhaps; a mere handful of the men lost by the allied forces in their final assault upon the city; and here at last he read his father's name: MAJOR SIR STEPHEN GRAYLING, OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS—DIED AUGUST 31, 1813. The old wall of the fort just above it was overgrown with ferns and mosses; one pale harebell trembled there among them. He picked the flower and brought it back with him to the town.

Grayling was not a man of deep religious feeling, nor yet, if forced into a confession of his views, could he have avowed himself an unbeliever. He never troubled himself to formulate a theory, but, from long life abroad in the diplomatic service, had grown tolerant of all creeds. His indifferent attitude was that common to most single men of the world, who are denied the responsibility which the inquiring spirit of children brings. Thus, churches to him were first and foremost works of art, and he often visited them out of curiosity, rarely for any other reason. Still more rarely did he take up a religious book with any self-questioning purpose. Yet, his first act upon returning to the inn was to search his luggage for a small, worn copy of the Psalms which his father had once given him when he went away to school.

Shortly after, came the news of the soldier's death; this had been his last gift, and mainly on that account the son had always treasured it. As he opened the book now at random, his eyes caught these words:

"Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction."

He sighed, read on to the bottom of the page, and sighed again. Then he dropped the flower in at the place, and lest it should slip out and be lost, he put the book into his pocket. Those were strong words that he had stumbled upon. Another time he would try to read them all.

But just now a flood of reproachful memories overwhelmed him. Why had this visit been so long delayed? He had loved his father, whom he recalled as every inch a soldier. Living, a veteran of Waterloo, all the world would have revered and honored him. And now, struck down before his time, the brave man lay here, in this obscure corner of the world, neglected and forgotten by his own kith and kin. He had died gloriously in the service of his country. How much had the son profited by that example? Very little, Grayling told himself. It shocked him to reflect that, with more years of life and far greater advantages than those granted to his father, he had distinguished himself so little. He had been indolent and reckless, never making opportunity, never resisting it as a great man should, squandering his native courage and energy in adventure of a questionable kind. A certain inherited geniality had helped him to pass for a good fellow, but at heart he was hideously selfish. Out of these six feet of disregarded earth the father's presence rose to chide his tardy son, like Hamlet "lapsed in time and passion;" the son whose loss, if it occurred to-morrow, would leave the world the poorer only by the shadow of a noble name.

But your worldling does not take on holy orders at a moment's notice; were it otherwise, chapels had been churches for this many a year. Two hours later, Grayling had stifled his regret, dismissing it for the time at least as morbid sensitiveness, and had gone out upon

the Madrid road to cope with fresh adventure. His afternoon was one of laborious disappointment. He found, to be sure, the casket in which his rich jewel was said to lie concealed; a stone manor-house, heavily grated, girt with high walls that bore heraldic emblems; but house as well as inmates appeared to be taking a siesta. He saw no sign of life. The gates were closed, and to force his way in without a sufficient pretext would be unwise, if not impracticable. He strolled on meditatively. Just beyond the house the king's highway was intersected on one side by a green lane leading back toward the river and the town, and on the other by a sharp descent toward the sea. The tide had ebbed, and the yellow beach, firm as a floor, was strewn with shells of brilliant colors brought in by the storm. He went down and continued his walk among them, protected now from the wind by the high rocky promontory that forms the northwestern limit of the bay. Its lower slopes were cultivated, and above them the peak rose gray and bare to a ruined tower perched like a bird of prey upon the highest point. This, Grayling saw at a glance, must not only be much higher than the castle rock, but must also give a wider scope for the effects of sea and shore. A foot-path crossing the stubble-fields tempted him to follow it, and accordingly he did so, soon leaving far below him all vestiges of civilization. At his feet lay the broad, landlocked harbor, its narrow mouth guarded by a barren island half hidden in thunderous sheets of foam. Beyond the harbor, the low-lying isthmus of the town had shrunk into insignificance; already he could overlook the citadel to a broken horizon line well out at sea. On the south, the river valley stretched away to other wave-like crests that were the Pyrenees. He climbed on into a region of scanty grasses and crumbling bits of granite, while the landscape broadened perceptibly at every step on all sides save one; this too, as he approached the tower, opened out before him with startling abruptness. For the ridge was sharp as a knife-blade, hardly in fact a yard in width, and had a sheer fall of many hundred feet on the farther side. Here the wind brought

Grayling to his knees, literally within an inch of destruction. He clung there for a moment, staring down upon a sunken ledge that tore the waves to shreds; then crawling ignominiously on all-fours to the tower-wall, he was able to stand erect in its lee, and by peering into the wind's eye could see cliff succeeding cliff along the coast in savage grandeur, unrelieved by any human habitation or the movement of any human creature. The only sounds were the monotonous rhythm of the surf, and the call of a gull that wheeled almost within reach. As Grayling hung here like Mahomet, between angry sky and angrier sea, the spot suddenly became to him appalling in its loneliness. The familiar things of earth grew unfamiliar, as if he were looking down upon them from another planet, and while he looked he shivered. "What a place for a crime!" he thought; and drawing closer into the shelter of the tower, he turned his eyes and thoughts to that. One who totters on the edge of an abyss ceases to care for space, and may find his greatest interest in the contemplation of a pebble.

It was an old light-tower, evidently long disused, and slowly settling into disintegration. Its loophole grates, eaten with rust, would have fallen at a touch, and in the wide gaps of the cornice weeds tossed their heads defiantly; but the walls stood firm in spite of many ominous fissures; they had been set up for all time, and were not to be demolished in any short division of it. Near at hand a small door, roughly put together, apparently for purposes of exclusion, formed the only entrance. Though it bore a warning of danger, Grayling tried the latch, which yielded without difficulty, and the door swung open. Instead of a vacant chamber littered with fallen masonry, he saw rich stuffs and ornaments heaped up in picturesque confusion; and among them knelt a man, swarthy and hard-featured, who appeared to have emptied his pack before a possible purchaser standing apart in shadow. Naturally startled, Grayling let go the door; as it fell back the man sprang up with an oath and the motion of drawing a weapon. Then a woman spoke in a voice unknown to Grayling; he caught the word "English," followed by discus-

sion, the drift of which was inaudible ; but after it someone barred the door carefully, and all was quiet again.

Caring neither to intrude nor to be charged with timidity, Grayling moved a few steps forward, and still keeping the tower-wall between him and the wind, seated himself upon a fallen stone to look down at the harbor. The rock at its mouth was crowned by a modern lighthouse, superseding this, which abandoned to the elements, had become admirably fitted for the haunt of smugglers, it manifestly must be. Grayling had made no special study of Spanish law, but he remembered now that the old provincial charter had lately been annulled, much to the indignation of the rude Biscayans, who threatened a revolt. Whether their cause was just or unjust, he did not know, and cared nothing. Let them break the law or keep it, the affair was none of his. He had hardly made this reflection when the door opened and the man came out. His looks were still decidedly against him, but he touched his cap with a poor attempt to be civil, and seemed ashamed of his former discourtesy. "The vultures are flying over," he explained.

"A fine outlook, this of yours," said Grayling, evading the disagreeable subject.

"It is better overhead," the man rejoined, with a glance at the broken cornice. "Another time the Señor may ascend to the summit; to-day the wind sits in an ill quarter."

"Not to say dangerous," Grayling assented, pointing out the break in the path where he had been thrown down. "Just now I thought it was all over with me."

The fellow laughed as if this thought suggested another to him. "Yes, Señor," said he, "one needs a quick eye and a sure foot to climb the Monte Igüeldo in days like these. You will return more safely on this side. See!" As he spoke, he tossed a stone along the slope to a ledge upon which the foot-hold was entirely secure.

Grayling thanked him and accepted the hint. "*Adios!*" he said, as he turned away.

"Until our next meeting!" returned the Biscayan, obviously not displeased

at the brevity of this one. He watched the stranger's descent for a moment, then going back, he spoke to his companion in a tone which the favorable wind made perfectly distinct to Grayling's ears.

"Open, Manuela," said he.

The woman's name struck the Englishman at once as that of the silent attendant whom he had seen with Doña Costanza in the cathedral. It was she, of course. Why had he not discovered this up there in the tower? Here was an excellent opportunity to conciliate her thrown away. "Woo the maid and win the mistress," he reflected. "A peseta or two would have been well spent in buying trinkets of that rascal." He stopped, half intending to return, but this on second thought seemed to him ill-judged. The occasion had passed, and he had missed it; he would rise to the next whenever that came.

The immediate problem to be solved was that of presenting himself to the mistress in a favorable light. After pondering this till bed-time, he chose at last the most prosaic method possible. He had been furnished with letters to a prominent banker of the city, for use in case of need. Nothing could be simpler than to tell this man a plausible story, and obtain through him a formal introduction complying with all the demands of Spanish etiquette. This scheme, if less romantic than that of "eating iron," as the phrase is, under the lady's grated window at midnight to a guitar accompaniment, had at least the advantage of directness. And he was impatient to establish some sort of friendly relation between them; so impatient that he did not care to ask himself to what this relation would lead. He had decided that he must know her—that was all.

The next day was Sunday, but he turned out at an early hour and found the banker at his post. The old fellow proved to be florid of speech, skilled in the employment of titles, and clearly much impressed by Grayling's own. He questioned neither the propriety of the introduction nor its importance. He had the felicity of knowing well the distinguished Señorita; he would give the letter willingly. Yet he feared (with marked embarrassment) lest this should

be of doubtful profit to His Excellency. Why? Because (and here confusion quite overcame him) the charming lady had acquired an unconquerable prejudice against foreigners—in particular, those of His Excellency's so noble nation. It filled him with despair to say this, but how else exculpate her for any want of cordiality that might ensue. Grayling laughingly promised to abide by the event, however humiliating to his vanity; then having obtained the letter upon these conditions, he bowed himself out with punctilious ceremony and went his way.

The storm had passed on during the night. There was no breath of winter in the air, and the treacherous sea conducted itself now with a false serenity, lazily caressing its own injuries to the broken rampart as if it were forever tamed. The clear green rollers had a tropic splendor in them; the sky was cloudless; and under the spell of these soothing influences Grayling, as he walked, began to build himself an air-castle of magnificent proportions, worthy of the illusive land into which he had so lately strayed. The beautiful Costanza de Mora occupied in due course the post of *châtelaine*. The trifling matter of conquest that must intervene gave him no uneasiness, for he looked upon it as already accomplished. Her chance phrase in the church porch he interpreted as proof that she would become a slave to his will whenever he chose to assert the mastery. Of late years he had been somewhat renowned for his success with women, and this had tended to make him contemptuous and arrogant in all that regarded them. They were to be classed as man's inferiors in the economy of nature, to be held by him in the leash, and let slip or not as he determined.

Knocking thus at her gate in the guise of a conqueror, he gave none the less her country's response to the unseen porter's demand of "Who goes there?" explaining that he was "A person of peace," but getting thereby no farther than the gateway. For the man at last appeared only to state that his mistress was on her way to church. Which way had she gone, then? not by the shore, or he must have encountered

her. No; down the lane to the meadows and along the river-bank; such was her custom always in fine weather.

He did not wonder at her choice when he adopted it too, in the hope of overtaking her. The quiet country road drew down the winter sunshine. In and out of its white walls, overhung here and there with patches of ivy, the silent, bright-eyed lizards were darting merrily, and beyond this vista the river-valley, half veiled in silvery mist, wound away for miles. He met only an old peasant-woman and a boy driving a hog between them. The self-willed brute made their task ludicrously difficult by frequent deviations from the path, grunting unamiably and resenting all interference of the boy who prodded his flanks with a goad. The woman, bowed and wrinkled as the Cumæan Sibyl, shook just out of his reach a bag of dried peas, thus luring him a step or two further. Grayling forgot his errand for a moment in watching this characteristic progress; then he hurried on to the point where the lane met the meadows, and where a path over a grassy dike followed the windings of the river to the city and the sea. Far down this path he saw two women walking in the same direction, but slowly, stopping from time to time to look back at the peaceful prospect of the valley. In another five minutes he had arrived within hailing distance, and was preparing to press on and join them, when his eye caught the gleam of metal on the ground before him. Coming nearer, he found the flashing object to be a small poniard which he immediately recognized as that worn by Doña Costanza at her girdle. He picked it up, of course, and examined it closely. Both hilt and sheath were delicately wrought; and a splendid pearl ran freely back and forth in an oblong groove cut completely through the upper part of the blade. The steel was so elastic that he could bend it nearly double, and it bore the Toledo mark. He did not need to be informed that the weapon was old and of great value—no doubt, an heirloom. Here in his hand he had now, by a strange chance, the best of reasons for introducing himself, and he hastened to make the most of his advantage. At

the sound of his step the two women drew aside as if to let him pass; the servant, Manuela, walked a few paces in advance, but both she and her mistress stopped, facing him inquiringly at his first word.

"*Buenos dias, Señora,*" he began, with the most formal of salutations. "I have the good fortune to restore the Señora this treasure of Toledo, which I cannot doubt is hers."

Her lovely face flushed a little as she put her hand to her belt in the action of surprise and smiled upon him sweetly.

"At your disposition, Señor," she said, with that superfluous and unsubstantial generosity which is accounted bare complaisance in a Spaniard.

"By no means," he replied. "I insist that it shall remain in better hands than these."

The dagger returned to hers at once. "Since you insist," she explained, adding more simply: "I thank you much; the treasure is really mine and very precious. My mother, who is dead, bequeathed it to me. Pray be covered, Señor."

He bowed, but did not put on his hat. "A moment longer," he objected. "Is not this Doña Costanza de Mora to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

She looked at him sharply, with an expression of uneasiness that she tried vainly to conceal. He thought that she even trembled slightly as she answered in a low voice:

"You know my name, then."

"Who does not?" he asked, gallantly.

"It is to you that I bring this letter."

Unfolding the paper quickly and tremulously, she read it twice over, the second time more thoughtfully. Then without looking up she continued, in the same quiet tone: "You are Sir George Grayling?"

He bowed again ceremoniously. "I am your servitor and friend."

She met his look once more and handed him the letter with her sweetest smile. "You were both the one and the other before you gave me this. Take it back; we do not need it now."

Why should she return the letter? "But this is yours," he said with a puzzled air, as he slowly refolded it.

"Pray be covered, Señor," she re-

peated, laughing at his perplexity. "The air is dangerous. And if you insist again, bring it to me at my house—if that will give you pleasure."

"Oh, Señorita, the sooner, the better—if it pleases you."

"Believe that I am glad to know you," she answered, gravely. "And that you may believe it better, come this afternoon at the hour of the siesta. I shall not sleep to-day."

"Be sure that I will come. And now? May I not walk on with you?"

"Pray excuse me, Excellency. Now, we are in public."

"At least to the city gate——"

"A thousand pardons, it is not the custom. Until this afternoon, *adios!* I kiss the Señor's hands."

"Then and always at the Señorita's feet."

So in the same spirit of precision that began it, their first encounter ended. She held her course with Manuela, while he retraced his steps alone, sighing to think how time would drag until they met again. Yet he had carried the day with unexpected swiftness. A rendezvous already! All was better than it ought to be; the conquest promised well.

But a rude shock awaited him, when at the proper hour of the afternoon he presented himself to keep the appointment. Much to his surprise, the porter informed him that his mistress was not within. He took the liberty of doubting this, producing his credentials and explaining the nature of his errand; but he was met by the same quiet assertion: the lady was absent from the house. He offered money, begging permission to enter and await her return. The man politely but firmly rejected these advances. To wait would be useless. The Señorita might be away for hours. Where, then, had she gone? was it possible to know that? Oh, yes; she had departed alone, on foot, to ascend the Monte Igüeldo yonder. Leaving no word for him, then? Absolutely none. And laying his hand upon his heart with an expression of profound respect, the gate-keeper bade the Señor good-day.

Grayling, disappointed and baffled, strode away angrily. Was this their

far-famed Spanish courtesy? Had she prejudged him according to the banker's insinuation, granting this interview simply to get rid of him with the smallest possible delay? It looked so, most assuredly. This, however, was a very unflattering thought, and he was not the man to entertain it long. The porter, at least, had treated him as a person of distinction; moreover, with the conscious air of one who knows more than he is willing to admit, strictly enjoined to be discreet. Why else had he been so ready to point out the very path she had taken? How should he know that, unless he had been told of it beforehand? Was it not clear that, without directly saying so, she wished her guest to infer that he would do well to follow her? Some good reason, perhaps, had arisen for not receiving him at home. Yet what could it be? She was her own mistress. Why should the door which she herself had opened be suddenly closed against him?

Wavering thus between ardent desire and wounded vanity, he turned for possible enlightenment to the Monte Igueldo itself. The gray slopes stood out finely now against the deep blue of the sky, in an air so clear that it seemed as if the flutter of a leaf upon them might be detected. Up and down he looked until at last he found her—a mere speck, almost at the summit, gone in the next instant and then reappearing. Now she stopped, and he fancied it was to examine point by point the path below. For him, of course! And when he thought this, his first step backward was already taken. Never had the familiar proverb that he who deliberates is lost a better exemplification. He, who had lately boasted to himself that he was born to lead, had now slipped the leash over his own neck and placed the controlling power in a woman's hand.

How still it was above, beneath him, everywhere! Citizen and peasant alike were sleeping out the quiet Sunday afternoon, and earth and sky rejoiced in that inviolate repose. Nothing disturbed it except the far-off wash of the sea, or the scurry of some insect through the stunted grass. And what wonders had been worked since yesterday! Now a golden light suffused the distance,

softening all that had looked harsh and bleak before. Could it be really so? he wondered. Or did a new light in his own eyes glorify this day? Certain it was that he saw these things in their full beauty for the first time. Yet here were his footprints giving him the lie direct; and here he found another, freshly made, that might have passed for Cinderella's. He laughed when he saw that, and let the distance go.

There was still no other sign of her when he reached the top of the ridge and drew back involuntarily from the brink over which he had so nearly fallen on the preceding day. A very little more, and that mishap would have been his last. He could appreciate better the gravity of the danger now that it had passed, and that he reviewed the scene in the judicial attitude of a bystander. The path was torn up, and a fragment of the rock was gone. Even in a light so calm as this, the possibilities of the place became fearful to contemplate, and he turned from them gladly. But now, nearing the tower, he suddenly recollected what had occurred there, and he began to doubt the wisdom of his return to it. What if, after all, he should find himself an awkward intruder for the second time? Why might not mistress as well as maid defy the law, and dealing habitually with the smuggler, be busy at that very moment about nothing else? All women that ever lived were born smugglers at heart, he knew. It must be so, then; he had made himself egregiously an ass; he had marched up the hill, and his best course was to pack immediately to the right-about and march down again.

This sage conclusion had no sooner come to pass than its truth was apparently disproved by the sight of the lady herself, standing alone in the shadow of the tower, lost in thought. When she heard him it was to look up and smile in a way that relieved his mind immensely. If his presence had not been all that she most desired, it surely was not unwelcome. He greeted her, however, with chilling politeness.

"I hoped you would come," she said, without embarrassment.

"Ah! It does not displease you that I am here?"

"On the contrary. I beg that you will pardon me. To receive you at my house would have been impossible; to leave a message for you, equally so. I was forced, therefore, to rely upon your discernment, your discretion. I weighed you in the balance and have not found you wanting."

Her tone disarmed him. To have resisted its appeal he must have been more or less than man. The wonderful eyes had a pleading look, as if to overcome his doubt of her sincerity. He noted mechanically the becoming details of her dress: a single diamond, like a tear-drop, at her throat, where the mantilla folds were caught together; upon her breast a bunch of violets, oppressive in their fragrance; the dagger and the snake-like girdle. One word would have been enough. He was bewitched without it, and only too ready to believe in her.

"I thank you for a proof of confidence," said he; "you have brought me beyond the reach of etiquette."

"Perhaps," she said, with heightened color. "You met no one, then."

"No one. I think the whole world sleeps except ourselves. Unless——"

"Unless?"

"Unless this wall has ears as it had yesterday—ugly ones at that."

"Manuela told me," she answered, laughing. "You mean Miguel, the contrabandista. Poor fellow! You were more terrible to him than he to you, it appears. He took you for a spy. Our laws, you see, are very strict. Does it shock you that we break them sometimes?"

"Not in the least. Only——"

"Oh, to-day he is not there. Come! Let us go up into the tower. The view above is marvellous."

She led the way through the lower chamber, now deserted, and thence by a stone staircase of many steps to the lantern, close under the partially dismantled roof through which shone patches of the sky. As Grayling followed her, an old trap-door, insecurely fastened back by some former visitor, rattled down, half choking him with dust and closing the entrance behind them. A rusty iron brazier, once used for signal-fires, stood in the middle of the room, which otherwise was bare of furniture.

Its four windows were ungrated and unglazed. In one of those commanding the sea Doña Costanza sat down upon the broken sill. A fishing fleet dotted the horizon with its white wings; close at hand was a smaller sail, dingy and weather-stained, nearing the shore.

"A marvel, is it not?" she asked, triumphantly.

"Yes," he replied. "A few steps more, and you might show me all the kingdoms of the world."

She drew back a little from the window. "I think we are too high already. Look down; it is thirty yards, at least, to the rock."

"No," said he, after a moment's reflection, "not so many."

It pleased her to dispute his judgment with a woman's earnestness in trivial things. "I will know the height," she declared, "if only to prove you wrong. With a pebble we might tell exactly."

To gratify her whim he looked about for something to let fall. Meanwhile she found her purse and knotted her handkerchief around it. "This will do," she said, handing him the improvised plummet.

"But this is money," he objected.

"What of that?" she returned, impatiently. "It will not be lost or stolen, I suppose, since we are alone."

He leaned well out and dropped the small white wad of linen to the rock, counting the seconds till it struck, and computing roughly.

"Twenty yards—no more," he said, decisively, as he turned back.

She yielded gracefully, if somewhat absently, looking over his shoulder at the glistening water. "I might have known you would be right," she added. "Men are so quick-sighted, always." Then moving to another window, she called his attention to the landscape and inquired if it reminded him of England.

"No," he said, "it is not at all like England."

"You have many friends there, have you not?"

"Oh, yes."

"Friends who are very fond of you, I mean."

"I hope so," he answered, laughing.

"And are you married?" she asked.

The question struck him as an odd one

under the circumstances. He doubted if he liked her any better for asking it. "No—not yet," he replied, soberly.

"I am not certain that I understand you," she continued, with sudden coldness in her tone. "But I have wished to ask you something else. Why did you procure the banker's letter to me?"

To be sure; he had forgotten that. Her former question was justified at once. He owed her an explanation.

"Can you not guess?" he demanded. "What did you pray for in the church?"

"I do not understand," she said again; to gain time, perhaps. For at his words she had turned pale.

In explanation he quoted words of her own speaking. "'Manuela, Manuela! What if the day I prayed for has really come?' Had I, like you, been used to pray, my prayer too would have been answered."

"You heard that?"

"Yes. Where was the harm? We live our lives serenely, days, months, years it may be, all-sufficient to ourselves. But sooner or later we wake from this dream of false security. To some of us this is a gradual awakening. To others it comes suddenly, as it did to me; as almost at the same moment—why not admit it?—it did to you."

"What do you mean?" she cried, indignantly.

"Must I speak plainly? I mean that I am no longer myself; that every thought, every fibre has become yours; that you are everything to me; that I love you as I never dreamed I could love any woman."

He had thrown his arm about her, but she recoiled with a shudder, eluding him.

"You love me!" she gasped out. "Listen, then; I hate you. How I hate you!"

"Costanza——"

"Silence! Hear me! Your father murdered mine at his own door for defending a poor maid-servant from your brutal soldiers. It is the first thing that I remember; I was covered with his blood. My mother, dying, charged me never to forget it. I shall never do so. And you dare to love me! You, so like your father—so like the fiend!"

"It is a lie!" retorted Grayling, in a rage.

"It is the truth. It is written in our history—and yours. Your soldiers slaughtered—outraged us; there—when they sacked our burning city. Soldiers? They were butchers—lower even than the brutes—with no respect for honor, without the sense of shame. Do you know what I prayed for, now? It was that you might be delivered into my hands."

And now Grayling only laughed. All that was worst in his nature came stealing to the surface and fired him, as he stood with folded arms before that tingling beauty. He had committed himself beyond redemption by the confession of his love. He found her lovelier than ever in her splendid scorn.

"You are mad," he said. "I believe I am mad too; for I will make you love me—I swear I will. Do you think you can resist me, escape me? Try it."

He took a step toward her; but he was startled at the expression of her face, to which the gentle smile had once more returned. "Stop!" she whispered, raising her hand with a warning gesture. And for the moment he was awed into obedience more by the smile than by the word.

"Stop!" she repeated. "Think what you are going to do."

But he had lost himself again in one thought excluding all the others. And heeding nothing else—not even the draught of air from below that blew cold upon his cheek—he sprang upon her fiercely.

"Coward!" she screamed. "*Aquí! Miguel—Miguel!*"

A strong arm was flung around his throat to drag him backward. He let her go, throwing his hands up wildly. Then, with all the force at her command, she plunged the heirloom of her race—her mother's weapon—full into his breast.

"At your disposition, Señor," she said, with a bitter laugh, stabbing him again, and this time to the heart.

With a groan all that was earthly in him fell quivering at her feet. And she sank upon her knees with the hilt held up before her like a cross, and sobbing, prayed to be forgiven.

There was a ripple of excitement the next morning in the *Fonda de la Posta* when Josefa informed her master that the noble Englishman was not to be found. The innkeeper, a soul of discretion, at first made light of the matter, and it took the whole of that day for the stir to communicate itself to the town. Indeed, only on the morning after, when an organized force had begun to scour the country for some clue to the disappearance, did the banker learn the news. This honest citizen, though he said nothing, recalled perfectly his interview of the previous Sunday, and it occurred to him to wonder whether or not his letter had ever been presented. No harm would result from an inquiry, he concluded. Late in the afternoon, therefore, attiring himself with the utmost nicety, he set out for the Madrid road. As he passed the inn he observed the host at his door, looking anxiously up and down the street.

"Have you heard anything?" he asked.

"Yes," said the other, sombrely. "The poor gentleman lost his life on the Monte Igueldo, it seems. He fell from the cliff into the sea. They have found the very place."

"But not the man?"

"Not yet, Señor. It is very sad. A man in the prime of life—so distinguished, so honorable. God rest his soul!"

"Amen!" responded the banker, as he turned away, oppressed with the solemn thoughts that sudden death always brings to a man who recognizes that his prime is past.

He had walked more than half-way toward the grim landmark when he met a man he knew; a constable of the city, carrying something wrapped in a handkerchief and talking of it with an air of importance to a friend who had joined

him. Both men stopped and touched their hats respectfully.

"Well, Lopez, you have found him."

"Yes, Excellency. The waves have washed him ashore. See, they are bringing him down yonder. But he is cruelly mangled."

"What have you in your hand?"

"His effects, Señor. I thought it best to remove them. Will you look?"

The handkerchief contained, among lesser valuables, a purse, the fragments of a watch, a small book, and a letter which, though much stained with seawater, the banker knew was his. He did not touch that, but instead took up the book and saw at once that this was an English translation of the Psalms. It opened of itself at a flower that had been pressed between the leaves. He replaced it with a sigh, and wiped the stain from his wet fingers.

"It is he, then; there is no doubt."

"None at all, Excellency."

The men went on, and changing his course, he slowly followed them.

"The question has been answered without the asking," thought he; "I am spared the need of inflicting pain that would have led to nothing. He did not live to know her. Why should she ever know?" And he returned to his affairs.

They were interrupted again a few days later, when the banker was called upon to send a written account of the stranger's accident with his effects to England; but only his effects. Room was made for the rest in a sunny corner of the cemetery, within a stone's throw of the castle wall. There his tardy visit is still indefinitely prolonged. In her random shot the gossip of the inn had hit the mark with startling accuracy. He had come into the rough Biscayan province merely to find a grave.





THE POINT OF VIEW.

A CRITIC fond of nomenclature might, with some show of reason, call the present time an epoch of impressionism, so almost universal, I think, is the impressionist attitude at present, and so novel is it as well. It is very evident in most departments of mental activity, and until a few years ago certainly neither the name nor the thing was known at all. It is not merely an affair of a few French painters, but may really be said to be more nearly than any other, perhaps, the contemporary point of view in general—which makes it interesting to “inquire” (as we used to say), or to “speculate” (as we say now) as to what it means. It means among other things, surely, what Thackeray intended to convey in saying (untruly, of course, but that is not pertinent), that he had no head above his eyes. It involves, indeed, the express abandonment, unheard of in Thackeray’s time, of what is understood by the phrase “a body of doctrine.” No true impressionist has any body of doctrine at all. And it is this that gives impressionism its significance.

This is not quite the same thing as the absence of preconceptions. Thackeray might justly pretend that he had no preconceived philosophy, but his phrase, “I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see,” though it may contain the germ of impressionism, would be misleading if it were taken to imply that he had no philosophy. The critics, or at least the criticasters of our day, maintain that he had altogether too much, though it

is very generally acknowledged that he was pretty sound in other respects. But however faithfully he reported, and however truly he might also maintain that he saw what was most important, he certainly looked for what he saw. Nor is the abandonment of a body of doctrine identical with that “objectivity” so much admired in, and by, Goethe, who held nothing as his own which “having inherited” he had not “reconquered” for himself by seeing things as in themselves they really are. The impressionist is personal—perhaps in spite of himself—because not in the least pretending to see the object as it really is, or to know anything about its real essence or aspect, he renders it as it seems to him, and not as it has seemed to people hitherto. He gives you, in other words, simply the impression it makes upon his sensorium.

Two results of very considerable interest are sure to follow if the impressionist movement runs its course, as it is likely to do. Every æsthetic activity will become more sensuous and less intellectual. And the work of every artist will become less coherent and more chaotic. There was never any such premium placed on mental laziness as the current scepticism as to the value of any body of doctrine. No one is obliged to think consecutively, or to “conclude” at all. One need only record sensations. His attention is stimulated no doubt to the point of a profitable intensity, but he need not reflect. Logic, analogy, combination, the architectonic departments of

thought, thought itself, indeed, must atrophy sensibly. Mr. George Moore reports 'Turguénieff' as quarrelling with Zola for always telling him how Gervaise Coupeau feels, but never what she thinks. The impressionist leaves us similarly in the dark. As to man and nature and the artist himself we learn therefore nothing but facts about a superficies which has heretofore been generally regarded as a *quantité négligeable*. Possibly he proceeds on the principle to which Mr. Mallock attributes the eccentricities of Mr. Swinburne, finding the key to it in the lines :

Ah ! where shall we go then for pastime
If the worst that can be has been done ?

But in the sphere of the intelligence at all events, it must be admitted that impressionism saves itself a great deal of trouble.

Incoherence of total impression is a necessary consequence. We know the processes by which a body of doctrine, a consistent view of things, a harmonious philosophy of life and the world, is obtained. They are not at all instinctive ; and if they are to be abandoned because they require effort that is painful and industry that is tedious, coherence must be sacrificed too. As it is, the only thing that saves much of the current impressionism from chaos is mannerism. That is to say, it is a unity, an entity, expressive as a whole, in virtue of its limitations rather than its qualities. What is it that unifies even such impressionist work as is admirable in detail from the purely sensuous point of view, but the personality behind which is merely an irresponsible congeries of sensations ? What is its sign manual ? We are all familiar with the result in morals of a man's having no philosophy, however jejune or eccentric. Will æsthetics succeed better by a similar surrender to intellectual enervation ? And is *débonnaire* art of permanent value after all ? The "inquiry" is certainly an interesting one.

In Mr. Marzials's "Life of Thackeray"—with the merits of which this has at present no concern—is a sentence bearing upon what was said more than a year ago on the same subject in the Point of View. In speaking of Thackeray's request that none of his family or near friends should lend aid

to a biography of him, Mr. Marzials calls it "a chance remark of his—a remark, I venture to think, not perfectly understood." What was written here was to the effect that Thackeray's own wishes, as he is said to have expressed them, and their binding power upon those nearest him, were both perhaps natural, "but that they were binding upon all men for all time was not so clear" as to prevent the publication of all facts or reminiscences of his life. It is quite possible, and even likely, however, that Mr. Marzials's estimate of his expression itself is the true one, and that, through a sentiment which no one can fail to honor, it has been taken all these years in a sense which Thackeray himself, could he have foreseen everything, would have regarded as extreme.

But when all is said, is it true that the best lovers of Thackeray are oppressed by a longing for a "great biography" of him, for any better life of him than what they have ? To me it seems that we are better able to do without it than without the biography of any man of anything like the same rank in English literature. The leading facts of his life are known and recorded ; his friends have not been able to help giving us anecdotes and descriptions that have made the outward man and his ways familiar ; and as to anything else that a biography can contribute—any interpretation, any filling in of the personality—he is somehow different from all other men. The one touch that might have been wanting—the touch of *autobiography*, has been supplied in the letters which it was the privilege of this Magazine to publish. That very intimacy with his readers, which they have smiled the world over to hear censured as bad art, has done the rest. It is doubtful whether we should feel more intimate with him, the man, if the ideal biographer, at his best, were now to write of him ; and it is distinctly certain that almost every one of us would in some respect or other resent even the ideal biographer's intrusion.

WHEN Sainte-Beuve said "men in general do not like the truth, and men of letters like it less than others," perhaps he spoke in his haste, like the Psalmist in a still more sweeping statement. But if he meant his phrase to stand without qualification,

and did not, as is very likely, apply it in his own mind to critical rather than creative writers, its severity is to be explained, no doubt, by the fact that M. Sainte-Beuve lived a generation too early. He himself, as he wrote to M. Duruy, would have reduced to a single term *le Vrai, le Beau et le Bien*:—"If I had a motto it should be *the True the True* only, leaving the beautiful and the good to settle matters afterward as best they could."

This doctrine has become the commonplace of twenty-five years later, and deeds are done in its name at which Sainte-Beuve would have turned cold. As once the oppressed Snagsby before the bullying thumb of Mr. Chadband, the contemporary reader suffers under its aggressive promulgation. "'Terewth!' said Mr. Chadband, hitting him again; 'say not to me that it is *not* the lamp of lamps! I say to you, it is. . . . I say that I will proclaim it to you whether you like it or not; nay, that the less you like it the more I will proclaim it to you. With a speaking-trumpet!'" The speaking-trumpet is a repellent and ill-advised instrument unless in the hands of a master at great crises, and is on the whole of little use in criticism; yet in the last few years it has come to be rather hard-worked in the service, and not always by the chiefs. If we were close upon the rocks of some great delusion, or laboring in some stress of weather between the classical and the romantic or the academic and the emancipated, there might be some excuse for these ready gentlemen who spring into the weather rigging and shout to us what we must do or not do to be saved from intellectual or æsthetic wreck. But when we are sailing over tolerably tranquil seas, where the monotony of the prospect seems after all to be the chief trouble, they would be better employed on deck, using their unquestioned talents in making things ship-shape and pointing out some of the pleasures of the voyage.

Seriously, in the degree in which we are just now commended—it would be possible to write commanded—to the acceptance of what is "sincere" and "unsparing" and "direct," there is an aggravating air of treating "truth" as though it were a concrete and limited thing, of attributes well-known to the elect and capable of definition

to the unlearned—if not of being compacted by the faculty as it were into a kind of cure-all pill. Now the critic is above all not a dispenser of this kind of thing, or of finalities of any sort. Criticism no doubt looks to an end in the search for truth, and its interpretation. But its first function is to teach men to seek and interpret for themselves; not to formulate and dogmatise. "A disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world"—as Arnold said in a definition which though quoted threadbare has never been improved upon—has nothing to do with applying to everything the easy test of a commonly accepted formula, and announcing the result as final. The question of whether a thing is "true" in art, as anywhere else, is one which a man may in some degree help others to solve, but not solve for them. Every creative writer and every artist that is worth the name feels this—indeed by his capacity for his art feels it more keenly than a man of any other temperament; but is none the less a lover of the truth on that account.

There is no need to hark back to the weary quarrel of the realists and idealists; according to a recent writer in the *Point of View*

Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud.

The standards of current criticism may be too much those of the realists (if anyone has decided what these are); but the real trouble is that they seem to be tending toward a narrowness as bad in its way as that of the old schools, and this by insisting again upon dogmas of universal application. A man may be as little disposed as a very Snagsby to assert that truth is not the lamp of lamps, and yet object to not being allowed to let it serve for him his individual uses; and he may be a consistent Protestant in the matter, and without lack of faith insist upon his individual right of definition and interpretation. Perhaps this will be true just in proportion to his power of really serviceable thought upon the subject. Sainte-Beuve, who, great critic as he was, was not without his own tendency to formula, used men of letters more severely than others in his saying. If he had written "men in general do not like to have the truth authoritatively defined for them, and men of

letters like it less than others," he would have written what is incontestable and furnishes its own reason. Men of letters, especially creative men of letters, have liked this kind of thing less than others, if they have deserved the name, just because they have had the widest vision to see how many forms the truth may wear, and the best instinct or discernment to give it its relative value in each. A school of criticism which dogmatizes, in the name of even the most modern conception of truth, will do no good to literature, and will have only its burlesque echoes in "fads" and attempts to test an author by his "ethical kernel" or his "simplification" or his "modernity;" while the men who *make* literature will now, as always, break over the dogmas in all directions and go on as before, taking their truth where they find it. Men in general, as well as men of letters, will be left, to the end of time, to decide for themselves what it is. They can be taught how to make their decision more or less wise, but they cannot have it furnished to them ready-made and labelled.

A TRAVELLER newly returned from the Pacific Ocean tells pleasant stories of the Patagonians. As the steamer he was in was passing through Magellan's Straits some natives came out to her in boats. They wore no clothes at all, though there was snow in the air. A baby that came along with them made some demonstration that displeased its mother, who took it by the foot, as Thetis took Achilles, and soused it over the side of the boat into the cold sea-water. When she pulled it in, it lay a moment whimpering in the bottom of the boat, and then curled up and went to sleep.' The missionaries there have tried to teach the natives to wear clothes, and to sleep in huts; but, so far, the traveller says, with very limited suc-

cess. The most shelter a Patagonian can endure is a little heap of rocks, or a log to the windward of him; as for clothes, he despises them, and he is indifferent to ornaments.

To many of us, groaning under the oppression of modern conveniences, it seems lamentably meddlesome to undermine the simplicity of such people, and enervate them with the luxuries of civilization. To be able to sleep out-of-doors, and go naked, and take sea-baths on wintry days with impunity, would seem a most alluring emancipation. No rent to pay, no tailor, no plumber, no newspaper to be read on pain of getting behind the times; no regularity in anything, not even meals; nothing to do except to find food, and no expense for undertakers or physicians, even if we fail; what a fine, untrammelled life it would be! It takes occasional contact with such people as the Patagonians to keep us in mind that civilization is the mere cultivation of our wants, and that the higher it is the more our necessities are multiplied, until, if we are rich enough, we get enervated by luxury, and the young men come in and carry us out.

We want so many, many things: it seems a pity that those simple Patagonians could not send missionaries to us to show us how to do without. Must the wants of the body—shelter, clothing, and food—be cultivated first, before the capacities of the soul can be developed and gratified? Doubtless the missionaries know their business, and are going about it the right way; yet all the same it seems odd that the rudiments of a taste for brown-stone fronts and brocade and terrapin should be cultivated as a fit preliminary to Christianity. Count Tolstoi is the man for the Patagonians. Their attitude toward luxury seems to be almost identical with his, and they would have scarcely anything to unlearn before accepting his teaching.





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THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS.

By Francisque Sarcey.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. JEANNIOT.

I. THE BOULEVARD—THE BOULEVARDIERS.



N every great capital there is some corner, some spot—a something—a promenade, perhaps, where it gathers and concentrates itself, as it were; which is the centre of its moral activity, and, as we say nowadays, its characteristic. With us, that corner, that spot is the boulevard. I do not exactly mean that the boulevard is Paris; but surely, without the boulevard we should not understand Paris.

I shall always remember one of the keenest emotions of my youth. I had been obliged, owing to my duties at the time, to banish myself to the provinces, where I had remained almost two years, confined within a small town. The hour came at last for me to return to Paris and once more to enter into its possession. Hardly had I deposited my trunk at the hotel, when I ran to the Madeleine and clambered on top of one of the omnibuses that ply along the line of the boulevards to the Bastille. I had no business at the Bastille, but I was almost crazy with joy at breathing, during the drive, that perfume of Parisian life which arises so strongly from the asphalt of the boulevard and the macadam of its roadway.

It was evening, the gas-jets (for electricity was yet unknown) spangled the darkness with yellow lights; the shops, all opened, shone brilliantly; the crowd was strolling up and down the wide sidewalks.

It was not one of those eager, breathless crowds that seem carried away in a vortex of business, such as one sees in London; it was composed of loungers who seemed to be walking about for their pleasure, who were cheering to the sight, and diffused, as it were, a feeling of happiness in the air. From time to time the omnibus passed before a theatre, where long lines of people were already waiting for the opening of the box-office; everybody was enjoying himself and laughing. As we descended toward the Bastille, the passers-by became less numerous, the groups less compact, but there still remained the same air of happy animation. I do not know, but it seemed to me that the very atmosphere was lighter, more luminous; it sparkled with youth and life; I felt subtle fumes of gayety mounting to my brain, and I remember that I could not refrain from clapping my hands, to the great scandal of my neighbors, who thought that I was a little mad. "Ah! how beautiful it is—the boulevard!" I exclaimed, and I breathed deep draughts of that air charged with joyous and spiritual electricity.

I do not believe that strangers arriving in Paris are subject to such strong impressions. I have been able, however, to question some of them, and they have confessed to me that the sight of a population who felt it a happiness to live in their gayety, and who preserved an undefinable aspect of amiable elegance, had strongly affected them. This characteristic aspect of the Parisian boulevard had charmed them from the very

first ; it was there that they had felt the heart of the great city beat.

The boulevard ! You understand me ? I mean the boulevard that descends from the Madeleine to the Bastille. Under the Empire large streets were opened in Paris, to which, by analogy, the name of boulevards was given. But with us those boulevards do not count. There is but one boulevard, the one that our fathers and grandfathers have known, frequented, and loved.

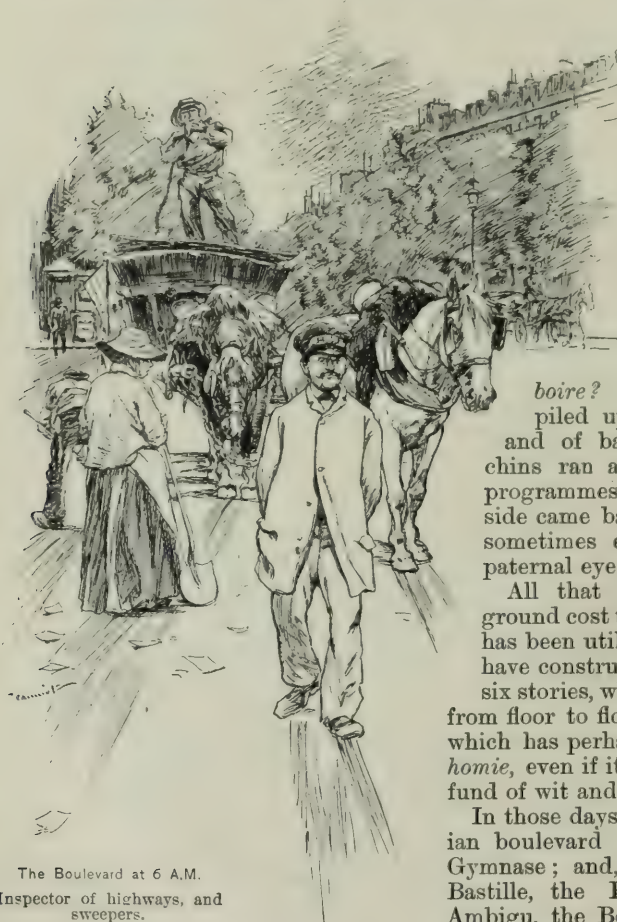
It used to be much more entertaining in their time than in ours. Alas ! yes,

the truth, only a very big small town. It had more character and more physiognomy. The boulevard was less imposing, less solemn ; it did not flow uniformly between two rows of five-storied houses ; it met with accidents in its route. Ah ! who will give us again what was formerly known as the *Boulevard du Crime* ? where in the neighborhood of the Ambigu-Comique, a collection of theatres formed a vast semicircle about a broad open place.

What animation ! what gayety ! what jollity at six o'clock in the evening (that was then the hour of the play), when all the *petits bourgeois* used to pour in crowds from the transverse streets and form around the ten or twelve theatres crowded into a rather restricted space, interminable and shifting *queues*. The venders of liquorice water filled the air with their cries — *à la fraîche ! qui veut boire ?* Upon handcarts were piled up pyramids of oranges and of barley-sugar. Street urchins ran along the lines, offering programmes for sale. From every side came banter and laughter, and sometimes even pushes, under the paternal eye of the policeman.

All that has disappeared — the ground cost too much ; every lot of it has been utilized by contractors who have constructed enormous houses of six stories, where from top to bottom, from floor to floor, bustles a population which has perhaps lost its former *bonhomie*, even if it has preserved the same fund of wit and merriment.

In those days, the heart of the Parisian boulevard was the theatre of the Gymnase ; and, descending toward the Bastille, the Porte Saint-Martin, the Ambigu, the Boulevard du Crime, and beyond that the part which is now all built over, but which, in those days, offered picturesque promenades to the explorer of unknown and desert regions. But it is a constant law, observed in the



The Boulevard at 6 A.M.
Inspector of highways, and
sweepers.

I am old enough to have witnessed the transformation. Fifty or sixty years ago, Paris, then confined within the limits of its former walls, was, to tell



Boulevard St. Martin.

increase of capitals, that they move with a slow and continuous movement toward the west.

The heart of the boulevard has changed its place little by little; from the

Anglais, and the Théâtre des Variétés, that contains for the boulevardier all his native soil. Beyond is the unknown, the barbaric, "the provinces."

The boulevard is the domain of the



The Boulevard at the Bastille.
(A relay of horses—news-vender.)

Gymnase to the Boulevard Montmartre, then to the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard des Capucines. There it is to-day. For the Parisian, the boulevard in general comprises, if you like, the space from the Madeleine to the Bastille; but that is merely, so to speak, a geographical expression. The *real* boulevard, what is known in our slang as *the* boulevard, the boulevard *par excellence*, is the one that stretches from the Opera to the rue Montmartre. And even then, the true, the real boulevardier finds great difficulty in getting further in the direction of the Madeleine than the rue du Helder. It is this little space, says M. Victor Fournel, of not more than half a square kilometre, where are arrayed Tortoni's, the Café

boulevardier, it is his salon; he would like to drive away from it the intruders—those who do not belong to his set. When the boulevardier travels (he sometimes travels), he takes with him the dust of the boulevards on the soles of his shoes. He wanders about like a lost soul till he meets somebody, man or woman, who reminds him of his dear boulevard. Then he dilates and breathes more freely.

At bottom this fluttering creature that bears the name of boulevardier—a species, I must say, which is becoming rarer every day—is, notwithstanding his air of emancipation and scepticism, the veriest slave of routine. His life is ruled like music paper. He saunters twice a day through his domain; the first time be-

fore dinner, from four to six o'clock ; the second time from ten o'clock to midnight, or one o'clock in the morning, after the play. For nothing in the world would he fail in these habits. Besides, he has other obligations ; it is not permissible for him to miss a first night at the Variétés, the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, or the Ambigu. Finally, the true boulevardier could not dispense, whatever might be the state of his stomach, with a supper at impossible hours at the Café Riche or at the Maison d'Or. Example : my excellent colleague and friend, Aurélien Scholl.

He—he is the king of the boulevardiers ; he will probably be the last. After him, the species will doubtless disappear, a species of which he will have been the most brilliant specimen. Between ourselves, with the exception of him and a few others, the boulevardier is a rather mediocre type of the *esprit parisien*. His great fault is that he is imbued with a sense of his intellectual and moral superiority over the rest of humanity. He has a word which is constantly recurring to his lips in conversation, and of which he makes immoderate use when he wishes to judge a man or an object, a book or a play. He says : "So-and-so is Parisian," or "Such and such a play is Parisian ;" or else, "It is very Parisian, what you are telling me ; Not a bit Parisian, so-and-so's novel!" And according to the degree of Parisianism of the play, the novel, or the author, they rise or fall in the consideration of the boulevardier. Nothing equals the esteem of the boulevardier for whatever is Parisian ; nothing equals his disdain for what is not.

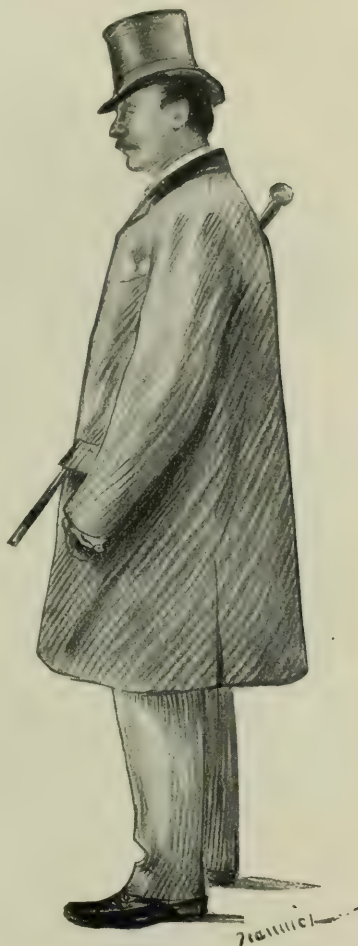
I write in the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, a review which is modelled somewhat on the plan of your American magazines, and which has obtained a great circulation in France. It has sixty thousand subscribers, an enormous number for our country ; but these subscribers almost all live in the provinces ; the review is not read on the boulevards. Accordingly, when I chance to speak of it to certain friends of mine among the boulevardiers, you should see their disdainful faces.

"*Les Annales* ? . . . Never heard of it !"

"But, you know, it has a circulation of sixty thousand."

"Possibly, but it's not a Parisian journal."

And they always hark back to that. To be Parisian or not to be, that is the question ! To their mind there are no good or bad books, absurd pleasant-ries, or witty sallies. There are *Parisian*



A Boulevardier—English type.

plays, *Parisian* novels, a *Parisian* wit, a *Parisian* elegance.

What may be the precise significance of that sempiternal adjective, irritating and alluring, which is always flying about our boulevards ? What is meant by *Parisian* ? It is a word that can be

understood, but hardly analyzed. Parisian wit is like those theatrical reviews of the year's events, which amuse the boulevard, and which would cause nobody to laugh outside of our city limits. In order to define Parisian wit, one of my colleagues made use, one day, of an ingenious comparison.

He told how there was once made, at the gates of Blois, an exquisite cream which, tasted while it was fresh, left on the palate the sensation of a delicious

tiveness, on the stage, in the newspaper, in books, or in conversation, are somewhat like the cream of King Louis XV. Sipped on the spot, it is exquisite; transported elsewhere, it gets sour. Modern science, like Louis XV., may invent new means of transportation, the spirit of Paris, the "cream" of Paris, cannot stand the voyage. And that is what lends to Paris itself its particular attraction. People go there to taste its froth, its cream, and its dainties. The trouble is that they bring with them, from all over the world, all sorts of exotic messes, spiced and violent, burning the palate, caviar or kari, red pepper and pimento, which corrupt and alter our national cuisine. And thus it is that Parisian taste is beginning to go, and that the cream of Paris acquires little by little a vague odor of pale ale, of kummel, and of whiskey.

With his overweening pretensions to wit, and especially to Parisian wit, the boulevardier is often but a fool rubbed with the wit of the *Figaro* (which has not much left itself). Besides, he is almost invariably quite useless. Allow me to give you a broad sketch of the life of the boulevard; you may infer from it exactly what may be the life of the boulevardier, and of how little value is that individual.

Eight o'clock in the morning.—The boulevard is deserted; a regiment of sweepers is making its toi-

let, cleaning its sidewalks, and putting everything in order for the afternoon.

Nine o'clock.—The cafés open their doors; the waiters, half asleep (for they went to bed at four o'clock in the morning), pile up pyramids of chairs before the doors, and wipe off with arm-strokes the marble tables. The passers-by are rare. A few gentlemen of leisure, in soft felt hats, saunter slowly along while reading their newspaper.



Two Types.

sorbet. King Louis XV., who was given to good cheer, established postal relays from Blois to Versailles, that the cream might be brought quite fresh to his table. But exquisite as was the cream, it had the great fault of being unable to bear transportation. At the end of two hours it lost its aroma—that undefinable something which gave it its value.

Now, Parisian charm, Parisian seduc-



DRAWN BY JEANNOT.

Boulevard Beaumarchais—an actress.

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

Half-past ten.—The boulevard begins to be animated. It is the hour of the *apéritif*; the cafés are filled with drinkers sipping pale absinthe and black bit-
ters. The restaurants are preparing the *plat du jour*; hot whiffs of cooking arise from the basement gratings and pro-
voke the appetite.

Midday.—Breakfast time; the taverns, the breweries, the *bouillons* are crammed with people. The influential stock-brokers eat at the Café Anglais, or at Tor-toni's. While they swallow their dozen oysters and their *Châteaubriand aux pommes soufflées*, their clerks, full of business, come and inform them of the latest quotations and jot down their orders. The men of letters and fashion-
able *chroniqueurs* eat at the Maison d'Or or at the Café Riche, and talk the latest gossip. Strangers prefer to go to the Café de la Paix or to Paillard's; finally the small fry of employees, bourgeois of modest means, and retired officers, crowd in-
to the Bouillon Parisien, into Zimmer's or Pous-set's breweries.

One o'clock.—You sip your cof-
fee, you smoke your cigar.

Two o'clock.—Nobody now, that is to say, no loung-
ers. Everyone is attending to his business. The carriages, in an enormous but con-
stantly interrupted torrent, have great difficulty in moving on the crowded roadway.

Four o'clock.—This is the hour of the newspaper, the most curious, the most charac-
teristic hour of the

boulevard. There is then, as it were, a burst of fever, a renewal of activity. On days of important events, one is obliged to force one's way with elbows and even fists in order to obtain a sheet of paper at the kiosks, that are almost taken by storm. Even in the banality of every-
day life, the boulevard assumes at the newspaper hour a peculiar aspect. The parcels of newspapers smelling of fresh ink are piled up before the kiosks; the venders fold and unfold the sheets, the carriers run along the sidewalks, and the purchasers throw themselves with avidity upon the latest news. Ah! those newspaper readers! What a fine chap-
ter might be devoted to them. They can be divided into several categories, all equally interesting. There are the hur-
ried ones who glance at the despatches,

the Bourse quota-
tions, fold their sheet, and never open it again; the *gourmets*, who slip the paper into their pocket with-
out opening it, but with the in-
tention of relish-
ing it quietly, af-
ter dinner, with feet in slippers, before the fire-
place; the pas-
sionate ones, who always buy the same paper, the one that reflects their opinions; the sceptics who buy papers dia-
metrically oppo-
sed to one another, and give them-
selves the malign pleasure of com-
paring them, and noting their con-
tradictions.

Six o'clock.—Time for a ver-
mouth; some play dominoes. This used to be the hour when in cer-
tain cafés men of



A Type of Journalist.



Boulevard des Italiens—a thorough Parisienne.

letters and artists were wont to meet and gossip about the topics of the day. Thus were organized small associations, half closed to outsiders, some of which have become famous. Those customs

have disappeared. Life nowadays is too busy to allow one to spend all one's time in trifling and conversing. There are no more *divans*, reunions where one used to meet, in the back room of some

bier-house or fashionable café, men of wit talking for their own pleasure, or for the amusement of the gallery. The boulevardier is reduced now to drinking his absinthe or his vermouth alone, watching for amusement the ceaseless current of loungers and of original and exotic figures that stroll up and down the boulevard.

At seven o'clock or half past seven, dinner. Paris is, of all cities, the second city where one can, according to whim, eat the dearest or the cheapest. But on the boulevards there is little choice; the rents are so enormous that they oblige the managers of the restaurants to maintain very high prices. Foreigners, beware! You are exploited in Paris just as we are probably pounced upon in New York. Capitals have

the Crédit Foncier and cry out with much noise the morrow's operations. It is what is called the *petite Bourse du soir*.

Midnight.—The theatres close. This is the time when the aspect of the boulevards is most varied. All classes of society mingle, elbowing and pushing one another. Ladies from the Faubourg Saint-Germain alight from their coupés, and stop for a cup of chocolate at Tortoni's; on the sidewalk they run against "night beauties," women with painted faces who ogle at belated provincials; clubmen with collars turned up and a cigar between their lips, turn their steps toward the clubs, where they intend to indulge in a game of baccarat. The dramatic critics rush to their newspapers in order to improvise their

accounts of the play. And conspicuous above the incongruous throng, a legion of ragged hawkers, whom we call *camelots*, echo one another's voices on the boulevards, howling obscene titles, proffering to the public ignoble papers full of nastiness and slanders. This is one of the worst offences of Paris, this deluge of filthy publications which are cried out with impunity in our streets without the police daring to interfere. All reputations are assaulted in them; the most honorable men are dragged in the mire.

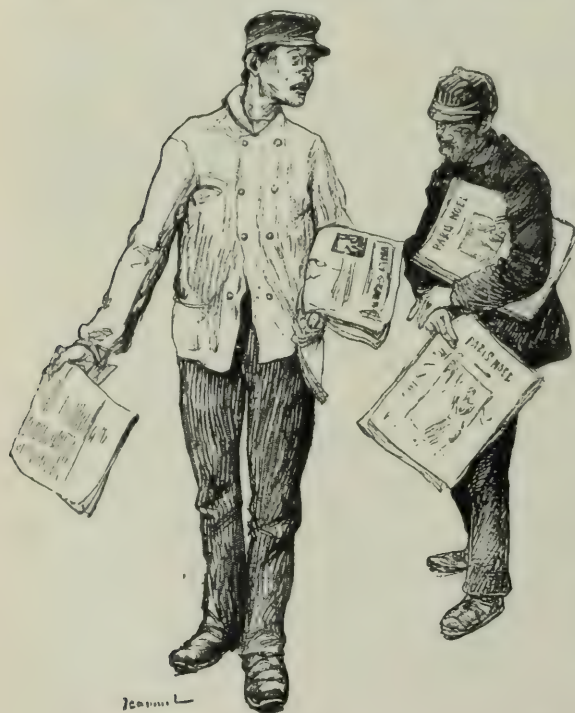
—Ask for the scandal about M. Rouvier!

—See the truth about the jobbery of M. Jules Ferry!

—Read the private life of Leo the XIIIth!

All this you hear cried out at the street crossings. These repugnant pamphlets are thrust under your eyes and bawled into your ears. Professional "barkers" of defiled sheets soil with their commentaries the ministers of

yesterday and those of to-morrow. And the mob hears, listens to, is influenced by such infamous delations. And any foreigner who were to take literally, from the rue du Helder to the



Newsboys on the Boulevard des Capucines.

nothing to learn from one another in that respect.

Nine o'clock.—You go to the theatre, smoking your cigar, while speculators on the Bourse crowd into the vast hall of



Before the Café Riche.

rue Montmartre, all that is howled there of disgusting nonsense, would wonder where France had come to, and what sort of a nation it was that allowed evildoers to distribute placards in which the most respectable of its public men and functionaries were thus freely scoffed at.

One o'clock.—People sup, or rather used to sup. For the late supper is tending to disappear from our customs. Under the Empire, our gilded youth were wont to assemble in certain "high life" restaurants, toward one o'clock in the morning, with women who were not all of the first order. They would get tipsy on champagne, and it was the thing to break a great deal of crockery. Certain supper parties in the "big sixteen" of the *Café Anglais* are legendary. One could sup, however, with less expense and less rumpus in other establishments, where could always be found numerous and gallant company. These establishments seem, since the siege, to

have lost their clients, both men and women, either because these have less money to spend, or because they have become more reasonable. Fashionable young men now pass their nights at the club, while others go virtuously to bed! There are still noctambulists in Paris, but they are becoming rarer and rarer.

At three o'clock the boulevard is at rest. It is almost deserted; no more carriages; here and there a belated wayfarer regaining his home, whose steps resound on the asphalt; or some drunkard who is dozing hidden behind a tree, while the policemen silently stride along the sidewalk. At that hour life begins to awaken at the Halles.

We have had a bird's-eye view of the boulevard. Let us now pass to details. Let us take a walk, glancing, as we pass by, at the shops, the monuments, the restaurants, and the cafés.

The restaurant is one of the glories of our Paris.



Le Carrefour des Écrâses.
(Boulevard Montmartre.)



Sunday, on the Boulevard du Temple
 ("Where shall we dine?")

II. THE CAFÉS AND THE RESTAURANTS.

We are very proud, we French, of our cooking; we consider it the best in the world, and this opinion must be founded on fact, since the sovereigns of Europe, as well as the millionaires of America, borrow our cooks and follow our receipts.

Therefore let us set forth, starting from the church of the Madeleine, and advance at a leisurely pace, without hurrying, like good bourgeois to whom the doctor has recommended exercise.

Here is the Grand Café. It is an immense establishment, luxurious, gilded on all sides, ornamented with paintings, and furnished with softly cushioned seats. In the hall that runs along the boulevard stay the peaceful folk who write their correspondence or read the papers while sipping their absinthe. In the rear opens an immense gallery specially appropriated to billiard players; there every day famous professors come for practice, the illustrious Vignaux, the no less celebrated Slosson, his emulator and his rival; the one phleg-



In Front of the Théâtre des Variétés—between the acts.

matic, slow, and methodical; the other nervous and quick as gunpowder.

The interest in billiards with us is beginning to abate; but a few years ago it used to be a rage, a furor. Whenever a match was going on between two great champions, an enormous crowd would station itself in front of the café and greet the victor's name with exclamations or vociferations, according as he belonged to our country or to another. Bets were exchanged, and sometimes discussions degenerated into fights.

One evening, I remember, toward 1886, I was returning from the theatre. I was preparing to cross the boulevard, when I saw from afar a great gathering, heard loud shouts, and saw hats thrown in the air. "What is it? Is the Opera house on fire? Has the President of the Republic been assassinated?"

An individual who was passing by gazed at me with an air of pity.

"Don't you know the great news?" he said, "Vignaux is a good first!"

And from the glance which he threw me, as he noticed my moderate enthusiasm, I felt that this patriot held me in low esteem.

While the Grand Café is frequented by the billiard-players, the Café de la Paix has as customers the elegant and wealthy young men of Paris, those whom we call in our slang *gommeux*, *pschuteux* or *bécarre* (for every year we coin some new word). Toward five o'clock they arrive, irreproachably gloved, with wide shirt fronts, spick and span, wearing dazzling silk hats, and toying with silver-handled sticks. When the temperature is not too cool, they sit out in the open, on the terrace, order a vermouth or a sherry cobbler, and stare motionless, without saying a word, at the Parisiennes hurrying by.

The Café de la Paix is one of the most prosperous in Paris; all those who have managed it have made fortunes and have retired, at the end of a few years, with pretty savings. One day, when I was dining there with a friend (you dine well but your purse suffers), I noticed a very solemn gentleman who was moving about between the tables, scrutinizing everything with the eye of a master, and reprimanding the waiters.

"You see that personage?" said my friend.

"Yes; undoubtedly he's the *patron*."

"Perfectly. Do you know what the amount of his fortune is?"

"I confess that I don't."

"He enjoys an annual income of five hundred thousand francs."

"That's a very pretty sum! And doesn't he consider himself rich enough yet? Does he continue to work?"

"His story is curious, and I'll tell it to you. Five years ago, he wished to retire. He had begun as a scullion in a low eating-house; when he found himself master of several millions he resolved to amuse himself and have a good time. He sold the Café de la Paix, bought a superb hôtel in Paris, a fine château in the provinces, surrounded himself with servants, and for a few weeks imagined that he was the happiest man in the world. Before long he changed his mind."

"Really?"

"You will see. The good man had pluckily toiled all his life, he had never had time to occupy himself with anything but his kitchen; he was entirely illiterate, and his wife was hardly better educated than he. They had no taste either for reading, the theatre, or the museums; they had nothing to do; the days began to seem to them cruelly long—in short, they were soon bored to death. They tried to make friends, but they were ashamed to seek for them in their former class, in the class of cooks and scullery boys. On the other hand, the real bourgeois found no pleasure in associating with vulgar and unpolished upstarts. Our friend and his wife gave exquisite dinners to which nobody came. They proffered courtesies which nobody returned. At the end of a few months of this mode of life, the *restaurateur* and his wife could stand it no longer: 'I have enough of it,' he said to his better half. 'I feel that I am pining away—I am losing my appetite—I can no longer sleep—I cannot exist without work. I am going to buy back the Café de la Paix.' He bought it back, and immediately, with work, he recovered his health and spirits. You see him from here. What activity! What animation! He is now making his eleventh million."

"And what will he do with his money?"

"Have no care; he has a son of fifteen who will soon undertake to squander it with actresses and ladies of easy morals."

And while I am speaking of these ladies, I will show you in passing the café where they most do gather—the Café Peters, next to the Vaudeville—every night at midnight, after the theatre, they ascend to the first floor, where they wait for Fortune to appear to them in the shape of a wealthy foreigner.

But enough of that. Let us throw a thankful glance at the Café Napolitain, where you get the best water-ices in Paris, at the restaurant Paillard, whose *maitre d'hôtel*, Joseph, had the honor of serving for a year your *richissime* Mr. Vanderbilt, and let us come at once to one of our oldest and most celebrated cafés—the Café Tortoni.

Tortoni! The name does not suggest much to you, but to us Parisians it is full of reminiscences. I have said that this establishment is one of the oldest in Paris. It was founded in 1798 by two Italians, Valloni and Tortoni. It soon became fashionable; gentlemen of the long robe and functionaries frequented it. Among the habitués was a lawyer named Spolor, whose skill at billiards was surprising. Prince Talleyrand had such pleasure in seeing Spolor play, he felt such confidence in his game, that he invited him one day to his house and presented him to one of his friends, the general receiver for the department of the Vosges, also a great billiard-player, and very proud of his talent. A bet was made, a solemn match was engaged between Spolor and the receiver, who lost in a few hours forty thousand francs . . . You see that it is sometimes useful to know how to play billiards.

One of the most curious types of the Café Tortoni was Prévost, one of the waiters, whose spine was as supple as his conscience, and who never approached you unless bowed to the ground, and asking in his softest tones:

"Pardon me! A thousand pardons! Is monsieur good enough to desire anything?"

It was exquisite. What was no less

so—to him—was that in giving change he kept the best part of it for himself; if detected by chance he had but to repeat:

"Pardon me! pardon me! a thousand pardons!"

Nowadays the Café Tortoni is no longer haunted by diplomats like Talleyrand, but by journalists and men of letters. Toward six o'clock are found now and then gathered around its tables a few men of wit: Albert Wolff, Émile Blavet, Henry Fouquier, and finally Aurélien Scholl, the most brilliant talker of Paris.

Scholl is the living incarnation of what we call French wit—a wit made of lightness, of fantasy, and also of sarcasm. Scholl's bite is cruel; it is imprudent to irritate him, for sooner or later he wreaks his revenge, and as he handles the sword with rare skill, he is as dangerous on the field as in the newspaper.

If *à propos* of the boulevard I speak to you of Aurélien Scholl, it is because both are intimately related. The boulevard would not exist without Aurélien Scholl; Scholl could not live without the boulevard. He passes his whole existence on the boulevard; he lounges, he smokes his cigar, he converses, he breakfasts, he sups (and sups well, too) on the boulevard. For this Parisian is gifted with a formidable appetite, and wields the best fork I know.

Recently I had occasion to make a little trip with him. We had gone, with a few brethren of the press, to hear at Nice Glinka's "Life for the Tzar," on the invitation of the impresario Gunsbourg. We tarried there eight days, and I can say, without exaggeration, that those eight days were spent in eating. The table was constantly set, and what a table! Twelve dishes at every meal, generous wines, and fine liqueurs.

When we departed we were all ill, our stomachs were on fire, and when we got into the cars, after a last breakfast more copious even than the others, we heaved a sigh of relief. At last we were to be allowed to fast for a few hours! Scholl was with us, as I said, and was lugging an enormous valise. Hardly had the train set forth, than Scholl opened his valise and pulled forth, with the most

perfect equanimity, a pile of sandwiches and a bottle of pale ale. We stared at him with stupefaction.

"What are you going to do with these provisions?" I asked of him.

"Why, absorb them, with your permission."

"We have just risen from breakfast."

"Nothing makes me feel so hollow as a railroad journey."

It must be that the boulevard makes Aurélien Scholl feel quite as hollow, for he treats himself every night, so I am told, to a wonderful supper at the Café Riche or at the Café Anglais. The waiters in these establishments quake before him (Scholl is very difficult to please and falls into a violent rage if his roast beef *à la Châteaubriand* is not cooked to the right point), and relieve him of his cane and hat with all the demonstrations of humility and respect.

I mentioned a moment ago the Café Anglais. This world-renowned establishment is situated on the Boulevard des Italiens, next to the former Opéra-Comique. It is nowadays somewhat neglected by young and elegant society, and is especially frequented by great financiers, by a set of money-changers and bankers. But in old times, thirty or forty years ago, with what splendor shone the Café Anglais! and how many memories cling to it! The dining-room of the first floor, the "big sixteen" of which I was telling you a moment ago, has seen all the gentlemen, all the high livers, all the celebrated artists of France and foreign countries pass through it.

But let us go on. Here is the Maison d'Or, where our great novelist, Alexandre Dumas the elder, elected for more than a year his residence. Here is Brébant's, which, during the siege of Paris in 1871, found means, notwithstanding the scarcity of provisions, to furnish its clients with varied dishes, and even with white bread. Here is Désiré Beaurain's, where you can eat excellent bouillabaisse; here is the Café Marguery, the Café Prévost, and finally, at the other extremity, toward the Bastille, the famous Café Turc, where, for my part, I have never seen a Turk, but only a crescent that is figured above the entrance, and thus justified the name of the café.

III. THE SHOPS OF THE BOULEVARD.

You may well imagine that my intention is not to describe in detail all the shops that line the boulevard. A volume would not suffice; besides I know them very imperfectly, as I enter them as little as possible and prefer to stay at home. But I wish to speak of a few great merchants whose celebrity is European and who participate in the beautifying of our favorite promenade.

In the first rank, I should mention the confectioner Boissier. During eleven months of the year his richly painted shop is fairly quiet and almost deserted; but from the first of December an immense crowd invades it, and it is impossible to move and secure attention. Two confectioners thus divide fashionable custom: Marquis for chocolates, Boissier for bonbons. Is it that sweets from them are any better than from the corner grocer's? I would not dare affirm it; it is the name that is sought for. A gentleman could not decently offer a woman of the world a bag of comfits that came from any other place than Boissier's. Fashion and vanity preclude it. You make a present of a box signed Boissier, it proves that you have paid very dear for it, that you have not looked at expense; your reputation for gallantry is saved.

You are not ignorant of the influence that a pretty woman's eyes can exert over a purchaser. How resist the charm of a gracious smile? How put aside the object proffered by a white and dimpled hand? The manager of the Maison Boissier, who kens the weaknesses of the human heart, is careful to engage, during the holiday season, a whole regiment of pleasing damsels who bewitch the public. These poor girls deserve some credit for preserving their spirits and gayety, for during two weeks they enjoy but a few hours of rest. All day long they wait on customers; in the evening they make up parcels and place inside the boxes the visiting cards which they have received.

This work is of the most delicate kind. A moment of distraction, of thoughtlessness, may occasion catastrophes. Last year one of my friends, married to a very jealous woman, had gone into

Boissier's to purchase his Christmas presents. He chose two bonbonnières, one for his wife, the other for Mlle. Z., a charming actress of the Théâtre Français; he left in care of the saleswoman two cards, each with a dedicatory inscription. The poor girl was clumsy enough to make so bad a mistake that the next morning the actress received the present intended for the wife, and the wife received the gift intended for the actress. I need not dwell on the scene that ensued. My friend implored for pardon on both knees, he tore out his hair with despair. The outraged spouse was inflexible and sued for divorce. The most comical part of the adventure was that the unfortunate, rebuffed by the rigor of his wife, fled to the actress for consolation, and that the latter closed her door on him, accusing him of having deceived her. What disasters may a box of bonbons cause!

But let us leave Boissier's and pursue our way. Hardly have we taken a few steps before a succulent odor of truffles, an agreeable smell of cooking rises to our nostrils. We stand before the establishment of Potel & Chabot. The shop presents nothing extraordinary, it is modest and almost mean; it contains a few appetizing fowls and some fine fruit. Yet an equipage stops at the door. A busy-looking man alights; he enters the shop and addresses the *patron*, an imposing personage in white vest and cook's cap.

"Monsieur," he says, "I have had an accident; I am to have thirty people to dinner at once, and my chef has just fallen ill. Can you prepare immediately a dinner of thirty covers? You have three-quarters of an hour to do it in."

"All right, your dinner will be ready."

The house of Potel & Chabot is a vast factory; it gives employment to hundreds of cooks who toil night and day. Last year, when the President of the Republic gave a banquet to the twenty-four thousand mayors of France, he turned to Potel & Chabot, and that gigantic dinner for twenty-four thousand guests was served without the slightest mishap.

Let us go on, passing before the superb palace of the Crédit Lyonnais, and stop at the "Librairie Nouvelle."

This is a most interesting little corner, especially in summer, when all our boulevardiers are dispersed to the four winds of heaven. When they return to Paris, between two trips, be it but for three hours, they stop at the Librairie Nouvelle, and within five minutes they are up with all that is said, with all that is written in the great city. In the broad daylight of that shop is published an oral chronicle that savors all the gossip of the reporters. The woman of the world, before starting on her travels, alights from her coupé, inspects the new volumes, chooses one and takes it off to Dieppe or to Trouville. The apprentice-actress, fresh from the Conservatoire, comes in a straw hat to buy the last monologue which she intends to recite before the sea-side bathers.

A few years ago the manager of the Librairie Nouvelle was Achille, a charming fellow, gifted with an astonishing memory, very well up in contemporary literature, and the Providence of men of letters and journalists. Had you any information to ask, Achille was always ready—he allowed himself to be consulted as you would run over the leaves of a dictionary. And if, by chance, he hesitated, you would see rise from one of the corners of the shop a little old man full of amiability, who came to your rescue with a smile on his lips. This old man was named, and is still named, Gustave Claudin. He is the man in France who knows the most Parisians and Parisiennes—I mean Parisians and Parisiennes of note. His reminiscences are a mine where all the chroniclers have delved. It was from him that Jules Claretie had the following anecdote about Blanche d'Antigny.

One day this merry singer, whose talent was contestable but whose beauty was marvellous, comes into the Librairie Nouvelle and asks for the "*Récits mérovingiens*," the erudite work of Augustin Thierry.

"And why, *grands dieux*?" asks Claudin.

"Why? Because the composer, Hervé, has given me the chief rôle in his opera bouffe '*Chilpéric*,' and I want to enter *dans la peau du personnage*."

Blanche d'Antigny reading the "*Récits*"

mérovingiens" to create a rôle in an operetta! It is one of those purely Parisian ironies which we can note in passing, but could not invent.

But I must limit myself; I cannot tarry so long before all the celebrated shops which, in this region of the boulevard, might claim my attention. I must content myself with noticing briefly Barbedienne, the dealer in bronzes, whose shop contains the most perfect masterpieces of contemporary sculpture (M. Barbedienne, who carries his eighty years lightly, and possesses a respectable number of millions, began life as a paper-hanger); the Menagère, a great bazaar known all over the world, where may be found assembled all the objects necessary in everyday life. Here are other shops of less importance, but more picturesque—like the baker of *brioche*s of the rue de la Lune, whose golden cakes are the delight of students and saleswomen.

I come at last to the ultimate regions of the boulevard, on the other side of the Château d'Eau; to the Boulevards du Temple and des Filles du Calvaire. This quarter used to be exceedingly curious, filled with dealers in antiquities and bric-à-brac. Whenever I happened to pass there in the days of my youth, I used to stop before those tempting shops where, hidden beneath the dust, were to be found inestimable treasures which the meagreness of my purse would not let me purchase.

The most astonishing of these shops was that of Mother Vidalenq. Ah! Mother Vidalenq! what memories that name suggests! She was a little old woman, coquettishly clad in a dress of pure silk with shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, and crowned with a cap which seemed at first sight very simple, but was lined with lace of a fabulous price. She would receive you with an affable smile, with somewhat mincing graces, and allow you to glance over her treasures. And what treasures! Flemish tapestries with figures, pieces of ancient brocade; beds of all epochs and all styles, *à la duchesse*, *à la polonoise*; adorably carved armchairs, armchairs *à poche*, *à cartouche*, *en cabriolet*, *à confessionnal*.

Mother Vidalenq is dead now, and

in her newly painted shop is established the industry of a *fin de siècle* cobbler, who soles shoes in thirty minutes for the modest sum of one franc.

This sketch would be incomplete, were I not to say a word of what we call here the New Year's "barracks" (*'baraqués' du jour de l'an*)."

Every year, about the 16th of December, Paris is metamorphosed into a vast toy-fair which lasts a full month. From the Bastille to the Madeleine, all along the boulevards, stretches a double row of booths made of planking, a mere space wide or high, where are retailed all those things that can excite the cupidity of children. One-half of Paris descends into the street to sell to the other half mountains of jumping jacks, pyramids of Punches, and myriads of dolls. For thirty consecutive days you hear floating over the great city an infernal concert, where rattle and pipe play their part, and the penny trumpet mingles its shrill cry with the beating of drums.

How few people realize, as Victor Fournel has ingeniously said, at how many points of contact the world of dolls is related to the world of the living! The doll-fair is like an immense emptying place into which flow, like rivers into the sea, all the characters and events with which the chroniclers have busied themselves in the course of the year. All the cast-off costumes of contemporary comedy are hung up in the dressing-room. It is with bits of politics, with national traits, and with fragments of history that the puppets that amuse the children are made up. I should be much astonished if General Boulanger did not play his little rôle this year in the thirteen-sou shops.

The toy-fair occupies, as I have said, the whole of the boulevard from the Madeleine to the Bastille, and it reflects by turns the political opinions of the quarters which it traverses. Here we find the reactionary toys, there the republican, democratic, and socialist toys. On the Boulevard des Capucines (the wealthy quarter) are exhibited, in fine satin-lined boxes, luxurious dinner-sets, and dolls that smile disdainfully. On the Boulevard du Temple, you are offered pasteboard images of the Re-

public, wearing the Phrygian cap and clad in scarlet. "Tell me whom you frequent, and I'll tell you who you are," affirms the old proverb; tell me what toys you buy for your son, and I'll tell you what your political opinion is.

All this agitation lasts three weeks. On the morning of the 10th of January the little booths are emptied, unhinged, carried off I know not where; and the same evening the boulevard, after a gigantic sweeping, resumes its accustomed aspect.

IV. THE THEATRES.

I COULD not end this monograph of the boulevards without speaking of the theatres. The theatre is intimately related to Parisian life. It is as impossible to imagine Paris without theatres as a man without a head. There are twelve of them on the boulevards only: the Opéra, the Nouveautés, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Gymnase, the Renaissance, the Porte Saint-Martin, the Ambigu, the Folies Dramatiques, Déjazet, the Cirque d'Hiver, and Beaumarchais.

Honor to whom honor is due. Let us begin with the Opéra. I need not describe the admirable monument erected by Charles Garnier. Most of those who will read these lines know it, either from having seen it in nature, or through the photograph. It is certainly the most beautiful theatre in the world. None can be compared to it for the harmony of its proportions, the richness of its details, and the perfect taste of its decorations. The auditorium is a marvel of luxury and comfort, the stage is of colossal dimensions.

It is not an easy task, that of director of the Opéra. It requires a versatility, a skill, a sentiment for art, a knowledge of business which are in most men incompatible. MM. Ritt and Gaillard have enriched themselves, it is said. They are accused of having been false to the interests of art. Their predecessor, M. Vaucorbeil, had ruined himself—he was accused of a lack of practical sense.

Poor Vaucorbeil was, unfortunately for himself, a timid man. You smile at

this. A timid director of the Opera is improbable. Yet it is true. Vaucorbeil was modest and timorous; he submitted to the will of his artists instead of imposing his own. It was to him that there happened the comical adventure which a Parisian *chroniqueur* has noted in one of his books.

One day the members of the chorus, who had long been asking higher salaries, declared to Vaucorbeil that they were quite willing to sing, but that they did not intend to make the gestures of their rôles.

"What is it?" exclaimed Vaucorbeil, "I do not quite understand."

(The fact is that their claims—inadmissible, of course—were difficult to understand.)

"Yet it is very simple," answered a delegate of the chorus. "We are lyric artists. We are engaged to sing—we will sing—make us sing. But for the gestures, engage supernumeraries who will perform that pantomime. To each his rank."

This question of gesture, which became for Vaucorbeil a serious subject of worry, puts me in mind of a charming witticism of Labiche, our celebrated dramatic author. He was presiding one day over a literary committee. His two colleagues—Henri de Bornier and Pailleron—had almost simultaneously asked for the floor to treat the question in order.

As Pailleron was beginning to speak first, Bornier, all of a sudden, with his Southern petulance, cried out:

"But, *Monsieur le président*—but it is precisely my proposition that M. Pailleron is developing!"

Then Labiche, with most admirable coolness, answered, smiling:

"Well, then, my friend, do you make the gestures."

Here is the Vaudeville, where just now there is being played "*Le Député Loiseau*," an ironical and satirical comedy by Jules Lemaitre, one of our brilliant colleagues in dramatic criticism. Here is the Nouveautés—a theatre of more recent foundation, which is struggling with difficulty against the indifference of the public. Here is the Variétés.

Here I must stop a moment. This stage, one of the smallest in Paris, con-

structed in 1806, has contributed a brilliant lustre to the history of contemporary dramatic art. The theatre of the Variétés has played most of the master-pieces of Offenbach and of Meilhac and Halévy. Its troupe is excellent, it comprises such artists as Dupuis, Baron, Raimond, Germain. During three years Mme. Judic shone in the first rank; she is to-day replaced by Mlle. Réjane, who is one of our superior actresses.

Madame Judic, whose name is so well known in the United States, has never passed here as a comédienne of the first order; but she is an exquisite genre songstress; she excels in chansonnettes and light couplets. It was not at the first attempt and without effort that she attained to fame. Her début was very humble. She was vegetating unknown in the troupe of a suburban theatre; nobody had faith in her future, but she ventured in a concert to sing a ballad entitled "*La première feuille*." Her voice was as timorous as her looks—as her gestures. There was in all the person of the young girl a modest grace which was exquisitely seductive.

*Espoir, amour,
Je suis la première feuille,
Bonjour!*

Charming was this *bonjour*, said in a caressing voice with a little beseeching smile. Anna Judic was engaged at the Eldorado. And thus began the career of the popular actress, who, twenty years later, was to gain so many dollars in America.

From the Variétés let us pass to the Gymnase. How many reminiscences I might evoke about this theatre, were not my space limited! From the point of view of literary influence, it is the second theatre in Paris, coming immediately after the Comédie Française. It is here that a great part of Scribe's plays and all the first works of Alexandre Dumas *fils* have been presented. It has given a start to a legion of great comedians: Geoffroy, Lesueur, Dupuis, Berton the elder, Mlle. Desclée, Mme. Chéri Montigny, Mme. Pasca. It continues, under the direction of M. Konig, to keep its honorable rank.

I will pass rapidly over the Renaissance, a theatre of modern construction, whose history does not present much interest, and I will come to the Porte Saint-Martin, where now Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is enthroned.

I suppose that the newspapers have often told you of that artiste, whose agitated life is a matter of legend. For three-quarters of the year she travels about the world; for three months she returns to Paris, not in order to rest, but to play some new piece which she afterward exhibits beyond seas.

In this vagabond life she has spent somewhat of her admirable talent. If she had remained at the Comédie Française, if she had reserved her strength for the interpretation of our master-pieces, she would have been, with Rachel, the greatest tragédienne of this century. She has succumbed to the temptation of making money; she has overworked herself, wearied herself. However, this woman, so frail in appearance, supports fatigue with superhuman courage. And sometimes, would you believe it? in the midst of her wandering existence she is bored. So at least affirms one of her biographers, Jules Claretie, and he tells the following anecdote, which I reproduce with pleasure.

One day she was rehearsing "*Frou-Frou*." She was sitting, waiting for her cue, behind a side scene, surrounded by a group that adored her, was subjected by her charm, and deplored her vagaries. All of a sudden, *à propos* of nothing, she arose and said to somebody—author or comedian, I forget:

"Ah! what a life! what a life! It is astonishing how bored I am."

"*Diable!* you are difficult to please," was answered. "There is no existence in our times that can be compared to yours. One must go back to a tsarina like Catherine II., to find a woman who has been obeyed, admired, acclaimed, and adored like you. Of what could you well complain?"

Sarah remained pensive, but she smiled and said: "It is true, I am very exacting!" Then suddenly, becoming serious:

"Yes, it is all very fine! But the end? Ah! the end! The thing is to

end well! The climax should be dramatic and stirring! Suppose that Rochefort—whose death I do not wish, understand me—had been killed by a bullet at the moment of his escape! What an admirable death! There is a climax! A fine fifth act! I should like to end that way! Gambetta ended well—drama, mystery. Come, tell me, how do you think I shall end?"

Nobody answered.

There were many *pensées de derrière la tête*, to use Sainte-Beuve's expression, in the glances that were exchanged behind Sarah, close to the side scene. Then a very young comedian, almost a supernumerary, who played in "Frou Frou" an insignificant rôle, that of a domestic, shrugged his shoulders and answered his directress—his directress!—with the thick and mocking accent of the Paris street-boys.

"You? How you will end, you? It isn't hard to guess! You will end as a box-opener!"

And do you think that Sarah got angry with her pupil? Well, I should say so! She burst into laughter. She found the answer amusing. Box opener! . . . *Gavroche, va!* She must have told the story herself.

She was always ready to laugh at everything. In her dressing-room, the money which she received daily evaporated like gold dissolved by *aqua regia*. There went on, between the acts, on the nail, as it were, a daily distribution of her salary by fractions, by hundreds and twenties of francs. Her fifteen hundred francs would be brought to her. Quick the pillage, the division, the quarry! Poor woman: . . . "This for you, Madame G——! A bouquet to be paid for. Good! . . . Here! take this, you!

Carry it to the hair-dresser! Ah! an instalment to X——! . . . So much to Z——! . . . Good! . . . What else? . . . T—— has written this morning. I send him this, he'll have to be patient." . . . And still laughing: "What is left me now? Fifteen francs! Bah! with fifteen francs one need not starve! But get change for this five-franc piece, I need it for the carriage!"

And a similar scene was enacted almost nightly in Sarah's dressing-room.

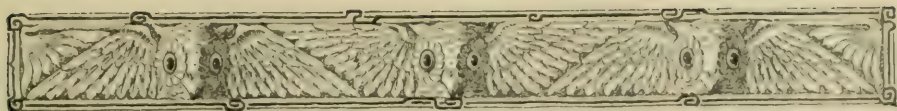
Close to the Porte Saint-Martin arises the Ambigu theatre, where are successfully played blood-and-thunder dramas in which vice is always punished and virtue rewarded. A little further we find the Folies Dramatiques, resounding every day with merry tunes. Finally, the Théâtre Déjazet and the Théâtre Beaumarchais end the list; they are both very far from the centre, and elegant Parisians hesitate to venture into these desert wastes.

I have finished my walk. I have attempted in these few pages to give you an idea of the boulevards. Have I succeeded? I hardly flatter myself that I have. To become well acquainted with the boulevards there is but one way, and that is to come and see them. Come, then, and if you need another authority than mine to be tempted, remember Heinrich Heine's profound reflection:

"*Lorsque Dieu s'ennuie dans le ciel,*" he said, "*il met la tête à la fenêtre et regarde ce qui se passe sur le boulevard.*"

This judgment requires no commentary; it is all the more flattering to our vanity, that it was formulated by a stranger, by a Parisian who was not of Paris.





PARSON JOYE'S JUSTICE.

By Maria Blunt.

I.



FROM its position near the intersection of three important roads Stonebraker's mill was the most convenient meeting-place in the district.

The gray mill climbed out of a mossy and mint-scented ravine, like a boy upon a wall, to rest head and elbows—that is to say, upper story and long sloping roof—upon a rocky ledge beside the pond. Across this ledge passed the road, shaded by two huge sycamores that guarded the mill door. Wooded hills kept off the keenest winter winds, and the miller was a genial and hospitable person. Therefore the wooden benches under his sycamores were seldom empty.

When there was nothing else of interest the gossips discussed the parson's sermons.

The Reverend Melancthon Joye was their spiritual purveyor, and he always contrived to give them something to talk about.

Every Sunday morning he skirted the mill-pond on his way to preach in the old stone church at the Court House. The benches would then be empty, at least until he was out of sight.

In the afternoon he passed again and rode ten miles along the mountain to meet, in a weather-beaten school-house, a handful of backwoodsmen and their wives—mostly their wives. Some of the men, perhaps, would be lounging at the mill.

Sunday evening found him at the Cross Roads, among the farmers of the river bottom.

By this time he might be hoarse, but his eloquence, having night for background, was more lurid than ever. It

thundered and lightened over the heads of six or eight complacent couples who came to church in order to go home together afterward. The recreations of the district being few, young love was driven to seek opportunity even in the unlikely ministrations of Parson Joye.

Strangers, if by chance any were present, relieved themselves by wondering where the preacher of such granite doctrine ever got so soft a name.

His mother while she lived had called him Lanky, finding the name fit well enough—much better than his clothes, with which her utmost efforts could hardly cover his big bones.

Melancthon despised clothes, which was fortunate, because if he got a new suit once in two years it was as much as he expected. His old ones were bestowed (at long intervals) on the negro who (occasionally) curried his sorrel horse. That worthy animal, if as gaunt and raw-boned, was also as tough and wiry as his master, and in color very like the parson's hair.

Together they took the brunt of many a winter storm. Melancthon cased in stout gray linsey, woven upon hand-looms in the mountain cabins, and unsurpassed for turning the sharp tooth of weather. A huge gray shawl, pinned Indian fashion across his narrow shoulders was shielded further by a split umbrella. The sorrel pushed through the snow-drifts sturdily, not shielded at all save by his own endurance.

In summer they went the self-same rounds in heat and dust; the sorrel with a branch of something leafy stuck into his head-gear in a vain attempt to cheat the flies; Melancthon in a costume of his own devising.

His stern and sallow face was shaded by a broad, black hat. His venerable linen trousers, creased and travel-

stained, were thrust into cow-hide boots. A light alpaca coat, wrinkled and very short behind, flapped gently as he jogged along. From some freak of propriety, he wore the high, black vest, above which the frayed edges of his collar were intermittently visible—sometimes too visible, displaying an irritating tendency to rasp the parson's ear. This behavior of his collar had given him an awkward habit of thrusting out his chin and writhing his neck and lips—a habit very disconcerting until you became used to it.

In this manner the parson and his horse brought to remote clearings the rod and staff of strenuous exhortation and reproof. Nor were these all they brought, for to the weakness of the flesh Melancthon's practice made concessions that his preaching denied. Does anyone nowadays ever see the old-fashioned saddle-bags? The parson bestrode a pair that he kept filled with a varied stock, among which were medicines, chiefly of the old heroic sort—calomel, salts, and a fearful compound known as No. 6. These he administered upon a system of his own, which would have made the children fly from him in terror if he had not been provided besides with a timely apple, a cookie, or a chicken leg, wrapped in newspaper and saved, most likely, from his dinner.

For Parson Joye had little chance to give of that which cost him nothing. The united efforts of his parishes paid him something like three hundred dollars a year. In addition they gave him a house, set among a few ragged acres, which he rented to a hard-working man and wife in exchange for board and lodging. The sorrel pastured in the doorway, or fed upon uncertain donations of corn and oats. He, like his master, took what came and threw by force of character.

Mr. Joye's tobacco was also a donation, and he took it in its simplest form, the quid. He had his doubts about it as undue indulgence, but it enabled him to say to some black sheep: "See here, if you'll quit drinking, I'll stop tobacco." The proselyte would sign the pledge, Melancthon would forego his one luxury, sternly encouraging his weaker brother, until that brother was

met—as sooner or later he always was—helplessly tipsy in the streets. Then, the bargain being up, Melancthon would go home and solace himself with a melancholy chew.

Fifty cents a week the parson paid to his washerwoman. This shrewd and plausible old sinner was so sparing of soap and economical of labor that it was difficult to tell whether the Reverend Mr. Joye had on a clean shirt or not. The same was not true of his surplice. "You can have dinner early to-day, Mandy," an observant housekeeper would say to her cook. "We won't have a long sermon. I saw old Aunt Lyddy taking home Mr. Joye's surplice yesterday."

Even so. Mightier than armies, stronger than the sword, were flour and water in the hands of a wrinkled old colored woman. They made the parson falter in his testimony. Perhaps Aunt Lyddy had some reverence for the priestly vesture, perhaps some remnant of honesty pricked her to earn the extra bonus, or pride may have moved her to show what she could do. After each periodical cleansing the parson stood before his congregation in a robe of office that cracked and cried with every motion of his long, lean, vigorous arms. Cleanliness may be akin to godliness, but it is known that near relations quarrel. Could Melancthon have had his way that surplice would never have been washed at all. The starch quelled his spirit, it hampered his words, it tripped his gestures and scattered his thoughts; not until the gown grew limp could his discourse regain its nerve and sinew.

One summer Sunday the time for washing the surplice was presumably near. At all events, every bit of starch was out of it and Melancthon, untrammelled, preached a trenchant sermon. It was on a favorite theme, the subjection of women, more especially of wives—Adam first, then Eve, with much use of St. Paul's commentaries upon the same.

The men were delighted and pointed their domestic morals. Next day, away from home, in the security of Hiram Stonebraker's benches, they sat under the sycamores and poked fun at each others' pretensions.

"Parson kin talk," said sheepishly at last the butt of many jests. "He don't have nobody to jaw back. Just let him take a wife oncet and see how then."

"A little bird was tellin' me that wouldn't be so long neither."

This announcement, very solemnly made, raised a shout of laughter from the benches.

"Well, it's so; you see. You can't never pass by the Ridge Road that that there sorrel of his'n ain't hitched down Byers's Lane. He stands under them apple-trees the enjurin' time."

"Jim, what'll you do?" asked Stonebraker, as soon as he could speak for laughing. "If Mr. Joye brings him home a wife, you know there ain't no house built big enough for two women."

"If parson thinks," said Melancthon's tenant with acerbity, not liking the prospect of ejection—"if parson thinks he can plough this here land and ride round visitin' sick folks like he do now, he'll find out mighty quick. An' if parson thinks ary stalk of wheat, or corn's goin' ter grow like them hollyhocks and laylock bushes, without ploughing, he'll find out quicker."

Apparently the parson meant to find out. He was at that moment hitching the faithful sorrel to a board fence whitewashed into a shining neatness.

Old Mr. Byers dwelt in a low stone house with a superabundance of outer doors opening under a long front porch. There were more aristocratic names in the county than his, but none so good on a note, and handsomer places, but not one so trim and tidy. If his wife and daughter did most of the housework, they wielded their brooms with fine effect. The box-bordered path Melancthon trod through the old-fashioned, formal garden had been so scrupulously swept that not a leaf, not a pebble, not a loose bit of earth, was to be seen. Bits of cumbrous rock-work here and there, tubs of oleanders, and the trunk of every tree had been swept too, but with a lime brush, until in the evening dusk the place seemed full of beckoning ghosts, white and fantastic beneath the shadowy vines.

Melancthon had few thoughts to spare for ghosts. The sound of brisk feet and

click of crockery were vastly more suggestive to his mind. They told him that the early supper being over and its traces cleared away, the active lady of his admiration would have leisure to speak to him. He could see her now moving back and forth across the open windows, and could hear her singing in a high, young voice. "I declare, Matt," he also heard her mother say, with hospitable pleasure in her tone, "if there ain't Parson Joye."

Whereupon the singing ceased abruptly and the Reverend Mr. Joye, who a moment before had been moved to censure the frivolous nature of the song, now found himself wondering ruefully what he had ever done to make Miss Mattie Byers afraid of him.

She did not look when she came out to greet him as though it was her habit to be much afraid. She was a handsome girl with bright black eyes and a complexion almost as dazzling as her father's fences. Her dress was the neatest of starched calicoes with coquettish embellishments, wisps of velvet round her pretty throat, smart ribbons, jingling ornaments to ring appropriate music to an acknowledged belle. All the young men in the country were glad to tie their horses under Mr. Byers's apple-trees and to spend an evening on the stone steps of his porch, finding them soft or hard according to Miss Mattie's whims. The parson sat there, too, with the perseverance that amused the parish.

Mr. Joye, thundering denunciations from the pulpit, was a name of awe; Mr. Joye, dangling after Mattie Byers among a throng of smarter suitors, was a sight of ridicule.

Melancthon ignored the ridicule. Like the crackling of thorns under the pot was to him the laughter of fools. He set his grim face toward his purpose and let them laugh.

Nevertheless his purpose was just now a little difficult of execution. He watched Mattie's hands toying with the vines; her uninterested silence daunted him. He wished his tongue were the pen of a ready writer. He coughed; he dealt with his collar; he glanced for help around the spectral garden.

"You make everything nice you touch,

Miss Mattie. This garden's always as white and clean——"

"But I don't whitewash the fences, Mr. Joye. It's pa."

"And your flower-beds never have any weeds in 'em——"

"Indeed they do, then — lots — but that's ma, she's all the time grubbing at 'em."

"Do you want to make out you never do anything, Miss Mattie? I know better. Though you seem to be falling into a snare of pleasure——"

"Now, Mr. Joye! for pity's sake, how do I seem? I'm sure you needn't to grudge me all the pleasure I can get in this dull place. What do you want me to do?"

"What do I want you to do, Miss Mattie?" The parson passed a lean hand across his face and clenched it, frowning, on his chin. "I—I'll tell you," he cleared his throat—"I want you to quit going to dancing parties——"

"You know," indignantly, "I never dance round dances."

"I want you to leave the worldly company you're so taken up with. I want you to come out and be separate. I—I want you to marry me, Miss Mattie, and the sooner the better."

"Oh, my! Mr. Joye!"

"Well, why not?" the proposition once made he could regard it rationally. "Don't you like me?"

"Oh, of course, Mr. Joye, I like you, but——"

"I've been coming here a good while."

"Oh, but, Mr. Joye, of course you came to see pa?"

"Was it your pa I talked to then?" Melancthon had certain ill-flavored recollections of times when he had not been permitted to talk to her. "I hope you'll take me, Miss Mattie; the Bible says it is not good for man to be alone — nor woman either."

But in vain was the net spread in the sight of this fair bird. Presently the parson's manner changed.

"I see how it is, Miss Mattie. I've been afraid all along, now I am sure. You're on the edge of a precipice. I call you to come back."

"Why, Mr. Joye! I don't know what you mean."

"Yes you do, Miss Mattie. You know

very well. You let Washburn Mason keep on coming here you'll rue the day you were born."

"Mr. Mason never comes here, Mr. Joye," cried the girl, excitedly. "You know pa forbid him. You know you got him to do it. And a mean thing, too. I don't know what makes you all so down on that poor man."

She had risen to leave him in her anger.

"Sit down, Miss Mattie." The parson towered above her in the twilight porch. "Sit right down and listen to every word I say." She hesitated. He repeated, "Sit down," until she finally obeyed, but tossed her head and tapped her foot in wrathful independence.

"Now see here," Melancthon punctuated his discourse with the finger of his right hand upon the palm of his left. "Wash Mason is a bad egg. There hasn't been a bit of devilry in this county since he was twelve years old but he was head and front of it. By rights many a time he'd have been in jail. He'll get there yet."

The etiquette of courtship forbids depreciation of a rival. The parson trampled upon etiquette.

"You've heard it said a young fellow must be wild and he'll get over it. Wash Mason ain't that kind. He's bad all through."

"That's your Christian charity, to speak good of all men," she cried, with provocation.

Her mentor went on, facing the flashing black eyes.

"When his mother was alive he never lifted a hand to help her. When she was sick and I scoured the country to get her a bit of butter, Wash plastered it on his own bread. One week after she died he was flying round to picnics. His father left him a good property——"

"I should think so. The old Mason place is the very finest in the county."

"Yes, Miss Mattie, the old Mason place is the finest in the county—and there ain't a yard of whole fence on it. When those old pictures look down at Wash lying dead drunk on the parlor floor they can't get out of their frames to keep the old place from ruin. It don't help a man what his grandfather was——"

"I should think you might help a man instead of hounding him, Mr. Joye. He's got good feelings. He never had any proper influence——"

"And you think you could influence Washburn Mason! You're not the first girl's been beguiled to think she could turn a man by a look or a smile. Plenty of conceit dwells in woman. After he's once got you what do you suppose he will care for your influence?"

"Mr. Joye——"

"Miss Mattie, be not deceived. What a man don't do for his mother, he surely won't do for his wife. You take Wash Mason, you take a seat with him for life. You can't get out like you did the day of the picnic to Laurel Grove——"

"Mr. Joye, I never thought you'd be so mean!"

"He was drunk when you started," Melancthon persisted, never stopping, and never raising his voice. "Before dinner-time he couldn't be allowed where decent people were, and I had to pack him into his own new buggy—O, yes, those fine yellow wheels, he's never paid for it—and get Joe Welsh to take him home, and bring you back myself between me and Lizzie Peters——"

"You shan't talk so. I won't listen. Lizzie Peters, indeed! Why don't you ask Lizzie Peters to marry you, Mr. Joye? What do you want with a sinner like me?"

She was scarlet with mortification, ready to cry with rage.

"I don't wish to marry Lizzie Peters," Melancthon answered, composedly, "and we are all sinners, though you didn't mean it when you said so. You can think about what I've said. Wash isn't only a drunkard. He's worse: he's an infidel."

"I don't care what he is. I——"

"Hush!" The parson raised his hand with authority. "Tempt not the Almighty. You are on the edge of a pit. I bid you take care."

He went down the steps immediately, leaving her choking with passion.

The shambling sorrel carried him away. The moon arose, making the hills look flat and the broad fields broader and more solitary. No one but himself seemed abroad in the wide, silent night until, at the entrance to a

piece of woodland, he met, coming out of black shadow, a horseman, lonely like himself. It was Wash Mason, who sat his horse easily, one hand on his hip the other carelessly holding the reins.

"That you, parson? Evening! Out late to-night."

The tone was mocking. He did not take the trouble to nod. The moonlight falling full on his face showed how handsome it was, how self-satisfied, jaunty, and impudent.

"I know where you've been," he seemed to say. "No use, you see. It's my turn now."

The old Adam, at that moment rampant in the parson's veins, clenched his hand upon the bridle. A spasm of anger, righteous perhaps, but very real, shook him. He fixed his eyes sternly upon Mason's face and rode by, leaving the salutation unreturned.

Mr. Joye expressed no surprise when he was told, a few weeks later, that Mattie Byers and Wash Mason had gone off to be married. "Old man Byers," the gossips added, "was that mad he was crazy, and he vowed Miss Mattie shouldn't never step her foot inside his door again."

II.

"LAND above! Parson, is that you? You mean to say there ain't nary nigger in the county to tote that there bag? I'd sent for it myself if I'd a known she was that hard up."

The benches under Stonebraker's sycamores were full as usual. Everybody had grist for that mill. Even the sorrel was glad to stand in the shade this warm September day, and listen to the cooling drip of water over the mill-wheel. But the loungers showed some surprise as Stonebraker seized a bag of corn from Melancthon's saddle-bow and flung it within the door. One of them remarked:

"I don't reckon this is exactly the kind of harvest you're called to gather in, Mr. Joye."

His companions laughed. Mr. Joye ignored the remark as he did the dust left by the bag on his coat. Yet in his silence lay such audible reproof that the miller unconsciously adopted an accent of apology.

"Well, I did tell her I was laying off to put the mill onto wheat. But I could 'a let her have some meal. That's what I've got to do now. That there corn ain't fitten to grind right outen the silk."

"I reckon it, don't ever go amiss, Hiram," the parson said, judicially, "to help her all you can."

For Mr. Byers had been a man of his word. At the end of five years he still maintained that as Mattie had made her bed, so she must lie. The bed was hard. She had become a fagged and faded woman, living, no one could tell how, with three children in a log cabin that in old Colonel Mason's time had been used by his negroes.

And she had this on sufferance.

There were some who said that in spite of her infatuation for Washburn's handsome face she never would have married him had it not been her ambition to rule over the finest place in the county. But this place had been seized for Washburn's debts in the first year of her marriage. It was bought by two sanguine young men, known as "them spy Vermonters," who believed that farming in Virginia could be made to pay. Wash was rarely sober and never did a hand's turn of work. The spy Vermonters detested him, but they were sorry for his wife and refrained from demanding rent for the cabin. This generosity brought them no thanks. The district looked on them as interlopers. It grudged their prosperity. When you set out to teach your betters, your success is an added insult.

Even Melancthon Joye, in spite of foresight justified, could not pass the old place without a flavor of bitterness in his soul.

He had stopped to look at it that September morning while the sorrel, with accustomed readiness, seized the opportunity to nibble the dusty grass by the roadside. Five years had made little difference in the parson, or his horse. A few white hairs in the sorrel's mane, a few more wrinkles in the parson's coat—otherwise they were as unchanged as the meagre and slovenly farms they visited.

But Washburn's squandered patri-

mony looked rich and fair; the fences straight and even. A loaded wagon, drawn by four fine horses, approached the new barn and the group of old buildings crowning a distant hill-slope shone with fresh paint. As Melancthon watched, one of the young proprietors came by, walking quickly as was his habit. He threw the parson a curt, "How are you?" and passed on. The parson started on, too, angry at being caught. He meditated a sermon upon the deceitfulness of riches, with reference to the wicked flourishing as a green bay tree. But as no stretch of metaphor could include Wash Mason among the righteous Melancthon gave up his idea.

Just then, around a turn in the road, he came in sight of the cabin with its few spindling rows of corn that Mattie had somehow coaxed into being. He could see her limp sun-bonnet among the weedy stalks and inside the cabin door, which was open, the baby lay in a wooden cradle and howled. The week's wash—pitifully scanty—was spread on bushes and on the broken fence. Beside the fence stood a bucket of whitewash with a brush sticking in it. Melancthon remembered the refulgent rockwork of her girlhood's home. The whitewash proved her still her father's daughter, yet it seemed to emphasize her degradation.

At sound of the sorrel's hoofs she turned and Melancthon saw her worn, tired face. Her eyes had in them a dumb beseeching which was habitual and unconscious, for she only nodded and went on tearing off the ears of corn and dropping them into a bag. She was in haste to quiet the baby.

All the parson's predictions were fulfilled. He saw in this dragged, discouraged woman the blooming and defiant girl who had trampled on his warning.

She had had the warning. And Providence is just.

Nevertheless, when Melancthon rode off he carried the bag of corn with him and he turned back on his way and went to Stonebraker's mill. Nobody there had a good word for Wash Mason.

"We'd have helped her many a time, Mr. Joye, if it wa'n't for him—a lazy, ornery, trifling no-account, more ready

to pick a quarrel than a pig is to eat. Why don't he tote his own corn to mill?"

Mr. Joye was troubled; something lay upon his mind.

"Hiram," said he, suddenly, "does he ill-treat her?"

"Land, Mr. Joye! Ain't it ill-treatment to starve?"

"I mean does he abuse her?"

He turned, frowning, to the benches, where the men stirred uneasily and looked across the pond. The parson seemed to be accusing them.

"Well, we ain't never seen, Mr. Joye," one answered, reluctantly, "else of course we wouldn't allow it. But you kin judge for yourself. If a man gets so roaring crazy away, he ain't likely to be a lamb at home. You know what they say."

Mr. Joye did know. He had heard the stories told under these very sycamores of Mattie running through the woods with her children at dead of night, and arriving breathless with terror at the nearest neighbor's a mile away.

"She claimed it was ghostses frightened her," said Stonebraker. "Mattie Byers wa'n't no girl to be scared by ghostses. But she's close-mouthed. Mis' Peters couldn't get nothing out of her 'cept that."

"You say yourself, parson," ventured an auditor. "You can't come between man and wife."

"No," said the parson.

But his eyes seemed to retreat into caves beneath a beetling crag of forehead; his Roman nose stood out, a headland on some rocky coast. His sinewy hand was clenched upon his chin, as he scowled at the pond, into which Stonebraker, leaning against a tree, was dropping bits of bark. The circles slowly widened, rocking farther from the shore. The miller, restive under that portentous gaze, looked up.

"You know, parson, I've said she ought to leave him."

"Then you've said wrong, Hiram, you've said wrong. Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. You've heard me preach about that."

They had indeed. They were not anxious at the moment to have the

sermons repeated. Stonebraker muttered:

"Don't appear to me God joins every couple. Looks like the devil had a hand in some. Anyway, Mr. Joye, you're always preaching justice. Now where's the justice in putting all Wash Mason's sins onto Mattie's pore little shoulders?"

A spasm passed across the parson's face. His collar, loose and rasping, had attacked his ear. He paused to discipline this unruly member, then answered:

"She ain't punished for his sins, she's punished for her own."

"Mr. Joye, she was always a good girl."

"Hiram, the eye that mocketh its father, the young eagles shall eat it. Do you think when Mattie Byers, child of godly parents, married an infidel she didn't sin? If she'd read her Bible more instead of flying round to picnics, she'd have remembered not to be unequally yoked together with unbelievers. But the Lord will be good to Mattie Byers. He'll let her take her punishment in this world——"

He gathered up the reins. His audience sat up straighter in token of respect—and relief.

"Anyway, pore thing, she's got a hard row to hoe. You ain't going, parson?" cried the miller, good-naturedly, wishing to part pleasantly. "Well, good-morning to you. Come again. It always does us good to talk to you, or anyway it oughter."

But he went into the mill and turned over the bag of corn with his foot.

"Nubbins. Not much good for hogs. But I shorely am sorry for Mattie. Parson ain't married, he don't know."

"Well, that ain't his fault neither. Miss Mattie 'd a heap sight better have had him, shore enough. He kin put the women in their places fast enough, but he'd do better by her than Wash Mason has."

"That's so," chorused the group upon the benches; "but anyway 'twould take a heap of religion to put up with all he says is right."

Melancthon went home and turned the sorrel into the yard and flung his hat into one corner and his saddle-bags into another; and sat down to the com-

position of one of those pungent sermons that were like nothing so much as a country salad—all mustard and vinegar with the oil left out, or rancid.

Before that sermon was delivered the parson's affairs took him to the Court House, and as he walked down its single street he saw a crowd upon the corner. A loud voice made itself heard above much laughter. Melancthon stopped abruptly and, frowning, clutched his chin.

"See here," he said to a bystander, "is that Wash Mason?"

"Talking? Yes, sir. That's him."

"Is he drunk?"

"Well, I dunno as you'd say drunk, Mr. Joye," quizzically. "Sorter top-heavy I reckon."

"How long's he been at it?"

"Well, I dunno, sir. 'Pears to me every time I go down street I come upon Wash Mason carrying on somewheres. He'll be going home toreckly."

"Home!" repeated Melancthon, violently. "Home! To beat his wife?"

"Well, sir, they do say——"

"Then why don't you stop him? Aren't there men enough in this county to protect one woman?"

"Law, Mr. Joye, who's to do it? She's his wife."

"Who? Why you. Anybody."

"But, Mr. Joye, I ain't seen him. I couldn't swear to it, sir. He'd have me arrested."

"Tchh!" said Melancthon in impatient disgust, striding off.

"Preachers air jest like women," muttered the man, discontentedly. "Always at you to do some fool trick you know you can't do. What's he want me to tackle Wash Mason for? Wash'd sooner shoot than not."

With his long arms swinging and his short coat flapping the parson went up the street. Hiram Stonebraker, starting homeward in his buggy, beheld this familiar figure gesticulating on the sidewalk. Before he could stop Melancthon climbed over the wheel.

"My horse is down street," said he, breathlessly.

"Eh?" said Hiram, astonished.

"Hitched by Strode's store," panted the parson. "You get him. I'll bring this buggy back some time to-night."

"Oh!" Stonebraker began to understand. "All right, Mr. Joye, I'd just as lief ride."

Joye with difficulty restrained his impatience while the miller got his bulky person to the ground, then he struck the astonished old mare with the whip.

"Hold on," cried Stonebraker, "Look out for the bundles, parson, I've got my week's coffee and sugar in there."

Melancthon craned his long neck round the buggy top.

"This evening—the mill—all right," was all Stonebraker could make out above the creaking and groaning of his flying equipage.

He laughed as he turned to go down street for the sorrel.

"If parson can make old Nan keep that up he's a smarter man than I am. What's got him now, I wonder."

One only thought was in the parson's mind. Wash Mason should never strike his wife another blow. And to prevent this he had but one idea. It was to get to the woodside cabin before the drunkard did, and to carry off Mattie with her children to some place of safety. Just what place would be safe was hard to tell, and he postponed decision. Speed was what he wanted now, and speed from old Nan——! Melancthon wished he had taken time to put the sorrel between the shafts of Hiram's rattletrap. He knew as well as other people that Wash would sooner shoot than not.

But he got to the cabin where Mattie was busy over her washtub, and he bade her so imperiously to leave everything and come instantly with him, that she took her hands from the suds, caught up the baby and, scared but silent, got into the buggy where Melancthon had already put the two older children.

They drove off, leaving the clothes in the tub and the cabin door swinging open past the empty cradle. Beyond the woods, out on the level road, that happened which Melancthon feared. They met Mason riding home. He stared in amazement and old Nan shuffled past before he collected his wits.

Melancthon strove steadily, looking straight ahead.

"Hi! Mr. Joye!"

Mattie started and shivered, clutch-

ing her baby tighter. The children stopped their chatter. Melancthon drove on.

"Mr. Joye, what are you doing with my wife?"

"Get up," said the parson, clucking to old Nan. But he did not touch her with the whip. It was no use. Mason wheeled his horse and fell into pace behind the buggy. Whether he were inclined to be violent, or only tipsy and maudlin, no one knew, and no one looked to see. Melancthon felt the trembling of the woman at his side. She had lifted the baby to her neck to hide her face. He could hear her sobbing in the stifled way learned from long restraint. Now and then the hoofs of Mason's horse striking on the stones would be heard above the rattle of the wheels. The sound was sharp. Melancthon thought of the click of a revolver. He kept his eyes between the old mare's ears.

But when presently they reached the branching of the road the parson turned toward the mill. Mrs. Stonebraker, he remembered, was as kind-hearted as her husband. She would look after Mattie while he dealt with Wash. No other place was near, and this sort of thing could not be kept up. They must get somewhere quickly.

September's sunset burned behind the hills as at last Nan slowly hobbled round the pond—the peaceful pond, in which a bright, reflected sky lay red among the lilies and the mill's gray walls grew pink between the leaves. Scenting her own stable the old mare made such a sudden dash around the bend that Melancthon had time to get Mattie and her children out of the buggy and inside the miller's gate before Mason rode up.

"Go into the house," he said to her as Wash rolled off his horse and lurched forward. Melancthon eyed him keenly. His whip was in his hand, and the butt of a revolver stuck out upon his hip, but he seemed meek enough and inclined to whimper.

"Parson, don't you know I can't get along without my wife? I ain't had my supper, sir. Matt, what's the reason you don't come with your old man?"

"Go into the house," said Melancthon

again. She stood trembling, the children clinging to her skirts. Wash reached his hand across the fence, but could not quite touch her sleeve.

"Go into the house," said Parson Joye, and when he spoke in that tone he was obeyed. Mattie went into the house. Mason made an effort to follow. Melancthon laid his hand upon the gate.

"Go home, Wash," he said, quietly. "I told you you'd got to behave. When you're sober I'll talk to you."

"Who wants you to talk?" screamed Mason, his drunken mood changing in a flash. "Get out of here. You can't preach to me, you black-coated, shovel-hatted sneak, you. And you can't meddle with my wife. No man meddles with my wife. I'll teach her—I'll——"

"Look here," said Melancthon, sternly, fixing his eyes on Mason's face, now red and furious. "You go home and go to sleep. You've lost your right to your wife. You can't have her till you learn to behave. And if you so much as speak a hard word to her again you'll repent it."

Mason burst into a cackling laugh.

"Repenting's your line, Parson, 'taint mine." Then threateningly, "Who's to make me?"

"I will," said the parson.

"You get out! I'll thrash you to a jelly. I'll beat you worse'n I beat her." He raised his arm.

"Put down that whip," said the parson.

"I'll put it down," cried Wash, and laid it in a stinging stripe across the parson's head.

Joye leaped upon him. There was a brief scuffle. The whip whirled through the air into the pond. There was a flash, a report, a gleam of steel among the alder bushes, another splash as the revolver followed the whip. Wash felt the parson's bony fingers close upon his throat, felt himself shaken mercilessly, like a rat by a terrier, felt with a breathless terror that his hour had come. The next instant he staggered back, giddy and gasping. That terrible grasp relaxing suddenly left him blind, swaying, half choked. He found a tree, or something to support him, until by degrees the landscape steadied itself. Then, still under the spell of fear, he looked

around, uttered a loud cry and dropped upon his knees.

"O Parson! O Lord! Parson, I didn't go to do it. You know I didn't. Parson, say you ain't hurt."

The parson did not say anything. He lay with closed eyes beneath the bushes. But Stonebraker, who from across the pond had heard the shot, leaped from the panting sorrel's back and seized Wash by the collar.

The news flew. Before night had fairly fallen the whole district had heard that Wash Mason had shot Parson Joye, that the parson was lying dead in Stonebraker's house, and that Wash was locked up in the mill. Every man who heard this tale swore roundly and started off. The rising moon beheld on every road the mountaineers and farmers, singly and in groups, on foot and mounted, all making toward the mill, now black beneath the shadow of its sycamores, while in the silent pond the stars, not yet eclipsed, gleamed wavering. Many of these men were masked, some wore curious hoods around the head and neck, and all were armed.

The parson was not dead. There was even no immediate reason why he should die. He had recovered consciousness in Stonebraker's bed, and the doctor who dressed his wound said encouragingly that if he would keep still and not lose any more blood he would come round all right. He fell into a doze, having seen through the open window the moon climbing up between the pines on the mountain. He was awakened by a woman's cry.

"O Mr. Joye! O Parson! You don't want him killed. They're going for him. They've got him."

Mattie had rushed into the room crazy with fright. Joye sat up in bed.

The glare of torches through the window obliterated the white moonlight. He heard hoarse voices, trampling feet, the pawing of horses, and a high, desperate voice shrill with terror. It was Wash Mason pleading for his life.

The torchlight flashed across the pond; sharply on the moss-grown mill it drew the outlines of the leaves and of one long, straight line that fell from a stout limb of the tallest sycamore. On

this limb two men were busy; just below, a struggling and entreating figure was held by two others, and a close ring hemmed them in. It was ghastly and horrible to see no faces. Nothing but a blank whiteness, featureless, expressionless, crossed by two black and unresponsive slits, behind which all imaginable cruelty might lurk. Over the ravine, the road, the rocks and bushes, fantastic shadows moved and beckoned as the spectral crowd swayed gesticulating.

"No, sir. No, you don't. We've put up with you as long as we're going to. Your time's come. Good Lord have mercy! What's that?"

A tall figure wrapped in a sheet launched itself out of the shadows. One arm was tightly bandaged to the side; the other, draped with white folds, waved before the victim. This was no masker, for the head was bare; the flickering lights fell on a pallid face, and rough, dishevelled hair. The hooded crowd shrank back, sham ghosts appalled before a real one. Only Wash made a plunge forward and caught the apparition's knees.

"Parson, ye ain't dead. Tell 'em ye ain't dead. I didn't go to do it, Mr. Joye. Tell 'em I didn't go to do it. Ye know I never, Parson. It went off itself when you grabbed me. Ye know it did."

"Mr. Joye, is that you?" cried a voice. "We heard he'd killed you."

"Well he didn't. You let him be." Then still keeping his sheet-draped arm in front of Wash, he added, sternly, "Men, what are you doing here?"

But the crowd had recovered and in the revulsion from fright was more angry than before. Murmurs arose, growing louder and hoarser.

"He's just as bad. He meant to kill you. He'll do it yet. We're tired of Wash Mason. Go back, Parson, this ain't no business o' yourn."

"No business of mine to save your souls from sin! Go home yourself, and get down on your knees and pray the Lord if perhaps the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

"Look-a-here, Parson, you've been thundering justice these many years, now you've got a chance to see it done."

Melancthon wheeled upon the speaker.

"How dare you take the name of justice on your wicked lips, Linn Harding? Oh, you needn't to think I don't know you. You want justice, do you?" He let his glance sweep round the shrouded ring. "You want justice! Where's it to begin? Stand out, Tom Peters. William Entler, step to the front; quit hiding behind that rag and show your face like a man if you think you're doing right. Aleck Strode, I picked you out of the gutter last week. If you'd had a pistol handy maybe you'd be swinging to some of these trees here. Go home, the last one of you. I know you all, and if you lay a finger on this poor wretch you'll be in the sheriff's hands to-morrow."

He had thrust Wash behind him and keeping his long arm extended, shaking his skinny finger in the face of each man as he named him, he advanced little by little toward the crowd, which was now really furious. Yet it gave back step by step. An angry voice cried: "Shut up, Parson. You can't preach here. If you say much we'll string him up right now and roll you into the pond."

The parson faced the voice. He paused, and drawing himself up to his thin height, said, slowly, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Again he looked round upon them and with raised voice cried once more, "He that is without sin, let him cast——"

His voice ceased. A bright jet of blood spurted from his lips. He dropped forward, face down. His one protecting

arm, still stretched in front of Wash, seemed to point an accusing finger at the crowd.

No man spoke. None even tried to lift the body until Hiram Stonebraker, pushing through from the outer circle, bent down and raised the parson's head. Then, still silent, they bent forward, shielding their eyes from the flaring lights, peering anxiously into the white, still face. It was calm, the stern brow unruffled, the stern lips quiet.

"He's dead," said Stonebraker, and gently smoothed the rumpled sheet.

With one accord every man's hand went up to his head, where, finding no hat, it pulled off the masking hood. The men who an instant before had been ready to hang Wash for shooting the parson, and to duck the parson for trying to save Wash, now stood uncovered, mute, smitten with grief and contrition.

The pale dawn, looking over the eastern range and putting the torches to shame, saw a solemn and orderly line following the prone body of Parson Joye as it was borne toward the house.

Wash was forgotten. His wife, creeping through the bushes, cut the cord that still bound him and bade him run. He was never prosecuted. But he ceased to beat his wife, because Mr. Byers, at last relenting, opened his heart and his house and took his daughter and her children home.

The parson had the biggest funeral that was ever seen in the district, but the sermon preached above his open grave was not of justice.





SAFETY ON THE ATLANTIC.

By William H. Rideing.



It is not when the seas come pounding over the bows that the captain's face lengthens. Even when it is necessary to keep the passengers below, and the spray is carried as high as the foretop, his confidence in his ship is unabated. His spirits do not fall with the barometer, and though the clouds hang low, and the air is filled with stinging moisture flying like sleet from the hissing sea—even when boats are torn out of the davits, and iron bitts and ventilators are snapped from their fastenings like pipe-stems, he has no misgiving as to the ability of the ship to weather the gale, or the fiercest hurricane that can blow.

Give him an open sea, without haze, or fog, or snow, and neither wind nor wave can alarm him. He knows very well, as all who are experienced in such matters do, that the modern steamers of the great Atlantic lines are so carefully constructed, and of such strength, that the foundering of one of them through stress of weather alone is well-nigh inconceivable.

But when a fog descends, then it is that his face and manner change, and he who has been the most sociable and gayest of men suddenly becomes the most anxious and taciturn. His seat at the head of the table is vacant; look for him and you will not find him, as in fair weather, diverting groups of girls tucked up in steamer-chairs on the promenade-deck, but pacing the bridge and puffing a cigar which apparently has not been allowed to go out since it was lighted as the big ship backed from her wharf into the North River.

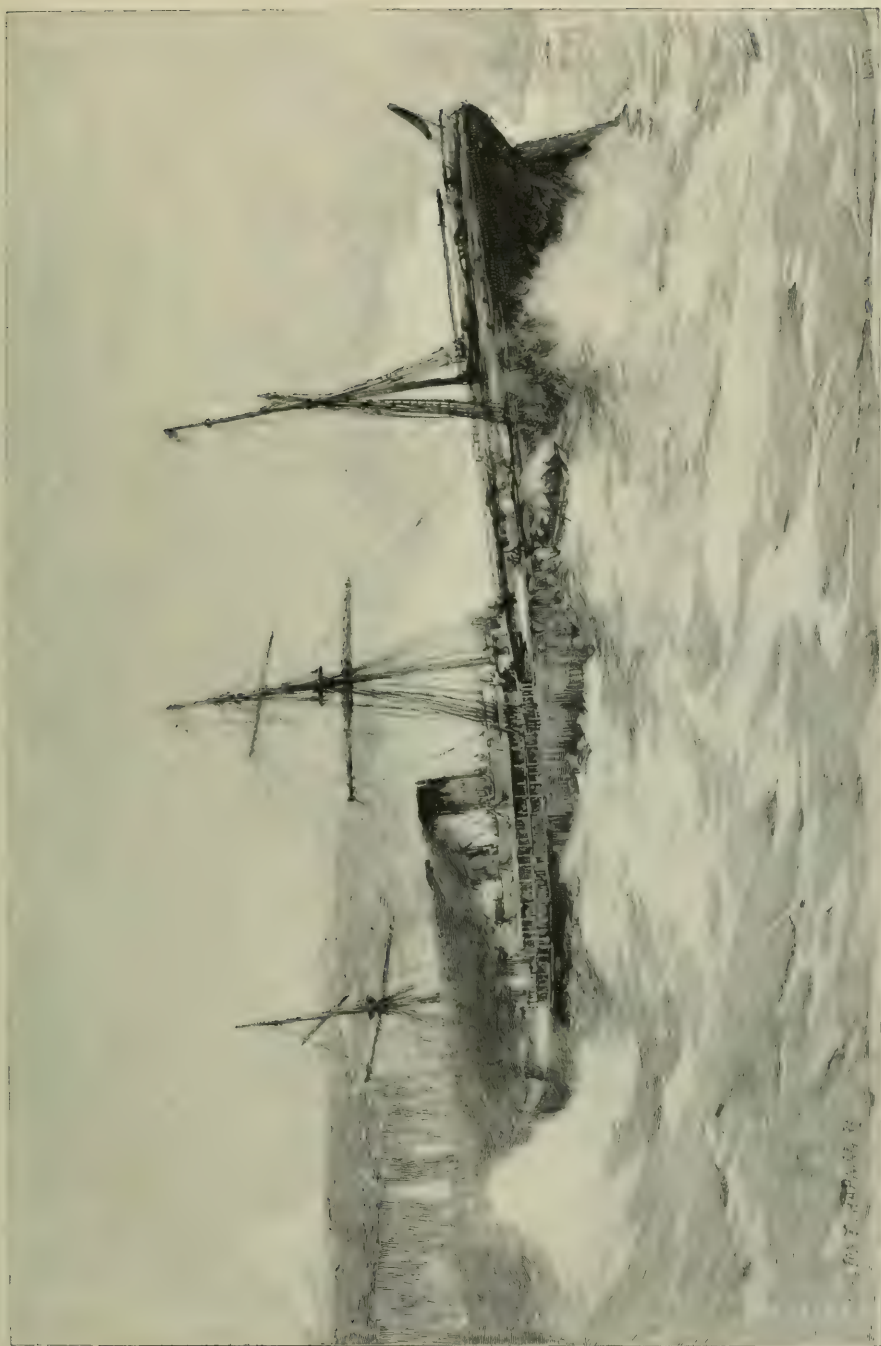
Wherever and whenever it occurs, fog is a source of danger from which neither

prudence nor skill can guarantee immunity; and whether the ship is slowed down or going at full speed, there is cause for fear while this gray blindness baffles the eyes. With plenty of sea-room the danger is least, and it increases near land, especially where the coast is wild and broken, like that of Ireland and Wales, and where there are many vessels as well as rocks to be passed.

Probably the captain dreads but one thing more than a fog which comes down when he is making land. When he can see the familiar lights and promontories, he can verify the position of the ship and check his daily observations of the sun. Then it is plain sailing into port. But when the strongest light is quenched and every well-known landmark is hidden, and he has to feel his way with only the compass and the sounding machine to guide him, the consciousness that a slight divergence from the proper course may lead to disaster, keeps him on the pins and needles of anxiety, and sears his brain to constant wakefulness, as with a branding iron.

A recent experience may be recalled.

The ship had swept down from the "nor'ard" like an arrow following the curve of its own bow, and it was promised that we should see land early in the afternoon and reach Queenstown soon after sundown. The weather could not have been better; it was clear and mild, and the air, the water, and the sky were tinged with the silvery pinks and grays which often appear, like mother-of-pearl, in the atmospheric effects of that southern coast. Flocks of birds were resting on the surface of the calm sea and wheeling around the ship, the gulls swinging within arm's length of the passengers leaning against the rail. We steamed in among a fleet of fishing-boats with red sails—close enough to



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Out of Reckoning.—A Narrow Escape.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

hear the greetings of the men, and these voices made the assurance of land doubly sure.

Then it was whispered that land could be seen, and the searchers swept the eastern horizon with their glasses to find it. They made many mistakes about it, and explored the clouds, de-luding themselves with the idea that forms of rosy vapor were the Kerry Mountains. They insisted upon it, but presently the coast defined itself to a certainty, coming out of the distance in bold masses of peak and precipice, fringed with a line of surf.

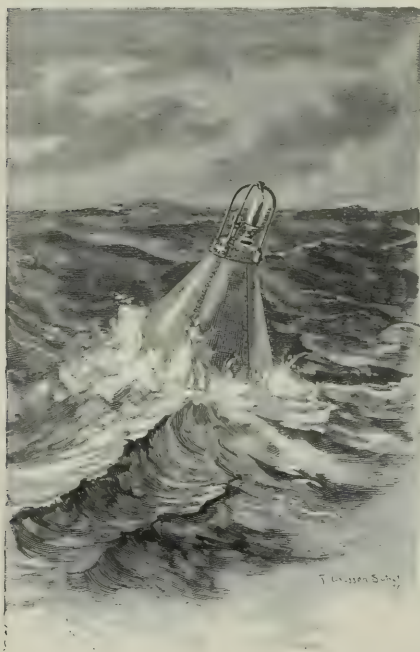
The captain was in his gayest mood. The baggage of the passengers for Queenstown was whipped out of the hold by the steam winch and piled up on the main deck, and they themselves were smartly dressed to go ashore. Already farewells were spoken and re-

men in the foretop could already see it—and a little to the northward of that lay Brow Head, whence in an hour or so our safe arrival would be flashed in an instant under the capricious sea which we had just crossed.

These were our anticipations, but they were not fulfilled. The strong, piercing light of Fastnet did not reach us that night, nor any glimpse of the splendid beacons which blaze, each in its own distinctive way, for the guidance of the mariner along that Channel. We were not seen from Brow Head, and the passengers for Queenstown did not go ashore.

The captain's manner changed again from its wonted gayety to severe silence. Before it was noticed on deck, those on the bridge discovered, rolling down the Channel, a reddish-brown fog, like a cloud from a battle-field, which swallowed everything in its path—fishing-boats and all vessels in sight; mountains, cliffs, and surf; every light and every landmark. In half an hour it had enveloped us and washed out with its sepia all the pearly iridescence which had filmed the sea. Nothing definite remained; all became vague, spectral, curtailed. The heart of the ship seemed to cease beating, and then could be heard only in faint throbs as the engine was slowed down.

For the rest of the night everything was dubious. The passengers gathered in knots on the wet decks, talking in undertones. You could hear the swash of the becalmed sea along the sides of the ship in the intervals of the blasts of the fog-horn, which pierced the ear like a knife; it was only when that demon was raging that the other sounds which had become familiar on board the ship were not more acute—the hum of the forced draft, the asthma of escaping steam, the voices on the bridge, and the whirr of the bell in the engine-room. The bell had been silent since it rang out, "Turn ahead, full speed!" when the pilot was picked up by the station boat off Sandy Hook, but now the hand which recorded its messages was constantly going from side to side of the clock-faced dial. At every stroke a fresh apprehension thrilled along the deck and imaginary shapes loomed up in the fog, the rumors were wild and



A Whistling Buoy.

unions planned. We could see the black-fanged pyramids of the Blaskets, and the mountain-bound sweep of Bantry Bay. Fastnet would soon be visible over the starboard bow—perhaps the

contradictory, no sooner spoken than discredited. See that blur of yellow ahead! That must be a light—Queens-
 ning ashore, deepens the silence of the anxious groups along the rail.
 The escaping steam roars out of the



Broken Bow of La Champagne, after her Collision outside New York Harbor, December, 1890.

town, perhaps, and the tender coming alongside. Yes, the bell has rung "Stop her!" Half of the passengers can see the blur of yellow, half are not quite certain—all are mistaken: the light burns only in their imaginations. Then they see the sails of a ship blotted on the fog; they hear bells and whistles; they listen for confirmation from the bridge. Little wonder that they are confused: the engine-room bell tells a different story every few minutes—now "Ahead!" then "Astern!" now "Full speed!" then "Dead slow!" Again the engine stops altogether; in a minute or two the churnings of the screw, sweeping toward the bow instead of in the wake, show that the ship is backing, and the fear of reefs, of collision, of run-

copper-pipes riveted to the funnel; louder and shriller the whistle drives its warning through the obscurity which surrounds us. Then we move "Ahead!" once more, and at midnight all hope of seeing Queenstown is abandoned. The passengers retreat to their cabins, and the decks are left to the sailors and the officers, who come in and out of the ghostly atmosphere—their oil-skins dripping with moisture and shining momentarily in the lamp-light. Never for an instant does the captain leave the bridge; his cigar feeds its bluish wreaths to the fog; he watches the glowing face of the compass, and listens to the cry of the men who are working the sounding machine.

So the great ship creeps up the Chan-

nel. Once in a while an answering blast is borne over the water, a bell is heard tolling afar, but never a thing is in sight. It is a weary night for the captain, but in the morning all is clear; we are off Holyhead; the pulse of the engine has recovered its regularity; the faces of the passengers are beaming, and Snowdon is visible over the starboard bow, piled up in white vapor.

The navigation of the Channel in foggy weather can never be free from danger, and more fine steamers of the great transatlantic lines have been lost between Fastnet and Liverpool through fogs than through any other cause. It was only last summer that the City of Rome

away. The captain was far out of his reckoning, but was going so slowly that he was able to back into the Channel with slight damage. A similar accident to this happened to the White Star steamer Baltic when she was proceeding up the Channel to Liverpool.

One of the most brilliant lights in the Channel is that of the South Stack, which lies under the flank of the mountainous precipice of Holyhead. The Stack is an egg of rock, much higher and much bolder than Fastnet, which has become detached from the mainland, and its apex is crowned with the white tower and crouching buildings of the lighthouse keepers. The sea is eating it away,

and has already scooped out a vast cavern which they call the Parliament Hall. It is wider and loftier than any chamber at Westminster, and there is more justification for its name in the babble of the sea-birds flitting in and out of it than in its dimensions. From the foot of it to the low, white wall which encircles the light, it is a sheer precipice of dark, exfoliating rock, forbidding and hopeless, without a resting-place for any living thing less secure than the birds, which cluster like beads on a string upon the edges of the shale. The sea frets itself around it and gurgles in the cavern; ledges and reefs abut on it. All vessels aim to give it a wide berth, and usually keep at such a distance that a glass has to be used to discover its destructive points. To say "ashore at South Stack" is as good as to say a "total wreck." There is hardly one chance in a hundred that the luckless ship which strikes here will live.

The Baltic was feeling her way up the Channel, and was supposed to be two or three miles off-shore. The creaming of the breakers, flowing and dissolving over the ledges like puffs of steam, gave the first hint of danger, and before the warning was of avail the dark shape, darker than the fog, sprang upon the dimmed vision of those on deck—a precipice that seemed to be toppling over them. "Good God! It is the South Stack!" a voice cried out, and there was



Eddystone Lighthouse, English Channel
(Tower about one hundred feet high.)

ran in a dense fog against Fastnet itself—that perilous, shoreless, horn-shaped rock which stands in the direct pathway of all ingoing and outgoing ships—and barely escaped destruction. A few years earlier, when the Cunarder Aurania was approaching land in a fog, the passengers who were smoking their after-dinner cigars suddenly saw looming above them, and above the topmasts, the cliffs which were supposed to be many miles



DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.

The Deep-sea Sounding Machine at Work.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.



Off Fire Island, New York.

no thought but of doom. The bells in the engine-room and wheel-house pealed, and the reversal of the screw sent the latherings surging toward the bow. A moment of panic among the passengers; a scurrying of figures on the bridge; the resonant, pistol-like snap of bending iron plates; a sudden resistance to progress suddenly withdrawn—a confusion of ideas, a murmur of relief, comparative tranquillity again. The hundredth chance was in favor of the *Baltic*, and backing into deep water, she proceeded on her way to Liverpool.

The three accidents described were without serious consequences, but in most cases the same difficulty of fog and mistaken reckoning ends in disaster. No less than five large steamers of the Guion Line have been wrecked between Fastnet and Liverpool—the *Chicago*, the *Colorado*, the *Montana*, the *Dakota*, and the *Idaho*—representing a value of fully two and a half million dollars, without cargo. The Cunard line lost the *Tripoli* on the Irish coast, north of Queenstown, and the *City of New York* (the first Inman ship of that name) came to grief on Daunt's Rock, near Roche's Point. The *City of Brussels*, of the same line, had nearly completed her voyage and was ly-

ing off the Liverpool bar, waiting for the weather to clear, the captain acting with the utmost prudence, when an insufficiently manned and badly managed steamer, the *Kirby Hall*, ran her down and sank her. Account is taken here only of the passenger steamers of the well-known lines; the record would be much expanded if it included the disasters to freight lines, and to those uncared-for ocean tramps which when they go down often yield a better profit to their unscrupulous owners, through insurance money, than they do by carrying cargo while afloat.

From 1838, when the *Sirius* crossed the ocean, till 1879, one hundred and forty-four steamers, counting all classes, were lost in the transatlantic trade. The first was the *President*, which disappeared mysteriously in 1841. During the thirteen years following only one life was lost by the wreck of an Atlantic steamer, that steamer being the Cunarder *Columbia*, which went ashore in 1843. In 1854, however, the *City of Glasgow* sailed with about four hundred and eighty souls on board, and was never seen or heard from again; and in the same year the Collins line steamer *Arctic*, one of the fastest and finest vessels then

afloat, was sunk in collision with the steamer *Vesta* during a dense fog, off Cape Race, and five hundred and sixty-two persons perished. Two years later the *Pacific*, of the same line, went to sea with one hundred and eighty-six persons on board and was never heard from again. Between 1857 and 1864 the *Allan* line lost no fewer than nine steamers. In 1858 the Hamburg-American steamer *Austria* was burned at sea with a loss of four hundred and seventy-one lives; in 1870 the *City of Boston* left port with over two hundred persons on board, never more to be heard from. On a dark night in April, 1873, the *White Star* steamer *Atlantic* ran ashore near Sambro, and five hundred and sixty lives were lost—some by drowning and some by freezing in the rigging into which they had scrambled, or upon the ice-bound shore upon which they were cast. Note must be made also of the wreck of the German steamer *Schiller* on the Scilly Rocks, by which two hundred lives were lost; of the running ashore in the North Sea of the North-German Lloyd steamer *Deutschland*, by which one hundred and fifty-seven lives were lost; of the sinking through collision of the Hamburg-American steamer *Pomerania*, by which over fifty lives were lost; of a similar disaster to the *Cimbria*, of the same line, by which eighty-four were lost; and of yet another collision, which sent the beautiful *Ville du Havre*, of the French line, to the bottom of the English Channel with two hundred and thirty of her passengers and crew.

Of the one hundred and forty-four vessels lost up to 1879, more than one-half were wrecked. Twenty-four never reached the ports for which they sailed, their fate still being unknown; ten were burned at sea; eight were sunk in collisions, and three were sunk by ice.

Since 1879, the most memorable disasters, besides those already referred to, have been the burning at sea of the *Egypt*, of the National line, and the *City of Montreal*, of the Inman line, both without loss of life; the stranding of the *State of Virginia*, of the State line, on the quicksands of Sable Island, which quickly entombed her; the sinking of the *State of Florida*, of the same line, by collision with a sailing ship; the dis-

appearance of the National line steamer *Erin*, which is supposed to have foundered at sea; and the sinking of the magnificent Cunarder *Oregon* in collision with a coal schooner, off Fire Island.

No line in existence has been wholly free from calamity; no line in existence has not at least one page in its history to tell of anxious crowds besieging its wharves and offices for news of a ship that has never come in.

One speculates in vain as to the end of those ships which, sailing from port in a seaworthy condition, have disappeared without leaving a survivor to record their fate. Was it fire that consumed, or ice that crushed, or seas that swallowed them? It may have been collision in a fog, or an explosion of the boilers, or the collapse of the engine, or the bursting on board of some tremendous wave from which recovery has been impossible. Possibly boats and rafts have been lowered, and when the ship herself has sunk, there has still



A Bell Buoy.

been hope of reaching land; days of suffering; glimpses of passing ships that have failed to see; agony spun out, and death at the end. For all the patient waiting and listening of those ashore no whisper of the secret has come, and no

fuller account can be written than the word "missing."

The region of fogs on the Atlantic is also the region of ice; fog and ice together are a greater source of peril than fog alone is, even when a ship is making land. Under the latter condition there is the chance of hearing the warning voice of the "syren," the reverberation of the signal gun, or the tolling of the fog-bell; steam "syrens," guns, or explosives of some kind, and bells, are all used as auxiliaries to the lighthouses in overcoming, through the medium of sound, the difficulties which fog opposes against the transmission of light. The sounding machine comes into play, and by registering the depth of water, and bearing testimony to the character of the bottom, affords further protection to the navigator. But the shoals and islands of ice, which, with their out-reaching, submerged spurs, come drifting down from the Arctic into the track of the transatlantic steamers, are unprovided with anything which might tell the ship bearing upon them in thick weather of their proximity. Sometimes they may be detected by the echo from the whistle or fog-horn, and by the rapid lowering of the temperature of the water in their vicinity. These signs cannot be always counted on, however. The whistle may be going every twenty or thirty seconds, and the quartermaster posted to the leeward with the little canvas bag and the thermometer with which the sea is tested for temperature; all due precaution may be taken, and yet no warning come of the ice that is ahead. On a clear night a berg rising above the horizon will have the effulgence of a star; on a clear day it will notch the horizon with its dazzling whiteness; in a fog it looms up in the gray like a shadow upon a shadow, and is invisible till the ship is close upon it.

The Hydrographic Bureau at Washington, which is in many ways useful in transatlantic navigation, issues a series of charts of an area of ocean reaching eastward from Newfoundland. There are twelve of them, one for each month of the year, and they differ only in certain pencillings which vary from month to month. Let us examine the

set issued for a recent year. In the chart for January five little pyramids are clustered together in the sea, with a sixth to the north of them; in February the pyramidal little figures can be counted by the score, surrounded by zig-zag lines—they look like an encampment; in March the zig-zag lines have disappeared, and the tents, so to speak, are more scattered; in April they are much the same as in March, but in May they have increased enormously and can be counted by the hundred, reaching from the far north to over a hundred miles southward of the Grand Banks. In June they are fewer, and in July fewer still. In August only about twenty are visible; in September not more than ten; in October two, in November one, and in December two. The zig-zag lines disappear earlier than the pyramids; the former represent field-ice, the latter icebergs; and thus it is seen that during one year there was not a single month in which the transatlantic route was entirely free from danger from those sources. In 1882 the bergs appeared in February and disappeared in August; February, March, and April are the months for their appearance, and they often linger till October or November.

Field-ice has its source in the Arctic basin and along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, and is carried south either by the current from the Arctic or that from East Greenland. Fully eighty per cent. of the bergs have their origin in West Greenland, and most of them are fragments of glaciers, broken off in a process known as "calving," as the glaciers slide into the deep water alongshore. Thousands are thus set adrift each year, and once adrift they begin their journey southward. Only a small proportion of the whole number ever reach the track of the steamers; some ground in the Arctic basin and break up in the frigid zone, to which they properly belong; they are very fragile, and the concussion of a gunshot is occasionally sufficient to shatter them; some are borne across from Greenland to Labrador, and lodge there until they dissolve, or crumble to pieces with the noise of thunder. The journey of those that escape disintegration in the north



DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

At Close Quarters, Among the Icebergs.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

is slow. If they drifted directly south and met with no obstructions, they would be four or five months in reaching the transatlantic routes; and being liberated in July and August they would consequently beset the path of the

routes from year to year, but in different years they reach a different southern limit. It is this variability which causes mischief. If their movements were always the same, it would be easy for the captain to choose a course which would



The Lightship, off Sandy Hook.

steamers in December and January. Few of them, however, are not delayed, and most of them have been adrift at least a year from the time of "calving" before they arrive south enough to trouble the steamers. Some are several years in making the journey; they are held for a season in a shallow; locked up during the Arctic winter; released with the return of summer; caught again for another winter, and when once again liberated, retarded in their southward course by the necessity of ploughing through the field-ice before them. Not only are there wide variations in the date of the appearance and disappearance of the bergs in the transatlantic

avoid them, but a course which may be entirely safe one year is often beset the next season by large quantities of ice, both in the forms of bergs and of field-ice.

The list of calamities from ice is a long one. It was only a few years ago that the *Arizona*, when going full speed, crashed into a berg and stove in her bows. From her stem to a point about thirty feet aft nothing remained of her but a tangle of shapeless iron, and that she did not sink immediately was due to the smoothness of the sea and the strength of her forward bulkhead, which withstood the pressure of the water and enabled her to reach St. Johns, New-

foundland. In the records of the Hydrographic Office it appears that, from 1882 to 1890, thirty-six steamers were more or less injured by ice in the North Atlantic, though some of these were freighting and coastwise vessels, and not of the class to which this article particularly refers; and the commonest explanation offered of the fate of the missing ships is collision with ice in fog or in the darkness of night.

Having come to this point, the reader is probably of the opinion that the heading of this article is a mistake, but the reverse of the picture has yet to be shown. Notwithstanding all the peril from fog and ice, and from the fury of cyclones and hurricanes, the steamers of the transatlantic lines are so staunchly built and so capably handled, that a man is less likely to meet with accidents on board one of them than he would be in walking the streets of a crowded city. Never before have so many passengers been carried as are carried now. The ships that were regarded as leviathans fifteen or sixteen years ago are as yachts compared with more recent additions to the various fleets. Scarcely more than ten years have elapsed since sixteen knots was the maximum speed; now it is twenty knots, with the certainty of an almost immediate increase to twenty-one or twenty-two knots. The tonnage has been increased within the same period from a maximum of five thousand to ten thousand five hundred, and while ten years ago two hundred cabin passengers were as many as any steamer could accommodate with a reasonable degree of comfort on one voyage, it is not uncommon now to find over five hundred as the complement of one steamer. When steamers of sixteen and seventeen knots were built, it was said that they were too large and too fast, and that they would surely come to grief, but experience has proved them to be as safe as any. In fact, those who are best qualified to know, declare that the augmentation of speed promotes safety.

This point was fully discussed by the captains of the principal lines not long ago, and the opinions expressed were almost unanimously in favor of the fast-

er ships. They not only diminish the period of exposure to such dangers as there may be in the transatlantic voyage, but from the superior power of their engines and boilers they are better fitted for overcoming those dangers. They are able to escape from areas of fog and storm sooner than slower vessels, and are more easily handled in thick and in heavy weather. From the rapidity with which they can be manœuvred, they can avoid collisions which would be inevitable under some conditions with slower ships; if a collision becomes unavoidable their impetus enables them to cut the obstructing vessel in two with comparatively little injury to themselves.

It is not conceivable that the element of danger can ever be wholly eliminated from the navigation of the Atlantic, but notwithstanding the extent and difficulty of the traffic, and the size and speed of the ships, which, flying to and fro in all kinds of weather, arrive in port at all seasons with a promptness and regularity quite equal to that of express trains on



Lighthouse, Atlantic City, N. J.

land, the number of accidents in proportion to the number of passengers is constantly diminishing. More cabin passengers are carried from New York to

European ports in one summer now than were carried in the whole of the first quarter of a century of steam navigation on this ocean; but while the latter period was full of disasters, such as the loss of the *Arctic* with four hundred and sixty-two lives, and the loss of the *Austria*, with four hundred and seventy-one lives, we now see hundreds of thousands of passengers crossing, with a sense of security which a remarkable record of immunity from accident fully justifies.

The improvements in the character of the accommodations have not been greater than the improvements designed to reduce the dangers of the transatlantic trip to a minimum; they are found in the structure of the hulls, the engines, and the boilers; in the apparatus of navigation; in the numbers and discipline of the crews, and in the appliances for life-saving, such as rafts and life-boats. The old ships of twenty years and more ago were built on the lines of sailing vessels, and a poop extended with scarcely a break from the fore'sle to the quarter-deck. When a sea came on board it was held as in a sluice between the high bulwarks and the poop, swashing fore and aft with the pitch of the ship, until it drained off through the scuppers. Most of the state-rooms were then situated below the main deck, and after such a sea they were likely to be flooded; many old passengers will remember how frequent an occurrence it was to find their cabins inundated. This was the least mischief it did, and when several seas were shipped in rapid succession, the vessel was in danger of foundering. The modern steamer is much better protected from incoming seas, and the main deck is completely covered in; instead of the bulwarks there is a simple rail and netting, and any water shipped flows overboard as quickly as it comes on board.

But the greatest improvement of all in the direction of safety is the system of bulkheads and double bottoms introduced by the builders of the *City of New York* and the *City of Paris*. For many years past it has been the custom to divide all steamers by transverse bulkheads into so-called water-tight compartments, the purpose of which is to increase their buoyancy and stability

in case of collision. The *Etruria*, the *Umbria*, the *Britannic*, the *Germanic*, and the *Arizona* have nine compartments each. Excellent as the theory is, the feeling of everybody acquainted with the subject has been distrustful of the manner of its application, the chief objection being the inadequacy of the number of subdivisions. Sometimes, as when the *Arizona* ran into the iceberg, the bulkheads have saved the ship, but in other cases they have been of little or no use, as in the case of the *Oregon*. The *Oregon* was divided into ten compartments, but she sank in a few hours after her collision with a coal schooner off Fire Island light. The compartments have invariably proved useless when the ship has been struck amidships with sufficient force to open her engine and boilers to the sea, though when the weather has been calm and the injury forward or astern, they have kept her afloat.

The insufficiency of their number in proportion to the size of the ships has not been their only defect, moreover. In order to give an unobstructed passage along the decks it has been the custom to cut doors in the bulkheads, and it has frequently happened that in the confusion following a collision these have been left open, allowing the sea to rush from compartment to compartment, either because they were forgotten or because they refused to work.

In the newest type of ship, as represented by the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York*, there are no fewer than twenty water-tight compartments separated by solid transverse bulkheads, which rise from the keel to the saloon deck, eighteen feet above the water-line, and which have no doors or openings of any kind whatever. A few feet from the stem there is a collision bulkhead of extraordinary strength to protect the ship, should she run "bow-on" against any obstacle—a reef, a derelict, or a vessel attempting to cross her path; next, aft of this come three compartments for steerage passengers or cargo; then two compartments for saloon passengers; then four compartments for boilers, coal bunkers, kitchens, and machinery; two more for saloon passengers; one for second-cabin passengers, and two, those



CARLTON T. CHAPMAN

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Landing Stages at Liverpool.

ENGRAVED BY T. M. HEARD.

farthest aft of all, for steerage passengers or cargo. Each compartment is thus isolated, and only by a blow in the line of the dividing bulkhead could two compartments be flooded at once; the bulkheads also serve in case of fire to prevent the flames from spreading.

Still another safeguard becomes possible through the adoption of the twin

screw. The propellers are worked by two complete and entirely independent sets of boilers and engines, and these are separated by a longitudinal bulkhead in addition to the transverse bulkheads already described. In a single-screw ship this longitudinal bulkhead is impossible, and the space in which her engine and boilers are situated is her most vulnerable point; if she is struck there with sufficient force to make

a fissure large enough to admit any considerable quantity of water, nothing will save her from sinking. In the case of the twin-screw ship, however, we have had the best of evidence, within the past two years, that with one of her engine-rooms flooded and open to the sea, she will still float and be navigable.

For many years past the value of the twin screw has been debated by the builders, the managers, the captains, and the engineers of the great transatlantic lines, to whom it did not commend itself so readily as to the Admiralty. It was adopted for war-ships several years before any of the well-known passenger lines ventured to use it, and its first appearance in this service was in the *City of New York*, four years ago. Since then it has been adopted by the *White Star* and the *Hamburg-American* lines, and though the *North German Lloyd* has not yet applied it to the recent accessions to its

fleet, its advantages over the single screw for passenger vessels, as well as for war-ships, are more generally conceded now than ever before. The Admiralty adopted it for the security it afforded, and for its superior capacity for rapid manœuvring. Another feature which recommends it is that, should one of the two sets of engines become

disabled from the breaking of the shaft, or any other cause, the opposite engine would be equal to taking the ship into port; while a similar accident on a single-screw ship would compel her to make port under sail (a very difficult feat with the modern type of ocean steamers), or to wait for another steamer to take her in tow.

Until quite recently, the breaking of the shaft was more frequent than any other

kind of accident to the transatlantic steamers. When, perhaps, the ship was sailing along at full-speed, a jar would come and shake her from end to end, as though a rock or a submerged wreck had been struck. The engine would rattle and the sails flap loosely in the wind, and the familiar tremor of propulsion change to a softer heaving motion, like that of a sailing vessel. When the accident occurred in darkness and a gale, it was more alarming than in daylight and a calm sea. After a few minutes of uncertainty the news would fly that the shaft was broken, and that the captain and the chief engineer were consulting in the engine-room. Then would come days, and sometimes weeks, of drifting, with a corresponding and ever-increasing alarm on shore as the ship became overdue. Under favorable circumstances some headway could be made with sails, and occasionally the disabled vessel reached port without as-



Lighthouse, Sanibel Island, Fla.

sistance. Oftener, however, she would drift helplessly in the vacant sea until she was sighted by another steamer powerful enough to tow her. Left to herself, she was in danger of falling into the trough of the sea and foundering, and near land she was exposed to the perils of a strong current and a lee-shore. Arriving in port, a claim for salvage was sure to be presented against her, and in some instances the amount awarded was as much as thirty thousand pounds.

A broken shaft is still a disagreeable possibility, but if one of the two shafts in a twin-screw ship breaks, the other, as with the engines, remains to avert complete disablement.

An ingenious device has lately been

negative, connected by a battery, an indicator, and an alarm-bell in the engine-room. The wires run under the shaft out through the stuffing-box, and through the casing which protects the shaft from the sea; then they enter the bracket, where they turn from the horizontal to the perpendicular, and terminate about three-quarters of an inch from the surface of the bearing. Should the surface wear away so as to imperil the shaft, the latter would instantly come in contact with the ends of the wires, the insulation would be broken, the current closed, and the alarm-bell rung. Then, of course, the engine would be stopped until an examination could be made.

Though it promotes safety and is



Gedney's Channel, outside New York Harbor, at Night.
(Lighted by electric buoys.)

patented to prevent a repetition of one of the most serious of recent disasters, which was caused by the wearing away of the bracket upon which rests the final bearing of the shaft. As this bracket is, in the largest ships, fully sixty feet from the stuffing-box, a new danger is created from the fact that it is far outside the hull and out of sight of the engineers. The invention referred to consists simply of a couple of completely insulated wires, positive and

winning favor, the twin screw has been applied so far only to the City of Paris, the City of New York, the Teutonic, the Majestic, the Columbia, the Normannia, the Fuerst Bismarck, and the Augusta-Victoria. Credit for the infrequency of broken shafts does not belong wholly to this device, therefore, but in a much larger measure to the substitution of steel for iron and other improvements in the form and materials of the marine engine.

The City of New York and the City of Paris are also provided with double bottoms, so that, should the outer skin be torn, the inner one would still exclude the sea; and the efficacy of oil in calming the troubled waters has been so well established that apparatus for its distribution is placed in the bows. The number of officers and seamen has been augmented, so that the staff of navigating officers now comprises the captain, the chief officer, two second officers, two third officers, and two fourth officers. Great improvements have also been made in the mariner's compass and in the patent log and sounding machine. The latter can be used when the ship is going at a high rate of speed, and it records not only the depth of water but the character of the bottom, which is nearly always a clue to the position of the ship when other signs fail. Had these instruments been less perfect, we could not have made our way, with so little delay, past Fastnet and up the Channel to Holyhead, when the fog descended as we were making land.

Still another improvement is in the material of which the propellers are cast. In the new ships it is manganese bronze, which has nearly double the strength of steel and is practically unbreakable.

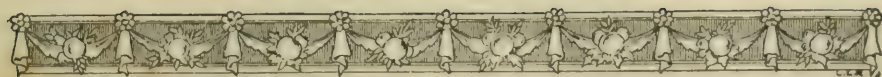
Sixteen or seventeen years ago the principal lines began to adopt the system of "steam lanes" originally suggested by Professor M. F. Maury, as long ago as 1855—that is, to prescribe definite courses for their steamers, based on calculations as to probable areas of fog and ice. In following these fixed courses the steamers pass each other at an hour and a point on the ocean which

can be foretold almost to a certainty, and should one of them meet with an accident, there is every probability that succor will reach her through one of her companion ships.

So keen is the rivalry between the various lines, and so much does their success depend on a reputation for safety, that self-interest, in the absence of a higher motive, is sufficient to stimulate them to leave nothing undone, in the construction and manning of their vessels, which may in any way be the means of averting disaster. In furtherance of their efforts, the British and American governments unite in giving them the most perfect system of lights, buoys, and fog-signals in the world. When twenty or more miles at sea, the captain may discern the rays of the first light, and as he nears port and enters the Channel, there are nearly as many beacons as lamp-posts in a city street.

No testimony to the efficiency of the transatlantic service is more convincing than the record of 1890. The steamers were exposed, as they must be every year, to dangers from collision, from ice, from hurricanes, from drifting derelicts, on their way up and down the crowded Channel and through the shifting sands at the estuary of the Mersey; they were constantly embarrassed by fogs. Nearly two thousand trips were made from New York alone to various European ports; about two hundred thousand cabin passengers were carried to and fro, in addition to nearly three hundred and seventy-two thousand immigrants who were landed at Castle Garden. This enormous traffic was conducted without accident, and no more comforting assurance can be given than this of safety on the Atlantic.





AN ALABAMA COURTSHIP.

By F. J. Stimson.

PART II.

1.



THE end of our journey lay upon the very summit of the mountain ridge; twenty leagues of forest all around.

Here, with the sweep of his gesture to the westerling sun, Judge Hankinson made the great speech of the day. I remember little about it save that he likened Coe to Icarus, referred to me (General Higginbotham) as one of the merchant princes of the Orient, and to Tim Healy as some mighty magician "spinning his iron spell o'er mountain and o'er sea." The rusty iron rails stopped abruptly in a field of stumps; beyond and below us stretched "the right of way." Only a broad swathe cut through the forest, the trees heaped where they fell, like jackstraws. At the edge of the clearing stood a three-seated wagon and a pair of mules.

Everyone took very simply to the proposition that we were not returning; and after all the speech-making was over and all the whiskey drunk, the train, with prolonged and reiterated tooting, began backing slowly down the mountain toward civilization again.

"Isn't this delightful?" said Miss Jeanie. Tim Healy sniffed.

I had made it all right with Coe; but Healy still looked at the proceeding askance.

"Last time I rode through this yer wood, I had the pay-chest with me; and two bullets went through my hat. And last week they killed the United States mail and Jim, the storekeeper of Section Fourteen."

I considered this to be a story for tenderfeet, so I mildly hinted that "they" would not attack so large a party.

"Won't they, though? The only double mule team as ever goes through yer, is the month's pay, an' hit's jest due this Saturday."

"Who is 'they'?" said I.

"Moonshiners. But they're all on 'em up to it. Hope you've got your shooters?"

By this time we had started, and were driving through the twilight of the forest over a trail hardly perceptible where the wood grew scantier.

"Not I," said I, "I never carry them."

"Nor I," said Coe, "I left 'em on the bureau at home."

"All right," said Tim, gloomily.

"But most fellers like a shot of their own afore they turn their toes up."

Miss Jeanie produced a small, pearl-handled, silver-mounted revolver, and begged me to borrow it. Miss May handed the mate of it to Coe; and young Raoul displayed a formidable pair of Smith & Wesson's, where he was sitting with her on the back seat.

"All right," said Tim, somewhat mollified. "But the wood's chock full of chickers all the same."

At this the ladies appeared really so terrified that I asked what "chickens" were, and discovered them to be a kind of insect.

"I've got my pennyr'yle," said Mrs. Judge Pennoyer, who was a woman of resource.

What a drive it was! We lost our way; and the girls sang. Tim swore, Mrs. Judge Pennoyer laughed, and May and Jeanie sang all the sweeter. Tim Healy thought he saw twenty moonshiners and emptied his revolver at one of them; a charred stump it proved to be. We passed one hut in a clearing, and were refreshed by veritable whiskey; *i.e.*, "pinetop" whiskey, milky-

white in color, and said to be made out of the cones of pines. We found the trail once more, and the stars came out, and the nightingales sang, and May Bruce and young Raoul became more silent. At last we saw upon a hillside in the forest, the burning pitch-pine torches of the great construction "camp." Hundreds of black forms surrounded these ruddy fires; from some of the groups came sounds of banjos and negroes singing; and I looked suddenly up and saw the starlight reflected in Miss Jeanie's eyes.

There was only one tent in the camp with "sides" to it—i.e., perpendicular flaps making walls below the roof, and that, of course, was sacred to the ladies. We lay beneath a mere V-shaped canvas roof, stretched downward to end some three feet from the ground, our heads in a heap of pillows and our legs all radiating outward, like a starfish, to terminate in thirty booted feet. Under the canvas back I could see the starlight, and there I lay awake some time regarding it, which now seemed to bear some reflection of Miss Jeanie's eyes. Next thing came the sun and opened mine by shining into them; then closed them up again, and I rolled into the canvas-shade, and up, and out of doors, and followed Coe and Healy to the "branch" below. Big Bear Creek it was, of a rich red-chocolate color, fit, perhaps, to wash a Chinaman who could not see. Yet Coe took a plunge, and looked up white enough.

"Come in," he shouted to us, hesitating, "it doesn't come off."

The negroes had been sleeping all over the place, tentless; and now they were pulling themselves together, in groups, and starting for the railroad, or rather where the railroad was to be. On the way they stopped at the commissaries' to get their breakfast, standing in long rows before the counter, waiting their turn. The commissaries' stores were the only wooden buildings in camp; well walled and bolted, too, as they had to be, said Tim Healy, to withstand the attacks of a riotous Saturday night. Four men, he said, were always in them armed; and on Saturday nights, pay night, they would often empty a revolver or two into the crowd and perhaps

"drop" a nigger, before it ceased to besiege their doors for fruit or whiskey.

Then we all went to breakfast, the Misses Bruce both fresh as dewy wood-flowers and Mrs. Judge Pennoyer radiating amiability. Only the head commissary and the section contractor were thought of sufficient social importance to breakfast with us, and the former from his stores brought many delicacies in cans and bottles. Then after breakfast we went to walk—the ladies with sunshades and gloves—upon the location; a broad swath cut through the rolling forest and undulating far as the eye could reach in either direction, dotted with men and mules. Ahead, they were still blowing out stumps with gunpowder and dragging them away; where we stood was being built an embankment of gravel; and they were dragging out gravel from the "cut" ahead and heaping it upon the long mound. I gave my hand to Miss Jeanie and helped her up. Each black negro worked with a splendid mule; seventeen or eighteen hands high perhaps, dragging a curious sort of drag-spade, which the mule knew how to catch in the gravel, turn out full, drag the load evenly along, and then tip it out adroitly at the precise spot, a foot in front of the last dump; the negro hardly doing more than standing by to see the mule kept working; not, of course, working himself. Thus each man-laborer became an overseer, if only to a mule.

"The mule's the finer animal of the two," said Coe, "and much the more moral."

"But he's got no vote," grunted Jim. "Ef we didn't keep them black Mississippi niggers up here off 'in the farms, they'd swamp us all."

"Are they allowed to bring their wives to camp with them?" queried Miss May, softly; and, following her glance we saw several coal-black damsels sitting in the warm sand-bank at the side of the cut, their finery about them, and evidently established there for the morning, basking in the sun.

"Oh, yes, they bring up their wives," said Healy, reluctantly. "If we didn't, they'd run away every two or three days. Nothing a contractor dislikes so much as irregular labor."

"But it shows they have some good in them to be so devoted," said Miss Jeanie.

"We don't all of us have emotions stronger than money-getting," added I.

"I don't know about emotions," said Tim. "There's forty of their wives and eighteen hundred niggers, and every Saturday night they has a fight an' a batch on 'em gets killed, an' I know it's terrible expensive on labor. Most as bad as moonshine."

"Have you got King Kelly, yet?" said Coe, in an undertone.

"Hush!" hissed Captain Healy, dramatically. Just then I noticed a file of peculiarly idle negroes sauntering down the "right of way;" they had passed us once or twice before, and appeared to have no occupation. "See anythin' peculiar about them niggers?"

"They are very lazy," said Coe.

"They look like minstrels," said Miss May.

"By gracious!" cried Healy, slapping his thigh, "if she hasn't hit it!" We looked at him inquiringly; he dropped his voice to a stage whisper. "Come up here," and he started, dragging Mrs. Judge Pennoyer by one hand up the new gravel slope beside the line. Raoul followed, with Miss May; he had been very silent that morning; and I with Miss Jeanie. Her little foot was buried at once in the sliding gravel, over the dainty low shoe; I wanted to carry her up, had only propriety sanctioned it. At the top, Healy swept the horizon as if for spies; then bending over us, all in a close group, he said:

"Them ain't real niggers—their's United States revenue officers from New Orleans, under General McBride."

"General McBride?"

"He's in hidin' in my hut. He wouldn't black up. But them deputy-marshals thought it was a spree. We had to do it. Every Saturday the niggers are paid off—one dollar and fifty cents a day, nigh on to ten dollars apiece—an' then King Kelly he'd come down from his stills in the mountain, with his men loaded with casks o' pine-top, warranted to kill—an' by sundown eighteen hundred niggers would be blind-drunk, an' fit for shootin'. On last Sunday we lost sixty-two hands.

An' the head contractor, he swore nigh to lift yer ha'r off."

"Sixty-two men killed?" cried Jeanie, in horror.

"Some killed, some wounded; but it tells on the contract just the same. Why, you could have heard 'em poppin' all over camp."

The Higginbothams had always been abolitionists; and I felt my ancestors turn in their complacent graves.

"Expect to get Kelly this time?" said Coe.

"Dunno, we'll see at twelve o'clock, when they're paid off. It'll be quite a thing to see, all the same. But the ladies had better stay in their tents. An' it's eleven now, so I reckon we'll go back to camp. See, there go the marshals."

When we got back to camp Raoul received a telegram. He read it hastily, and crumpled it into his pocket; but, I thought, looked troubled.

Jeanie and I wandered down by the brook side before dinner, and afterward Raoul, Healy, Coe, and I sallied forth to "see the fun." We were let into the chief commissary's hut, the front of which, above a strong wooden bar, was open; and before it a great crowd of negroes, singing and dancing, and a hundred others, in a long queue, waiting for their pay. "You kin lie down on the floor ef they git to shootin'," said General McBride, whom we found there smoking placidly in a cane-seated chair. "Those revolvers won't carry through the boards."

It was a curious spectacle, that line of coal-black, stalwart, "swamp" negroes; and then to watch the first human expression—in their case greed—impress their stolid features as they took their pay. Among the crowd we noticed many bearded, well-armed, flannel-shirted mountaineers; these we took to be the moonshiners; and near each one, but loitering as if to avoid attention, one of the made-up negroes; to us now obviously factitious. It was a wonder the moonshiners did not find them out, but that they were intent on other things.

"See, that's King Kelly," whispered General McBride. "That big fellow there with the slouched hat and rifle."

Having said this, I was surprised to hear him, when the last man had been paid off, get up and make a speech to the navvies, in which he congratulated them that the camp had at last been freed from that great pest, Kelly; and urged them to save their money and be abstemious. "I am General McBride, of New Orleans——"

"Three cheers for General McBride, of New Orleans!" cried a big mulatto opposite, I thought at a sign from Healy. They were given, not very heartily.

"And I've come up to see those poisoners keep away."

I had seen the man he said was Kelly start and look about him, as if for other enemies; then he stood still nervously, and fidgetted at his gun. Meanwhile the General made quite a speech, apparently thinking the opportunity too good a one to remain unimproved. He took every occasion to heap obloquy upon the head of Kelly, king of the moonshiners; and concluded by lamenting that that "poor white trash" would not dare to show his head in camp while even he, McBride, was there alone.

"Look yar," shouted Kelly, striding up to the bar of the tent when he had got through, "I'm the man you call King Kelly; an' I've got four stills a-runnin' within a bit an' a screech of this yer camp; an' I kin tell yer it's deuced lucky yer white-faced, biled-shirted revenue officers stayed down to New Orleans."

"And I," said another, "I own a still myself; an' it ain't goin' ter stop up fur no United States Government—though we're mighty glad to see the General, ez he comes here sociable and pleasant like."

"And I," "and I," "and I;" and three more strode forward, and I noticed a pair of pseudo darkies get behind each one as he moved.

"What'll yer take ter drink, Giner-al?" said Kelly. Quick as a flash, every man had four stout arms about his neck, choking him, and the handcuffs on his wrists. Not a shot was fired; and Kelly and his gang were safely immured in an improvised guardhouse. The General sank back upon his cane-seated chair.

"A pretty job, gentlemen," said he. "What *will* you take to drink? None

of their pinetop, though," he added, with a laugh. "Yet, I don't know as you can hardly blame 'em—corn's mighty scarce up here."

"May I trouble you, sir, with a few words in private?" The voice was serious, but familiar, and appertained to Mr. Hampton Raoul.

2.

"I HAVE appealed to you, sir," said Raoul, when we had abandoned the still quiet camp for the solitude of the forest, "to demand that which every gentleman has the right to ask of every other."

I feared the man had some notion of a duel, and his next words did not tend to relieve me. "I have long loved Miss Bruce."

I must have appeared disquieted, for he hastened to add, "Miss May Bruce, I mean. But until yesterday I did not know my love was returned. We have now resolved on being married."

I expressed my congratulations, but intimated that I did not yet see how my aid was necessary.

"We have resolved to make our bridal journey to the White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia. We shall be married upon arrival there, and I should esteem it a favor initial of a life-long friendship if you, sir, would consent to be best man. Moreover, your escort may prove necessary to Miss Jeanie to return."

My escort! to Miss Jeanie! I was to travel with her four hundred miles—meantime her sister philandering with this young man—perhaps make a visit at a fashionable watering-place—give away her sister in matrimony—and then make the principal bridesmaid companion of my journey home! And this young Huguenot, *pour sauver la situation*, called me her escort. I looked at Raoul; his attitude was impassive and his manner still courteous; but evidently he thought there was something unchivalric even in my hesitation.

"I—has Miss Jeanie Bruce," I hazarded, "yet been told of your plans?"

"Of course—and she approves them. She can hardly invite you herself to join her party; it might look forward, as you

and she, necessarily, will be left much to yourselves."

Absent-mindedly I twirled the ring on my finger, still there, that she had given me. Evidently, as a gentleman, in the eyes of him, of her, and of her sister, there was nothing else for me to do. "I must see Miss Bruce herself," I gasped.

"Certainly," said Raoul. "I had reckoned, sir, that such would be your course. I will meet you in front of the commissary's tent at three. We start at four." He stalked off, and left me under the live-oak tree.

It was two o'clock. I felt that I must see Miss Jeanie at once. Nothing could exceed the good-breeding of her greeting; but she evidently expected me to go. I found the two beautiful young girls in afternoon toilette of white muslin, half reclining under their open tent, fanning themselves. The calm of her gentle voice told me so. I think I would not have been so much in doubt had not Jeanie been so very pretty. Then, how hazard, in the presence of her sister, and of her own soft eyes, the fear that she might be committing an impropriety?

And it was with the greatest difficulty and an acute sense of my own brutality, that I did so. I began by congratulating Miss May, which evoked a lovable blush. "You know we have to start after dark, and drive twenty miles to-night," said she, "to a station on the Georgia road—we cannot return the same way; Mr. Raoul has some reason."

"Do you think that we four ought to go off—ought to go off just like that?"

Miss Bruce looked at me, amazed. Jeanie tried to help her. "Do you not have wedding-journeys in the North?"

"Alone, I mean," I ended, desperately.

"Alone? Mrs. Judge Pennoyer is going."

Mrs. Judge Pennoyer had all the elements of a true sport; and I went back to Raoul—(having had a long walk down the brook with Jeanie; her happiness in her sister's prospects was quite charming)—an hour after the time fixed, less decided—I think there is some adventurous blood in the Higginbothams—and found the camp in a state of wild tumult. Raoul met me, nervously.

"General McBride paroled Kelly and his gang," said he, "and the moonshiners have come back from the mountains a hundred strong and given the revenue officers twenty minutes to leave for New Orleans."

"And are they going?" said I.

"They calculate, sir, to go," answered Raoul, gravely. "The mule team will take them back to the head of the line, and there we have wired for a special to carry them back to Bagdad. I have decided it is best for us to go with them. The special train simplifies matters. I trust you have come to a decision?"

"I—I do not know," said I.

"We certainly cannot leave them here in camp. Every nigger in it will be blind drunk before midnight, and they are fortifying the commissary's store."

"What on earth did McBride mean by paroling those ruffians," I sighed. "It was beginning to be so pleasant."

"It was an error of judgment. But it will be equally pleasant at White Sulphur."

As we talked we had returned to the centre of the camp. There we found a picturesque scene. McBride and his men were seated in the glade of the live-oak forest, no longer disguised; around them stood or lounged some forty bearded mountaineers provided with long rifles. General McBride was sitting with King Kelly himself, amicably drinking his own "pine-top;" as we approached he rose to meet us and handed a telegram to Raoul, who cast his eyes over it and gave it to me, with the remark that it might assist my decision. It read:

"If cousins Miss Bruce are with you, detain them and escorts. Wire parental authority to-morrow."

"KIRK BRUCE."

"I feel bound, sir, to ask you your intentions," said McBride.

"Miss May Bruce and I are to be married, sir."

"In that case, sir," said the General, "in the absence of parental authority I cannot, of course, interfere. Permit me to congratulate you." They shook hands.

"And this Northern gentleman?"

"Goes with me, of course. And Mrs. Judge Pennoyer."

"A most estimable lady. I knew her as a girl."

"We thought of returning on your special."

"An excellent idea. Particularly as I have an idea Mr. Bruce may pass us on Number Two. But stop—we have unluckily only one mule-team."

"Is there no room?" I asked. For I, myself, was beginning to see the necessity of getting away—to White Sulphur or Salem.

"Room enough—but you must remember we have nigh twenty miles through the woods. These gentlemen—" and the General waved his hand at the surrounding moonshiners—"will naturally take a few shots at us."

We looked at one another in perplexity. The colloquy was interrupted by the appearance of Jeanie and May, in travelling dress again, but looking very charming, and Mrs. Judge Pennoyer. To her the situation was rapidly explained.

I have before remarked that Mrs. Pennoyer was a true sport. She rose immediately to the occasion, and desired to be introduced to King Kelly.

"Colonel Kelly," said she, "these young ladies are travelling under my protection. One of them is engaged to be married to Mr. Raoul, and they are desirous of going to White Sulphur on their wedding-journey. As there is only one wagon they must return with General McBride's party. I trust the journey will be perfectly safe."

Kelly scratched his head. "I can answer, of course, for these gentlemen here," said he, "but some of my friends are out'n the mountain, and it may be difficult to notify them of the situation. Let me see your team," he added, as if a bright idea struck him.

The General and Kelly walked off in the direction of the wagon. The ladies followed. Raoul, Healy, Coe, and I followed the ladies. The undisguised United States marshals followed us, and the moonshiners followed the marshals. It was a large wagon with high wooden sides, bound with iron, and was used for bringing supplies to camp. A team of six of the biggest mules—some fully eighteen hands high—was already being harnessed to it.

"Reckon you can fix the ladies safely," said Kelly. "We are good shots on the mountain," he added, significantly, to McBride.

"I see your idea," said the General. "Bring some straw."

The straw was brought and filled the bottom of the wagon. Upon this sat the three ladies. McBride, Coe, and Healy went on the high front seat; Raoul and I sat on the tail-board looking out behind; and the eight revenue officers disposed themselves, four on each side, sitting on the side-board with their legs hanging over. They had nothing but six-shooters, which, however, they displayed with some ostentation.

"Colonel Kelly," said Raoul, slipping down after he had taken his seat, "lend me one of your rifles—I want it very particularly" (I heard him add in the ear of that chief of moonshiners), "and I'll send it back in Number Four tomorrow."

"By G—you shall have it, sir." And Kelly gave him his own. "I like your spunk, sir; an' if you'n Mrs. Raoul will come back here without them darned biled-shirted gov'en'm't men, I'll give you a real good time."

"Thank you, Colonel," said Raoul. "Good-by—and fire high."

We departed amid quite a cheer; lumbering out of the picturesque great camp some two hours before sunset, and as we passed the negroes' quarters, heard already sounds of revelry beginning. We felt the girls were fairly safe between the double rampart of men. Still, the General thought they had perhaps better not sing (which they were fond of doing), so the long ride was rather silent. Raoul lay leaning back, talking in whispers with May Bruce, and I was left to do the same with Jeanie. Coming to the last long hill before the end of the line, one or two shots were fired; but they whistled in the tree-tops far above our heads. We found the "special" waiting for us, got into the one "directors' car," and started safely.

But when we got to the siding at Bear Creek, Raoul asked the conductor which train had the right of way. Learning that the special had, he beck-

oned to me, and, taking his rifle, went out upon the rear platform. I followed, wondering. Our train was running rather fast, the engine having suddenly started up after Raoul's conversation with the conductor. At Bear Creek the regular up-train stood side-tracked waiting for us. We rattled by, and on its rear platform, in the moonlight, I saw a tall frock-coated figure standing. I had hardly recognized it to be Kirk Bruce when Raoul threw up his rifle, and I saw a flash of fire from the platform of the side-tracked Mr. Bruce. The reports were quite simultaneous; but neither was hurt, for I saw Bruce leaning his head out of the shadow of the platform to look at us, while Raoul remarked, as we went back into the car, now jumping wildly on the down grade:

"He knew I was yere, and I knew he was thar. You'd hardly see worse rifle-practice in the North."

There was a tinge of disgust in his voice, and he went out to smoke on the engine.

"Was it Cousin Kirk?" said May to me, breathlessly.

I nodded. Jeanie blushed.

3.

THE United States marshals from New Orleans had kept rather quiet throughout the journey; but as we approached the city of Bagdad their spirits rose. The momentary interest caused by Mr. Raoul's and Cousin Kirk's shots had subsided when they learned there was nothing national or professional in the affair. Amateur shooting was always poor. But May Bruce was considered with more attention; and when their "special" of a "shirt-tail" engine and a caboose backed up to the Bagdad platform, they all requested to be presented to her. General McBride performed the ceremony with much formality; including Mrs. Judge Pennoyer, upon whom, I could see, they looked with a reverence that only her years divided from admiration. Even Raoul came in for some passive applause; but I played, as I saw, a very second fiddle, which is why, perhaps, Miss Jeanie and I went off and took a walk, by moonlight,

down through the ravine where I first met her.

We returned to find Mrs. Pennoyer slumbering peacefully on a settee; but Raoul was walking up and down nervously. The straight track stretched glistening away in the moonlight, but not a train nor engine was in sight.

"How long do you think it'll take Mr. Bruce to get down back here?" says Raoul to me, nervously.

"Train Number Two doesn't come back till to-morrow, they said."

"I know; but the station man here tells me the engineer on Number Two married a cousin of Kirk Bruce's brother-in-law. Our train doesn't come along from Memphis until four in the morning. And there's not an engine to be had in Bagdad."

"There's one," said I; and I pointed to a distant shower of sparks above the forest. At the same moment the peculiar light rattle of a "wild" engine was audible.

"My God, sir, so it is!" answered Raoul. "And it's on the line of the Tennessee River and Gulf."

"Number Two?" I answered, grimly, for I was getting to understand the ways of the place. "What shall we do?"

"Do?" said Raoul; "why get ready, of course. He may shoot before he stops the engine, lucky I've got a rifle. You go in and prepare the ladies. . . . This is my quar'l," he added, impatiently, at my demur. "Besides you ain't got only that girl's popgun. Reckon you'll have a chance later, likely."

So I went in, and told the girls; and we woke up Mrs. Judge Pennoyer, who, I am bound to say, took it more calmly than might have been expected from a lady of her years. May was tearful; but Jeanie's eyes were very bright. All this time the rattle of the engine was growing louder down the grade.

"Haven't you kept that revolver I gave you?" said Jeanie to me.

I looked at her; and went out upon the platform just in time to see the engine dash up, and a strange figure jump out of the cab.

"It's all right," he cried; "drop your iron. I've got a message from King

Kelly." I observed the man had a blackened face and uncouth costume; he did not look like an engineer, though a negro fireman was on the smoking engine. The saturnine Raoul tore open the envelope, read the letter twice, and handed it to me with the nearest approach to a chuckle I had heard him give. I also read it, while the negro fireman opened half his head and laughed aloud.

"What will you take, sir?" I heard Raoul say; then, as the ladies, overcome by the curiosity this unexpected silence caused, came out upon the platform, I heard him introducing the man of the charcoal face to each in turn.

The letter was as follows:

"— RAOUL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR: A gentleman have arrived here on Number Two, inkwiring for you, and I take him for to be a member of Mrs. Raoul's family, so I got him and his ingineer here in Camp and reckon I kin hold him about till termorrer sundown.

"Yours trooly,
"LUCIUS R. KELLY."

4.

BEATI POSSIDENTES. I now saw that under the methods of Southern courtship the man who had got the lady had a great advantage. The Memphis express pulled up at four in the morning in front of a burning tar-barrel on the track, which Raoul had placed there as a hint to it to stop at Bagdad. How our story always got out so quickly, I don't know; but two members of Congress from Mississippi turned out of the two end sections and were accommodated with us with shakedown in the smoking compartment of the crowded Pullman.

I did not sleep very well, and at seven in the morning got out at Chattanooga. What was my surprise at seeing Mrs. Judge Pennoyer also emerge, fully dressed, from the sleeping-car.

"You young people don't want me," said she, benevolently. "I should only be in the way. An' I'm getting out here to take the day train on to Knoxville.

If I got out thar, they might stop ye before the train pulled out again; now ye'll all get by unbeknownst."

What could I oppose to such strategy? Moreover, the young ladies were still in their berths. I could not leave Miss Jeanie to come back alone. I bowed, the train started; I got in it.

The sunlight broadened, but it was high noon and we had passed Knoxville before the two girls appeared, fresher than the June morning, and rosier, I am sure, than Raoul or I. With some trepidation I told them of Mrs. Pennoyer's evasion.

"Dear Aunt Emily," said May, "she has always been like a mother to me." But Jeanie, I fancied, blushed; and that day talked to Raoul, while May was left to me.

The impending catastrophe made May very gentle and silent, but we now heard Jeanie and Mr. Raoul in speech of much light laughter at the other end of the car.

"I suppose," said I, "they are laughing at the way Mr. Kirk Bruce's pursuit has stopped in moonshine."

Miss May looked at me inquiringly. "Cousin Kirk was never attentive to me," said she.

"He is attentive enough now," I laughed; and she looked at me as if about to say something—but bit her red lips.

Jeanie certainly avoided me. When Raoul came back to talk to his fiancée, her sister made pretext of a headache and lay down. The train was not a quick one, and stopped long periods at several stations, during which Raoul was obviously nervous. His brow only cleared when we got to Bristol, Va., about sunset. Here we stopped an hour for supper, half of which we four devoted to a walk. The town consisted principally of a long straight street, lined by low two-story brick shops; the one-story shops had false fronts and presented an appearance of uniformity. Boots, saddles, guns, groceries, and drygoods were the articles they sold.

I had noticed that Raoul kept persistently on one side of the street, and when I started to cross over, to look at a particularly gorgeous embroidered Mexican saddle on the other side, he held me back.

"This street," said he, "is the State line between Virginia and Tennessee. I think we had better keep on the Virginia side."

"How odd," said Jeanie, "to have a town divided against itself!"

"It is a great convenience," answered Mr. Raoul. "When my father and Colonel Carington had their dispute about the last constitutional convention, both were candidates for the governorship, my father in Tennessee and the colonel in Virginia. The constitution of Tennessee disqualified a man who fought a duel from holding office. So my father stood on the Virginia side of the street and the colonel in Tennessee. The distance between the sidewalks is just about right, as you see. There was a warrant out against my father in Tennessee and the colonel in Virginia."

"And did they fight?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—and the sheriffs looked on, but they couldn't cross the street. And the colonel, he allowed he was shot accidentally by a bullet from another State. The case went up to the Supreme Court, but they allowed they couldn't say any duel was fought in Tennessee, and the Constitution does not disqualify a man for shooting, but only just for duelling."

At this point a prolonged whistling recalled us to the station. Here we found an elegant Pullman car added to the train for our accommodation, "with the superintendent's compliments to Mr. Raoul." The darky porters in it were smiling broadly, and on the table was a huge bouquet of orange-blossoms.

In the morning we woke up—or Raoul woke me up—at the station for White Sulphur. He had a telegram signed "Emily Pennoyer," which warned him to lose no time, that Kirk Bruce was on the night express.

"May and I have decided to go to the county Judge and get married directly," said he. Our Pullman car had been shunted on a side track at the little station; the rest of the train had gone on, and the little village was quiet and fragrant as a bank of wild flowers. "Fortunately, he is a friend of my father's."

We found the Judge, I think, before his breakfast, smoking on his piazza covered with jasmine and magnolia. He

led us directly across the road to a little brick court-house, where we found another couple waiting already, more sheepish than ourselves, who had driven all night in a buggy with an old white horse. The groom was awkward and embarrassed, with his trousers tucked in his boots; the bride was buxom and blushing, but seemed hardly more than a child.

"First come, first served," said the Judge, and we all went into the court-house, where the clerk unlocked his register, and the blushing pair stood up before us, the groom having first hitched the old white horse to the fence outside. We four were accommodated with seats upon the bench.

"Do you think she's twenty-one?" whispered the Judge to Raoul, while the rustic bride shuffled uneasily upon her new shoes.

"Twenty-one? She's not eighteen," said Raoul.

"Dear me," whispered the Judge. "Guess she'll have to be—reckon I'll forget to ask her!"

The pair were married with us as witnesses; Jeanie gave the bride her parasol for a wedding present, and the old white horse and buggy scrambled away. "And now," said the Judge, turning to Jeanie, "how old are you?"

There was a pause of embarrassment; then Raoul spoke up bravely: "It's not Miss Jeanie—it's Miss May Bruce, and she's quite eighteen."

"Eighteen?" said the Judge. "She must be twenty-one—so have you the parents' consent?"

"No," said Raoul. "Eighteen is old enough in Alabama."

"Twenty-one in Virginia," said the Judge. "Give me the Code."

The clerk handed him a musty leather volume from beneath a musty leather Bible. Twenty-one it was, sure enough.

"Why did you say she was only eighteen?" said the Judge, peevishly.

"But you married the others," answered I.

"True," said the Judge, "but I've had a telegram for you—from a Mr. Kirk Bruce, who, I take it, is a relative of the bride."

Raoul's face maintained its customary look of quiet determination. "Where

is the nearest State where a lady is free to get married at eighteen?"

"South Carolina," said the Judge.

"All right," said Raoul. "I've got a car, and I reckon Colonel Carington will give us transportation."

"I'll see that he does," said the Judge, his face brightening. "I guess you'd better go to Charleston."

"Spartanburg is the nearest point," said Raoul. "He'll never think of Spartanburg."

"True," said the Judge, "he'll never think of Spartanburg. Lucky, Colonel Carington is at the Springs."

In two hours we had borrowed an old freight engine and were off on our way to Spartanburg.

5.

THE freight engine had been loaned us by telegram from Colonel Carington, and we had found our Pullman car pulled up on an old rusty side-track that ran into a bed of wild flowers; on the front platform, half smothered by them, our two darkies were asleep. They wakened, however, to greet us with smiles of such expansive intimacy that I felt bound, when we were safely on the way, to put them *au courant* of the situation. The solemnity and sympathy their faces at once assumed guaranteed their discretion; though I afterward heard the "conductor" adjuring the engineer from the front platform to "git up that thar burro-engine wif'm bacon-ham." Whereupon the engineer sanded the track and blew off brakes.

The long journey was rather distressing, however. The brave girls did not lose their spirits, but they kept to themselves, resting in the state-room, while Raoul and I sat on the rear platform and watched the dust eddy up from the long single track behind us. We had innumerable waits and sidings; where often the girls and I wandered into the woods after wild flowers, while Raoul stayed behind to pepper Mrs. Judge Pennoyer with telegrams. We were now by the highest mountains of the East; Roan Mountain still, though it was June, was rosy-robed about its shoulders with the laurel.

The day wore on, and I could get no

speech with Jeanie. I looked for my *dedommagement* to the journey home. This I no longer dreaded; it was a rosy hope. But Jeanie was so timid, now—or I was bolder. In the evening we had a long wait for the night express, which rattled by our siding at a wood-and-water station.

"Perhaps Mr. Bruce is on that train," I laughed.

"No," said Raoul, gravely (he never had a sense of humor); "I am confident he is not."

"How do you know?"

"I have had a telegram from Mrs. Judge Pennoyer."

"Is she his confidante?"

"She says that he has suddenly decided to await your return in Knoxville."

"Await my return?"

"Certainly—yours and Miss Jeanie's. I conclude the Judge this morning wired him an answer that it was not Jeanie who was getting married."

I gasped. "Then it was not you, after all, he was chasing?"

"Why, of course not."

"Why did you run away so?"

Raoul looked at me as who should say, "Oh, these Northerners!"

"Perhaps it wasn't necessary," he added, with that faint tinge of sarcasm which is akin to humor. "Is that your ring you wear upon your finger?"

I know I started; and I felt myself blush. "It—it was given to me to wear," I gasped.

"Exactly—and by Miss Jeanie Bruce—and Mr. Kirk Bruce gave it to Miss Jeanie. Of course he thought—when he heard a Miss Bruce and a gentleman had gone off to get married——"

"Kirk Bruce gave it to her?" I said. My mind works slowly at such times.

"Certainly. Did she not tell you so?"

"She said a gentleman gave it her——"

"Well, he was the gentleman."

"Who had shot a schoolmate at boarding-school——"

"Same man, I assure you."

"For being attentive to a young lady who——"

"Kirk Bruce, to a T."

"Went out without a revolver——"

"As you did yourself. I think," concluded Raoul, "you had better give Miss Jeanie her ring back."

"If I do," said I, "I'm damned."

6.

THEY were married the next day in the pretty little Episcopal church in Spartanburg, by the Bishop of Georgia. They left the same afternoon on their wedding journey back to "Old White" and the North. Miss Jeanie Bruce and I accompanied them—or rather, they us—as far as the junction station (I forget its name) where they met the east-bound train, and we were to keep on to Knoxville.

Jeanie's sweet face was very pale, but her eyes were like deep wells—so deep now that they indeed "unravell'd the coiled night and saw the stars by noon." She had to sit by me now; but her silence appealed even to a blunted Northern sense of chivalry. I foresaw that I, too, should have to keep silence until I had brought her home to Knoxville. But not a day longer! Not an hour, I inly vowed.

But oh, the beauty of that immediate future! The long twenty hours' journey after they left us at the junction—where she was under my protection, and no Kirk Bruce could say me nay! Even chivalry at such times is like a *sordine* on one harp-string—heart-string I had almost said. One's being is so resonant that the note of speech is hardly missed.

So, I had my two-hours' day-dream, and then Mrs. Judge Pennoyer turned up on that east-bound train, as chaperone to bring us home.

"You telegraphed for her?" I said to Jeanie.

She did not deny it; and I thought Mrs. Pennoyer cast one look at me as of contempt.

Then I saw her see the ring upon my finger, and her expression seemed to change.

We saw the happy pair go off, and we went back to our seats in the returning train. We three; and one of us most miserable, and that was I.

I had given up all hope of talking

with Jeanie any more. She went off with Mrs. Pennoyer to a front seat, where I saw them in earnest consultation; and that ancient relict of justice tempered by mercy appeared to be speaking of me. I watched them; and I heard the words "Mr. Bruce" and "the ring;" and I saw Jeanie grow still more pale.

Finally, to my glad astonishment, she rose, and like a brave lady—not like a Northern girl, who would not throw a man her glove to save his soul from drowning—sweet and gracious, she came back to me.

"Mr. Higginbotham" (what a name to set by Raoul, or even Bruce), "I must have my ring again," said she.

"Never," I answered. "It is not your ring, but mine."

"I only lent it to you. I did not give it."

"Then lend it to me a little longer—till I have seen you home," I said.

Her eyes filled with tears, and my heart was drowned in them.

"But Mrs. Pennoyer says Cousin Kirk is waiting for us there. Oh, please."

"Let him wait," I said.

"But, please. I implore you—as you—"

"As I love you," I said. "As I love you, I shall keep it. Will you marry me?"

"I—I do not love you," she answered, almost in a whisper. "Now, will you give it back?"

"No," I said.

I saw her tears. "He will kill you;" and she left me, sobbing.

"Then you can take it," I called out, after her.

Man can be brutal at such times.

Mrs. Pennoyer came back and tried to move me. Who could, after Jeanie Bruce had failed? Moreover, I thought she thought she would have done like me.

I fear Jeanie cried most of that journey home. But I, as is the way of men, was happy.

We got back to Knoxville in the early morning. They did not wish me to go home with them from the station; so I put them in a carriage, and sat upon the box. We drove up to the piazza of the little house upon which sat a man in a black frock-coat, smoking a cigar.

He threw it away, and took off his hat to the ladies. We both assisted them out; and Jeanie ran quickly into the house, Mrs. Judge Pennoyer following. I paid the carriage, and it drove away.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Kirk Bruce.

"Now, sir," said I.

"I will request you, sir, for to give me that ring that is on your finger."

"That ring does not belong to me."

"That is why, sir, I ask you as a gentleman, fo' to give it up."

"That is why, sir, I am compelled as a gentleman, fo' to refuse."

Insults to one's diction come next to those that touch the heart. Mr. Bruce had me, forthwith, "covered" with his revolver.

"Are you engaged to Miss Jeanie Bruce?"

"I am not."

"Then, sir, as a gentleman, you have no right to wear that ring."

I had heard vague stories of firing through one's coat pocket; and I felt in mine for the little revolver Jeanie had given me. But the miserable little toy was turned the wrong way, and I could not twist it about.

"He is engaged to me—he is," cried Jeanie, bursting out from the front door. "He asked me on the train."

"And you refused me," I said, turning my eyes for one moment away from Bruce to look at her.

"I did not—I only——"

How it happened, I do not know; but at that instant the confounded revolver went off in my pocket. With a cry, Jeanie threw up her arms and fell upon the floor of the piazza. Bruce and I were at her feet instantly. Mrs. Pennoyer rushed out. The neighbors rushed across from over the way.

"Is she killed?" said Bruce and I, together.

As we spoke Jeanie made a dart, and picking up Bruce's revolver, which he had dropped upon the grass, threw it over a high board fence into the neighboring lot. Then turning, "Give me your ring," said she.

I gave it her.

"And now," she said, replacing it on another finger, "Cousin Kirk, let me introduce to you the gentleman to whom I am to be married—Mr. Higginbotham, of Boston."

"Salem," I corrected, in a dazed way. "Of Salem. Cousin Kirk—congratulate him."

Cousin Kirk looked at her, at me, and at the board fence.

"As a gentleman, sir, I have no other thing to do. Of course—if my cousin loves you—you may keep the ring. Though I must allow, sir, you shoot rather late."

With this one simple sarcasm he departed. Jeanie and I watched him groping in the long grass of the next lot for his revolver and then go slouching down the road. We turned and our eyes met. I tried to take her hand; but suddenly her face grew scarlet. "Oh, what have I done?" and she rushed into the house.

I went back to Salem.

I stayed there just four days. In New York I met Jerry Sullivan and had a talk with him.

Then I wrote and asked Jeanie if she would accept me, save at the pistol's mouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Raoul accompanied us on our wedding journey; and we were married at White Sulphur by the genial justice *de céans*.



MOLIÈRE.

By Andrew Lang.



SHAKESPEARE and Molière, or, if anyone prefers it, Molière and Shakespeare, are the two great names of the modern drama. We can put no third beside them; it is not

with the Christian world as with Greece, whose three poets shine like a constellation, with Aristophanes and Menander for scarcely minor stars. We cannot place Calderon or Marlowe, Ben Jonson or Corneille, in the same group as the chief poet of England and the chief genius of France. The fortunes of these two men, both of them actors, both of them writers for the stage, are, in some ways, curiously alike. Of Shakespeare the man, we know next to nothing; of Molière the man, we know little, and that little is often doubtful and legendary. Rare as are the scraps of Shakespeare's writing, the pieces of paper or of parchment which his pen had touched, those of Molière are perhaps rarer still. Of neither have we any manuscript, though Molière, at least, must have left several sketches of dramas and his translation of Lucretius. They have vanished so absolutely that some French critics have invented a priestly conspiracy as the cause of their disappearance. Again, theorists fancy that there is a mystery about the grave of Shakespeare, but "unknown is the grave of" Molière. Still, the French poet, living in an age of literature and of literary gossip, among writers of memoirs, of *ana*, and of anecdotes, is really better known to us than Shakespeare. His portrait was painted by his friend Mignard, and sketched in the frontispieces of some of his plays. His picture was drawn in words, both by his enemy, the author of a spiteful piece, "Elomire Hypochondre," and by the daughter of an actor in his company. His doings, too, were chronicled, loosely enough, by the rhyming gazetteers of the day. Boileau and Racine remembered

anecdotes about him, which made their way into literature. Members of his company wrote a brief life of him, nearly ten years after his death, in the collected edition of his plays, published in 1682. The "Registre" of his friend and comrade Lagrange, is a diary of his later fortunes, and of the receipts and performances of his company in Paris. Molière was also the theme of a scandalous pamphlet, "*La Fameuse Comédienne*," published in the lifetime of his wife. By a curious accident I chance to possess Napoleon's copy of this virulent and anonymous, but clever, work, marked with a great imperial N, crowned with an eagle's head. Quite late, in 1705, Grimarest wrote a "*Life of Molière*," full of gossip and of inaccuracies, but not by any means useless. Later lives were prefixed to editions in the eighteenth century; one of these is by Voltaire. Early in our century, Tschereau wrote a "*Life*," which was reviewed by Sir Walter Scott. The latest edition is of 1864. Then Bazin, Soulié, Jal, Loiseleur, Campardon, and others made learned researches in parish registers and the documents of notaries. For about ten or twelve years a monthly magazine, *Le Moliériste*, has been devoted, under M. George Monval, to studies of everything that bears on the poet's life and work. The Germans have taken up the pursuit in their thorough fashion. Many little volumes on Molière's genealogy, his professional tours, the tennis courts wherein he acted when young, have been put forth. M. Paul Lacroix has given the world an excellent bibliography of all books connected with Molière, and an Iconography of portraits and prints, busts and statues. Finally, MM. Hachette have published the plays and poems in that admirable series, "*Les Grands Écrivains de la France*." The editors are the late M. Despois and M. Paul Mesnard, and the Biography, in the tenth volume, is by M. Mesnard. This book is written with singular sobriety and absence

of rhetoric. It is judicial in tone, nay, almost solemn. But, for the present at least, it speaks the last word on Molière, and after seriously studying all the documents, from the plays and the "Registre" to Loiseleur and Campardon, I am convinced that M. Mesnard's opinion may be taken as the most probable and the most discreet on almost all the many points of dispute. It is not an ideal life of Molière; for it wants charm and elegance. It is conspicuous for the reserve which the author shows in avoiding the descriptive and the picturesque. In brief, it is an excellent and judicial summing up of the whole case. The reader who has not the time, the opportunity, or the inclination to make for himself a Molièresque collection, may rely on M. Mesnard as a trusty guide. Following him, let us examine the life of Molière.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, calling himself, for an undiscovered reason, by the stage name of Molière, was *not* a Scotchman. Theorists have recognized in him a Pockling, descended from a Scottish archer like Quentin Durward. The pines in a *blason* of the Poquelins have been explained as Scottish firs. There is nothing, unluckily, in all this. The Poquelins of Beauvais are traced back to the fourteenth century, and at Beauvais they became extinct in 1787. Late in the sixteenth century one of the family established himself as an upholsterer in Paris. The house kept on the business till the death of Molière's father, Jean Poquelin. In 1621, Jean Poquelin married Marie Cressé, daughter of a brother *tapissier*. Their house was in the Rue St. Honoré, but the exact site is uncertain.

The birthday of Molière is equally uncertain; he was baptized on January 15, 1622. Of his mother, who died young, little is known but that she possessed a Bible, and Plutarch's "Lives." There are plenty of fathers, mostly comic, in Molière's plays, but there are scarcely any mothers. In 1633, a year after the death of his first wife, Molière's father married again. He had just become *tapissier* to the Royal household, and held the title, and, to some extent, discharged certain duties of the King's *valet de chambre*. He gave his son an

excellent education at the Collège de Clermont (now the Collège Louis le Grand), under the Jesuits. Tradition says that the boy's maternal grandfather used to carry him to the play, where the actors of farce, such as *Turlupin*, may have pleased him better than the tragedies of Garnier and Hardy. The stupid satirist who wrote "*Elomire Hypochondre*" says that Molière used to hang about the booths of cheap Jacks and quack salvers, at the fairs, and that he actually studied under Fiurelli, more famous as *Scaramouche*. The frontispiece of the dull old libel shows him imitating *Scaramouche*, and observing his own grimaces in a hand-mirror. The latest popular English life of Molière calls this play, "*Elomire Hypochondre*," a "ballad," which proves the danger of writing about books without having seen them. All this professional education of Molière is dubious: as to his schooling by the Jesuits, we know that they neglected Greek in favor of Latin, and that, like the Westminster scholars, the boys were encouraged to act Latin plays. Molière learned to appreciate Terence, and it is possible that he made the acquaintance of a lower boy, the Prince de Conti, who came later into his life. About 1641, in company with other lads who were to be famous, such as Chapelle and Cyrano de Bergerac, Molière studied philosophy under Gassendi, an Epicurean. The earlier biographers do not mention this fact, which is given by Grimarest (1705), and is more or less confirmed by Molière's obvious love of philosophical discussion. In a book of the "Judgments of Rhadamanthus on the Shades," published after Molière's death, the poet is forbidden to talk philosophy. His lost translation of Lucretius also bore witness to his early studies. In Molière's comedy of the "*Mariage Forcé*," there is some amusing ridicule of philosophers, from no ignorant pen. It is to be presumed that the habits of independent thought displayed in "*Tartuffe*," and "*Le Festin de Pierre*" ("*Don Juan*"), are not unconnected with his much reading of Lucretius, "*le plus éloquent des blasphémateurs*." These lessons ended in 1641. In 1643 Molière entered the company of young players called *L'Illustre Théâtre*, and, for

the future, his education was written in the book of the world and of human character. But he had already received an education infinitely more careful and solid than the crumbs of learning which sufficed for Shakespeare. He had lived with boys of good family, had seen philosophers, and been in the society of young wits. He had also begun his legal studies at Orleans, or at least took a kind of legal degree there. Grimarest says, but the truth is dubious, that he went to Narbonne with Louis XIV., as a substitute for his father, the *valet*, and some boldly conjecture that Molière was the young valet who concealed Cinq-Mars in a secret cabinet. In the south he *may* have met a young lady of pleasure, an actress, Madeleine Béjart. With her and hers the whole life of Molière is inextricably entangled. Madeleine was his friend, she may have been his mistress; whether she was or not, the story was certain to be circulated. Her youngest sister, Armande, became his wife, and even the sober M. Mesnard is inclined to believe that Armande was really the daughter, not the sister, of Madeleine. These circumstances, in after years, stirred up the rumor of envious tongues against Molière. The whole tale of Armande's birth is extremely obscure. My own opinion, after carefully studying the evidence, is that she was the sister, not the daughter, of Madeleine Béjart, whose reputation was such that she need not have disavowed her maternal character, if she really had been Armande's mother. It is true that she left Armande her money, and that Armande's putative mother does not seem to have been in a position to make her the considerable dowry which she brought to Molière. But these things are at best bases for a mere presumption. Molière's marriage was still far off in the dim future, when he made acquaintance with Madeleine Béjart and her family. He was bitten by their love of the stage, and on January 6, 1643, renounced his succession to his father's business. At the end of June, in the same year, he entered formally into the company of *L'Illustre Théâtre*.

Paris had then two theatres: the Royal one of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, and the *Théâtre du Marais*, for which Cor-

neille wrote. The new company acted here and there, chiefly in tennis-courts. Their plays were forgotten pieces, by forgotten authors; the company was often in debt; the actors were sometimes in prison. Leaving Paris, the company went strolling in the south to Bordeaux, Toulouse, Carcassonne, Nantes, Pézenas, leaving scanty traces in the official papers of the towns. These have been collected and published by antiquaries, but they only show us that Molière was studying his profession in the provinces, and that he was more successful in amusing his old school-fellow, Conti, than in being paid by that prince. It is more important to know that, at Lyons, in 1653, he had already given his play of "*L'Étourdi*," with which his collected works usually open. He had enlisted, too, the fair comedian, Mlle. du Parc, one of the glories of his company, and the equally beautiful and celebrated De Brie. There was another actress, a child, Mlle. Menou, in whom some recognize Molière's future wife, Armande Béjart. Already his friend Chapelle was bantering him about his affection for the girl, and about the jealousy of the more mature actresses. Light falls more clearly on the later wanderings, to Avignon, Lyon, Rouen (1658), and at Rouen a correspondent of Thomas Corneille reports that Madeleine Béjart is eager to play once more in Paris.

At Rouen, the beautiful Mlle. du Parc won the heart of the great Corneille, who addressed her in the stanzas:

Allez, belle marquise, allez en d'autres lieux
Semer les doux périls qui naissent de vos yeux.

The lady did carry the pleasing perils of her eyes to another place, namely, to Paris, where Molière and his troop arrived in October, 1658. They obtained the patronage of Monsieur, the King's only brother, were called his comedians, and were promised a pension, which La Grange observes "was never paid." On October 24th Molière acted before the young King, Louis XIV., in the guard room of the old Louvre. The play was the "*Nicomède*" of Corneille, and it is murmured that the piece was not very successful. Molière then advanced, and

begged to be allowed to give one of the little pieces with which, as he said, he had been wont to amuse the provinces. They then acted the "Docteur Amoureux," a trifle which, unlike the "Jalousie du Barbouillé," has not survived. Doubtless it was, like the piece just mentioned, a gay and noisy little farce. It seems strange that, as Molière had already written the "Dépit Amoureux" and "L'Étourdi," he produced neither of them. The king, however, was moved to laugh, and allowed Molière to act in the *Salle du Petit Bourbon*, on alternate days with the Italian company. Here "L'Étourdi" and the "Dépit Amoureux" were played for the first time in Paris. Even the author of "Elo-mire Hypochondre" admits the success of Molière's first regular comedy.

"La voix de cent échos fait cent fois mes éloges ;"

while the "Dépit" was "no less fortunate."

"Et de tous les côtés chacun cria tout haut.
'C'est là faire et jouer des pièces comme il faut.'"

M. Mesnard remarks that here the satirist, like Balaam, is constrained to bless—instead of cursing. Indeed, the two little new comedies were, with the exception of Corneille's "Le Menteur," almost the first French comedies which became classical and still hold the stage. In "L'Étourdi," which was adapted from the Italian, M. Coquelin is as amusing and vivacious in *Mascarille*, as Molière himself can have been. The piece was not printed till 1663 ; Molière was never in a hurry to print, for this good reason among others, that, once published, a play at that time became common property, and could be acted by any company. But the success which firmly established Molière was that famous criticism of contemporary affectation, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," first acted on November 18, 1659, but then, thanks to the opposition of persons in power, withdrawn till December 2d. Everyone knows the history of that delightful comedy, and has heard how the refined and learned ladies of the Hôtel Rambouillet were declining into pedantry,

how affectations like those of our "æsthetic" school prevailed, and were imitated ; how it was fashionable to prattle about epigrams, "portraits," madrigals, and to use new-fangled words and phrases. These absurdities are forever appearing and dying out ; Molière practically killed them for the time, in "Les Précieuses." All Paris went to see the piece, the prices of seats were doubled, and the town cried aloud, like the old man of the legend, "*Courage, Molière, voilà la bonne comédie.*"

Literary gossip, like what we read in the *Athenæum*, literary absurdity, the humors of young ladies who, as Kents says, would like to be married to a novel, and given away by a poem, were never more divertingly ridiculed.

Mascarille, in his exaggeration of an exaggerated fashion, in his clouds of lace and ribbons, with his army of epigrams and his Roman history written in madrigals, is a figure of fun which never wearies. The whole piece runs, leaps, babbles with wit, humor, and good humor, and Molière was now, and forever, the king of the comedy of manners. His success was instantly attested in the usual and inevitable way. He was accused of plagiarism, of having stolen the "Précieuses" from the Italian, from a piece by the Abbé de Pure. It is extraordinary that plays and stories which entirely fail in the hands of these honest writers, are always so triumphant after somebody has stolen them. Molière did not deign to reply to this envious calumny, when he allowed his piece to be published, in 1660, the first of all his plays which saw the light in print. It is a tiny duodecimo, of the Elzevir size, with a curious frontispiece, showing *Mascarille* in all his feathers and furbeloes.*

Molière is now in the spring time of his glory, already a favorite with king, court, and town. The "Précieuses" was played before Mazarin, then ill and dying, while the king looked on, leaning on the back of the statesman's chair. But if Molière was triumphant, he was also the butt of jealousies and cabals. He lost his theatre, the rival companies tried to allure his actors and actresses

* This frontispiece is reproduced in my edition of the play published by the Clarendon Press.

away ; but, as La Grange says, "they all loved their chief, whose extraordinary merit and genius were united to the greatest goodness and charm of manner." He got a new theatre (1661) in the Palais Royal, and was soon to carry the war of ridicule among his adversaries.

By this time Molière was a man of forty, grave and even melancholy of aspect ; with heavy eyebrows which, on the stage, he could contort in a singularly comic manner, with thick lips, a swarthy face, an absent-minded air. He has told us himself how, when invited to supper to play the wit, he would remain silent and disappoint his hostess. One of his detractors draws him sitting in a lace-vender's shop, listening, observing, "perhaps with tablets in his hand whereon he would jot down a note or two of the women's prattle." He was fond of old books of the play, "never a comedy escapes his hand," and, in his inventory, it is said that when he died he possessed two hundred and forty volumes of dramas. He was kind and charitable, secretly assisting his father, with whom, perhaps, he was not on the most familiar terms. We see him dining with Boileau, who from the first applauded him ; with Racine, not yet estranged ; discussing philosophy, laughing at Chapelle, the author of the immortally bad epic on Jeanne d'Arc. We hear of him alone sober when all the rest had drunk so much wine that they purposed "solving the great enigma"—as Shelley spoke of doing—and drowning themselves in the river. Grave as he was, and generous, he liked a sumptuous life, his wardrobe was richly supplied, his furniture and plate were famous. In that courtly age, he was of a rare independence ; his addresses to the king, his dedications to the great, are plain, manly, and humorous. He could hit hard in a literary war, but he was without rancor, and easily forgave and forgot. Molière, indeed, is a figure to admire, a man to love, and with the puissance of a great character, he yet wins our affection as well as our admiration. Styled *Le Contemplateur*, he was ever watching human life with a melancholy humor. A man of deep and serious thought, it was yet his

business to make the world laugh, and well he succeeded. Of all men then living, he and Pascal beheld life most clearly, and then came to opposite conclusions. "Outside religion, all is naught," says Pascal. "Enjoy the spec-

LES
PRECIEVSES
RIDICVLES.
COMEDIE
REPRESENTÉE
au Petit Bourbon.



A PARIS.
Chez GUILLAVME DE LVYNE,
Libraire-luré, au Palais, dans la
Salle des Merciers, à la lustice.

M. DC. LX.
AVEC PRIVILEGE DV ROY.

Title-page of the First Edition of Les Precieuses Ridicules*
(reduced).

tacle of the world," says Molière. He saw no degradation, as Boileau did, in being cuffed on the stage, in rouging his face, and corking his mustache. But already his health was failing, and all the sweetness of his nature was saddened by a heart too loving, and a disposition which studied the comic and the tragic aspects of jealousy in love with only too keen and unfeigned interest. As an actor he excelled in comedy, by the confession even of his enemies ; they ridiculed a peculiarity of his speech, itself probably due to the weakness of his chest, but they had no other charge to make against him here. In tragedy

* The titles given in facsimile are from Jules Le Petit's *Bibliographie des principales éditions originales d'Écrivains Français du XV^e au XVIII^e Siècle* (Paris, 1888).

he was thought less excellent, but, as we shall see, he had his own ideas of tragic speech, denounced declamation, and believed in a "natural elocution."

After the "*Précieuses*" Molière produced two plays, one in his lightest manner, one in a manner more severe and stately than he ever again attempted, but both dealing with the passion of jealousy.

The first was "*Le Cocu Imaginaire*," founded on an Italian original. The groundless jealousy of *Sganarelle* was probably more diverting when Molière himself acted the part, than it is to read about it in quiet. The piece was extremely popular. A man named Neufvillennaise saw it so often that he learned it by heart, copied out and printed it. This he states in the dedication of the piece to the author! Molière does not seem to have been ruffled by this conduct, and when he admitted "*Le Cocu*" among his works, in 1666, he adopted the text of Neufvillennaise. That editor—that pirate, rather—added some curious comments on the acting. "*Sganarelle's* face and gestures express his jealousy so well that he need not speak a word. We rank him at once as the most jealous of men." As Molière himself was *Sganarelle*, this is valuable testimony to his pantomime and expression.

The second piece, "*Don Garcie de Navarre*," was probably written at much the same time as "*Le Cocu*." Molière here depicts the jealousy of a Spanish prince, in the dignified manner of courtly drama. The jealous *Don Garcie* is really as absurd as *Sganarelle*; indeed, this mean and hateful passion of jealousy has always a drop of the ludicrous in the cup of its bitterness. But as all the characters are "heroic," as they all speak in what modern taste thinks a stilted style, the piece was found much too serious. The public disliked it; the king received it better. Molière again tried it on the stage, but the former verdict was confirmed. He did not persevere, but, with a curious economy in one so fertile, he transplanted some passages into later plays, especially into the "*Misanthrope*." Boileau marvelled at Molière's facility in rhyming. It is odd that one who wrote so easily should have adapted his own old and unsuc-

cessful work to the needs of his most famous and elaborate piece. Apparently, he thought the verses too good to be wasted. He never printed "*Don Garcie*" among his plays: it appeared in the posthumous edition. But his failure did not discourage him nearly as much as it must have delighted his enemies. In the same year, 1661, he brought out "*L'École des Maris*" and "*Les Fâcheux*," following them up, in 1662, with "*L'École des Femmes*."

To look for allusions to his own affairs in the plays of Molière is a foible with his commentators. In his comedies they find a kind of cypher history of his domestic life, as they discover, in Horace and Shakespeare, political hints of which Horace and Shakespeare never dreamed. It is not unnatural that they should regard "*L'École des Maris*" (June, 1661) as a kind of matrimonial programme, written by Molière for the information of Armande Béjart. Everyone knew that he had made up his mind, perhaps with as much difficulty as *Panurge*, to risk himself in matrimony. In the Easter preceding the performance of "*L'École des Maris*," he had asked his company to allot him two shares in the theatre, one for himself, and one "for his wife, if he married." He did marry Armande Béjart on Shrove Tuesday, 1662. But to suppose that he meant the girl to expect that he would act like *Ariste*, in "*L'École des Maris*," is to consider too curiously. The play is based partly on the "*Adelphi*" of Terence, partly on an incident in an Italian story. There are two brothers, *Sganarelle*, who is middle-aged, and a kind of vulgar *Alceste*—a slovenly curmudgeon; and *Ariste*, twenty years older than *Sganarelle*, who is all good-humored sagacity, and is full of sympathy with the young. *Isabelle* is the ward of *Sganarelle*, *Léonor* of *Ariste*. Both men intend to marry their wards, but *Sganarelle* is all for a policy of secluding and lecturing the girl; *Ariste* lets *Léonor* spend money and divert herself as she pleases. *Ariste* is one of the first *raisonneurs*, an easy, conversational philosopher of French comedy. We have had many such thinkers since from M. Alexandre Dumas and M. Augier. *Isabelle* falls in love with young *Valère*, who shares her passion.

By a series of ingenious devices (as in Charles Bernard's "Un Homme Sérieux") *Isabelle* makes *Sganarelle* act as her emissary to *Valère*. The young pair go off and are married, while *Léonor* marries *Ariste*, who was old enough to know better, for he must have been nearly sixty. Molière was only forty, and it really seems improbable that he should have chosen to pose before Armande as an easy-going, tranquil, indifferent *Ariste*. The play is excellent, full of movement and humorous intrigue, while even fogeys, who have a tender feeling for elderly lovers, cannot pity *Sganarelle*. It was the first play which Molière printed of his own accord, for the "Précieuses Ridicules" was on the point of being pirated, and he was compelled to publish in self-defence.

His next play, "Les Fâcheux," like "The Merry Wives of Windsor," was written, rehearsed, and put on the stage by Royal command. It was first played (August 17, 1661) at the famous festival of Vaux, when Louis XIV., suspecting his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Fouquet, of making love to Louise de La Vallière, determined on his disgrace. Preluded to by an address of Madeleine Béjart, who arose as a Nymph out of a shell, and by dances of Fauns and Bacchantes, the light comedy is only a sketch of various kinds of bores. Molière, in his dedication to the king, says there are few more tedious bores than *un homme qui dédie un livre*. But the king was really a collaborator. The play is *LES FÂCHEUX*, par I. B. Poquelin de Molière, et sa Majesté Louis XIV., for the king suggested the character of the hunter. Louis is said to have taken great pleasure in the diverting little trifle, with its ballets between the scenes. Yet, when we remember the anger and suspicion which must then have filled the royal breast, it might well seem as if the comedians themselves had been *Les Fâcheux* of the occasion. In the flush of all these successes, Molière married, as we have seen, in the spring of 1662. As to the disputed question of his wife's birth, enough has been said. Unless the baptismal register of Armande is discovered, we can only rely on conjectures. I have already admitted that I see no reason for doubting that she was the

younger sister of Madeleine Béjart. As to her conduct, Mlle. Molière was pursued, almost from the day of her marriage, by the calumnies of people who only struck through her at her husband. In the literary skirmishes which are presently to be described, Molière was declared to be in *Sganarelle's* case. The unknown and detestable author of "La Fameuse Comédienne," credited Mlle. Molière with lovers for whom, as it happens, a satisfactory *alibi* can be proved. They were absent from the court and from France at the very moment when they are said to have been blighting the happiness of Molière. Michelet, in his strange history of France, adopts many of these and other scandals about Molière at random; he wrote history in the spirit of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. If we can believe the gossip of Grimairest, what Molière had to complain of in his wife was no more than coquetry, vanity, lack of tenderness, of sympathy, of love. No criminal indictment this, but the sorrow was nearly enough to break that great and loving heart, which, apparently, had cherished Armande when, as Sedley sings,

"Her infant beauty could beget
Nor pleasure, yet, nor pain."

It is always foolish to set our hearts on children, for others *may* leave us, but they *must*. The child grows into the woman, and Molière hoped, perhaps, in marrying Armande, to keep with him, not only the woman he loved, but the child who had been and was not. The child that each of us once was, the children that we may have loved, no longer exist in this world, and we have no hope but in a rendering, perhaps fanciful, of a certain text about "their angels." Perhaps to find them again, maybe, among those pleasures which it has not entered into the mind of man to conceive. If Molière's affection was of this kind—a blending of old love, tender and true, for the child of the troop, with a man's passion for a woman, the passion of a man now mature, who has had his day, and who would rest; and if Armande was nothing worse than a pretty, vain, feather-brained minx (to use Keats's words), then here was such stuff as mis-

ery is made of. "Call no man unhappy until he is married," says the sage: after his marriage we may probably call Molière unhappy, and yet we need not believe the libels on his wife. Accord-

but they have more fire, more brilliance, more softness than any others in the world," while her mouth, though large, "is the most amorous, the most attractive, and her conversation is charming; while, if she be capricious, 'tout sied bien aux belles, on souffre tout des belles.'"

This is a lover's description, but there is really great eloquence and charm in the tiny portrait of Mlle. Molière, the frontispiece of the rare edition of 1666. She was certainly admired in court and city, both as a beauty and as an actress.* According to M. Mesnard, the new actress did not create the part of *Agnès* in Molière's next play, "*L'École des Femmes*." The frontispiece to the first edition of the piece is usually said to represent Molière, as *Arnolphe*, lecturing *Agnès*, his idiotically innocent ward. Armande, however, had no part in this comedy as originally performed (December 26, 1662). "*L'École des Femmes*" was a point of great importance in the career of Molière. It was so successful that the critics attacked it (as they usually do when any work succeeds) in the names, at once, of morality, of grammar, of decency, and of religion. If we were all as grammatical, moral, delicate and pious as many reviewers can be on occasion, the millennium would have begun.

A number of literary gentlemen, taking advantage of this opportunity, wrote themselves down asses—envious, malignant, incompetent asses—in letters so large and ink so durable that their names still survive. Had they but acquiesced in the almost universal praise of "*L'École des Femmes*," they would now be forgotten and unknown. But they live with a crepuscular life—shadows in the glory of Molière.

"*L'École des Femmes*" was the occasion of a whole literary and social campaign, of which it is difficult, in brief space, to give a clear account. The religious—like the now converted rake, Conti—were shocked by *Arnolphe's* sermon to his wife, and by his burlesque description of future punishment. This is the first sign of what was then called Libertinism, or Free Thinking in Molière. The

* The portraits published by Soleirol and by M. Arsène Houssaye seem to be in nowise authentic.



Title-page of the Works of Molière, Edition of 1666, Vol. I. (The figure on the left of the design is "Mascarille.")

ing to Grimarest, who perhaps is only making a speech for his hero in the manner of Livy, Molière said: "She is fifty times more reasonable than I am; she only wants to enjoy life, and she is so confident in her innocence that she disdains all the precautions which I suggest. . . . But she is pitiless and leaves me in my pain," the pain of *Don Garcie de Navarre*. Molière is thought to have described his wife in the character of *Célimène* in the "*Misanthrope*:"

"Elle a l'art de me plaire.
J'ai beau voir ses défauts, et j'ai beau l'en blâmer,
En dépit qu'on en ait, elle se fait aimer."

Again, *Cléonte* is believed to draw her portrait in "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*:" "Her eyes are small, it is true,

"Précieuses" were offended by passages which they called "improper," for at that time the French comedy was very demure, and English adapters, like Dryden, had to add coarse jests to what they stole from France. To these and other criticisms, Molière replied in his "Critique de L'École des Femmes" (June 1, 1663). The play is a mere conversation on the former piece between ladies, a Marquis, and Lysidas, a poet, a jealous poet, supposed to be Boursault, who later wrote a counterpiece, "Le Portrait du Peintre," to which Molière retorted by "L'Impromptu de Versailles." Lysidas, like the venerable archdeacon Farfar, says, "Ce n'est pas ma coutume de rien blâmer," but he finds Molière's success to be "a shame to France." Boursault or Lysidas had an ally, De Visé, who wrote a piece called "Zélinde," which, less fortunate than Boursault's, never was acted. Molière went to see "The Great Comedians" of the Hôtel Bourgogne act the piece in which he was ridiculed. He replied, possibly to the reports of Boursault's intention which had reached him, possibly to the actual attack (the dates are confused) by "L'Impromptu." In this ingenious and diverting piece, he and his company appear in their proper persons, and he exclaims:

"Ah! les étranges animaux à conduire que les comédiens." The king is coming in two hours, they are to rehearse a play; they do not know their parts; they begin to chatter at random. Molière talks of caricaturing the style of "The Great Comedians," his rivals. He banters the huge bulk of Montfleury, the "demoniac" tone of his elocution. Unlike a great English actress of the last generation, he pronounces in favor of a *natural* delivery, of speaking the words "le plus naturellement qu'il lui aurait été possible." On the other hand, the lady to whom I refer speaks of "that nerveless and colorless thing called 'natural acting.'" For one I venture to be strong in the opinion of Molière. He runs on, laughing at his rivals—laughing at the marquises, who are now the "common butt of the stage." This was more than a hundred years before the Revolution. The monarchy had degraded the nobles; the people

were to destroy them. Molière then gives his troop good advice, paying La Grange the compliment of saying, "Pour vous, je n'ai rien à vous dire." He defends himself against the dangerous charge of attacking individuals, for he had actually been assaulted, it seems, by an angry noble. He then touches on Boursault's comedy, and on the general conspiring of all authors against himself, "from the cedar" (Corneille?) "to the hyssop" (Boursault). Still he had Boileau and La Fontaine on his side—"great allies." He gives his enemies leave to attack his works, his words, his person, his manner, but there are points on which an attack will be unfair—meaning, probably, his religion, his domestic affairs, and his honor, in not assailing private persons.

Molière's estrangement from Cor-



Title-page of Vol. II., same edition.

(The figure on the left is supposed to be Armande Béjart, in the role of "Agnès.")

neille, whose old age may have been jealous, did not last long. They became collaborators. The smaller rivals went

on with their tedious campaign, but the king now as ever was on Molière's side, and gave him a pension. Nor would Louis listen to Montfleury, when he tried to urge against Molière the base charges of which at least enough has been already said. The other angry authors rejected Molière's warning, and in such pieces as "*La Vengeance des Marquis*," taunted him with the alleged infidelity of his wife.

It is not necessary to linger over the fortunes of all Molière's later plays. Some were purely farcical, as "*Le Mariage Forcé*," some were mixed with courtly spectacle, as "*La Princesse d'Élide*;" some were masterpieces, and his greatest glory, such as "*Tartuffe*," "*Le Festin de Pierre*," and "*Le Misanthrope*." "*Tartuffe*," or rather three acts of that then unfinished work, was first acted in May, 1664, at the fêtes of Versailles. Doubtless, this satire on hypocrisy was suggested by the hypocritical attacks on himself. Others, like Sorel and Scaron, had assailed hypocrisy before, but none with the boldness of Molière. Those who saw the half-finished piece, like Loret, the author of a rhyming gazette, thought it prudent to be silent. Clouds were gathering, the bigots were mustering—how the king would decide was uncertain.

The Archbishop of Paris, Péréfixe, implored the king to stop the piece. The king assented, but Molière followed him to Fontainebleau, and implored him to alter his mind about "*L'Hypocrite*," as "*Tartuffe*" was then styled. Nothing was gained, but when the Papal legate was at Fontainebleau (July 21-28), Molière obtained leave to act "*Tartuffe*" before that pontifical representative. Soon after a furious *curé* demanded that Molière should be burned at the stake. "*Tartuffe*" was frequently read by Molière, among the great, and, on September 25th, three acts were played before the great Condé at Villers-Cotterets, and again, complete at Raincy, in presence of the Princesse Palatine. Recent evidence makes it probable that the play now complete did not stand as we read it at present, that Molière had to re-write many passages. But the piece was not licensed for the public stage, as it were, till 1667. In 1665 Molière produced his

version of the Don Juan legend, "*Le Festin de Pierre*." Now, this piece is really much more audacious than the "*Tartuffe*" as it stands. Molière makes *Don Juan* an atheist, puts the ordinary and the stoical arguments in favor of religion into the mouth of a clownish valet, hits hypocrisy as hard as in "*Tartuffe*," and makes the purgatorial flames sufficiently ridiculous; for the *valet* runs to the edge of the abyss, and clamors for his wages. Some passages, such as the scene with the beggar, to whom *Don Juan* refuses alms in the name of God, while he gives them in the name of humanity, were excised from the Elzevir edition published after the poet's death. Molière was attacked, and no wonder, by a pamphleteer, who said that "he makes the divine majesty the butt of a valet and his master—of an atheist who mocks at heaven, and of a valet, more impious than his master, who makes others laugh." The actual beliefs of Molière are unknown. M. Mesnard thinks that he agreed with the apologetics of the valet; that he said, as it were, "even a fool can see the arguments for religion which must also suffice the wise." But it was a very perilous way of displaying his orthodoxy. The piece was dropped in Molière's lifetime, if not suppressed. It is a wonderful mixture of mockery and romance; perhaps the most astonishing proof of the range of Molière's genius. Here he approaches nearer to poetry, as we find it in Shakespeare, than in any of his other works. Here, alone, Molière is, as one may say, seriously and not grotesquely fantastic; here is a forerunner of Byron and of "*Faust*." The Spanish legend of the libertine has passed out of the hands and the age of the faithful into those of the *contemplateur*, of *l'indifférent*, as Pascal would have said; of the man whose mind is in a balance about religion, and who finds in this mediæval religious myth the elements of doubt, of melancholy, of humor, almost of despair. We never meet Molière again in this mood.

The piece, as we have seen, was not allowed to run long, though the receipts while it did run were very large. It was never acted again in Molière's life, and was mutilated when it appeared

in his posthumous works. A versified rendering of it by Thomas Corneille was played by Molière's troop after his death.

Whoever was scandalized, Louis XIV. was not. The days when he should say "there is no pleasure in them," had not yet come—the days of devotion, and of Madame de Maintenon. The king asked Monsieur to let the troop be called by his name, and gave them, as we saw, a pension. Molière's next play, "*L'Amour Médecin*," shows him for the first time as the satirist of physicians. His own health, and their helpless efforts to establish it, made him understand doctors as well as his wife taught him to understand jealousy. Molière had a serious illness while "*L'Amour Médecin*" was running; from this time (February 21, 1666) till his death, six years later, his health was always precarious. He remained, like *Sganarelle's* master, *Don Juan*, *impie en médecine*. The doctors of that age with their prescriptions of gold and mummy dust, their copious bleeding, and the instruments with which they pursued *M. de Pourceaugnac*, made it more difficult to be orthodox in medicine than in religion. The poet recovered for the time from doctors and disease. In June, 1666, he produced "*Le Misanthrope*," which all the world confesses to be a masterpiece, and all the world judges differently. Is *Alceste* tragic or comic, "more diverting than he intends to be," or more serious than the age conceived him? To my own mind, he was meant to reflect a mood of Molière's which was serious enough: the mood of chagrin, of weariness of human nature, the desire for escape to some "undiscovered isle in far-off seas." Man delights him not, nor woman either, except, by the attraction of contrasts, the unattainable, gay *Célimène*. The mood is as that of Rousseau, or of Obermann, but it is a moment in the experience of a far stronger nature. Thus, earnest as Molière may be in this disposition, he sees its impossibility, its essential inhumanity, its essential absurdity, and, with delicate humor, he laughs at his momentary self, at the man in green ribbon, at *Alceste*. He is a comic character for the stage and the pit, a tragic character in his creator's private thought. He is

aware of the vanity of his own melancholy, and lightly mocks it, for to act thus is of the very essence of humor. "*Ris, parterre*," "Laugh away, pit," he exclaims, like the angry marquis at the performance of "*L'École des Femmes*," but he knows that it is not wholly a laughing matter.

The charming scenes in *Célimène's* *salon* are the originals of much that is good in "*The School for Scandal*," and *Oronte* is the deathless type of the minor poet. Molière never fails with his caricatures of literary folly; *Vadius* and *Trissotin* in the "*Femmes Savantes*" are equals of *Oronte*, who, again, may have suggested the poetical essays of *Sir Benjamin Backbite*. The "*Misanthrope*" was no great success with playgoers. They were not Ibsenites then. They went to the play to be amused, not to hear "an indictment of society." Probably *Alceste's* indictment bored or puzzled them more than *Oronte* and *Célimène* amused them—worthy people, they looked not forward to an author who would be all *Alceste*, only without *Alceste's* humor, and who could no more create *Oronte* than he could create the *Cassandra* of Æschylus. People tried to please Racine by telling him that the "*Misanthrope*" was a failure. The younger poet was at this time on ill terms with Molière, to whom he had behaved shabbily about a play. But he was not so spiteful as to believe the report he heard. "It is not possible that Molière should have written a bad piece," he replied; "go back and see it again." It is not improbable that Racine's very dishonorable conduct, and that domestic troubles, which were now serious, and his own illness, may have brought Molière to a condition in which *Alceste's* temper seemed not much exaggerated. But he spurred his flagging spirits, and, as usual, when a serious masterpiece did not please, he gave a new farce, the "*Médecin malgré Lui*." (August 6, 1666.) He then contributed "*Le Sici-lien*" to some Royal gaities, and was about to produce "*Tartuffe*" at last. But the president of the parlement forbade it, and Molière had to send La Grange and another actor to petition the king, then besieging Lille. But other interruptions from the archbish-

op of Paris occurred. Molière, in August, 1667, retired, ill and dispirited, to Auteuil, where he was visited by Boileau and La Fontaine. Now occurred the celebrated supper, after which all but Molière were in the Wertherian

L E

MEDECIN MALGRE-LVY.

C O M E D I E.

Par I. B. P. DE MOLIÈRE.



A PARIS,
Chez JEAN RIBOV, au Palais, sur le
Grand Peron, vis à vis la porte de l'Eglise
de la Sainte Chapelle, à l'Image S. Louis.

M. DC. LXVII.

Avec Privilège du Roy.

Title-page of the First Edition of *Le Medecin Malgre Lui*
(reduced).

stage of drink, and wished to solve "the Great Enigma."

Early in January, 1668, the King had returned and saw the new play of "Amphitryon," based on Plautus. Michelet pretends that this was a comic excuse for the King's amours. Michelet is often too ingenious. M. Mesnard shows that dates disprove the historian's hypothesis, and that the *bel emploi* of Mercury was not his.

The same year saw the delightful "George Dandin" and the severe "Avare," more admired by Boileau than by the skittish public. Molière lost his father, whom he may not have mourned very deeply, but whose debts he discharged. At last, in February, 1669,

"Tartuffe" was licensed, and had, after so much talk and such long waiting, an enormous public success. This is the most famous, perhaps the most classical, piece of Molière. As it stands, especially in its conclusion, we may see traces of change and indecision. Our "Tartuffe" must be a thing of compromises. For a kind of tragic force, for an eminent example of a villain, for studies of ordinary folly in *Orgon*, of a gay *soubrette* in *Dorine*, of a stately and honorable, yet astute, woman of the world in *Elmire*, the play is "of the centre," is Molière's work at Molière's best and most earnest. There have been interminable discussions both over "Tartuffe's" social position (which is probably a compromise) and over his psychological condition. Is he a hypocrite who has deceived himself? Probably he is: most eminent hypocrites, in politics as in religion, enjoy the happy faculty of taking in themselves.

The last years of Molière were especially fertile, despite a harassing quarrel in which Lulli, the composer, and his old ally, became his enemy and supplanter. He produced the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Pourceaugnac," "La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas," "Psyché," "Les Fourberies de Scapin," "Les Femmes Savantes." But the shadows gathered round him. Madeleine Béjart died. His son died. His own health turned from bad to worse. Boileau in vain persuaded him to spare himself. He must think of his company first, he said, and of the stage people who depended on him for their bread. His last piece was written; in his own unavailing sufferings at the hands of physicians he found the material for his "Malade Imaginaire." "How much a man suffers ere he dies," he said, before the fourth representation of that comedy. It was on February 17, 1673, that he made this remark, reported, probably by Baron, the actor, to Grimarest. After the play he coughed, broke a blood-vessel, and died in less than an hour. No priest received his confession, though his wife sent messengers to find a priest. Two sisters in religion were at his death-bed.

"Woe unto you who laugh, for ye shall weep," said Bossuet, later, speak-

ing of Molière's death. The Church had not forgiven "Tartuffe" and "Le Festin de Pierre." The curé of the Church of St. Eustache refused him burial. Mlle. Molière appealed to the archbishop of Paris; while he deliberated, she went to ask grace of the king. The king sent her back to the archbishop. Finally, leave was obtained for a funeral by night. The exact spot of the tomb is unknown, and when the Revolution moved certain mortal remains to the Panthéon, they probably were not those of Molière.

We have hurried through the main events which are certain in a life full of obscurity. We have neglected apocryphal anecdotes, which abound, and are content with the large outlines of a good and noble man's existence. Whatever has been said of Molière invidiously and ignorantly, no man has disparaged his charity, his generosity, his kindness, and unselfishness. He bore no rancor, he neither fawned nor flattered in an age of flattery; he was beloved by his company; he gave, as Baron, his friend and pupil, shows, an example of the most hearty benevolence. There is something in Molière which, to English readers, is unusually attractive and sympathetic. With all the wit of his own nation, he had a humor and a manly melancholy which we please ourselves by thinking more notable in our own greatest writers—in Shakespeare and Thackeray and Scott—than in the poets of France. No man with so great and tender a heart could find in life much happiness. But how much he has added to

ours! what a brave and generous wisdom is his! what fortitude is in his laughter. The comedy of manners finds in Molière her chief. We have lost Menander, but if in Terence

"the excellent
Adjusted folds betray
The way Menander went,"

then not even the Greek was the master—probably he was not even the rival of Molière. It is ill work, measuring and weighing great men together as if they were boys competing for a prize. I have been accused of provincial patriotism, by a French critic, for speaking of Shakespeare as if he were Molière's superior. Yet we cannot but admit, surely, that the range of Shakespeare is far wider, and deeper, and higher; that he treads where Molière never ventured; that he, like Virgil, is master of a style truly magical, and unanalyzable, and incomparable. To say so much is not to speak as a bigoted Briton. But, if Shakespeare passes where Molière never risks himself, on the other hand Molière goes with a sure foot where Shakespeare seldom comes; in the world of a civilized, witty, and courtly modern society, *Célimène* is not so dear to us as *Rosalind* or *Beatrice*, but *Célimène's* society is nearer to us than the court of Messina, or the Forest of Arden, and her wit is not, like that of *Beatrice*, too often a broad, barbaric waggy. We cannot dethrone Shakespeare, but if Shakespeare has an assessor, his companion is Molière.



Arms adopted by Molière.

IN CAMP.

By Charles F. Lummis.

SKYWARD Pine, that saw it all,
Whisper never what thou knowest!
Many, many things befall
When the coaxing moon is tall
Through the tender shade thou throw-
est.

Blame not me, O Pine, too soon!
I—ye all beguiled me to it!
Had it not been night and June,
With the pine-breath and the moon,
I had ne'er been bold to do it.

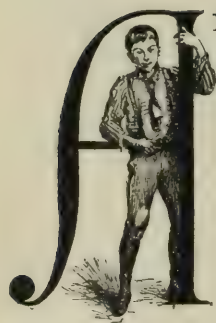
Ah, her forehead was so white
Where that soft ray came and kissed
her;
Where the happy heaven's light
Lingered with her as of right—
As of sister with a sister!

All our little camp asleep;
Only I at midnight waking—
Waking to the moon—to creep,
Kiss her silent brow—and keep
Lips aye holier for that slaking.

She, O Pine, will never know—
Never blush amid her laughter.
She is nothing poorer so,
I so rich—as who shall go
Dreaming it forever after!

BOYS' CLUBS.

By Evert Jansen Wendell.



ANYONE who has been down to the tenement-house districts on either side of our city of New York, knows how overrun they are with boys of all descriptions, races, and sizes. Every doorway pours forth its little quota, and it is sometimes with

difficulty that one can thread one's way through the crowds that literally swarm about the sidewalks. Some are playing quietly; some are fighting; some are "passing" ball when the policeman on the beat is not in sight; and others are gathered in little groups smoking cigarettes, pitching pennies, or hatching some scheme for fun when night comes.

Night is the great time! In the morning many of them are at school, and the streets are comparatively deserted; but

in the afternoon, when the schools let out, the children, with all the pent-up energy produced by six hours of repression, descend upon them and make them resound, only taking time to rush in for a few moments at supper-time, and then out again, to remain as late as is consistent with escaping a spanking when they finally come in for the night.

It is not strange that they seek the streets when one realizes that the homes of many of them consist only of one or two small rooms in a tenement-house, which have to serve as parlor, bedroom, and kitchen, for father, mother, and all the children—and families are not apt to be small in the tenement-house district. A few of the more sober-minded stay in at night to prepare their lessons for the next day, or to help the mother care for the smaller children, or wash the dishes; but often they would only be in the way, and it is more convenient for the mother to have them off somewhere, amusing themselves, than under

her feet, as she sets the little home to rights, and the father wants a quiet rest after his hard day's work ; so the greater part of the children naturally seek the streets at night—good and bad alike—and strong must the character be that can long remain untarnished in the midst of all that goes on there.

Many of them are children with instincts as pure and high-minded as your own, if only they could be rightly trained ; children of honest and hard-working parents whose influence on them during the short time that their daily labor permits them to be together is all that need be asked. But these children, from force of circumstances, have to play side by side with children low in mind and expression, unwashed, whose home influences are of the worst, and who drink, smoke, chew, swear, or steal, when they are not in the gallery of some cheap theatre, in one of the many small gambling-dens in the rear of an innocent-looking candy or grocery store, or "scrapping" in some dark corner far enough removed from the glare of the saloons to render their movements indistinct. All about, too, are groups of older boys just approaching manhood, or its age, loafing about the corners, going in and out of the pool-rooms, telling low stories, and making careless remarks to the women who pass by ; while the not unusual spectacle of the men, and sometimes women, rolling home from the grog-shops, completes a picture which makes it patent that if these boys are to have a fair chance to develop good, wholesome characters, some other alternative must be offered to them for the passing of their evenings.

Something must be provided which will attract them from the dirt and crime of the streets to places where they will, instead, be surrounded by simple cleanliness and good breeding ; where a cordial welcome will take the place of the rough greetings of their street companions, and where they will have every opportunity to pass an evening of innocent enjoyment, restrained only by having to consider the comfort and pleasure of the other boys about them.

It is from force of circumstances that many a small boy has found himself in

court on a charge of theft, unmanageable conduct, or vagrancy—the three great heads under which our juvenile delinquents are arraigned ! Many a boy has been taught to steal by an older companion of the streets, who draws a wily picture of how easy it will be for him to tap a till or snatch from the front of a store the coat or pair of shoes he can exchange at the pawnshop for the pennies he gets so few of at home ; who shares the pennies, if the plan prove a success, and who leaves him to his fate if he is caught. Many a boy has become unmanageable at home because he has had so little home influence, and because on the street he has been continually surrounded by boys whose disregard for home restraint, and contempt for those who are bound by it, are very infectious when no one is by to say a word on the other side. Many a boy has been found sleeping in a box or a wagon because he has been beguiled by flaring advertisements to go with "the rest of the fellers" into the top gallery of a cheap theatre, and has emerged again, after having had his curiosity improperly satisfied, at so late an hour that he honestly feared to go to the home he ought to have gone to two or three hours earlier, and face his angry father—and in each case the trouble has been brought about by the influences of the street, with no one by to counteract them or to offer any proper alternative in place of their attractions.

Dirt and crime go hand in hand ; and if you can teach a boy that cleanliness of body and courtesy of manner are preferable to unwashed hands and surliness of speech, you will have helped him forward further than you know on his road to respectable manhood.

It was in the fall of 1878 that the small boys about Tompkins Square, having exhausted the ordinary methods of street enjoyment, began to amuse themselves by throwing stones through the windows of the Wilson Mission at No. 125 St. Mark's Place, and by jeering at the various people connected with it as they passed in and out of the building. These customs proving in time both expensive and annoying to the ladies and gentlemen connected with the mission, and complaints to the

Police Department only resulting in a temporary cessation of hostilities whenever the lynx-eyed policeman on the beat appeared, and as long as he remained in sight, one of the ladies determined to try the soothing effects of coals of fire, poured metaphorically upon the heads of the offending boys. So one evening she answered an especially irritating volley of stones by appearing on the door-steps, and taking advantage of a momentary lull in the cat-calls which her appearance had excited, asked the boys if they would not come in and have some coffee and cakes. Visions of "cops" with big clubs behind the door naturally occurred to the minds of the prospective guests; but when a few of the more venturesome had sidled in, and no attacks, apparently, had been made on them, the others took courage and followed them, to find themselves quietly welcomed to the simple repast which the lady had plenteously provided as the most practical form in which to administer her coals of fire. Everyone had as much as he wanted, no reference was made to the cause of the broken glass, and each boy was treated with a kindness and courtesy quite unexpected, in view of the fact that within a few moments he had been engaged in smashing his hostess's windows. When the supper had all been absorbed, the boys were sent forth with a pleasant good-night to ruminate on their evening's experiences, and to decide which part of the evening had been the more enjoyable—defacing the exterior of the mission building, or being treated with kindness and courtesy within its walls; and their decision soon became apparent, for not only did the annoyances cease, but the boys were soon back again, not for coffee and cakes, but to ask if they could not come in and play games—though there was little in the room but an atmosphere of kindness and good-breeding.

Then more boys came and were welcomed, interested friends sent down chairs and tables and games, a board of managers was instituted, and so the first boys' club was started on the broad principle which should underlie them all, of hearty welcome for any boy, whatever his condition or belief, who pre-

fers an evening of innocent enjoyment in a place where he must show respect and courtesy to all about him, to the thoughtlessness and hidden dangers of an evening in the street.

It makes no difference what a boy's religion is—or if he has any! That is a question which should never come up in a club drawn from all classes in a crowded district, where all beliefs and no beliefs are all about one. Make rules for the government of the clubs that will teach boys rather to be good citizens; that will teach them they have duties not only to themselves but to others; that will teach them to stick to their own ideas and yet to respect the ideas of other people, and to feel that they have not done their part if they have failed to show consideration and courtesy to everyone with whom they are brought in contact—be he millionaire or be he newsboy! This is Christian love and sympathy in its most practical sense; and its teaching does not breed dissension.

The Boys' Club is now in its thirteenth year of work, and an average attendance of over two hundred and fifty boys a night was the result of the season's first three months.

When boys first come to the club the dirt of the street has often rendered them quite unprepared to handle a book or a game without seriously damaging its condition; but the desire to join the other boys soon leads them to retire to the neat wash-room adjoining the club-room and to submit to the temporary discomfort of washing their hands; and after a short time they begin to prefer a condition of mild cleanliness, and either come with clean hands to the club, or retire at once to the wash-room on their arrival, without waiting for the superintendent's hint to do so.

Occasionally, too, you find a small boy who has been beaten at checkers or parchesi, and who has been asked by his victorious opponent if he can play any other game better, replying to the query by "batting" the other small boy over the head; but the assault is usually committed with as much self-restraint as is possible under the circumstances, and with a feeling of considerable regret on the part of the assailant that he is forced

to avenge the insult within the walls of the Boys' Club.

A nicer, brighter lot of boys you will not find anywhere than you can see there of an evening. Their clothes are not made at Poole's, nor is their linen of the finest, when they substitute it for the cotton or flannel shirts in which they look so much more picturesque; but their bright smiles and cheery greetings show that their hearts are in the right place, and that the influences of the Boys' Club have not been exerted in vain.

There are classes in singing, writing, and book-keeping for those who care to avail of them. A class in modelling a year or two ago developed a latent genius who is now working at a good salary in an art museum, and has almost enough laid aside to go abroad and pursue his studies. There is a separate meeting-room for the older boys whose records at the club entitle them to use it; and a penny savings-bank is in active and successful operation. But the main object of the club has always been simply to provide quiet and innocent amusement sufficiently attractive to draw the boys away from the danger of the streets, and to put into their lives the softening influences they are not apt to find elsewhere.

Those who knew Tompkins Square before the club was started have only to walk through it now to see at once the different character of the boys there; and those who did not know it before need only talk with the neighbors and the policemen on duty near by, to convince themselves of the splendid work it has accomplished.

The Avenue C Working Boys' Club, at No. 650 East Fourteenth Street, was started in 1884, under the name of the St. George's Boys' Club, and in its first two years of existence occupied the basement of the building No. 207 East Sixteenth Street, which was then pulled down to make room for the St. George's Memorial House that now stands upon the same site when the club moved to No. 237 East Twenty-first Street, still retaining the old name, though at that time it had no real connection with St. George's Church. This new house was of four stories, of which the basement

was given to the janitor and his family, the parlor floor and the second story were devoted to club purposes, and the upper floor was rented to unhappy tenants.

At first the club was conducted on the principle of the Boys' Club of St. Mark's Place, and aimed only to offer counter-attractions to those of the street; but the signal success of a class in type-setting, which had been started as an experiment, so impressed the managers that they decided to concentrate their energies on the teaching of trades; and a kindly offer being made to them by the Avenue C Industrial Schools of the use of a beautifully appointed little carpenter shop, with benches and tools complete, in the new building at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Avenue C, they decided to leave the house in Twenty-first Street, after two very successful seasons, and moved to their present quarters, where classes are now held in carpentering and type-setting. There are fifty boys in the classes, each of whom receives two lessons a week in either one of these trades, from skilled and practical instructors.

The carpenter's shop is beautifully appointed, there being six benches, each one large enough to accommodate two boys; each boy has his kit of tools, as good in every respect as those used by regular carpenters; and the chairs and tables and book-cases they turn out, not to speak of brackets and smaller articles of furniture and decoration, many a man might well feel proud of having made.

The printing class is also in a flourishing condition, the boys having so far mastered the intricacies of setting and distributing type that they have lately begun to take in job printing, with most creditable results; and it is purposed a little later to publish a small paper, to appear monthly, an experiment which had been instituted with success in the old Twenty-first Street house, but which had been discontinued on moving to the present quarters on account of so many of the boys being new to the work.

A number of the boys in the classes have regular work at these same trades in the daytime, and the instruction in

the club has led, in many cases, to a decided increase in their weekly salaries. One of the managers takes charge of the savings of such boys as desire it, and, when they have enough, helps them to open accounts in a savings-bank; and some of the boys who have started in this way, now have two or three hundred dollars to their credit. There is always a list of boys waiting to get into the classes, and if a boy fails to attend regularly, or to do his best work, his place is filled by someone who will appreciate the advantages more; but these cases do not often occur. The boys like the classes too well to want to leave them. Medals are given at the end of each year to the boys who have done the best work in the classes; and on some holiday in the spring, usually on Decoration Day, the managers take the boys for an excursion to the country, the pleasure of which lasts in remembrance far into the winter.

On one of these excursions to Scarsdale, one of the oldest boys in the party, and one of the best workers in his class, appeared to be especially happy, and finally confided to one of the managers that he never had seen a real green field before, excepting in the Park, his experience having been confined to the vacant lots in the city, filled with stones and broken bottles, in which the boys played ball; and the idea of a natural field of green grass in which he could disport at pleasure with no sparrow policeman to chase him off, was an entirely new sensation. This was a boy nearly sixteen years old.

On another occasion when the boys of the old club were being taken in a special car to Rockaway, the candy and pop-corn boy on the train, under the impression that it was a demure Sunday-school picnic, entered, as usual, and tossed his packages right and left with that amiable lack of care so familiar to travellers on the suburban railways, and with every expectation of reaping a rich harvest. After allowing the usual two or three minutes for reflection he again entered the car, to find every candy-box empty on the floor, and their contents being rapidly consumed by the boys, who proceeded at once to mob him when he attempted to collect the value

of his indigestible confections. It was with difficulty that he was rescued, and with more difficulty that a small collection from the managers restored his equanimity, and consoled him for his broken hat and the total loss of his dignity.

Another of the excursions was by water to Staten Island, to see "Buffalo Bill," on a large excursion boat carrying several hundred passengers, the captain entering thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, and taking a sort of parental interest in the boys, who were all gathered together in the bow of the boat, as quiet as lambs.

When the show was over and the excursionists began to return, the captain stood on the gang-plank, complacently patting his waistcoat, and wanting to know if "our boys" were all right, and not wanting to start quite on time for fear that some of them would be left behind—which it afterward turned out was the case with two or three. By the time this was discovered however it was no longer a source of regret to the captain, for the boys (who had become somewhat excited by two hours of guns and bucking-horses and Comanche Indians, and who were standing around the brass band that was playing on the deck) were somewhat more restless than they had been on the trip down; and one of them attempted to relieve his pent-up emotions by sticking a button into the big trombone, with the effect of nearly strangling the stout gentleman who was playing on it. The infuriated musician made a wild dive for the boy, who proceeded to defend himself with a chair, and in a moment there was as pretty a riot as one would care to see all over the forward deck—chairs flying, the bandmen swearing, and the boys yelling like steam-whistles. When quiet finally was restored by the extraction of the button from the trombone, and the relegation of the boys to the after-deck, the captain, whose ideas had undergone a sudden change, and who had become very red in the face, remarked that he "wouldn't take those d—d boys down to Staten Island again for ten dollars a head."

The question often is asked as to which kind of club is the more desir-

able—one in which trades are taught, or one in which the boys are simply entertained; but they are so different in character that a fair comparison would be as difficult as it would be unnecessary. There is no doubt that the teaching of trades is of great importance, and that the work done by a club of that character meets a very important need; but, on the other hand, it is the boys who do not care to work who are much more apt to get into mischief at night on the street, and clubs devoted to drawing them in and providing them with innocent amusements fill a different need, but hardly a less important one.

The Boys' Club of Calvary Parish, at No. 344 East Twenty-third Street, was started about two years ago, shortly after the present Avenue C Working Boys' Club left that district; and it has met with great success, many of the boys of the old club, and no end of others, having enjoyed its privileges. In addition to a room for books and games, they have a second room fitted up as a gymnasium with trapezes, horizontal and parallel bars, and other gymnastic appliances, and the evening is usually divided between the two, the first half being devoted to the reading-room and the second half to the gymnasium, the boys forming in line at a given signal and being admitted one by one to the gymnasium on showing their tickets. Then the rest of the evening is given up to exercise of all kinds, some going in for using the apparatus, and others preferring boxing, single stick, or wrestling, for which the gloves, sticks, and mattresses are provided, if the superintendent has time to oversee the exercise and keep it within proper bounds. Good-nature is the one thing insisted on, and many a boy receives there a valuable lesson in self-control, in connection with a mildly bruised nose.

They also have a small printing class, and it is purposed to issue periodically a small paper devoted to the interests of boys' clubs in general, which, if persisted in, will do much good to the cause.

I have devoted considerable space to these three clubs from their being the oldest and most complete of their respective classes; but other clubs that

are doing splendid work are the Free Reading-Room for Boys, at No. 8 West Fourteenth Street, formerly at 18 West Seventeenth Street, which was founded in 1883, and at which the total attendance during the last eight years has reached the enormous number of 200,532 boys; the Manor Chapel Boys' Club, at No. 348 West Twenty-sixth Street, which has an average attendance of about fifty boys a night, and would have as many more if its rooms were larger; the Boys' Club of St. George's Church, at the St. George's Memorial House in East Sixteenth Street near Third Avenue, a flourishing organization with about three hundred members, open every night, but so arranged that different boys come on each evening, excepting on Wednesdays, when they all come together; the North Side Boys' Club, at No. 149 Bleecker Street, which was opened this year, and which had an average of over one hundred boys a night in its second week; the West Side Working Boys' Club, at No. 794 Tenth Avenue, formerly in West Forty-Seventh Street; the Boys' Club of the Neighborhood Guild, at No. 146 Forsyth Street; and the Boys' Club of Grace Mission, at No. 540 East Thirtieth Street, which also has been started this year, and with which the Wayside Boys' Club, formerly in East Twentieth Street, and later at the Bible House, has been consolidated.

This consolidation, however, was not accomplished without some friction, as the following pathetic little letter, which is before me as I write, and which was received about a week after the new club had opened, by the former president of the Wayside Boys' Club, will show. It is given without change of any kind excepting the omission of the signers' names and the name of the lady to whom it is addressed:

"NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1890.

"DEAR MRS. ———:

"Would you please come and see to our Wayside Boys' Club; that the first time it was open it was very nice, and after that near every boy in that neighborhood came walking in. And if you would be so kind to come and put them out it would be a great pleasure to us.

"Mrs. ———, the club is not nice any

more, and when we want to go home, the boys would wait for us outside, and hit you.

"Mrs. ———, since them boys are in the club we don't have any games to play with, and if we do play with the games, they come over to us and take it off us.

"And by so doing please oblige,

———, *President*,
 ———, *Vice President*,
 ———, *Treasurer*,
 ———, *Secretary*,
 ———, *Floor Manager*.

"Please excuse the writing. I was in haste.

"———, *Treasurer*."

It is needless to state that the interests of the little fellows—for none of the signers are more than twelve years old, and most of them younger—were protected, and that the club is now running to the satisfaction of all.

All these clubs are open every night excepting in summer, and gladly receive as members any boys who are willing to conduct themselves properly while in the club-rooms—the only limit being space.

In addition there are the Covenant Chapel Boys' Club, at No. 310 East Forty-second Street; the Boys' Club of Bethany Church, on Tenth Avenue, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets; and the Boys' Club of Christ Chapel, on West Sixty-sixth Street, near Tenth Avenue—each open two or three evenings in the week.

The membership of these clubs is largely composed of boys connected with the Sunday-schools of these churches—although, occasionally, some of the boys' friends are admitted also.

In summer, from June to October, all the clubs are closed, for no one wants to stay indoors during the hot weather, and the boys naturally seek the open air; but the streets then are much less dangerous, both on account of darkness coming on so much later than in winter, and because hundreds of respectable people, who in winter stay in their rooms, sit, in summer, out in front of their houses, and thus render questionable practices in the streets much less easy.

All the clubs have libraries, more or less good; some of them let the boys take books home, when they have shown themselves, by good behavior, to be worthy of confidence; many of them have a class in something, to interest the boys who care to work; several have penny savings-banks; all of them have games, excepting the Avenue C Working Boys' Club, which admits only the boys who come to attend the trade classes; a number have debating societies, in which weighty matters of world-wide interest are discussed and dismissed with a rapidity which would greatly expedite our national legislation if the system could be successfully introduced at Washington, two or three of them give their members an excursion in summer; and they all give the boys periodical entertainments, some as often as once a week, and others once a month or at longer intervals.

An entertainment is the boys' greatest delight, especially when it is accompanied by ice-cream, some of which a number always wrap up in paper—or stick a piece into their pockets without any wrapper—to take to the little brother or sister at home. I only remember one boy who ever refused ice-cream at an entertainment, and he apologized by explaining that he had had the colic all day, and his mother had told him "she'd lick him if he took any."

They like anything in the form of an entertainment—magic-lantern, stereopticon lecture, banjo-playing, ventriloquism, legerdemain, any kind of instrumental music that is not too classical, heroic or humorous recitations, and especially comic or sentimental songs in which they can join in the chorus. You have never heard "Annie Rooney" or "McGinty" sung unless you have heard it sung at a boys' club; nor have you ever heard "America" sung as they can sing it. Thanks to the public schools, they know nearly all the more familiar national and patriotic songs, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," "The Red, White, and Blue," "Marching thro' Georgia," "Hail, Columbia," and "The Star-Spangled Banner;" and the life and earnestness they put into the singing of them cannot but impress anyone who hears it with



DRAWN BY HERBERT DENMAN.

"Annie Rooney"—at a Boys' Club.

ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.



The Carpenters' Shop—Avenue C Working Boys' Club.

the importance of surrounding them, so far as it can be done, with influences which will tend to turn their enthusiasm into the right channels and which will prevent their becoming the foes to society which the roughness of street life is so apt to produce when they have not had a fair chance to see the gentler side of life.

Sometimes they parody the sentimental songs very amusingly. One of the popular favorites not long ago was a song with a very taking air, called "Don't Leave your Mother, Tom," of which the words of the chorus ran as follows:

"Stick to your mother, Tom, when I am gone!
Don't let her worry, lad; don't let her mourn.
Remember that she nursed you when I was
far away;
Stick to your mother when her hair turns gray."

One night there seemed to be a certain disparity in the rhyming of the chorus, and the gentleman who was playing on the piano soon became aware that the boys were singing a different version of it from the ordinary, which, on persistent investigation, he discovered to be

"Stick to your mother, Tom, while she has
wealth,
Don't do a stroke of work; its bad for the
health;

Be a corner loafer—roam around all day,
And hit her with a shovel when her hair turns
gray."

The boys are usually in fine form at an entertainment, especially an entertainment given by themselves, when solos on the harmonicon, piccolo, and clappers are interspersed with clog-dances, vocal solos, and recitations; and they guy each other unmercifully, though not more so than I have heard them guy other people who have come down to entertain clubs that are just starting.

I once heard a boys' club audience, which was being entertained by a lady playing on the banjo, take advantage of the fact that her dress did not quite reach to the ground to comment audibly upon the color of her stockings; and not long ago I heard a dignified missionary, who had been describing the spread of the Gospel in the Far East, and who proposed to illustrate Eastern customs by displaying some native costumes he had brought with him, instantly cautioned by one of the boys "to keep his shirt on."

Not many weeks back a distinguished financier in this city became possessed of a large magic lantern, with which on festive occasions he was wont to entertain the admiring children of his family; and after considerable difficulty he was induced one day by one of his daughters, who had become interested in a boys' club, to display it before the club's members.

The show was progressing famously, and the daughter was beaming with pride, when one of the boys suddenly beckoned to her, and pointing to the distinguished financier remarked:

"What der yer call dat bloke?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked the proud daughter, in a tone of much surprise, being quite unaccustomed

to hearing the distinguished financier described as a "bloke."

"I mean dat bloke over dere, settin' off dem picturs!" replied the boy.

"What do you desire to know about him?" inquired the proud daughter, with freezing dignity.

"I want ter know what yer call one of them fellers dat sets off picturs?" persisted the boy.

"That gentleman," said the proud daughter, in her most impressive tone, "is my father."

"Well!" said the boy, surveying her with supreme contempt, "don't yer know yer own father's trade?"

At an entertainment recently given at the Boys' Club of St. Mark's Place, one of the managers discovered, when he came to go home, that his overcoat had been taken from the nail on which it had been hung. The boys had all gone, and there was no possible way of discovering the culprit, so the gentleman went home without his coat, and had gotten



Type-setting at the Avenue C Working Boys' Club.

over his temporary annoyance and dismissed the matter from his mind when, one day, most unexpectedly, the overcoat was left at his house, accompanied by a communication signed by more than two hundred boys of the club, who, at the instance of the superintendent, had quietly taken the matter in charge, had traced the coat to a pawnshop where the thief had left it, and had taken up a collection among themselves to get it out of pawn and restore it to the owner, that the dignity and self-respect of the club members might be restored.

The gentleman lent me the communication, which also is before me as I write, and which reads as follows, again the only change being the omission of the names :

“ January 15, 1891.

“ DEAR SIR :

“ We, the undersigned members of the Boys' Club, have taken the matter

beg to state that one of the members of the club has succeeded in getting the pawn-ticket for same. This is the first time that anything of the kind has occurred in these rooms, and it was through the utmost work of Mr. Rivolta (the superintendent) that we succeeded in restoring the overcoat back to you.

“ Trusting that anything of the sort will not occur again, we are,

“ Very truly yours,”

and then follow two hundred and twenty-two signatures.

Could anyone ask a more striking example of the civilizing and elevating effects of boys' clubs on the characters of the little chaps who enjoy their privileges than is afforded by this letter !

The coat was gone, there was no way of getting it back, and the name of the thief was not known ; yet the boys could



A Stereopticon Lecture—the Boys' Club of the Wilson Mission.

regarding the overcoat which was taken from the club-rooms the night of the entertainment, into consideration, and regret to say that it makes a man of your rank feel very uncomfortable to have anything like that occur to him. We

not stand the idea that anyone who had been kind to, them had been shabbily treated, or that a stain should rest upon the reputation of their club ; and they left no stone unturned until their own exertions and pockets had made the

wrong good and thus their self-respect had been restored.

The influences brought to bear upon the boys often are not merely temporary ones. Many of the managers become

had become so fond; and many of the assistants in the clubs to-day are boys who have graduated from them, and who often in their early days were among their most troublesome members.



Entrance to Boys' Club of the Wilson Mission, 125 St. Mark's Place.

so interested in certain boys that the friendship is a lasting one; and long after the boys have outgrown the clubs they come to see the managers or correspond with them, so that the active influence on their characters is often kept up until long after the age of young manhood has been passed. Several young men's clubs have been voluntarily formed, based on the broad principles of temperance and respectability, by boys who had become too old for the boys' clubs, but who were not willing to give up the quiet evenings of which they

Almost seven years ago there was a boy in one of the clubs in whom one of the managers took a great interest—though his natural wildness caused considerable anxiety at home—but who suddenly ceased to come to the club, and sent no word as to the cause of his sudden absence.

For several weeks the manager inquired for him and looked for him, but without success, until one day he heard from a companion that the boy had been committed to one of the public institutions for some especially un-

bridled demonstration of mischief, and was there serving out his term. The gentleman went to the institution and found the boy, who was delighted to see him, and who, after a time, confided to him the cause for which he had been sent there, which was of a much more serious nature than the gentleman had supposed. He talked to the boy, however, and wrote to him every little while, and though he continually got into harmless little scrapes, from his unbounded fund of animal spirits, still everything seemed to be going on most favorably until, on one of the gentleman's visits, he found the boy in a state of considerable excitement (produced

should leave the institution, a record so clear that anyone who ever should want to consult it afterward could find nothing in it to his discredit.

In time the argument so impressed the boy that he determined to follow the advice, and from that time forward he became as earnest a worker in the school and in the shops as any boy in the institution, and finally ended his term and left there with the heartiest good wishes of everyone connected with it, all having a good word to say of him. Since leaving he has come constantly to the gentleman for advice and counsel, and now is settling down into a quiet, hard-working fellow, with every



'A Good-natured Scrap—Boys' Club, Calvary Parish, in East Twenty-third Street.

by having been punished, as he thought, unfairly), and with all his plans made to run away from the institution.

He detailed these plans to the gentleman, who told him, of course, that he would consider the information confidential, and certainly would not make use of it to stop him if the boy persisted in his plan; that he advised him, however, very strongly not to do so, but to stay there, and so conduct himself as to leave behind him, when he

indication of becoming a comfort to his parents and a useful member of society.

About six months ago the same gentleman found, in another institution of the kind, a bright little fellow, who had been sent there by his parents more than two years before for being unmanageable at home; and whose record there, both in work and in conduct, had been of too low a grade for him to get his discharge, although apparently he really had no vicious traits. The gentle-

man took an interest in him, talked to him in a friendly way, and soon convinced him that it was a thing to be heartily ashamed of for a boy with his evident natural brightness to have so

exhibition of spirit of which the gentleman heartily approved; and within a week of this writing, the boy has received his honorable discharge from the institution, and has gone home to help



A Boys' Club Reading Room.

poor a record, as a result solely of his indifference.

Two or three times they talked together on the subject; and on coming for the fourth time the gentleman found the boy radiant at having attained the highest grade. For over five months he kept it, only losing it once for "slugging" a boy who had kicked him—an

his father at a trade, with a record of excellence behind him that he never would have attained had not his ambition been stirred by the evidence of friendly sympathy and the encouragement of feeling that some one else really cared whether or not he did himself and his abilities full justice—an impulse which the boys' clubs are giving to-

day to hundreds of boys just like him. There is no doubt that they have been a most powerful factor in the encouraging decrease in juvenile delinquency during the last few years; and the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in his last annual report, expresses the hope that soon there may be a free club for boys in every ward of the city.

Every club has had trouble when it started; furniture has been upset, windows have been broken, and the managers have been assaulted with potatoes and onions and mud; but there is not one which has not the most satisfactory results to tell of as soon as it has become known that the managers had come there with no intention of patronizing the boys, but with every intention of being their friends. The boys will not stand patronage—and the more credit to them for it—but they quickly find

out whether a man is really in sympathy with them or not.

Don't go in for boys' club work unless you can feel a genuine personal interest in the boys themselves; don't go in for it if occasional dirty hands and faces will hopelessly offend your taste; don't go in for it if ragged clothes and tattered shirts will antagonize you, for all these will continually confront you; but if you care enough for boys to look below the surface, you will find under those little breasts hearts as true and affections as deep as you will ever meet with anywhere, ready to be influenced by an interest they feel to be sincere, and eager to respond to the love and sympathy of which they get so little elsewhere, and which will do more than anything else ever can to counteract the dangerous influences of the streets, and make them honest, true, and law-abiding citizens.



Lining Up to go into Gymnasium.



GERMAN SKETCHES.

By Bliss Perry.

THE CZAR'S DIAMOND.

IN the heart of Old Berlin, hid away behind the Börse, there stood until very lately a tiny Gothic church. It was so small, and the street upon which it faced was so insignificant, that one might live in Berlin all his life and never hear of it. It was very old, much the oldest church in the city, though no one knew exactly the time when its stout walls and quaint, pointed arches had been raised. Yet this spot, at least, had once been occupied by the chapel of a hospital built for the crusaders, who brought back from the Holy Land the pestilence and leprosy. Records of the thirteenth century tell of this, and all through the Middle Ages the hospital and its chapel stood there, the latter always bearing the same name, the Church of the Holy Ghost. A hundred years ago three aged lindens were still to be seen in front of it; and the tradition was that these had been planted twigs downward by three falsely accused persons, who proved, through the miraculous growth, to the satisfaction of mediæval law, that they were guiltless before God. Here the orphans of the city used to come for worship, after there were no more crusaders; and in the eighteenth century, when a powder explosion had shattered the great garrison church near by, the soldiers of the father of the great Frederick were marched in here on Sunday mornings to listen to the reformed faith. Some old people now living can

remember when a congregation of converted Jews used to gather in the chapel; after the Hebrews came an organization of Reformed Catholics; and thirty years ago there were special services here for *droschke* drivers. The old walls, therefore, have harbored strange assemblies, first and last, though in the latter years there has been hardly any congregation at all. Precisely at noon, each Sunday, the sexton carried out two little standards and placed them on the pavement in front of the chapel, for a sign that wagons must go through a neighboring street and make the spot even quieter; and then a few persons, never more than twenty or thirty, most of them old people who lived near by, came in to the service. There was a little organ in the gallery, and two or three students of theology usually attended in order to help along the feeble singing. But the Lutheran pastor preached with strange earnestness, and it may be that there was just as sincere worship in the chapel as there was in the crowded Dom, not far distant upon the opposite side of the Spree.

Nevertheless, the time came at last for the abandonment of the old building, and the removal of the congregation to a brand-new chapel. One bright March midday the closing service was held, and the good pastor's voice trembled somewhat as he preached from the text: "Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." His auditors were more numerous than usual, and among them were an elderly man and a

little girl, who for months past could have been seen every Sunday upon a front seat in the queer old gallery. The pastor had inquired once of the sexton who these persons were, but all the sexton could ascertain was that the man's name was Engel, and that the yellow-haired girl was a daughter of Engel's landlady. Herr Engel always watched the preacher with grave attention. He wore usually a skull-cap, he had a square, immobile face, smoothly shaven, his figure was rather short and heavy, and he was forced to climb slowly up and down the gallery stairs, seeming to like to hold the girl's hand as he did so. To see him upon this March day, one would have guessed that the elderly churchgoer was a retired artisan or man of some petty business, ending his days in peace, and preparing his soul for the close by listening to the serious words of the thin-faced pastor. The guess would have been partly right. Herr Engel was ending his days, and he came to the Chapel of the Holy Ghost to seek his soul's good; but behind his tranquil face there was a mind tortured by memory, a will wrestling ever, and ever overcome and growing weaker; for the man was not what he seemed to be. He was an Englishman and a thief.

In the spring of 1854 a clever theft of imperial diamonds at St. Petersburg was for a day or two the theme of comment in the European press. The outbreak of war in the Crimea had thrown the Czar's palace into momentary confusion, and the robbery was so skilfully executed that only the merest accident gave the clue by which the thieves were caught. All the jewels were recovered except one, a stone of high value. The criminals were promptly dealt with, and though the police never found what was done with the missing diamond, yet what mattered a single stone, worth six thousand rubles though it were, in that battle summer? When those members of the small English colony who wished to leave the city were allowed to do so, no one thought of searching Richard Angell, an ingenious locksmith of thirty, who had gained high wages in Russia, but whose highest wage of all was the diamond conveyed to him for his secret share in the robbery at the palace. He

brought this diamond with him to Berlin, he had kept it for more than thirty years, and it gleamed now with an evil light in his memory, as he sat in the Chapel of the Holy Ghost and sought in vain to find his peace with God.

To think that one thing will spoil a man's life! All he had done was to make some duplicate keys. The other thieves had been honest with him and had given him what they promised: this one stone. At first, after coming to Berlin and securing work at his trade, he did not dare to sell the jewel, for the risk would have been too great. He used, nevertheless, to speculate about the price and to plan what he would do with the money. The diamond ought to be precious, he thought to himself, with a kind of humor, for he had bought it with his honesty. Little by little he shrank from the idea of selling it, at least for the present. Often he took it at night from its hiding-place, and for hours watched how the candle flame was flashed back from its facets, how the stone grew luminous within, shining now white and cold like snow, then warm as Crimean sunlight. This Russian diamond seemed a live thing, and fascinated him. The months went by and then the years, before he knew it; the diamond became a part of his life, and he grew to love it as other men love women. He used to laugh at himself sometimes, and wonder what would come of it all. It was absurd enough: a young fellow, all alone in the world, with no one dependent upon him—he might travel and see Europe, he might do so many things with the price of that stone—and yet here he filed away in the German workshop, amused himself at night by looking at his big diamond, and did not even care to see England again! But so he went on years and years. The steady, silent workman felt a gulf opening between himself and other men; he had something that was all his own. The Engels were a lonely folk, his grandmother had once told him, and did not need other people so much as most. It did not occur to him particularly that he wanted friends. He was on good terms enough with his fellow-workmen, to be sure, and every Thursday night for a long time had his

regular seat at a *Stammtisch* with them, in a quiet little place in the Spandauer Strasse. But he never added much to the joviality of the company, and when, shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, the new Rathhaus was completed, and the other locksmiths decided to set up their *Stammtisch* in the huge, crowded Rathskeller, Engel slipped out of the circle, almost without their knowing he was gone. Occasionally he took a stroll with an acquaintance in the Thiergarten on a Sunday afternoon, but more commonly he went alone, sometimes walking as far as Charlottenburg, where he would hunt out a corner in some garden, under the horse-chestnut trees, and have a glass of Moabit beer with a bit of bread and cheese, before tramping back to his lodgings. He used to watch the Sunday crowds with some curiosity, but with no great interest. All those men and women had their own affairs; they did not care for him. Well, he did not care for them; he had his own affairs, too.

Gradually he came to wonder how he could ever have thought of selling the diamond. As well sell himself; nay, the stone was himself: had he not sold himself to gain it? There was a dreary sort of amusement in this thought of the identity of himself with the stone, when the idea first occurred to him, and it amused him twenty years. He smiled at it sometimes while working at his bench, and murmured something in English; then the other workmen would eye him and whisper among themselves. As he grew older he stooped more, got heavier in figure, and walked less on Sundays. He had always been a diligent hand at his trade, but at last he took so few holidays, and hammered away so taciturnly, that even those who had been on friendly terms with him were inclined to grow provoked at his lack of sociability, and to discover that he was queer. Richard Engel only dropped his head lower over his work and talked less than ever. But one day he felt a terrible pain at his heart, and went to see a doctor. The doctor examined him carefully.

"You are a locksmith, you say? You have been bending over your table too much. You should stop work, or if you will go on, it must be at your risk.

Have you anything laid up, Herr Engel?" It was the most natural question in the world, but the patient's face paled with terror. If he had anything laid up! "No," he stammered, "not much."

For months he remained idle, and then for the first time his conscience gave him real uneasiness. He was not so very old; he had never thought much of how the matter might end; of course it was a sin, this queer adventure with a diamond, yet the thing seemed more strange than sinful. But that sudden pain in his chest woke him. Death, then, was waiting at the end of his experiment. He found that he had been playing a cunning secret game, with his soul for stake, and had all these years been losing. The months that he was out of the shop were a torture to him; he grew restless, nervous, imaginative. He thought of restitution, but when he drew the brilliant from its case to look at it, he learned how he had grown to love this stone that had mastered his life. He could not give it up. It was possible to sell it now, and to live the rest of his days upon the money, without risking again the terrible pain in his chest that came from the locksmith work, but he could not bring himself to the thought of parting with it. Sell that diamond? No! Nevertheless his conscience stung him so in these idle days of brooding that he went back to his old place. Here he found employment for his hands, but the sharp twitches in his chest kept warning him and turned his thoughts to death; death led him to the fear of judgment; this brought him back to the diamond, and the diamond to his spoiled life, and his life to the inevitable death; such was the inexorable circle in which Herr Engel's mind travelled, and his will had become too weak to break the circuit, and still one year after another slipped by.

It was of all this that he was thinking, on that sunny March noon, in the gallery of the chapel, while gazing vacantly at the pastor. Is it a good deal? A drowning man will think of all that in a single moment's time, and Herr Engel felt like a drowning man. It was the last service in the old chapel, and he felt that he would not attend one in the new. He had come here at first with Gretel, the

ten-year-old daughter of his landlady, on the Mühlen-damm, and had taken a fancy to the Chapel of the Holy Ghost. It reminded him of a country church in Kent where he had always gone in boyhood, and he fell into the habit of coming regularly, hoping, in a puzzled and indefinite sort of way, to find here some reconciliation; but he had found nothing; he was a thief, and he knew it; he could not part with the diamond, and he knew it; he dared not die and face God without making some reparation for his sin, and yet he could not even make up his mind to confess. Though he tried to listen now, he heard but little of the pastor's last sermon, and the little that he heard he could not understand. It was about children and the Kingdom of Heaven.

When the discourse was finished, and the clergyman had dismissed his people in peace, Engel felt as if the waters were closing above his head; but the blue eyes of the child with him seemed even happier than usual. She jumped upon the seat and helped him on with his overcoat, and then kept tight hold of his hand as they came down the narrow stairs. His heart had fluttered hard as he climbed up them, and he crept down slowly, fearfully. He found himself wondering as never before about the life of a child; it seemed such a strange thing. There was to him something pathetic about this German maiden's holding his hand; something incomprehensible in the fact that they two should be coming out of the chapel together. They stopped in the porch and Gretel spelled out once more the inscription upon a tablet that commemorated the repair of the chapel in 1597. Then they dropped some pfennigs into the battered tin box for the poor.

"We ought to give a great deal to-day, Herr Engel."

"Yes, Gretel," he answered, "for it is the last time."

"But next week we shall go to the new chapel; won't we? And perhaps there will be a new box."

"Perhaps," said Engel.

They turned down a narrow street and came out upon the bank of the Spree, along which lay their route homeward to the old house on the Mühlen-

damm. It was not a long distance, but they usually walked slowly, and Gretel found so much to amuse her on the way, and so many questions to ask, that the walk seemed quite an adventure in itself. There were never such gay throngs of people on this side of the Spree as on the other, where the museums and the palace were, and yet Engel and the child were always sure of seeing some smartly-attired young lieutenant stalking stiffly along the pavement, or a merry *droschke* load of corps-students in colored caps, or perhaps a stray peasant from the Spreewald, in his Sunday best. The child noticed everything; sometimes she would make Engel stop by the landing over the river to see the fishermen empty the living freight of their black boats into the great water-tubs sent from the fish-market to receive them; and she would clap her hands when a reluctant eel wound himself skilfully into the meshes of the landing-net and refused to be shaken into the tub, as if he had a premonition of his fate. But even when there was nothing to see upon the street, Gretel was still satisfied, for then she made Engel tell her stories. He told her all the fairy stories he ever had heard in his boyhood, though many of them she knew as well as he, only that they were changed a little. When he could remember no more, he began inventing, and this habit had grown upon him in the months immediately preceding that March day, until he found a certain pleasure in it. The girl always stood ready to help him if his wits gave out, and indeed they called it sometimes just making up stories together. But to-day, as they walked along, his mind was fixed elsewhere than upon her amusement.

"Tell me, Gretel," he said, absently, "could you understand the sermon?"

"Oh, yes! It was beautiful, but just once I was a bad girl; I did not listen. I was thinking of something else."

"You were?" he remarked.

"Yes, and you must guess what it was, and then I will tell you."

"But I am stupid, Gretel."

"Oh, then I will help you. It is small, and yellow. Can't you guess? And lives in a cage—of course you can guess now."

"It is the canary bird you are going to have."

"Right! right!" she cried, gleefully. "You are not stupid at all, Herr Engel. But I would have told you, even if you hadn't guessed;" and Gretel added demurely, "So I was thinking of my canary bird, and forgot about part of the sermon."

"That was not nice," he ventured.

"Oh, there will be so many sermons more," she said, gayly. "But did not you understand it, Herr Engel?"

"No," answered Engel, bluntly. What was the harm in telling the truth to the child?

"Were you thinking of something, too?" she asked.

He was silent.

"Oh, you were, you were, Herr Engel. I will guess, and you must tell me, just as I did you."

"No! no!" he said, sharply, and his heart beat fast and gave him an exquisite pain. "I will tell you something else—I will tell you a story."

It was the readiest escape that occurred to him. She saw that his breath was hurried, and remembered that her mother had told her that Herr Engel must not walk rapidly.

"Let us stop a minute," she suggested, with a quaint air of motherliness, "we have been going so fast, Herr Engel."

They leaned on the iron railing which runs along the stone embankment of the Spree and looked down at the water. Several people were already at the railing near them, watching some of the white sea-birds that find their way up the Spree at the end of every winter, and that were fluttering in the March sunlight from one perch to another, now resting on a pole stuck in the river's bed, now on the fishermen's boats drawn up above the Friedrich bridge, now floating on the water itself—wild, free things, oddly out of place in the centre of the great city. Gretel was enchanted with them, and it was only after some minutes that she asked for the story.

"The story? Oh, yes, let me think," he replied.

He searched his brain, but there was only one story there, and that was his own. The girl had just confessed her

little secret to him. They stood together by the water, she still holding his hand. He felt as he had never done before that he was on a level with someone. He was conscious of a sudden curiosity to know what the child would think of his secret. It had always seemed to him an unnatural thing to confess a crime to a friend, perhaps because he had had no friend to whom he could unbosom himself, and he had known, too, that to confess would be to lose the diamond; but now this curiosity gained hold upon him. A child was such a strange thing, and his life was such a strange thing; perhaps a child would understand it as well as he. But of course he would not really tell about himself; he would tell only a story; and this appeared to form itself without his will.

"Yes, Gretel, it is a story about—about one of those white sea-birds."

"Good! I have never heard that," she cried.

"No," he answered.

"Is it long?" she asked. "Because if it is, you can tell it after dinner."

"Yes, it is long," replied Engel. He wanted to say: "thirty years long." "No," he added quickly, "not so very long either." She looked puzzled.

"One of those white sea-birds," he went on. "No, that is not the way to begin. There was once a little girl, who saw one of those birds, and thought she would like to have it for her own. So she caught it."

"How?" asked Gretel.

"That—that is not in the story. But she caught it, and to keep it from flying away she tied it to her with a string, so that the bird flew over her head wherever she went. It was such a beautiful bird; only it was not good, and it used to peck at the little girl's fingers and eyes, and so made her trouble always after a while, oh, so much trouble!"

"Why didn't she let it go again?"

"Because she couldn't untie the string."

"That was funny," said Gretel. "But go on, Herr Engel; what did she do then?"

"She didn't do anything. What could she do? I said she couldn't untie the string. What could you do, Gretel,

supposing it were you, or I; yes, suppose now it were I?"

The child laughed; it was an odd story. Then she had an idea, and cried triumphantly. "You could cut the string!"

"But I can't cut it!" he exclaimed, with inward agony.

"Why not?" she asked, disappointedly, her mind too full of the problem to notice anything peculiar in the wistful cunning with which he had substituted himself as the actor in the narrative.

"But I can't! I can't—nor you—suppose it were you—or the little girl."

Once more Gretel's blue eyes sparkled. "No, suppose it were you, Herr Engel. Do you know what we would do? I would take my scissors and cut it for you, so! snip!"

He looked down at his companion in wonder. Would she really? He forgot her ignorance and innocence, and that he was a man and she a child.

"But what became of the girl in the story?" she questioned.

"I don't know—yet," he replied. "Come, Gretel."

They went on again down the sunny street, which was filled with people enjoying a Sunday holiday. Rather a pleasant-looking pair of companions were these; the elderly, grave man, neatly dressed, stepping carefully, and by his side the decorous German maiden, in her pink hood, cheap cloak, and heavy shoes, with her long braid of yellow hair down her back, and the Lutheran hymn-book in her red-mittened hand. More than one person smiled benevolently at them, as they passed.

"But didn't anyone ever tell you the end of the story?" Gretel protested.

Engel did not hear her. "Suppose," he said, slowly, "it were a stone."

"Suppose what were a stone?"

"In the story," he answered. "Suppose it were not a bird at all, but just a stone. What could we do then—supposing it were I, and you? Tell me, Gretel, what could we do?"

She looked up in his face, a little frightened by the tone of his voice. "You are so funny to-day, Herr Engel." Yet he held her hand so closely that she was reassured, and she repeated, meditatively: "Suppose it were a stone—

and it were you—and I; what could we do? Oh, we could do something, you and I, Herr Engel! Let us see." And she nodded wisely, amused at the novel idea.

But they had reached home: one of the huge old houses over the Spree, upon the Mühlendamm. There had once been a long line of them here, but almost all were now demolished. They went under a black archway, across a stone-paved, dismal court, where the snow was fast melting. The locksmith glanced up at the north wall, where hung an ancient wooden sun-dial, under which was painted an hour-glass surmounting a skull, and the legend "*Mors certa sed hora incerta.*" It was nearly two o'clock. Herr Engel's chest hurt cruelly as he climbed the stairs, but he scarcely noticed it; he was intent upon a last vague chance, and he had put that chance into the hands of a child. They stood an instant in the dark entry.

"Put your hymn-book and cloak away," he said, "and then come into my room."

He wished to have a moment's time, and shut the door of his room behind him. Then he took from its secret place the leathern case which he had made long before to cover the diamond, and laid it on the table by the window. Not two minutes had passed since the girl's hand left his, and he felt already the old irresolution. He hesitated for a terrible second; then Gretel knocked at the door and came in, and he knew that he had put his affair—partly at least—out of his own hands, and he felt childishly weak and irresponsible. He was trembling so that he had to sink into his great chair by the table. The room seemed stiflingly hot, and he breathed with difficulty.

"Open the window; it is so close, Gretel," he murmured.

She obeyed, although to her the room seemed cool enough. The spring sunlight was streaming in at the window and resting upon the table where lay the leathern case. Gretel eyed the latter curiously for an instant, and then pulled her chair near Engel's.

"And now shall we finish our story, Herr Engel? Let's make it up together. What kind of a stone must it be?"

"It belongs to someone else," was his broken answer, "and it has cursed my life, but I cannot give it up. You see, Gretel," he added, drearily, "I can't cut the string."

She could not understand him, and his words perplexed and alarmed her.

"Don't you want to see it, Gretel? Open the case." It did not seem to him that he could stir.

She did as he ordered, and unfastening the case with her slender fingers, saw the glistening stone; she had seen hundreds of them in the windows on the Friedrich Strasse, some that were shinier than this, if not so large; and her courage came back to her. Engel sat gazing steadily at the diamond. It appeared to him duller than it should be, with sunlight on it.

"Whose is it?" the girl asked, in a subdued voice.

"He is dead," Engel replied. "It was a long time ago—and his son is dead too."

She comprehended more clearly than before, that a wrong had been done.

"But the family?" she whispered. "Are they very poor—as poor as we are?" She was ignorant of the value of the stone, but she knew that such things cost a good deal, as much as a dress, perhaps, or a great many baskets of coal.

"The family," said Engel, bitterly, "are richer than the Kaiser." She was silent. Richer than the Kaiser? They must be the fairies. Then she asked, with a child's persistency:

"Why do you want to keep it, if it does you harm?"

"Because I can't cut the string," he groaned. "You have forgotten the story. What can we do, Gretel?" He stared at her with imploring eyes.

She began to be terrified again. She could not grasp his meaning altogether, yet she was sure of this: Herr Engel hated the stone, but he was not able to get rid of it. It must be a bad stone, and as she looked at it, she found herself afraid. Yet the whole adventure seemed to her a kind of fairy story in which she had a part, and that gave her a daring which otherwise she never could have had. With a sudden impulse she took the smooth, cold thing in her fingers. Engel did not move.

"See, Herr Engel," she cried, "let us throw it in the river!" and she tossed it out of the window, and leaping to her feet saw it go flashing down into the muddy water.

With heart beating fast at her own boldness, she turned to Richard Angell. He was sobbing, his face covered with his hands. There was a long silence. Then he rose to his feet, and she saw his happy tears.

"How bright the sun is, Gretel!" he exclaimed. "The summer must be coming, and this summer—this summer——"

But he pressed his hand to his left side; his face flushed swiftly and then turned white, and Gretel was frightened and ran to call her mother.

BY THE ILL.

I HAVE never been in love with a woman; at least, not enough in love to ask any woman to marry me. I do not know what that is like, nor do I fancy that any people know except those who have themselves experienced it. Love is like war, they say, and you cannot possibly know anything about real war until you actually smell the powder. It is all a fiction until that acrid odor is in your nostrils, and the singing of the bullets is in your ears. When I was a boy, in North Carolina, I remember running to the pine woods one day with my mother and older brother, and hearing some-

thing about General Sherman, and seeing our barns a-blazing up merrily, but though my poor mother said, "Randolph, you will always know now what war is," and the sentence somehow stuck in my memory, I did not, as a matter of fact, know what war was at all. Nor do I know to-day any better, never having heard the bullets nor smelt the powder. No, war and love are not to be talked about by civilians and outsiders. Yet once upon a time it seemed to me that I knew what they both were like, civilian and outsider though I may have been.

It was in Alsace-Lorraine, one June,

ten years ago. Many a dragging month I had been "oxing" Sanscrit and Greek for my doctor's degree at Strasburg, and when the thesis had been accepted and the official invitation to the final examination and disputation of "Randolph Merivale, from America," had been duly posted upon the university bulletin board, the old trouble with my eyes came back and I was forced to quit work altogether. For a few days I kept to my lodging in the Hennengasse, to avoid the bright light of the streets, but it grew insufferably hot and malodorous in that ancient alley-way, and so one day I packed my tramping knapsack, put on a big pair of goggles, and marching out of Strasburg by the Ruprechtsauer Allée, struck off through the country toward Fuchs am Buckel.

One can never get to Fuchs am Buckel twice by the same way, so perhaps it is useless to say how one gets there at all. You follow the road easily enough through the village of Ruprechtsau, between the high walls of plastered brick which enclose fruit gardens and vegetable plots, and here and there the grounds of some old manor house, with weather-stained and broken-nosed goddesses still gleaming in the tangled shrubbery. But beyond the straggling village the white hard roads curve and intersect so curiously that I should have despaired of following them, even had the glare not been painful to my eyes. So, knowing the general direction, and that any one of a half-dozen foot-paths would serve my turn, I struck into the first that offered itself, and for an hour and a half traversed leisurely the rank fields of grain, the back yards of thrifty Alsatian vegetable-growers, and then along under endless lines of poplars, until a sudden turn brought me out upon the high road again, and across the wide meadows I caught sight of the heavy clump of woodland against which were the big sloping roofs of Fuchs am Buckel. In spite of the goggles the light was so brilliant that when I reached the familiar goal of student excursions, I could scarcely read the C. FUCHS, RESTAURATION, painted on the sign. The proprietor of the place remembered me, was able to give me one of the few rooms he kept at the disposal of an occasional lodger, and

having darkened the windows and rested a couple of hours, the inflammation in my eyes seemed somewhat relieved, and I was able toward sunset to get down to the garden.

By my favorite table, at the extreme end of the garden, where the black Ill swept close under the big willow that shaded my usual seat, there was a woman. She was seated with her back to me, looking up the river toward the west, as I had sat a dozen times before starting back to Strasburg in the cool of the evening. There was a broad glare upon the glassy water, and perhaps that was why I did not notice her until I was just upon her. That end table had never been a favorite one among the social patrons of the *Restauration*, and I had rarely found it occupied before. I remember feeling somewhat disappointed as I took a chair at the next table and rapped for the waitress. While she was getting me some black bread and Münster cheese, a cutlet and a glass of thin white Alsatian wine, the blaze died off from the water, and I pulled my chair around so that I, too, faced the west. The woman at the last table had apparently finished her supper, for a slender jug of seltzer water stood there, surrounded by some plates, from one of which she was gathering bread-crumbs to toss to the ducks in the river. She scarcely turned her head as she snapped the tiny morsels into the current, and I remember that I did not see her face. She had a short figure, with finely modelled shoulders, and as she swept the last crumbs from her plate over to the struggling, quacking creatures in the river, I noticed that her black dress fitted her extremely well, and that there was a plain ring upon her finger. When the waitress brought my supper the lady had her table cleared, but she paid nothing. She sat there still, and no one came to join her. I finished my own meal, stretched my legs out, American fashion, on an empty chair in front of me, lighted a wretched cigar, and watched the opal tints in the west lose their fire and turn gray. It was nearly dusk, and everyone but ourselves must have left the garden, when old Fuchs made the circuit of the empty tables, gathering up here and there a beer-mug

that had been overlooked. He gave me, as usual, a professional "*Guten Abend, Herr Doctor,*" then stopped a moment at the table in front of me, and looking down at the black-dressed woman, said cheerily: "*Eh, comment ça va? Geh't's guet?*" "*Ganz guet,*" she answered, in a deep full voice, with a marked Alsatian accent. "*Mais comme c'est charmant ici!*" she added. Then, in a still lower tone, she repeated, "*Charmant comme toujours.*"

"*Tu as raison,*" said Fuchs, with a satisfied shrug, and passed on.

The evening darkened slowly, and still she did not move. Her head and shoulders were sharply cut against the last pulsation of color on the horizon. A fog began to creep over the surface of the Ill. I was at the end of the second cigar. Suddenly she rose and started toward the house; in passing my table she stumbled against the chair that upheld my awkwardly extended feet. "*Pardon, monsieur,*" she murmured, and before I could touch my hat and mutter an apology she had disappeared.

The next morning, when I came down for my coffee to the main room of the *Restauration*, old Fuchs presented me to her as his niece, Mademoiselle Aubépine. Finding that I was an American student, she addressed me frankly enough in German, though hesitating now and then for a word, and betraying the Alsatian accent I had noticed the evening before. On my asking her whether she knew Strasburg well, she replied simply that she was born in the Blauwolkengasse, which certainly, as I ventured to remark, ought to have given her an unmistakable Strasburg birth-right, and thereupon Fuchs interrupted us with a long-winded disquisition upon her relationship to an Alsatian politician who, during the preceding winter, had exhibited himself as a peculiarly ardent member of the Opposition in the Reichstag. While he was talking, I looked at her. She was a woman of thirty, apparently, and thinking of her now, after ten years, I do not remember anything about her that was really beautiful, except her perfectly developed figure and the depth and purity of her voice. Her hazel eyes seemed old, and her hands were old; she talked with the directness

and unguardedness of a married woman, looked me straight in the face, gave me the right word when I groped for it—and I liked her.

That afternoon I liked her still better. The imprudence of the day before affected my eyes seriously, and I was obliged to keep indoors. Mademoiselle Aubépine, after a whispered dialogue with Fuchs, came up to me as I was sitting disconsolately in a dark corner of the inn, and asked me if I cared to hear some singing. Now, the *Merivales* were never musical, but I should have been stupider than I seemed had I not eagerly assented. We went into a sort of private sitting-room in the rear of the high seat where Madame Fuchs presided over the affairs of the *Restauration*, and where she could still have us under her eye if she wished. For an hour Mademoiselle Aubépine sang; French chansons mostly, with a couple of Italian operatic airs, and particularly some Polish slumber songs, to French words; strange melodies which I did not understand, but which better than all the rest suited her contralto voice, with its somnolent crooning quality. I remember asking her if she did not sing any German songs, and she gave the slightest expression to her shoulders—she was seated at the old piano with her back turned to me—and said, to my wonderment, that she did not. Soon after she stopped singing. She would listen to none of my awkward thanks, saying simply that singing was her business. I was puzzled by this, until old Fuchs informed me confidentially, that evening, that his niece was a *grande artiste* and could go upon the stage if she wished. As it was, she was only a singing-teacher in Nancy, but pupils came to her from Lunéville, and even from Metz, and once there had been talk of her singing in oratorio at Paris!

Yes, I liked Mademoiselle Aubépine. I have never been in love with a woman, as I think I said at the beginning, and it is not my own love-story that I have started to tell. Perhaps it will not even be called a love-story at all, but yet it was about love and war.

I had been at Fuchs am Buckel ten days, and was to leave on the morrow. For the fact that the time had been en-

durable, I was indebted to Mademoiselle Aubépine. It was she who in the long forenoons, under the great horse-chestnut trees that shaded the central part of the garden, had read Lamartine and Chateaubriand to me; these works had been recommended by Madame Fuchs, and indeed they are not so bad. We always talked French after that first morning, and she insisted upon calling me Monsieur Merveille, that being as near to Merivale as she declared she could ever hope to come. Her English was rudimentary, without doubt. For days I tried to teach her one English line—a line that always murmured itself gently to me as we sat at the end of the garden under the willow and watched the Ill move straight toward us and then past, scarcely bending the rushes, so even was its flow—

“Where you broad water sweetly, slowly glides.”

At last she could say it all except “glides,” and though she could never pronounce that, her attempt resulted in a word of her own, which was to me as musical. Once or twice, accompanied by Madame Fuchs, we walked in the deep woods, beyond the stone bridge under which half of the Ill shot on its sudden plunge for the Rhine, and she sang each time in the woodland such songs as I have never heard since. But I never knew why she was a singing-teacher, and why she wore a black dress and a ring, until the night before I left.

We had had a sort of family supper together, and out of deference to my choice we were at the end table of the garden. There were four of us: Monsieur and Madame Fuchs, Mademoiselle Aubépine, and I. We had had a vivacious time, and Fuchs had insisted upon opening a bottle of Burgundy in honor of my departure on the morrow. He toasted “America,” and I ventured, in response, upon a toast I had never dared propose to an Alsatian: “Alsace-Lorraine.” This was in 1880, but all three glanced furtively around before they raised the full glasses to their lips and drained the Burgundy to the last drop. No one spoke; I suspected that I had been indiscreet, and was glad when one of the waitresses called Fuchs away on

some matter of business, which in a moment required also the presence of his wife. Mademoiselle Aubépine and I were left then at the table where she had been sitting alone the night I came to Fuchs am Buckel. The sun now, as then, gleamed down the broad polished surface of the Ill and was full in my face. She sat at my left, and I, with eyes still too weak to look up the river, stared down at the table, or, more accurately, at the blue veins of her hand as she toyed with the empty wine-glass, and at the ring upon her finger. I pitied her, vaguely, and wished I had not toasted Alsace-Lorraine, and wished too—a little—that I was not going away the next morning. And I said something of this, clumsily enough, for she flushed, and doubtless thought I meant something other, or something more, than I did. At any rate she stopped me with a “*Pardon, Monsieur,*” which were the first words she had ever addressed to me.

“Pardon me, Monsieur Merveille, but you do not understand. It is very possible that you will not understand; yet I shall tell you because you are an American and a *bon camarade*. But one should not speak of Alsace-Lorraine any more. She is dead. ‘*Deutsche, Deutsche sind wir alle.*’” She hummed bitterly the opening line of a German patriotic song.

“Yes,” said I, with a foolish effort at sympathetic philosophy, “I suppose you must accept facts as they are.”

“Accept?” she cried, in her rapid, impassioned French. “Of course. That is the worst of it, that one must accept. Those are fools at Nancy—at Paris—who talk of the *revanche*. We know better, here at Strasburg. What is done, is done. Look at those walls!” she exclaimed, with an unsuccessful effort to restrain her growing excitement. Her hazel eyes were changing color, and following their gaze across the sedge-bordered meadows beyond the Ill, past a clump of woods and a line of solemn poplars, I saw the long low parapet of Fort Fransecky.

“Do you know why that fort is impregnable?” she demanded. “It is because its walls are laid in blood.”

I felt more awkward than ever, and not knowing anything to say, snapped

some pieces of biscuit over to the ducks in the Ill. What was there for me to say?

"Listen, Monsieur Merveille," she went on. "You have no right to speak to me as you did. I did not know but Madame Fuchs had told you; I thought you knew why I let myself treat you *en camarade*."

"But I knew nothing," I answered, hastily; "though I had supposed"—I hesitated, my eyes fixed again upon her ring.

"That I had been *fiancée*? It is true. And he is dead. It is very true. But how? Listen to me. You are going in the morning; I shall not see you again. I have thought of speaking to you more than once, because I began to fear you were still too young to understand *camaraderie*. You are twenty-five, Monsieur Merveille?"

I nodded. There was a fierce lightness in her tone, and I dared not interrupt her.

"Well, I am thirty, old enough to say to you what I please. Only, I wish I had told you before—before to-night."

The brightness had disappeared from the water now, and I looked up at her steadily. There were contracted lines upon the low forehead, a stern set expression about the mouth, though the round lips were trembling. I had never seen Mademoiselle Aubépine look at once so old and so young. Her eyes flashed in the growing twilight like the eyes of a girl.

"I was only twenty that August of 1870, and I had been a *fiancée* six months. He lived in Kehl, just across the river from Strasburg, you know, but in Baden. I met him here, at Fuchs am Buckel. He was second lieutenant in a Baden regiment, but he would have been free that autumn. He never loved the Prussians—you know how it was in Baden—but he went with the rest, like a soldier. I saw him in July, not ten days before Reichshoffen, and yet we suspected nothing; our own little plans were enough for us, you see.

"I was in the country when the war was declared—out beyond Reichshoffen. I could not get back to Strasburg. I saw the last of the French driven down the road behind Elsasshausen—I have

seen—*Mon Dieu!* what have I not seen in those ten days before I could get through the lines to Nancy! I had an aunt there, and, can you imagine, when I reached Nancy at last it was August 16th, the day the Germans occupied the town, and my aunt had left for Paris the night before! What could I do? I went straight to the Red Lion, and asked for a room. They said there were no rooms; there were fifty Germans there, and the officers were drinking in the dining-room and the landlady was hidden under her bed. I do not know what was in me that day; it was seven o'clock, and I had had no food since morning, but I was strong and I had seen so much that I had no fear left.

"Why are the Germans allowed to carouse in the dining-room?' I asked. 'Who is the commanding officer?'

"The Colonel is in No. 14,' blubbered the *garçon*—they were all frightened out of their senses—'but no one dares disturb him, and I do not speak German.'

"I knew he lied about that, but I said, 'Show me No. 14! I speak German.'

"We rapped at the door. The Colonel came in his stocking feet and with a blanket wrapped around his shoulders; he had had no rest for forty hours.

"I must have a room here in this inn,' said I, 'and I must sleep. I have come through the lines. Here is my pass. Your officers are drinking in the dining-room and terrifying the house. Can you not quiet them?'

"He looked at me and swallowed a curse. Then, '*Sie sind ein braves Mädchen*,' he cried, and ran downstairs, and the *garçon* and I were close behind him. He flung open the dining-room door. There were three young officers there, who had been drinking champagne since four o'clock. They too had had nothing to eat for a whole day. The empty champagne bottles were piled in a pyramid upon the table, and the men were quarrelling. Just as we opened the door the lieutenant with his back to us—with his back to us—struck his fellow-officer in the face. The colonel saw it and he threw the door together behind him and thundered out an order, and left me standing outside. I did not see the blow given—it was the *garçon* who told me.

"I do not remember anything more, except a great drowsiness. I was at the end. I believe the *garçon* showed me to a room next the landlady's; I am not sure that I was not carried into it. But there I fell on the bed and slept; I did not even lock the door. I did not dream until just before I woke, and then I saw Friedrich sitting in a cloud of smoke with his back to me.

"The *garçon* was pounding on the door. He put his head in and saw me lying there.

"'You are ill?' said he.

"'No,' I answered.

"'Mademoiselle can have breakfast. The Badeners are gone long ago; they have been transferred to the Black Dog.'

"'The Badeners?' I cried.

"'You are ill, Mademoiselle,' he said.

"'No! The Badeners?'

"'Yes. They are all at the Black Dog—except the one with his back to us; the one we saw strike his friend.'

"'And he?' I leaped toward the door.

"'They have just shot him.'

"They shot him. He was my *fiancé*, and it was I that killed him, killed him in the war. Do you know what is in our hearts when you toast Alsace-Lorraine, Monsieur Merveille? What can you know about 1870? You were only fourteen years old. But I know."

Mademoiselle Aubépine had risen, and was grasping the end of the little table to steady herself. Her eyes seemed to be closed.

"That is why I am a singing-teacher. It is all over—forever—but I toast

Alsace-Lorraine. Come, Monsieur Merveille."

She filled her glass and my own.

"To the dead," she said, in a hoarse whisper; "*Austrinken!*"

Then she turned, gazed at me a moment with eyes from which the horror of that memory had not yet disappeared, and with a low, swift "*Pardon, Monsieur,*" her black dress brushed by me in the twilight, and she was gone.

I never saw Mademoiselle Aubépine again. When I left in the morning, she had not come down from her room, and I thought the worthy innkeeper and his wife appeared somewhat troubled when I desired them to present my remembrances to Mademoiselle. Perhaps they had fancied, between themselves, that the acquaintance of the young people would not end in remembrances merely. I do not know. But I know that all the way back to Strasburg the sight of the blood-red poppies in the green wheat made me shudder, and I fancied that everywhere in those lovely June fields, the *beau jardin*, as Louis XIV called them long ago, I could trace the lines of battle-trenches; and the first thing I saw on climbing to my lodging in the Hennengasse and looking out of the window, was a Baden regiment marching by, filling the narrow street with their elastic onward motion, while the sun gleamed on their helmets and rifle-tips and yellow-skinned knapsacks in shifting lines and blotches of scaly gold, and the black shadows of the crooked street fell in bars across the glistening, sinuous, living mass, until it seemed like the undulation of a serpent.





Portrait Made by Lamp-light—exposure four minutes.

SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF LUMINOUS OBJECTS.

By Wallace Gould Levison.

THE photography of luminous objects has been for some years an important factor in astronomical studies, as, for example, in the mapping of the stars, and the recording of solar and stellar spectra, and the phenomena of eclipses, but of late it has been brought to embrace a broad range of subjects within easy reach of the amateur, and of these I have believed that some examples, such as are given in the accompanying illustrations from studies in this special direction, might interest many in a branch of photography hitherto seldom followed except in scientific research. These are reproductions by mechanical processes directly from the negatives, without being retouched or changed in any way; and I shall confine my text to simple explanation of them.

Plate 1 was made from a negative taken at Manhattan Beach in 1887 from a device in fireworks, designed to represent the battle between the Monitor and Merrimac. The torrent of fire which the



Plate 1.

Merrimac appears to be pouring upon the Monitor is the accumulated effect of many Roman-candle balls separately thrown during the fight, each of which in succession has made its impression upon the plate exposed in the camera.

Plate 2, from a portion of a negative representing the chief features of the "Siege of Vera Cruz," as it was presented last summer in fireworks at Manhattan Beach, shows the trajectories of numerous Roman-candle balls of all

tric light, Bengola lights, and the impressions from detonating maroons which liberally dot the sky.

The manufacturers of fireworks appear to take especial pride in the small wheels called catharine wheels, which sell for a few cents each. During their discharge these wheels change aspect frequently, burn a long time, and throw out sparks that seem as large as a three-cent piece and fall in graceful curves to the ground. At any one moment during its operation, such a wheel shows but a meagre shower of sparks, but photographed by a lens uncapped throughout its duration, a wheel of this kind affords a cumulative effect that is quite surprising, as every spark traces its course upon the plate.

Triangles, although more expensive, are less satisfactory subjects for the camera, as the sparks they emit, which are particles of burning willow charcoal, are so light that they do not fall to the ground in graceful curves, but produce upon the plate an intricate tracery of fine hair-lines, the aggregate effect of which is much less brilliant than the greater size of the triangle would lead one to expect.

The beautiful wheels used in public exhibitions owe their chief brilliancy to steel filings mixed with the composition used to charge their driving cases. Owing to their liability to rust, these steel filings are not put in ordinary commercial wheels, which are seldom promptly used. But the burning filings afford sparks which produce particularly distinct impressions in the photograph.

Plate 3 was made from a negative exposed during the discharge of two of the cases of a wheel charged with steel filings expressly for the purpose, while Plate 4 shows the effect obtained by exposing a plate during one complete revolution of an exhibition wheel about twenty-five feet in diameter.



Plate 2.

colors from the exploding forts, the flames of the burning houses, an elec-

bition wheel about twenty-five feet in diameter.



Plate 5



Plate 3

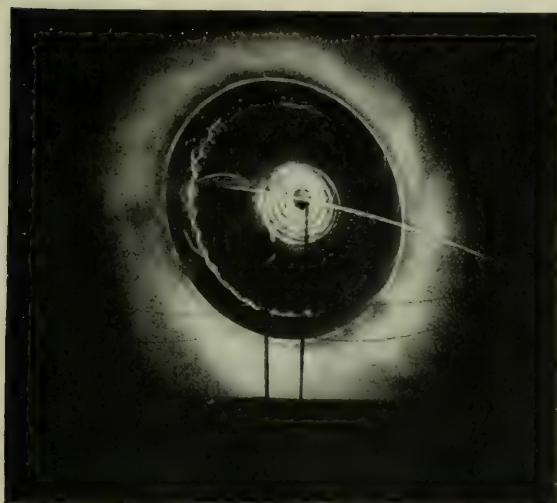


Plate 4.



Plate 6.

If, in taking the view of this wheel the camera had been so pointed that the central rosette had appeared near the left edge of the plate instead of in the middle, there would probably have been seen a circular image resembling this rosette near the opposite edge. Such an effect arises from a certain property of lenses, in the nature of a defect, which is commonly ignored by the ordinary oper-

ator, but respected by the expert. It has been observed that every bright object in an ordinary photograph produces such a secondary impression in a proportionate degree. This phenomenon is particularly noticeable in fireworks photography on account of the darkness of the field of the picture, which allows the secondary image to be more distinctly seen. The shape of this image



Plate 7.

is usually circular, and does not seem to depend upon the shape of the primary object; for instance, a candle-flame, although an elongated object, affords, with an Optimus lens, the circular halo shown in Plate 5.

When the plate is truly vertical to the lens and object, and the latter falls upon its centre, this image forms the surrounding halo which is so familiar

in pictures of the sun; but in proportion as the primary image is moved above, below, or to either side of the plate, the halo moves a corresponding distance from the centre in the opposite direction. Advantage was taken of this peculiarity of the image in making this picture of the candle-flame. A paper screen was placed close to the plate to cover that half upon which the primary image fell. An exposure of four minutes having been allowed for the halo, the screen was removed, and a very quick exposure, about one-quarter of a second, made for the candle-flame.

This halo is an impediment in the production of pictures in which the subject and the light which illuminates it are both included, because the halo is very apt to fall upon the illuminated object and deface it. By arranging both light and subject upon one side of a plate the halo is thrown out of the way and a perfect picture may be produced. The plate at the head of this article [p. 765] shows a portrait thus obtained by the light of a table-lamp during an exposure of four minutes on an ordinary plate. During this time the lamp-globe would have become over-exposed. To prevent this the right-hand side of the plate on which the lamp appears was covered while the portrait was made. The left side was then covered and the right exposed one quarter of a second, the lamp-shade being thereby taken by its own light.

Halos from various lenses differ in appearance; the halo from a Wale lens, for instance, differs from that of the Optimus lens. In making the exposure for Plate 6 the camera was turned toward the sun, so that the secondary image fell upon the foreground, as it would be invisible upon the sky portion of the plate, since the brilliancy of this halo is about equivalent to that of the ordinary clear blue sky.

An actual sun-dog was photographed recently (Plate 7) in two exposures upon separate plates. These were joined in making the engraving, and the sun in one appears lower than in the other, owing to its movement between the exposures. The phenomenon presented a luminous circle, with the sun as a centre, particularly bright on each side on



Plate 8.

about the same horizontal plane as the sun. These brightest portions may be seen in the illustration at about two and one-eighth inches distant from the sun. In the left half of this picture a part of the secondary image of the sun may be seen just where the largest tree stands, its lowest part cutting against the low distant hills, and also partially affecting the definition of that tree.

Such effects as this may be a source of trouble in photographing landscapes, and in any case where there are very bright objects within the field of the lens, and it is not impossible that the secondary image of a brilliant star might be mistaken for an unknown nebula.

In a photograph of a sunset upon an ordinary plate, the disk of the setting sun may produce three different effects, as its color deepens from pale yellow to red. While still pale yellow it reverses its own image, and produces a black disk like that in the illustration of the sun-dog. When it is close to the horizon and has acquired a deep red color, the disk of the sun, although beautifully distinct to the eye, cannot be delineated, because it affects the plate equally with the surrounding sky. Between these two extremes there is a time when the sun has such a tint and actinic effect that in a sunrise or sunset view judiciously taken, the sun itself will produce a normal effect and no halo appear upon the plate. Plate 8 illustrates this. It is an instantaneous view

of the seashore at sunset, and clearly shows the disk of the sun and the forms of the waves.

Electric discharges in Geissler and other high vacuum tubes afford interesting subjects for the camera. Plate 9 shows a photograph, made by an exposure of five seconds, of a Geissler tube filled with hydrogen gas through which the electric discharge

passed. The form of the bands of light in such a picture is modified because they constantly shift their position. If, however, the primary current be opened and closed at less frequent intervals, from twenty-four to fifty separate flashes so produced give a picture showing the details of the bands more accurately but



Plate 9.



Plate 10.

less brightly. In photographing incandescent objects it is observed that they are very easily over-exposed, so as to afford many instances of the reversal of the image, that is, very bright objects appear in the photograph as very dark. In Plate 7, as previously observed, the disk of the sun appears black instead of white. Not only the sun, but electric lights, fireworks, and many ordinary flames readily



Plate 11.

show examples of this reversal. It has been suspected that this is due largely to an antagonistic action of the upper and lower registers of the spectrum, the red

rays being credited with the power of slowly undoing the effect of the blue. It has been suggested that monochromatic lights would offer a probable means of investigating their origin.

The useful applications which can

Plate 10, showing the interior of a foundry at casting-time, is an example of the results which can be obtained in this way. The figures were taken by flash-light, and the molten metal made its own picture at the same time, the



Plate 12.

be made of the photography of luminous objects are very much increased in number by combination exposures, that is, by the use of a flash-light, or day-light, or lamp-light, or any other light, to photograph the opaque and non-luminous features, while the incandescent object makes its picture by its own light.

It is in this way possible to produce accurate illustrations of iron, zinc, and other furnaces, rolling mills, and foundries, in actual operation, showing the flames from the furnaces, the white hot metal, and the sparks that fly from it under the great trip-hammers, and molten metal actually flowing from the Bessemer retorts, or being poured into moulds from hand-ladles by the workmen.

exposure being practically instantaneous, as the pouring of the metal and movement of the workmen could not be suspended. The most explosive flash cartridges are required for such subjects, as the ordinary flash-light is hardly quick enough to afford a picture of a person walking across a room.

Ingenious and often artistic effects can be produced by these combination exposures in interiors, the completed photograph showing a lamp, candle, or gas-light burning, and the surrounding objects as though illuminated by it. An effect thus obtained is reproduced in Plate 11, where the flame of a lamp, a blazing match, and smoke curling from a pipe are distinctly shown. The match and lamp-flame were taken by an exposure of about one-twentieth of a second,

and then the remaining objects were made by a flash-light, the lamp and match having been extinguished.

Plate 12 shows an election-night scene familiar in New York, taken in a similar



Plate 13.

way. The figures of the boys and other non-luminous parts of the picture were taken by flash-light, and at the same time the flame from the burning barrels was photographed by its own light, the plate being exposed about one-half of a second.

To the ingenious amateur many devices will suggest themselves by which happy effects may be produced. In Plate 13 the interior and figure seem to be illu-



Plate 14.

minated by a fire burning brightly upon the hearth. This effect was produced by burning flash-light powder in the fireplace during a quick exposure of the plate, the flame of the fire making its own picture at the same time.

No method of depicting nocturnal events, however important they may be in an historical way, has been hitherto available except the brush or pencil of the artist. An accurate record of them can now be made by photography, and Plates 14 and 15 (from photographs taken by Mr. Albert Londe) show such subjects. They represent the display of fireworks from the second story of the Eiffel Tower on July 14, 1888, and the electrical illumination of the Trocadéro at the opening of the Paris Exposition.

Indeed every advance in the art of photography develops important appli-

cations of it in entirely new and unexpected directions. Not only a small body of professional photographers is intensely interested in important experiments, but a body of amateurs, so large as to include almost every section of a community, is busily at work with new devices and new methods, supplementing private letters, diaries, newspaper correspondence, and literary work with accurate and picturesque records of events of every degree of importance. The result will be that this age, as no previous one, will leave a complete pictorial representation of all phases of its varied life.

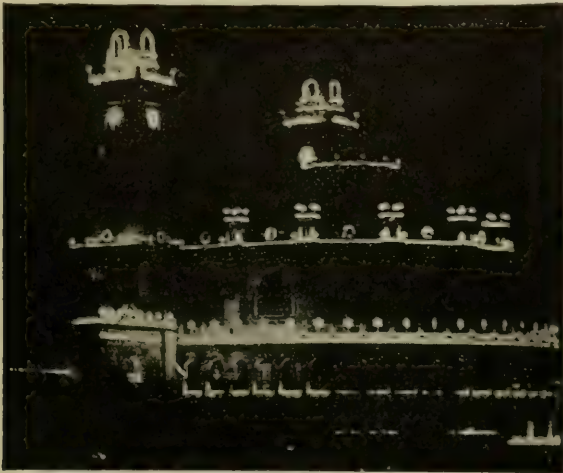


Plate 15.

DE MORTUIS.

By Edith M. Thomas.

THEY read upon a tomb in Samarcand,
If I were living, none were glad thereof.
 This legend two alone can understand,—
 Who loves no more—who is forgot by love.



VERGNIAUD IN THE TUMBRIL.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE wheels are silent, the cords are slack,
The terrible faces are surging back.
France, they too love thee! bid that keep plain;

The wrath and the carnage I stayed afar
Colleagues of my white conscience are:
Accept my slayers, accept me slain!

Shed for days, in its olden guise
The quiet, delicate snake-skin lies
To cheat a boy on his woodland stroll:

What if he crush it? Others see
Beauty's miracle under a tree,
Supple in mail, and adroit, and whole;

The shaper rid of a shape, and thence
(Growth of an outgrown excellence),
Mounted with infinite might and speed,

Freed like a soul to the heaven it dreamed;
Over life that was and death that seemed
A victory and a revenge indeed!

As the serpent moves to the open spring
The while a mock, a delusive thing,
Sole in sight of the crowd may be,

So ye, my martyrs, arise, advance!
For what is left at the feet of France
It is our failure, it is not we.

Not to ourselves our strength we brought:
Inexpiable the Hand that wrought
In us the ruin of no redress,

The storm, the effort, the pang, the fire,
The premonition, the vast desire;
In us the passion of righteousness!

Scarce by the pitiful thwarted plan,
The haste, or the studious fears of man
Drawing a discord from best delight,

The measure is meted of God most wise ;
Nor the future, with her adjusted eyes,
Shall speak us false in our dying fight.

But e'en to me now some use is clear
In the builded truth down-beaten here
For any along the way to spurn,

Since ever our broken task may stand
Disaster's college in one saved land,
Whence many a stripling state shall learn.

Out of the human shoots the divine :
Be the Republic our only sign,
For whose life's glory our lives have been

Ambassadors on a noble way
Tempest-driven, and sent astray
The first and the final good between.

Close to the vision undestroyed,
The hope not compassed and yet not void,
We perish so : but the world shall mark

On the hill-top of our work we died
With joy of the groom before the bride,
With a dawn-cry thro' the battle's dark.

O ! last save me on the scaffold's round !
Take heart that after a thirst profound
The cup of delicious death is near,

And whoso hold it, or whence it flow,
O drink it to France, to France ! and know
For the gift thou givest, thou hast her tear.

True seed thou wert of the sunnier hour,
Honorable, and burst to flower
Late in a hell-pit poison-walled :

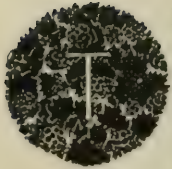
Farewell, mortality lopped and pale,
Thou body that wast my friend ! and Hail,
Dear spirit already ! . . My name is called.





THE WAR AS WE SEE IT NOW.

By John C. Ropes.



THE death of General Sherman removes the last of the conspicuously successful generals of the Union forces. It is true that there are still living in the North generals who have commanded large armies with distinction, who have fought and won great battles. But neither Buell nor Rosecrans, neither Pope nor Banks, remained in active command till the close of the war. The day of final triumph found others in their places. Hence it may not be inappropriate at this time, when, arrested by the death of the brilliant officer who has so recently left us, the minds of those who have lived through the war naturally turn to the scenes they have witnessed and the experience they have passed through, to glance at some of the more salient features and characteristics of our late struggle.

The magnitude of the task which the North proposed to itself—the conquest of such a vast territory, defended by such an able, resolute, and gallant population—was not fully seen at the beginning. Many were the offers of troops which the Washington Government refused in the spring of 1861. The splendid opportunity, which then existed and never came again, of increasing the regular army to a force exceeding a hundred thousand men, was carelessly thrown away. Sherman, who insisted that at least two hundred

thousand men would be required for the single task of opening the Mississippi River, was regarded, even as late as the fall of 1861, by the then Secretary of War, as almost insane.

Similar misconceptions prevailed among our Southern neighbors. Their authorities made no use of the opportunity which existed at the outset of the war of carrying cotton to England and drawing bills against it for the financial needs of the Confederacy. The orders which they sent to Europe for the purchase of arms and ammunition were wholly inadequate to their needs. Their preparations for defending their borders against the threatened invasion of the North were exceedingly imperfect.

Nor was this to be wondered at. The people of the United States then were and are still an unmilitary people—like their cousins on the other side of the water. They are, it is true, by no means averse to fighting; they are unquestionably as obstinate and resolute fighters as any people on earth. But that is quite a different thing from being a military people. The “art military” was cultivated by but few of the officers of the regular army; to the major part of them and to the public at large it was nearly unknown. Hence, the recommendations of sagacious military men, like Sherman, on our side, and J. E. Johnston, on the other, were made to unreceptive ears, and were received with that peculiar impatience

with which people of average abilities and fair success in life hear unwelcome advice on a subject of which they know nothing, but which in their hearts they believe to be a very simple matter.

The North was the first to rise to the height of the situation. Not only did the mortifying issue of the first battle of Bull Run put an end to the easy-going confidence with which up to that time her prosperous communities had anticipated a speedy victory, but it had the effect also of rousing that strong and determined purpose to achieve success, which had always characterized the energetic, indefatigable, resolute workers of the Eastern and Western States from Maine to Minnesota. The Northern people, accustomed to the control of ample resources and to the carrying on of large business undertakings, made their preparations in the winter of 1861 and 1862 on a large scale. There was no stint anywhere. Men, money, ships, guns, horses, equipment of every kind, were freely forthcoming. The spring of 1862 saw large armies, admirably appointed, well-drilled, and well-officered, standing on the borders of the Confederacy, waiting only the order to march; a well-equipped navy, not only held all the Southern coast in the grip of its blockade, but dominated the great rivers which commanded the communications of all the advanced posts of the enemy in the West. And these vast hosts were full of a genuine and strong devotion to the cause of their country.

On the other side of the line there was little at this time to encourage the friends of the South. A careless confidence, degenerating often into contempt for their adversaries, combined with the unfamiliarity of the Southern planter with the conduct of great business enterprises, was evidenced in the weak army which J. E. Johnston opposed to that of McClellan in the East, in the wholly inadequate preparations of A. S. Johnston to maintain the hold of the Confederacy in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, in the insufficient defences of New Orleans. When the storm had passed away, New Orleans had fallen; Kentucky and Tennessee were under Federal control; the Missis-

sippi was free as far as Vicksburg; and it was Richmond and not Washington that was in imminent peril.

But the series of disasters with which the year 1862 opened did not daunt the spirit of the South; on the contrary, the soldiers and people of the Confederacy, now realizing for the first time the desperate nature of the contest, strengthened themselves in their determination never to yield, and redoubled their efforts. The levies of the North were met by nearly the entire military strength of the South. In place of the comforts and luxuries which were ruthlessly taken away by the invasion and the blockade, was now to be seen the patient and enduring temper which can dispense with all that is not of absolute necessity. The Southern generals met the superior numbers of their foes with an audacity and enterprise which they had not hitherto shown that they possessed. Six weeks after Fort Donelson had surrendered with fifteen thousand men, and Kentucky and the greater part of Tennessee had been abandoned to the Union arms, the scattered and demoralized forces of the Confederacy in the West were united under the lead of Albert Sidney Johnston. That able and daring officer at once took the initiative. Grant at Shiloh was surprised by one of the most sudden, fierce, and determined onslaughts known to military history; and although he, with the aid of a portion of Buell's army, held his own, and finally succeeded in forcing his opponent to retire, the whole affair showed how far the South was from being willing to accept defeat. So in Virginia, Stonewall Jackson, by his marvellous sagacity and daring enterprise, entirely disconcerted the plans of the Washington Government for massing an overwhelming force against Richmond; and, on Jackson's finally uniting his force to that of Lee, McClellan, whose peculiar characteristics were ill suited to deal with such emergencies, was forced to undertake a dangerous and difficult retreat from the immediate neighborhood of Richmond to Harrison's Landing on the river James.

The Federal Government, with a praiseworthy desire to stop unnecessary expense and a happy credulity as to

the certainty of the success which they were sure must result from their really enormous military preparations for the spring campaign, had, early in April, 1862, actually stopped recruiting, and the Army of the Potomac now urgently needed reinforcements. But the people of the North were in their comprehension of the situation far ahead of their rulers. The governors of the Northern States met together, and begged President Lincoln to call for three hundred thousand men. Mr. Lincoln was really astounded at the size of the requisition which he was desired to make upon the patriotism of the country. He thought at first that half the number would do. But the governors, Andrew, Morgan, Curtin, Morton, and the others, able men of affairs and of large experience, and who were moreover the representatives and spokesmen of the business men of the North and West, knew better, and three hundred thousand it was.

These illustrations show how the emergencies of the war served to bring out the resolute and unyielding traits belonging to our race—the unconquerable determination to meet and conquer every difficulty, either by some new contribution of force, or by some desperate and daring expedient, or by patience and perseverance under existing circumstances. The war thus becomes psychologically interesting as an exhibition of the Anglo-Saxon race on trial, and on a grand theatre.

What we have just said about the governors of the Northern States and President Lincoln leads naturally to the characteristics of the latter's administration during the war. It certainly cannot be said to have been a brilliant administration. There can be no doubt that an enormous amount of money was unnecessarily spent, a great many men needlessly sacrificed, and a great deal of time uselessly consumed. The resources of the North were vast, and they were tendered to the Government with a patriotism and liberality that knew no measure. But the task was one that would have taxed the abilities of the most experienced ruler, and Mr. Lincoln was anything but an experienced ruler. Wisely, economically, and judiciously to collect and dispose of the

enormous resources of the United States required a familiarity with the conduct of affairs on a large scale, utterly beyond anything with which the President had ever had anything to do in the whole course of his life. Abraham Lincoln, though new to public office, was probably the wisest and most sagacious statesman we have ever had in this country; his political management of affairs during the war illustrated his great qualities and won the admiration of all men. But the military tasks imposed by the war were not only entirely outside of Mr. Lincoln's previous experience, but even he, wise and sensible as he was, did not at first realize that in such matters he had better consult experts, and be guided by them. His first appointments in the army were made almost at random. Major-generals, brigadier-generals, colonels, lieutenant-colonels, without technical training and of no military experience, appeared like comets at the head of armies and departments, or invaded the hitherto sacred quarters of the officers of the regular army, and many were the blunders with which the fates avenged these uncalled-for and injudicious vagaries of the new President.

In this connection it is interesting to note the difference between the mistakes into which President Lincoln fell in his management of military affairs, and those made by his rival on the other side of the line. The Illinois lawyer was, as we have just said, absolutely without any knowledge of military matters, and, what was quite as important, he was entirely unacquainted with the *personnel* of the army. Mr. Davis, on the other hand, had been educated at West Point, and had moreover been Secretary of War. To him the officers of the army were as well known as are the members of the bar to a lawyer in large practice. The characters, special acquirements, abilities, defects, of the leading lawyers of a great city are always more or less accurately known to their brethren, while a layman coming from another city must pick up his information about them as best he can. So it was with the two Presidents. Mr. Lincoln's want of acquaintance with the army displayed itself in sundry astonishing appointments to high commands. Mr. Davis, on the

other hand, not only knew his men perfectly well, but he had the great advantage of making out his own rank list—an advantage which was really unique. On the other hand, there were disadvantages, and those real ones, which were inseparable from the relation in which the President of the Southern Confederacy stood to the high officers in its service. There was first, the almost inevitable tendency of a man in his position, who has been educated for the army, to meddle in the actual conduct of military operations, a tendency to which Mr. Davis not infrequently yielded, and from which several of the most distinguished generals of the South suffered from time to time; and, secondly, there was the personal relation between Mr. Davis and the leading officers, men of somewhere near his own age, and in regard to whom he, naturally enough, entertained the usual personal feelings that everyone has for those whom one has always known. Hence, while it cost Mr. Lincoln nothing to relieve any officer whom he thought to be unfit for his work, or to sustain one who was, as he thought, doing it well—they being all, or nearly all, personally unknown to him—it was an open secret that Mr. Davis's preferences and dislikes interfered, in the opinion of many good judges, with his management of the military affairs of the Confederacy.

It is plain from what has just been said, that the errors of the Northern President were of a kind that experience could be expected to cure—that is, if he were at bottom a man of sense, which Mr. Lincoln certainly was, while those peculiar to Mr. Davis's administration were not likely to become ameliorated by lapse of time. And this turned out to be the fact. Mr. Lincoln's ability to select men for high military command increased visibly from year to year during the war; and not only was this the case, but his ability to give them an intelligent and appreciative support and encouragement, if they deserved it at his hands, became with every year more and more apparent. The President became, in fact, a diligent student of the war. He found in time that the rules of war were only the rules of sound sense and experience applied to a sub-

ject the general principles of which, although he knew nothing of them at the beginning of his administration, he found himself able without great difficulty to acquire and act upon. Hence his conduct of affairs became with each year more judicious and capable. No generals could ask from any government for more considerate and intelligent support than that usually accorded by Mr. Lincoln to General Grant and General Sherman.

On the other hand, Mr. Davis's peculiarities grew every year more and more pronounced. It is not necessary to give illustrations at length; it will suffice to compare the steady and unwavering backing which General Sherman received in his Atlanta campaign with the treatment of General Johnston by the Confederate Government.

At the same time, it would be foolish and useless to deny that in one respect, and that a very important one, Mr. Lincoln's administration of military affairs cannot be said to have improved with the progress of the war. We refer, of course, to the influence which the supposed necessities of politics had upon appointments to high command and assignments to duty in the field. Not even the most devoted admirers of President Lincoln would undertake to maintain that he always acted up to his lights as the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States in all the commissions which he conferred, or in all the tasks which he laid out to be performed by the soldiers and sailors. For instance, it will hardly be pretended that Mr. Lincoln's military judgment had not in the spring of 1864 reached a point of development quite adequate to the task of refusing to General Butler the command of the two corps destined to make the co-operative movement on Richmond. To suppose that Mr. Lincoln did not know better than this, is to do gross injustice to his mental faculties. Everybody in the United States who knew anything about military matters, who had followed with the slightest attention the course of war, was amazed at the selection of Butler, not because he was not an able man, or a patriotic man, but because he had given no evidence of capacity for such a re-

sponsible task, and because there were plenty of men to be had who had shown talent of a high order. Mr. Lincoln must have known, we repeat, that to intrust this important duty to Butler was not a thing which could be defended on purely military grounds; more than this, he knew as well as anybody that it was not common sense to do it. But he did it, nevertheless; and against the known wishes of the officer who had just been called by Congress to take the general charge and management of all the military operations. For Grant desired that this important command should be given to General William F. Smith, whose brilliant operations near Chattanooga had deservedly won the highest encomiums. Whether any supposed political necessity could justify the course which Mr. Lincoln saw fit to pursue on this and similar occasions, is, to make the best of it, exceedingly doubtful. Certainly no political crisis at that time was impending which could serve as such a justification. Common sense and the plainest principles of duty alike demand that the conduct of military movements shall be intrusted to the most skilful and competent officers who can be found. And although the American people, with their wonted tolerance and charity, have long since forgotten and forgiven these acts of a president whose devotion to the cause of his country was so conspicuous and sincere, yet some consideration of them cannot be omitted in making an estimate of Mr. Lincoln's administration of our military affairs.

In looking back at the war after the lapse of so many years, its characteristic features stand out far more clearly than they did at the time. We must acknowledge that the lack of a sound military direction at Washington for the first three years protracted the struggle by expending our efforts to a very considerable extent in useless or ill-considered plans. Things certainly went better when Grant was called to take the entire control; but even under him there were costly and unnecessary expeditions, and not a little scattering of forces which might have been concentrated to give additional strength to the blows which he was preparing to strike.

On the other side, also, we see the same faults. If the trans-Mississippi troops had been placed under Johnston's orders, who can tell how long that able soldier might not have held Vicksburg? Had Beauregard's and Johnston's advice been heeded in the last few months even, it is possible that a really formidable army might have been collected to confront Sherman in the Carolinas. But the very natural tendency of the invader to attack many points at once, and the equally natural tendency of his antagonist to be prepared for defence at all points, operated to multiply occasions of conflict and rendered the main operations of the war less formidable and striking than they might have been made.

In the conduct of their campaigns the generals in our war, on both sides, showed themselves better strategists than tacticians. The safety of the armies was very rarely compromised by lack of due precautions to keep up the communications. The manœuvring was sometimes very skilful. The operations of the Atlanta campaign contain admirable illustrations of good strategy on the part of both commanders,* and there are other instances in plenty, of which the operations of Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley in the spring of 1862 are, perhaps, the most conspicuous. But, mainly owing, we suspect, to the absolute lack of experience before the war in seeing large bodies of men and observing their movements, it certainly seemed to be well-nigh impossible for the American general when he took the offensive, to get his battle fought as he intended it should be fought. Witness General J. E. Johnston's battle at Seven Pines; † General Lee's battles at Malvern Hill and at Gettysburg; General McClellan's battle at Antietam. These are instances of battles undertaken with preparation—though this is not so true of Malvern Hill as of the others—and with a plan in each case deliberately adopted, to carry out which the commanding general used his best endeavors. Yet the result was notoriously far

* While this is being written the news arrives that General Joseph E. Johnston, Sherman's great antagonist in that campaign, has passed away. Of the Confederate officers, he was second only to Lee.

† As the Confederates term the action of May 31, 1862.

from satisfying his just expectations. General Thomas's battle of Nashville constitutes a brilliant exception to these remarks. The easier tactical task of repelling an attack was often most ably performed, as, for instance, by Lee at Antietam and Fredericksburg, and by Meade at Gettysburg. Then there were generals, the most conspicuous of whom were Grant and Sherman, who, though brilliant strategists, never paid great heed to directing the details of the conflicts which their manœuvres had rendered certain to occur. The battles near Atlanta in July, 1864, and the series of bloody actions in May and June, of the same year, in Virginia, illustrate this.

The mode in which cavalry was employed in our war varied a good deal with different commanders, and in different stages of the war. From the time when the Black Horse Cavalry struck terror into the demoralized three months' volunteers at the first battle of Bull Run to the day when Sheridan's powerful cavalry corps held Lee's line of retreat from Appomattox Court House, both sides doubtless learned much regarding the employment and functions of mounted men. But American generals did not, it must be confessed, take readily to the task of handling properly this arm of the service. Very likely the fact that cavalry could no longer be expected to perform on the field of battle the duties which had hitherto constituted their chief and most glorious function, rendered our officers doubtful as to the new uses to which they should put their horse. At first, picket duty seemed most attractive—not to the cavalry, of course, but to the general commanding the army—and horses and men were freely and ruthlessly sacrificed in this way. Then there was the important but humble task of guarding trains. But what fascinated alike the imagination of the trooper and the ingenious mind of the American general, was a raid, designed to burn bridges and tear up railroad tracks, to destroy supplies, capture trains, and the like. An operation of this kind necessarily involved great risks, but, bordering, as it did, in its characteristic features, on partisan warfare, it possessed great attractions for

the cavalry themselves. What good was accomplished in this way has never been figured up. Stuart's raid around McClellan's lines in June, 1862, may have served a useful purpose in creating a feeling of insecurity in the Army of the Potomac; but the only tangible result of the repetition of the performance in August of the same year, was the capture of the overcoat of the Federal commander; while, when for the third time the manœuvre was tried, in the Gettysburg campaign the next summer, the march of the Federal army northward actually prevented the Confederate cavalry from rejoining their main army and reporting the movements of the Federals. It was much the same thing in our experience. Hooker, the first general to set a proper value on his cavalry, no sooner got a large and finely mounted and equipped body of cavalry together, than he sent them off, a fortnight before he commenced his own campaign, to destroy the enemy's communications and supplies, and to render their retreat, in the event of a Federal success in the impending struggle between the two armies, more disastrous than it otherwise could be. The result of this far-seeing move was to deprive the Army of the Potomac of the information which would have prevented the great disaster of the campaign of Chancellorsville.

In the march on Gettysburg, in the summer of 1863, General Meade employed his cavalry with excellent judgment. The signal services rendered by Buford on July 1st, and the gallant and successful fight on our right flank on July 3d, fully justified his policy of keeping his cavalry well in hand, and under his own eye. But this policy was entirely reversed by General Grant. The campaign of 1864 had hardly opened when Sheridan was allowed to go off, on his own suggestion and evidently against Meade's judgment, with nearly all the cavalry of the army, on a raid toward Richmond, and it was not until Grant had crossed the Pamunkey that the cavalry rejoined the main body. Then, for a very few days, they remained with the army, and rendered excellent service, among other things

capturing and holding Cold Harbor. But when, a fortnight later, the army had got down before Petersburg, Sheridan was on another raid, and the opportunity which really existed during the 16th and 17th of June of taking Petersburg when its defenders numbered less than fifteen thousand men was unknown at headquarters, simply for lack of cavalry to make the needed reconnoissances.

It will hardly be questioned that the conspicuous successes which Sheridan won in the Appomattox campaign have demonstrated beyond doubt or cavil that the best service to which cavalry can be put in modern warfare, is to be rendered in conjunction with the operations of the main army. But that this service was rendered in this campaign by Sheridan's cavalry was certainly not due to General Grant. He had planned for Sheridan, and had ordered him to execute, a movement on the upper James, with a view of destroying the enemy's supplies and communications, and, after having accomplished these tasks, he was to join Sherman in the Carolinas, or else, if that were found impracticable, he was to fall back to Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley. Fortunately for the country, Sheridan found it impossible to carry out his orders, and he therefore made his way to General Grant at City Point. Even here, both Sheridan and Rawlins, Grant's chief of staff, a thoroughly practical and able man, were by no means sure at first that Grant intended to have Sheridan's command included in the force which was destined for the campaign which was then just about to open; and it is quite certain that Grant inclined even at this period to the opinion that Sheridan would do well to cut loose from the Army of the Potomac and join Sherman in North Carolina.

Other instances of this strange inability or unwillingness of the American general to make use of cavalry in connection with the operations of the main army readily occur. Sherman, as is well known, in his Atlanta campaign, did not rely to any great extent on his horse, although the opportunities for employing cavalry to advantage must have been of constant occurrence from the time he

left Dalton. And in his march across the country to Savannah he took with him only two brigades, in all about five thousand men.

At the close of the war, however, this arm of the service had gained due recognition. Not only was the country ringing with the achievements which Sheridan, at the head of his ten thousand horse, had obtained in the Appomattox campaign in co-operation with the Army of the Potomac, but Wilson, at the head of a similar force, fresh and admirably mounted and equipped, was overrunning the now almost deserted States of Alabama and Georgia, destroying and defeating everything that came in his way. In this case there was, it is true, no army for the cavalry commander to co-operate with. But this movement of Wilson's was no ordinary raid, for he was practically sure of meeting no opposition which his force was not quite adequate to overcome; it was rather the march of an invading column.

The views above given as to the employment of cavalry on raids differ, we presume, from those entertained during the war by most of the leading generals on both sides. Yet there is nothing, we submit with confidence, in which the effect of the lapse of time is more discernible than in changing our views of cavalry raids. It is almost inconceivable to us now, that General Lee should have sent Stuart, with less than two thousand cavalry, in October, 1862, just after the battle of Antietam, to ride through the towns and counties of central Pennsylvania, picking up horses, clothing, boots and shoes, a few prisoners, and what not, and running the most imminent risk of being captured with his whole command. What possible good could Stuart do to the Confederacy with his petty booty, which could be compared for a moment with the exultation with which the news of his capture would have been received at the North, and the injury which it would have been to General Lee's army to have lost its great cavalry leader? So in the Gettysburg campaign—when Lee actually gave Stuart *carte blanche* to do as he liked—whether to keep between the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac, or to attempt to make the cir-

cuit of the latter army. What Lee and Stuart had in their minds as conceivably—by any effort of the imagination—of more importance than the ascertainment by the Confederate cavalry from day to day of the movements of the Federal army and the conveyance of this information promptly to General Lee's headquarters—it is certainly not easy to imagine. At that stage in the war, it was out of the question that the Federal Army should be "rattled" by any such game as this. Both officers and men were altogether too well seasoned to war to care very much where Stuart's four or five thousand men might be. The trains were well guarded; all Stuart succeeded in bagging were a hundred and twenty-five wagons and four or five hundred prisoners; but, as this was all he had to show in justification of his course, he brought them all in, notwithstanding the continual delays caused by such *impedimenta*. General Halleck was probably the only Federal officer at all worried by this eccentric movement of Stuart's, and he kept telegraphing Meade, who was in command of the Army of the Potomac, to take measures to capture Stuart's column, which might, so Halleck thought, do unknown damage somewhere. But Meade, intent on the great task before him, was not to be diverted by any side-show like this. "My main point," he coolly and dryly wrote to Halleck, "being to find out and fight the enemy, I shall have to submit to the cavalry raids around me in some measure."

The truth is, that, considering the great difficulties which, during the period of our war, attended the raising of a well-drilled, well-equipped, and well-mounted body of horse, it was not good policy for any commander, and especially for any Confederate commander, to take needless risks with his cavalry, or to subject it to unnecessary hardship and loss. While it is perfectly true that occasions where a body of horse could be utilized in actual combat were infrequent, it must be remembered that cavalry had other and often much more important functions to perform than taking part in a pitched battle, and that for the due performance of these duties

the utmost efficiency of both horses and men was required. Take as an illustration the work of Sheridan's command in the last campaign. Here was a corps of cavalry, admirably commanded and sufficiently large to take care of itself for a moderate time. Preceding and covering the march of the infantry, ascertaining the right roads, seizing the important points in advance of the arrival of the main columns and holding them until support arrived, it rendered the task of the infantry and artillery, which constituted the main army, immeasurably easier and much surer of successful accomplishment. Finally, in actually getting ahead of the flying foe and barring his retreat, Sheridan's horse showed to perfection what cavalry can do in modern war. But in order that cavalry can render such service as this, their strength and efficiency must be carefully preserved until the decisive moment arrives. And the decisive moment is the moment when the great collision between the two armies takes place. For in spite of all the railroad ties that were torn up, and of all the barns that were burned, General Lee did not leave Petersburg and Richmond until the result of the battle of Five Forks rendered it impossible for him to remain in his lines; and the battle of Five Forks was won by infantry and cavalry acting together.

Whatever doubts may have existed in the minds of American generals in regard to the proper modes of employing cavalry, there was never any question of a similar nature as to the proper function of artillery. Differences of opinion there certainly were as to the organization of this arm; attention has recently been called to them in an able paper by the late General Hunt, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts about a year before he died, and printed for the first time in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* for March, 1891. His conclusion is unquestionably sound; it is "that with proper organization and administration our artillery in the Civil War, good as it was, might have been made more serviceable and produced greater results;" but he admits, and in

fact claims, that the efficiency of this arm of the service in the late war was most marked. This was, by the way, as true of our adversaries as of ourselves. The American soldier seems, in fact, to take naturally to artillery. From the beginning, the guns were well served. In process of time, the chiefs of artillery, as well of the various corps as of the armies themselves, came to be famous men. It was a pity that the full rank to which the Federal officers performing these duties were fairly entitled was never accorded to them by their Government. But the matter being a somewhat complicated one, Congress could never be got to pay proper attention to the organization of the artillery.

Infantry, of course, constitutes the main body of all modern armies, and by the quality of its infantry an army must be judged. The capacity of Americans to make excellent soldiers was proved in the war beyond a question. That hundreds of thousands of men, most of them entirely unacquainted with the elements even of discipline and drill, were transformed in so brief a period into officers and soldiers was certainly one of the wonders of our time. But the material was in the main of the best; the desire to master the new trade well-nigh universal and very strong; and there were from the beginning many opportunities for practising what had been learned. The armies of 1862 were far and away superior to the levies of 1861. The armies of 1863 were decidedly superior to those of 1862. But in 1863 it is probable that the highest point of efficiency was reached in both the Federal and Confederate armies in the East, and certainly in the Western army of the Confederacy. From the autumn of 1863 these three great armies began to become less serviceable. Let us see why.

Take, first, the Army of the Potomac. This army, when it fought at Gettysburg, in July, 1863, contained, it is true, some poor troops, but it contained few or no green regiments, and no raw recruits whatever. The officers and men were veterans, the greater part of whom had had two years service in the field. They had known victory and defeat; they could march and they

could fight; they had had all sorts of experiences, and were not to be astonished nor greatly troubled by anything that could happen to them. Had a proper policy been pursued in regard to the inevitable losses—had the old regiments been kept up assiduously to the maximum strength, or to anything like the maximum strength, the Army of the Potomac would not only have been stronger at Gettysburg, but it would have gained in every way during the winter which ensued. It would have been superior in point of efficiency when it entered on the campaign of 1864 to the army which fought at Gettysburg, for the prestige of that great victory would have been the heritage of all its regiments, and would have inspired the new recruits as well as the old soldiers. But this great advantage was thrown away by the people of the North, or at least by the greater part of the Northern States. Instead of building up the old regiments, new ones were raised. Instead of utilizing the army's capital, if we may so call it, of long service, thorough acquaintance with the duties of officers and soldiers, memories of labors, dangers, and sufferings shared in common, of dark and bloody days of defeat manfully and patiently borne, of glorious scenes of victory rewarding steadfast valor and unremitting energy—the greater part of the North blindly and recklessly threw it away. Veteran regiments, whose names and numbers had become deservedly famous, whose very traditions would forever have secured their efficiency, were allowed to waste away until they scarcely equalled a couple of full companies, and their places were taken by troops who had never smelt powder nor seen the face of the enemy. It is difficult to speak with patience of this wretched business. It is pleasanter to turn to those few States, which, like Wisconsin and Illinois, kept up to their full strength the regiments which had first gone out, and with whose names were associated the honor due from the State to the steadfast performance of duty and to gallant deeds of arms. But it is plain that no army reinforced in numbers as was the Army of the Potomac after the battle of

Gettysburg could be expected to improve in efficiency—on the contrary, it is but too evident that it must sensibly decline. The army with which Grant crossed the Rapidan on May 3, 1864, was no doubt larger by some twenty or thirty thousand men than that which began the battle of Gettysburg; but among the old regiments was much worthless material—men whose enlistments had been induced by the extravagant bounties then paid by the States and cities of the East to get their quotas filled—and then there were plenty of absolutely new regiments, which had not been organized six months.

On the other side of the river the army of Lee was weaker than it was at Gettysburg, for the very decisive reason that it had not been able to make up its losses in that terrible fight. It had seen its best days. And the same remark applies to the main Confederate army in the West. The sanguinary struggle of Chickamauga had cost the Confederates dear; and, followed, as it was, by the recall of Longstreet's corps to Virginia, and also by the rout of Missionary Ridge, it was not possible for J. E. Johnston, who replaced the unfortunate Bragg, to take the field with a force anything like as efficient as that which so fiercely attacked Rosecrans in September, 1863.

The national instinct on this subject is perfectly correct. It was at Gettysburg and Chickamauga that our American armies were at their best and did their best. Never were they—either before or after those memorable engagements—so strong, so well officered, so fierce, so determined to win, so resolved not to yield. They were then, we repeat, at their best—containing none but seasoned troops, under veteran officers, inured to war, both armies confident of victory, and pretty nearly, taking all things together, equally matched. And no one can read the story of those great battles without being proud of his country and his race, for never was there more resolute and obstinate and gallant fighting done, nor ever were severe losses more unshrinkingly borne. Nor can it be truly said of either of these battles that the beaten army did not fight as hard and as long as its more

successful antagonist. There is glory enough for all. Hence it is fitting that both fields—Gettysburg and Chickamauga—should be dedicated to the perpetual remembrance of the great battles so worthily fought there.

It may have been noticed that the Federal army of the West was not included in the foregoing estimate. We are disposed to think that, unlike the armies of Johnston, Lee, and Grant, the army commanded by Sherman entered upon the campaign of 1864 in better condition in every respect than it ever was in before. It had had ample time to repair the losses of Chickamauga; it had not been weakened, as had its antagonist, by the withdrawal of a part of its force for service elsewhere; its losses at Missionary Ridge had not been large, and its success there had been of the most striking and brilliant kind. It was composed in the main of Western regiments that had enlisted in 1861, and had, to a great extent, at least, been kept up to a fair average of strength by the wiser and more military policy which the Western States generally adopted in the matter of recruiting their contingents, of which we have spoken above. Hence General Sherman's army reaped the full benefit of all the most favorable military conditions that can affect the efficiency of an army. Its unity had been strictly preserved; it had not been depleted by losses or by detachments, it had not been "watered" by the addition of raw troops. It was under a commander who was the idol of his men, whose great abilities were universally and cheerfully acknowledged, and who possessed the entire confidence of the general-in-chief and the Government at Washington. And these favorable conditions continued to the close of the war. In Sherman's progress toward Atlanta, although it was marked at times by severe fighting, the losses were never excessive, considering the size of the army. While Grant, by his reckless and wasteful attacks, was throwing away his veterans ten thousand at a time, and in fact actually changing the very structure of the Army of the Potomac, his lieutenant in the West marched into Atlanta with practically the same army with which he had set

out from Dalton. There had been suffered, it is true, some losses that might have been avoided, but neither these nor the unavoidable casualties of the campaign, materially affected the identity or the strength of the command. The army which entered Atlanta was the army of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, of Peach Tree Creek and Decatur. Its career had been one of almost uniform success. The veteran troops had had their confidence in their leader and in themselves largely augmented by their experience in this campaign. They felt themselves strong enough for anything. They were ready for new tasks. They were full of enterprise and hope. And not only the admirably conducted march of Sherman to Savannah, and his still more brilliant march from Savannah to Goldsboro', but the resolute and steady resistance which Thomas was at the same time making to Hood's invasion of Tennessee, crowned as it was by the decisive victory of Nashville, show, perhaps better than any other events in the war, what an American army, well kept up in strength, and boldly but judiciously managed, can accomplish.

In the beginning of this paper we spoke of the magnitude of the task which the North proposed to itself. It was not without apparent reason that the world doubted and smiled in derision at the presumption of the Northern Government in thinking that it could succeed in such a gigantic undertaking. Was it possible that a nation with such an insignificant navy could establish an effective blockade over three thousand miles of sea-coast? Did the Northern generals suppose that armies large enough to overcome the fierce and universal resistance which was to be expected could live on the country they were invading? And if not, did not the great distances to be traversed render the problem of transportation and subsistence well nigh an insurmountable one? Some successes, no doubt, the great superiority of the North in men and material might enable it to win; very possibly the boundary might be pushed back a certain distance. But for the Northern forces to overrun the South, or to follow up the Southern

armies into the interior of the country, and there to maintain themselves in the midst of an unfriendly population and on a soil in great part destitute of the means of subsistence, as a great portion of the Southern Confederacy unquestionably was, seemed to many disinterested and clear-headed men of those days well-nigh impracticable. It is true that neither Lord Palmerston nor the Emperor Napoleon the Third inclined to the side of the North; nevertheless we believe that it was not by any means wholly due to their unwillingness to see us succeed that they predicted our failure. We believe that they judged the probabilities of the case by the light of experience; and, judging by the light of experience, it was not likely that the North would succeed if the South should resolutely persist in endeavoring to maintain her independence by force of arms. Lord Palmerston and the Emperor of the French were probably as well qualified to have an opinion on this subject as any two men in Europe; the one had been Secretary at War from 1809 to 1815, in the time of the first Napoleon; the other, although not a soldier himself, had been a diligent and intelligent student of the campaigns of his great uncle. Both these experts predicted the failure of the North. And it may safely be admitted that if the conditions of warfare had been the same in 1861 as they were in 1815, or, in our judgment, as late as 1850, their prediction would in all probability have been fulfilled.

But the conditions were not the same. Steam and electricity had in the intervening time asserted their power, and had rendered possible for a McClellan or a Grant what had been impossible for a Napoleon. It was found that the capacity of the territory, through which it was proposed to move an army, for the task of supporting that army might generally be disregarded. It was found perfectly feasible to maintain a large force for any length of time in regions where no subsistence of any sort or kind was furnished by the soil. It was found that water-transportation of men and supplies was as certain and uniform, as much to be relied upon, as transportation by land; that the winds and waves

of the ocean and the strength and direction of the flow of rivers could equally be ignored when it was proposed to transport troops, or subsistence, or ammunition, to a given spot. It was found that a blockade maintained by steam vessels, though not absolutely perfect, was a far more certain and constant check on foreign intercourse than could be effected by any employment of sailing vessels. By the telegraph all available resources could be utilized without the loss of a moment, and all information instantaneously communicated to or from headquarters to or from any part of the theatre of war.

In other words, machinery had in the progress of time become one of the great factors in military operations, and its introduction worked as marked a revolution in the practice of commanders on land and sea, as its adoption for purposes of manufacture or of intercommunication had worked in the world of business and ordinary life. And, what was of the greatest importance to the North, the advantages of this great change in matters of warfare were absolutely at the call of the stronger and more wealthy of the two combatants.

There had been but little in the way of example to follow. Steam-vessels had, it is true, supplied in great part the allied armies in the Crimea. There had also been a short railroad constructed for the accommodation of the English from Balaklava to the front, but it had taken a great while to build, and it was not very serviceable after it was built. The French and Austrians had also used their railroads in the short Italian war of 1859. But there was really not much to serve as a precedent.

The task of developing the possibilities of the use of steam and electricity in warfare was, therefore, first tried on a large scale in the war of secession. Naturally and inevitably it fell to the North to deal with the subject with the greater thoroughness and ingenuity of application. For the North could overcome the great natural difficulties presented by the geographical conditions under which the war was to be carried into the Confederacy only by utilizing to the full the vast resources

it possessed through the powerful agency of steam, and the incalculable assistance afforded by the electric telegraph. And it will probably be conceded without demur, that no people ever lived more capable of making ingenious and useful applications of steam and electricity to war or to anything else, than the people of the Northern States.

The first thing to do was to enlarge the navy so as to compass a blockade of the Southern coast, and the next thing was to build a navy for use on the great rivers which run through the heart of the Confederacy. That both tasks were successfully accomplished in a very brief period reflects the greatest credit on the officers of the navy. We have not time here, nor is this the place, to give the details; but in a couple of months or thereabouts the blockade had become reasonably effective on the Atlantic seaboard and in the Gulf of Mexico; and, partly by purchasing river steamers and refitting them, and partly by building new and armor-plated vessels, the Federal Government, early in 1862, had procured a fleet on the Mississippi and its tributaries, which laid those great avenues into the interior of the South open to the Northern invaders. The first fruit of the employment of this naval force in conjunction with the army was the capture of Fort Donelson in February, 1862, with its entire garrison, entailing the evacuation by the Confederate General A. S. Johnston, of the greater part of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee.

The task of providing subsistence and forage for the armies of both the North and South during the long months of winter and spring, when the roads were well-nigh impassable and the surrounding country afforded next to nothing which could be of service, was immensely simplified by railroads. It might be thought at first sight that the advantage of this arrangement lay with the army which was on the defensive, as their opponents would naturally be obliged to cut loose from their railroad communications in any forward movement. But it should be considered that the all-important thing for the North, whose resources so immeasurably exceeded those

of the South, was to maintain as large an army as it could get together at a point from which, as soon as the season opened, operations could be successfully commenced; and that railroads and steamboats made it always possible for the North to accomplish this. Thus, during the winter of 1864 and 1865, somewhere near 130,000 men were comfortably quartered and supplied in the Federal lines from Bermuda Hundred to Petersburg, in a country where absolutely nothing was furnished from the soil or by the inhabitants; and when the time came, Grant was able to open the campaign with an overwhelming superiority of force. If the railroads now in operation in Russia had existed in Napoleon's day, it may well be believed that he would have supplied his immense army with subsistence and forage during the winter of 1812 and 1813, and would have made a success of his invasion. And, it may equally well be believed, that, had it not been for the railroads in France, the Prussians could never have maintained during the winter

of 1870 and 1871 the enormous army which surrounded and finally reduced Paris.

We must bring these remarks to a close. The war is now receiving at the hands of the American people its due measure of attention. Much of this is naturally devoted to the accumulation and arrangement of evidence, and to the elucidation of disputed questions of facts. Much of it is given to the study of the characters and actions of the prominent leaders, and to forming correct estimates of their respective shares in bringing about the great events of the time. Our principal object in writing the foregoing pages has been to draw a few of the military inferences and conclusions which, it seems to us, the narrative of the admitted facts warrants. This task of criticism has an importance of its own. For it is only by clearly perceiving and frankly recognizing the lessons taught by our own experience that we can hope to apprehend correctly the military problems of the future.





THE POINT OF VIEW.

A BOOK'S prosperity with the reader may be promoted not simply by heeding the familiar caution of leaving something to his imagination, but still more by leaving something to his vanity. However we may scoff at and denounce the book that proves worse informed than ourselves, it really affords us a livelier pleasure than another, if it but come from a hand of some repute. Mr. John Morley, with his breadth and accuracy of learning, is not the man to look to for this last perfection in a book; but he has kindly provided one little slip in his latest volume, the "Studies in Literature." It occurs in the review of the correspondence of Macvey Napier, where Mr. Morley quotes from letters of Carlyle's to Napier bemoaning the inability of some "poor little book" of his to find a publisher, and its having, in consequence, to lie "quiet in its drawer, waiting for a better day." This little book, Mr. Morley adds, "was nothing less than the 'History of the French Revolution.'" As the letters quoted from were written, by Mr. Morley's statement, in 1831, the "History of the French Revolution" cannot be the book referred to; for that was not even begun until 1834, and it did not, so far as appears in Carlyle's biography, encounter when finished any special delays in getting published. The retarded book must have been the "Sartor Resartus." That Carlyle finished about the middle of the very year of the letters; and, despite the prompt judgment of Mrs. Carlyle, "It's a work of genius, dear," it did, as we know very well

from other sources, lie quiet in its drawer awaiting a better day for something above two years.

Setting Mr. Morley right in this small matter was not, though, the object I had chiefly in mind in this ascent to a Point of View. I have, indeed, put that foremost; but doing so is a subtle device by which I hope to overcome the lapse of the conventional time for bringing Mr. Morley's book under review and to still find opportunity for pointing out a very particular virtue that I have found in it. This virtue is the cordial recognition given by Mr. Morley to the high spiritual value of literature pure and simple.

What? Cordial recognition of the high spiritual value of literature: is that a very particular virtue? Not, perhaps, in George Chapman writing a preface to the most poetical of the English versions of Homer, or in George Eliot writing "Adam Bede" and "Daniel Derondas" with conscious spiritual intention. But Mr. Morley, while himself of the fraternity of letters along with these, is of a widely different cast of mind from either. Chapman held in the highest disdain the devotees of "honors, riches, and magistracy," and valued all their "poor policies" and "wisdoms" no more than "a musty nut" beside "divine poesy." And George Eliot was so well persuaded of the superior usefulness of the field of letters for a man like John Stuart Mill that she could not repress her regret when Mill consented to stand for parliament. Mr. Morley, on the other hand, while pursuing

strictly the vocation of a student and critic of literature, manifested from the first a marked graciousness to magistracy. It was, he said, the foible of men of letters to be "usually unable to conceive loftier services to mankind or more attractive aims to persons of capacity than the composition of books." And in one of his earlier essays he went so far as to affirm that "most literature, nearly all literature, is distinctly subordinate and secondary" to the work of the administrator. So clear, indeed, was this predisposition to affairs and action that no careful reader of Mr. Morley's writings could have been much surprised when, at length, in his own phrase, he "strayed from literature into the region of politics."

Having thus strayed, it would be scarcely surprising now if Mr. Morley were found at least casting friendly glances in the direction of that strenuously practical party that wants education made severely scientific and industrial; and which holds that the day of "divine poesy" is passing, if not past, and that the novel can save its day only by becoming a sugary globule for the conveyance of doses of bitter regulative fact down infantile and other reluctant gullets. Quite the opposite of this, however, Mr. Morley is found doing. All of the contents of "Studies in Literature" have been in print before, and some of the pieces date back several years. But all were written since Mr. Morley entered public life. Nowhere in them have I detected any recurrence of Mr. Morley's earlier disposition to question the exalted claims of literature, and in several of them he is at pains to accord it almost the highest value. And the nature of its value, the mode of its utility he has once or twice stated with a precision and compactness that ought to satisfy the hardest headed of the utilitarians.

I hope I do not convey the impression that this is a new position for Mr. Morley. New it is not. But it is a position wherein, having shown some passing weakness before, his absorption in politics might have been expected to weaken him still further, whereas it seems to have strengthened him.

THE Board of Health of Massachusetts lately recommended to the legislature of that commonwealth to make a law providing that all persons engaged in the healing

art in any form, except dentistry, shall register within a certain time in the office of the clerk of the town where they propose to practice, describing themselves, and giving, under oath, in detail, their courses of instruction in medicine and the names of their colleges; false entries to be subject to the penalties for perjury, and failure to register, to fines or imprisonment. It seems that there are too many quacks and irregular healers in Massachusetts, and the regular doctors think it time that they were suppressed.

Without any pretence of faith in any doctor who is not regular, and without prejudice to a sincere intention of calling in a thoroughly instructed and expert practitioner whenever occasion demands, it is still permissible to smile amiably at the professional jealousy of quacks. The successful physician, with exceptions which happily are much more numerous than they were, is the most intolerant despot on earth. And we encourage him to be so. We are vaguely aware of the limitations of his knowledge; we know that he has to guess first what is the matter with us, and next what will do us good, and that though there are facts his acquaintance with which helps him to guess right, many theories that regulate his professional action are still hypothetical, and may or may not be correct. We know that he has discovered that many of the methods his father used were unwise and deleterious, and that the doses his grandfather gave often hastened the result they were intended to prevent, and hindered what they were designed to induce. We know not only that he is a man, and therefore fallible, but that his professional science, like his father's and grandfather's, is progressive, and is still very far from being exact. Nevertheless, when anything ails us, in spite of all we know of his limitations, we fly to him as though he were all-wise, and do as nearly what he tells us to as our flesh and our pockets permit. For we believe that, erring and inadequate as he is, he knows more than we do, and that his knowledge is, on the whole, the best that is at our command.

This childlike trust in our physicians is a phenomenon which is creditable to us and to our doctors, and from which we both get benefit. Undoubtedly our physicians do

us good; and indeed they ought to, even if they knew less and guessed less fortunately than they do, else were faith a much less potent virtue than it is declared to be. But it is one thing for us to flock of our own accord to the doctors, and quite another thing for those professional gentlemen to hold that we shall come to them and to none else, and that we may neither be legitimately born, nor die legally, except with the concurrence of the learned faculty. If we, being adults and possibly voters, want to prescribe for our own infirmities, or have our neighbors prescribe for us, or try our luck with patent medicines, or have in faith-curers, Christian scientists, mind-curers, hypnotizers or the representatives of any other school of therapeutic endeavor, does not our constitutional right to the pursuit of happiness warrant us in such experiments? There are many reasons for believing that it is wiser to trust a regularly educated physician than one that is irregularly educated or not educated at all; and unless the irregulars are in at the cure reasonably often they need not be much dreaded, for they will not get much custom.

If it relieves us to turn now and then from the traditional dangers of the regular physician's half-knowledge to the confident ignorance of the quack, is it quite fair to rule that there shall be no quacks for us to turn to? Every person with a new theory is a quack until the value of the theory is demonstrated, but if all the quacks are arbitrarily suppressed how are their theories to be tested? It is right enough that the medical profession should be a despotism, but in the name of much that we know and much more that we hope to know, let Massachusetts hesitate before she forbids it to be a despotism tempered by quacks.

A CERTAIN native critic of our day, whose wide experience of the world and fine enthusiasms in art and literature entitle him to respect, is apt to point his moral with a reference to the "average American," of whom he too obviously thinks unutterable things. If he were called upon to make an ideal composite photograph of this hydra-headed personality, it would probably resemble Mark Tapley's once-famous suggestion for a drawing of the American Eagle without the saving clause of Martin Chuz-

lewit; the bat, the bantam, the magpie, the peacock, and the ostrich would all assert themselves more or less vividly in the composition, and there would be very little of the phoenix left to redeem it. That his view is a distorted one, taken merely for purposes of argument, we do not need to be told even while he maintains it. If driven to the wall, he will frankly admit that, in the half-century since "Martin Chuzzlewit" was written, the Bird of Freedom has screamed and spread himself to some purpose, and without Chauvinism may be said to have given proof of indomitable courage, if of no other cardinal virtue; so that, even by the cynic's own showing, we can still rejoice in the bird, as birds go. If ours has dull spots in its retina, all eyes that ever were have had them too; and even the eye of day is not irreproachable in this regard.

But when we come to consider him in his relation to art and literature, and to matters of taste generally, we must sorrowfully agree with the schoolman in thinking that the average American is often wholly wanting in discrimination, often stolidly indifferent. Even the Parisian *ouvrier*, poorly paid, poorly fed, and poorly clothed, has clearer perceptions of the eternal fitness of things than he. The Frenchman, in the first place, knows his own ignorance, and is constantly confronted with noble examples to influence his judgment. Through these he unconsciously improves his standard, and develops a desire to learn, with a keen interest in aspirations of the day. Exceptional opportunities for study are thrust upon him, it is true. The great French galleries of art are free to all on every day in the year, and no amount of legislation to increase the State revenues has ever hampered them with an admission fee. Here all is different; our people suffer from the want of these inspiring influences; they have no standard at all. If it were only possible, through some unlimited "fresh-air fund," to give each average American his morning in the Louvre, his afternoon in Florence, his evening at the Théâtre Français, what a regeneration there would be under the shadow of the Eagle, from beak to tail-feathers, from tip to tip of his outspread wings! The patient would come back to his money-getting, but he would never be precisely as he was before. He

might even be drawn into a faint suspicion that all was not right with him, and might leave his work for half an hour to consult the doctor about his case.

These radical measures being just now impossible, we can only leave him to time, circumstance, and private enterprise, thanking our lucky stars for those modern diffusers of enlightenment—the steamship and the railway. “Patience, and shuffle the cards!” The world is not yet perfect. Even in France, where they do these things so well, Philistia has set up her immigration bureau, and sustains a struggling colony of those who will neither hear nor see; as for England, that tight little island has long been her chief European stronghold; but it is a poor consolation to reflect that the English in affairs of “sweetness and light” are only a little worse off than we discover ourselves to be. Lowell, in concluding his essay on Spenser, which every man, woman, and child of us ought to read at least once a year, says that the Elizabethan poet is “a standing protest against the tyranny of Commonplace, and sows the seeds of a noble discontent with prosaic views of life and the dull uses to which it may be put.” It is this “tyranny of Commonplace,” of “pots and pans and stocks and futile gossip and inch-long politics,” which an American renaissance has yet to overcome.

AN accomplished critic, who recently discussed in a contemporary magazine the needs and possibilities of American fiction, declared that the coming woman in American novels was the married woman. The novel of the future, this gentleman thinks, will begin where the contemporary novel ends, at marriage. He declares that it is vain to hope to make great stories about young maidens whose experience of life is necessarily limited, and whose ideas and emotions are bounded by their experience. Women of maturity, the wives and mothers of humanity, are bound to be a great deal more interesting from their greater experience of life, and are vastly fitter to be the leading figures in the searching and comprehensive fiction soon to come. The married woman,

our critic insists, is not only to be the heroine of the future American novel, but she is to write it too; since in the polite circles, it seems, where married women have leisure and opportunity to make themselves of interest, women are the only members in whom are combined the knowledge, taste, and leisure requisite for the task.

It is undeniable that married women of reasonable maturity have commonly seen more of life, and know more that is worth narrating than the damsels whose wooing forms the staple of modern tales. None the less, as a subject of fiction the maid has several decided advantages over the matron. In stories where the heroine is to scour the Spanish Main for pirates, or head exciting quests for buried treasure, a previous matrimonial experience is a matter of indifference, and a matron will do at least as well as a maid. But where the substance of the story concerns the development of affection between a man and a woman, to start with a marriage is apt to make awkward work. Who is the heroine to fall in love with? Her husband? No; that seems not to be the intention. Some other woman's husband? More than likely; or if not, with some single gentleman of means and defective occupation. But for a married woman to have a man in love with her whom she cannot marry is a misfortune, and for her to fall in love with a man not her husband is mischievous. Such a predicament may be excusable in an occasional story, as such predicaments are occasionally excusable in real life; but that the American fiction of the future is to be a record of this type of hazardous experience of women is a gloomy prospect indeed, and one in which we do not believe. If the married woman is to be the heroine of the coming novel it must turn on something besides love-making. It must be the story of her career; of her professional or political success; of her painful accession through toilsome decades to the front rank of the doctors; of the money she made and what she did with it. American women are very much alive in these days. There is no special difficulty about writing interesting books about them without using men at all except as puppets or lay figures.

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